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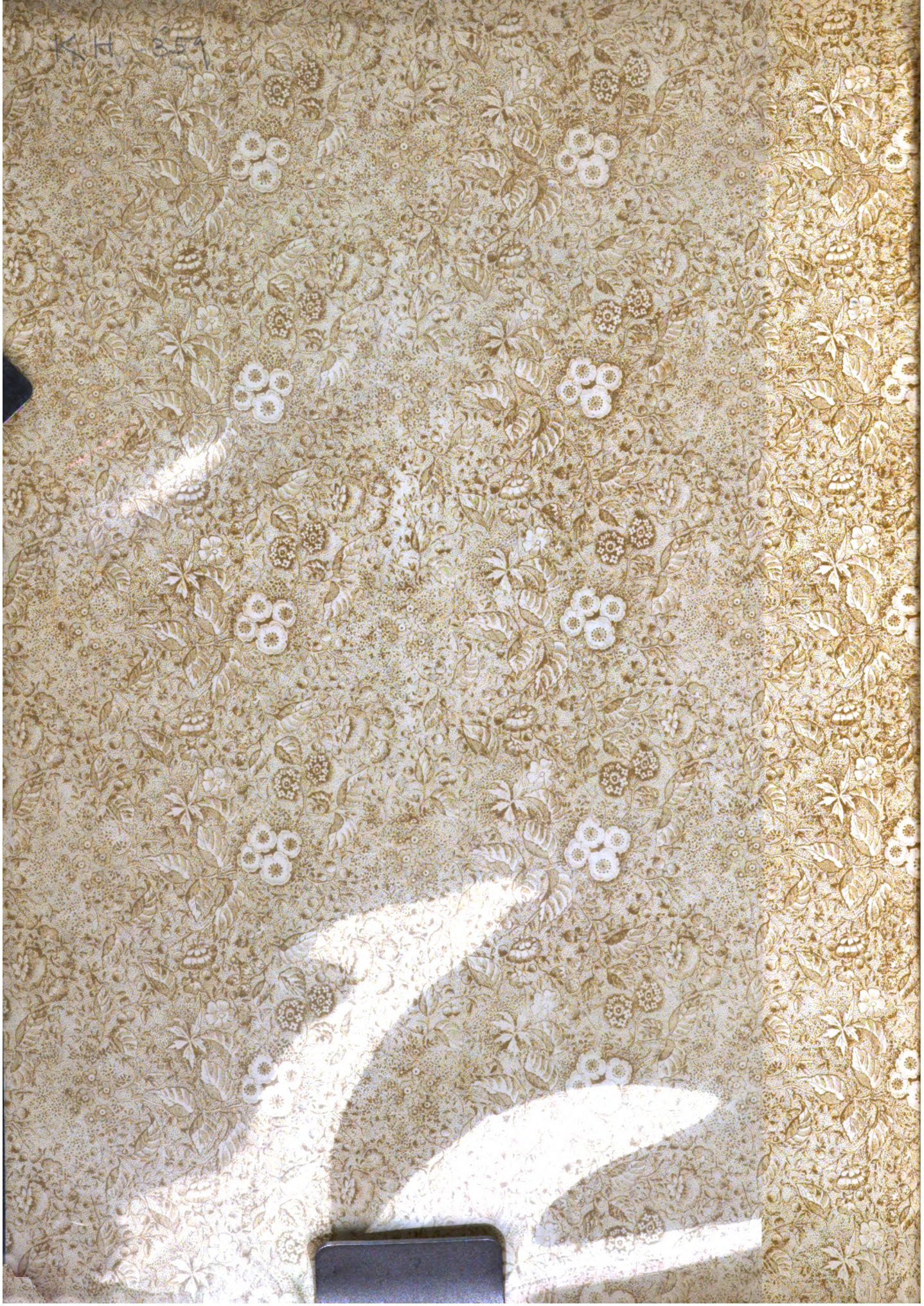
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FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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AUSTRALIA, AND ITS COLONIAL CONFEDERATION.

AUSTRALIA is growing into nationhood. Scattered provinces scarcely noticed by the busy world a generation ago are now gathering close the bonds that unite them, and feel that they must soon be a nation with destinies and a future of their own. With a territory equal to that of the United States, with a population derived almost exclusively from one country, inheriting one language, one set of governmental ideas, great commercial, agricultural and mechanical tendencies, Australia has elements for greatness which make it worth while to study somewhat this powerful English-speaking state, destined to wield a powerful influence on the Pacific.

The fertile lands in Australia soon attracted the pastoral population in the Old Country, and a steady current of emigration was directed to its coasts. The verdant plains were speedily converted into grazing-fields, and flocks and herds soon roamed over the aborigines' hunting ground. The miserable brush huts of the native blacks were replaced by the statelier mansions of the English herder and agriculturalist. Thousands of convicts

1. Hon. J. W. Downer, Attorney-General, South Australia. 2. Hon. W. B. Dalley, Attorney-General, N. S. Wales. 3. Hon. W. R. Giblin, Premier, Tasmania. 4. Hon. Malcolm Fraser, C. M. G., Colonial Secretary, Western Australia. 5. Hon. N. J. Brown, Minister for Lands, Tasmania. 6. Hon. G. B. Kerferd, Attorney-General, Victoria. 7. Hon. J. C. Bray, Premier, South Australia. 8. Hon. H. A. Atkinson, Premier, New Zealand. 9. Hon. Graham Berry, Chief Secretary, Victoria. 10. Hon. James Service, Premier, Victoria. 11. His Excellency Sir G.W. Des Vœux, Governor, Fiji Islands. 12. Hon Alex. Stuart, Colonial Secretary, N. S. Wales. 13. Hon. J. F. Garrick, Postmaster-General, Queensland. 14. Hon. S. W. Griffith, Premier, Queensland. 15. Hon. Frederick Whitaker, New Zealand. 16. Hon. G. R. Dibbs, Colonial Treasurer, N. S. Wales.

THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL CONVENTION AT SYDNEY.

were leased out as slaves to the Australian squatters. Labor was cheap and plentiful. Population increased, farms multiplied, vineyards covered the hillsides, villages grew up on the plains, settlements extended on the border, the blacks were crowded back on the frontiers; the white man claimed Australia as his own, and took possession of its virgin soil as the heritage of civilization.

The discovery of gold on the western plains stimulated the tide of emigration into Australia, and a rush of colonists flocked to its shores. A city (Sydney) sprang up at Port Jackson, near Botany Bay.

The English Crown formed the Colony of New South Wales, and over it appointed a Colonial Government. Sydney was made the colonial capital and the residence of the Governor. The city is situated on the wooded shores of a beautiful bay. Twenty-eight days' sail from San Francisco landed me at its wharves.

The harbor is one of the finest and most picturesque in the world. It is rivaled only by the Port of Rio Janeiro, and the Bay of Naples. Coves and inlets indent the shores, dwellings crown the hill-tops, and shrub-covered yards extend down to the water-side. Embrazured forts and mounted batteries command the ocean entrance. Ships from half the world lie along the piers. The convict-barracks have been removed, and a family of municipalities, containing 70,000 people, erected.

The streets are narrow, and many of them crooked as the alleys of a Mexican Pueblo. Pitt and George Streets, the main commercial arteries, stretch their shop-walled pavements for two miles through the city.

The architecture is the early English style. The mercantile buildings are large and clumsy, and of heavy masonry. The public edifices are of brown-stone. The Post Office is a shapely granite structure, of convenient design. The new City Hall is of modern edificial beauty. The Public Library is of commendable dimensions and reasonable seating capacity. The City Museum holds a large wealth of fossils. The Opera House and theatres are plain, and of no external pretensions. The Parliament House is stately, but of unattractive outline. The Government House, residence of his Excellency, is a castle-like structure, topped with towers and mounted with an observatory, situated on the bay side, surrounded with groves and turfy grounds.

The churches are numerous, and of various style and size. The different denominations have huge sanctuaries, which generally crown the hill-tops, so that a forest of spires rise over the city.

The Law Courts are a conspicuous building, tall and turreted, with expansive length of frontage.

The hotels are of the English family boarding-house style. Some of them are comfortable, but of ancient structure, and inconvenient design.

The railway depots are in advance of all colonial improvements in the tidiness of their arrangements. The cars are of the English box-pattern. A few American coaches run on some of the railways.

Cabs and omnibuses monopolize the street traffic. Carriages and buggies are seldom seen on the thoroughfares. The city has magnificent parks and gardens. Hyde Park covers a plaza of forty acres with groves of evergreen. Rows of gas-jets and wooden seats extend along the shaded walks. The park has a commanding elevation, and enjoys the full breeze of the sea, and a fine view over the bay. At all hours may be found crowds of Australians sniffing the cool air from the ocean, and lolling under the branches of the trees. Nursemaids and babies romp on the sward, and lines of cabs front gateways. Groups of statuary tower amongst the groves, and a fine statue of Captain Cook stands on a sunny hill-slope, midway in the park.

The Botanical Gardens contain the greatest profusion of floral beauty found at the antipodes. Sydney is proud of her Botanical Gardens, and surpasses all the Australian cities in the extent of her collections, the variety of her flowers, and the plenitude of her plants. The Gardens front the bay-shore, and extend in rolling undulations over the surrounding hill-sides. The grounds are spacious, and green as emerald. The turf is of redundant growth. Norfolk Island pines tower like cedars of Lebanon. Trees from all the climes of the world are here congregated. Vines and shrubs, and blossoms from the various zones of the earth, and from the different mountain chains across its continents, and from the many islands studding its oceans, bloom and breathe and grow around the limpid lakes beneath showery fountains. Birds of gorgeous plumage and many colors carol in the aviaries. Fowls of rare species stalk the cages. Animals from the four corners of the globe saunter in wired pens.

Sanded drives lead along the bay, and rustic seats and viney bowers dot the water-side. Lady Macquarie's Chair, from a cluster of rocky boulders, commands a splendid outlook over the sea, and is the favorite resort.

From the arbors the loiterer looks out on the spot where Prince Arthur, in 1868, was shot by a Fenian.

A music pavilion sits on a hill-slope, and on Saturday evenings pours out its melodies to the ten thousand Sydneyites gathered in the Garden-grounds.

The most happy feature of colonial life is seen and enjoyed at the Garden concerts. Shops and offices are closed at Saturday noon. Youth and beauty, age and childhood, are then given up to outdoor recreation. The fine color, the healthy complexions, the shapely forms, bright eyes, and pleasing countenances, show that their pastimes have their reward.

The Australians have preserved and expanded the English love of holiday enjoyment and rural sports. Anniversaries and gala-days crowd each other in healthful succession. Business is suspended, and factories and stores are shut up by official proclamation on the more noted anniversaries of the births, etc., of the royal scions, and the population turn out to amuse themselves. Boats loaded with all ages and sexes ply the bay waters. Picnics gather on the harbor coves. The shores of Pearl and Manly Beach—Sydney's Coney Island—and the sands of Botany Bay, are made the scenes of dancing, feasting, beer-drinking, and general jollification.

Trains loaded with excursionists from the interior villages and the distant plains bring in the rural population and swell the city's festivities. Hundreds betake themselves to the mountains to "brace up" on the pure air of the ranges, and climb the peaks capping the timbered chains. Every stage line has its steeds in motion; every pike is a procession of rolling wheels and passing vehicles; and riotous mirth sounds in every nook and valley, by sea and mountain. The average Colonial has more holidays in one year than many Americans get in a lifetime. The Australians have also nurtured the British delight in racing, regattas, and athletic sports.

English customs prevail in Sydney with faithful reflex of the Old Country. The traveler may easily conceive that he is in an English town of 300 years ago. The city presents as complete a picture of British character as could have been found centuries since in the interior of England. No feature is wanting to make the Englishman at home; no innovations have encroached on its home life; no new departures changed its commercial

operations, and few foreign inventions invaded its industrial activities.

The people of Sydney are slow and backward. They are loyal to the institutions of the home land, and look with disdain upon the introduction of newfangled implements, and hold in disfavor the intrusion of modern and foreign mechanism upon the age-honored English relics of olden times. The mechanical notions and inventive feats of America are held in special distrust.

The goods, wares and people are almost entirely British. But few foreigners are seen. I have stood on the street-corners for an hour without noticing a foreign face to break the monotony of red English beards passing by.

The diversity of America's cosmopolitan population is not known. Though the city is slow, it is sure. It tries no experiments, takes no chances, runs no risks, and suffers but few losses. Financial crashes and bankruptcies are seldom heard of, and are chiefly the handiwork of newcomers, with modern ideas about commercial strategy.

Sydney merchants are usually honest in their dealings. Business is conducted on a safe basis, and its ebb and flow can be depended on. A great deal of wealth has been accumulated here.. It is the richest and most solid mercantile city in the Australias. An extensive and productive colony absorbs its trade, and commerce has been opened with the Fiji, Tonga and Samoan Islands, New Caledonia and the South Sea Archipelagos. Many people have risen from poverty to affluence, and ape those to the manner born. From obscurity men have gained positions of prominence. Conditions and combinations of circumstances have made and unmade fortunes. Some are the creations of accidents, others are the product of their own energies.

The equable temperature of Sydney makes outdoor life pleasant nearly all the year. The climate is the most delightful in Australia. Strong seawinds prevail throughout the Summer. Excessive heat is unknown. The Winters are mild, and snow is never seen, only on the mountain ranges. The hot winds are limited to a two or three days' blow.

The colony is the largest and wealthiest on the continent. It is called the mother colony.

Coal-beds of prodigious deposits underlie the eastern coast. New Castle, a coastal mining town of several thousand people, ships coals to the ports of half the Australias, and supplies the steamers to America and the Old Country. New South Wales is a free-trade colony, and admits English goods free of duty.

The colony has made large expenditures in constructing railroads to its frontier settlements, in harbor, fortial and building improvements, but the colonial treasury carries a large surplus fund in its boxes.

Delicious fruits and oranges of great size grow on the coast groves.

A timbered chain — the Blue Mountains — extends through the colony, fronting the sea, for many miles. The range is cloven into valleys, and from their gorges streams course their way out to the ocean. Vineyards spread along many of the winding torrents, and wine of superior quality is largely manufactured. The Australian wines are preferred to those of California, and often excel the French vintages in purity and flavor. A great body of this wine annually finds its way to the English markets.

The Blue Mountains are scaled by a railway, in a zigzag that is a marvel of engineering skill. (The Colonial Government owns and operates both its telegraph and railroad lines.) Beyond the mountains lie the great plains, stretching away toward sunset, until lost on the borderline of the interior. Wheat-fields cover its broad acres, and farmhouses and villages dot its level bosom. Grass of prolific growth mantles the plains. Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep by the hundred thousand, graze on the turf-clad prairies. Ranches and herders' cots speck the landscape far out on the frontiers, to the very confines of the Great Desert that covers the Australian interior in a winding shroud of sands, on whose arid desolation no squatter cares to camp, but on whose naked barrens and waterless wilds many thirsty travelers and parched cattle have lain down and died.

The firmament's open vaults only brood over the blinking sands. No wing flutters through the air nor life moves on the ground. Eternity's palsied tongue has stricken dead the motion of both earth and sky. On the dreary wastes death's stilling mandate has set the seal of silence.

This blistering desert is the breeding-place of the hot winds whose enervating breath scorches up the Australias, and its blazing solitudes are the torrid furnaces that afflict the plains with burning droughts.

Dry seasons often prevail on the frontiers, and sheep and cattle die by the million. Many wealthy ranchers are reduced to poverty in a single year. Droughts are the greatest enemy of the squatter, and water is his most valued treasure. Nothwithstanding the dry years, New South Wales ships vast cargoes of wool to the looms of the Old Country; and her supply of beef and hides is enormous.

River barges and stern-wheel steamers, on the Darling and Murray, convey the woolly clips to coast ports.

The Australian plains are roved over by thousands of sheep-shearers, and "swag men," who wander on foot—as tramping vagrants—from year to year, sleeping in haystacks and foraging on the frontier settler for meals.

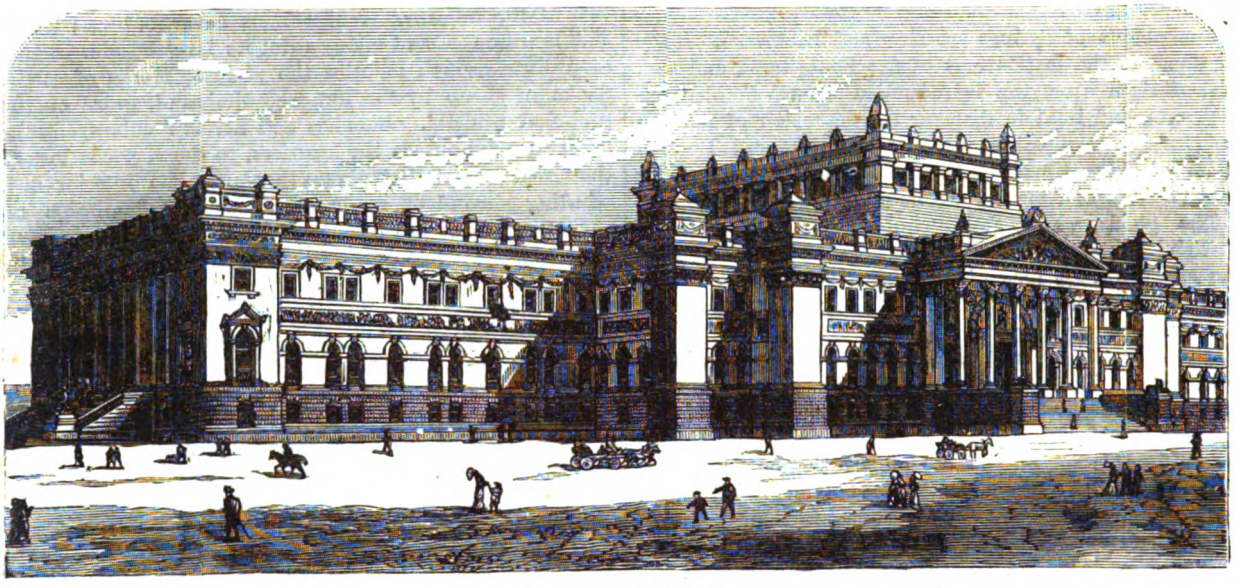
The Bathurst gold-fields drew a miscellaneous collection of rare specimens of humanity to these plains. Since the exhaustion of the mines, the more daring diggers have periodically taken to the highway as bushrangers. Marauding road-agents have frequently plagued the colony with exploits of pillage. Harry Powers headed the most notorious gang of outlaws, and long preyed on the squatters, and carried terror to the border villages.

Our American visitors—grasshoppers—sometimes make excursions across the prairies, like cyclones, and divest the fields of every blade of green, cutting a strip of nakedness over the plains, and are as objectionable a class of robbers as the highwaymen.

When the colony became embarked on a tide of prosperity, its Parliament made an annual appropriation for the importation of immigration from the Old Country. Agencies were established at the English centres of population, and immigration-ships conveyed, passage free, many thousand colonists to New South Wales. For years the over-crowded Britons of the Old World were diverted into Australia. Population rapidly accumulated; colonial resources were steadily developed; settlement expanded its boundaries on the frontiers; the cities enlarged their dimensions, and new towns rose on the prairies.

Many of the early convicts—sent out for trivial offenses—at the expiration of their penalties engaged in industrial pursuits, acquired great wealth in flocks, herds and lands, and have attained prominent positions in the Colonial Government, and rank as leading citizens of the colony.

A large penal element permeates the colonial population, but the great body of colonists are of England's best people. Many of the enterprising and propertied exiles are sensitive on their "early citizenship," and



THE LAW COURTS, SYDNEY.

HOP-PICKING IN AUSTRALIA.

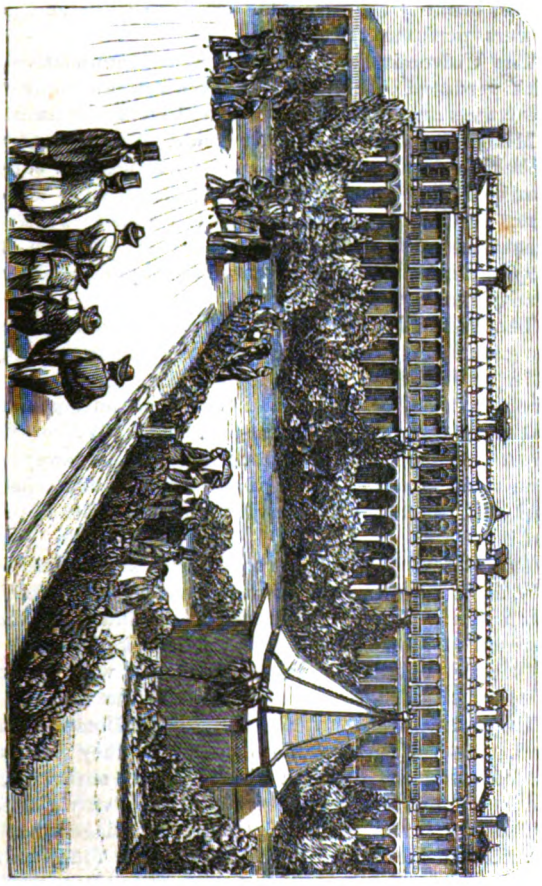
"newcomers" gain nothing by raking in the ashes of the "first settler's" pedigree.

In 1851 gold was discovered south of the River Murray. Fields of fabulous richness were uncovered. Reefs of precious metals were traced into the hills. Miners from the old country poured into Australia. Ships brought immigrants by tens of thousands from beyond the seas. California sent many from her overcrowded diggings to the antipodes. The countries of all the world were laid under contribution for miners to Australia.

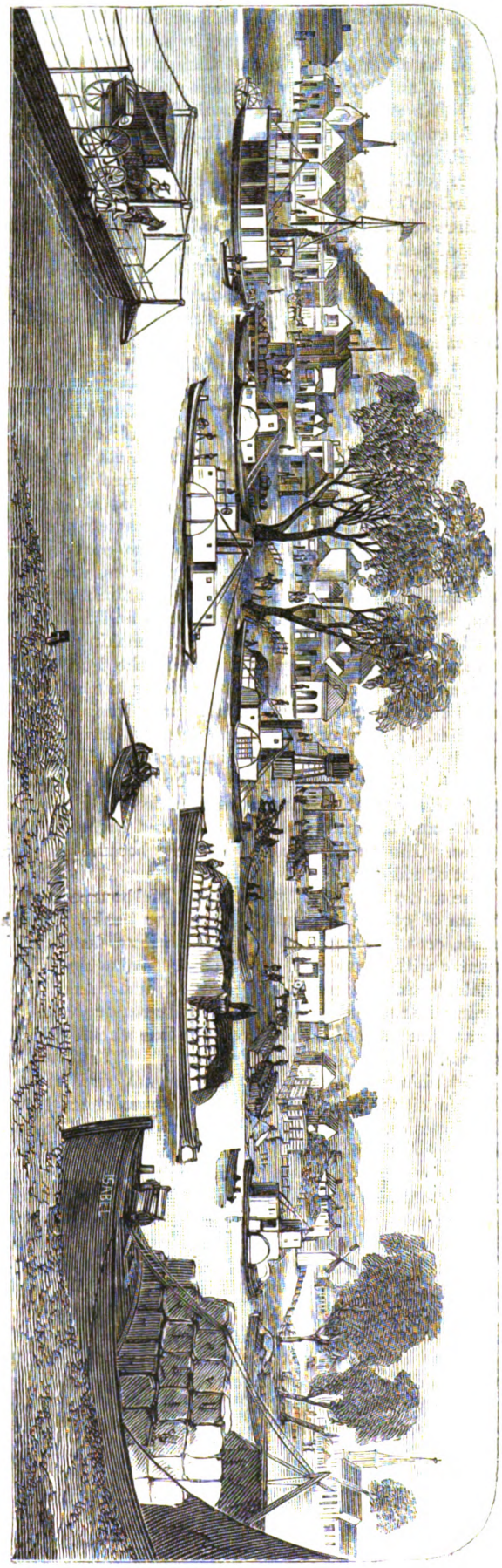
The Colonies of Tasmania and New South Wales emptied their colonists into the new gold land. Shepherds forsook their flocks, herders abandoned their cattle, ranchers left their plows in unfinished furrows, and gathered to the gold-diggings. Mining camps sprang up over many hillsides; streams were whitened with canvas tents; fires blazed in forest depths; gulches swarmed with diggers; the rattle of spades and clink of picks were heard in the mountain torrents; red mounds and naked scars torn on the earth marked the onward march of the prospector's shovel; trails were cut through the jungles and roads opened through the wilderness; mining towns appeared

PEARL BAY, SUMMER RESORT OF THE PEOPLE OF SYDNEY.

LAW COURTS, MELBOURNE.



SOUTH MELBOURNE.



WENTWORTH, NEW SOUTH WALES, CENTRE OF THE WOOL TRADE.

and disappeared ; cities came up almost in a night. The people moved like avalanches over the hills—drawn by gold's powerful magnet. Every fresh discovery attracted a rush to its glittering ores. Camps were unexpectedly deserted, and untenanted ravines suddenly teemed with life. The richest digging absorbed the bulk of vitality. Half-prospected ledges were forsaken for others more promising.

The gold-fields proved of unprecedented richness, and created a *furore* through the habitable globe, and gold-hunters continued to seek antipodal shores. While many sons of toil were crossing the American plains, scaling the Rocky Mountains, and invading alkaline deserts, to search for the Golden Fleece on the Pacific Coast, other brawny-armed yeomanry were crossing the oceans for Australia.

The gold-fields soon numbered a dense population.

A new colony was formed south of the Murray River. The colonial infant was called Victoria—after Her Majesty the Queen—and Melbourne was made its capital. The young city bounded into life, enlarged its proportions and multiplied its population. Houses rose by hundreds on the hill-tops ; substantial blocks speedily walled thronged thoroughfares, and warehouses confronted busy streets ; ships filled the harbor, and the port became a bustle of activity ; goods, of weighty stocks, were put on sale, and commerce set in vigorous motion ; drones decamped to quieter precincts ; vagrants and loafers were hustled out of the way ; men were for making hay while the sun shone, and they struck while the iron was hot. Wagons and ox-teams were headed for the gold-fields, and hourly bore out from Melbourne loads of mining supplies. Every roadway conducted returning teams with bags of dust and chests of nuggets, to change hands over the Melbourne counters. The city grew opulent, vain and arrogant. It indulged in satire at its less enterprising and less prosperous competitors, and called them names. The "slow coach" Sydney became a special object of ridicule.

The mines poured into the lap of Melbourne a steady stream of golden treasure, inflated her banks, filled her mints, crowned her knolls with mansions, decorated her squares with lawns, and fronted her pavements with palatial stores. Placer digging was exhausted, and quartz mining introduced. The reefs held greater wealth than the surface ores, and their precious tide ebbed into Melbourne.

Victoria's capital became the largest and most attractive city in the Australias. The residences top the hill-slopes on both sides of the River Yarra. The site of the city is quite hilly and rolling. The northern bottoms of the river are, however, flat and miasmatic. The commercial streets parallel the Yarra, and the wholesale houses face the river. Ships of light tonnage come up to the city wharves, but vessels of heavy draught anchor at the piers of Sandridge, six miles down the Yarra, at the head of Hobson's Bay.

A railroad connects the port of Sandridge with the depots of Melbourne.

Forests of masts continually rock on the bay, and steamers daily pass up and down the tortuous river.

The bay shores are low, and often treeless, and lack the water views and sylvan beeches on Sydney's beautiful haven.

The mercantile houses of Melbourne are compactly built. Buildings of massive mold and lofty front rise in stately rows.

Bourke Street is the most noted commercial avenue, and many handsome blocks, of fancy ornamentation, flank its thoroughfare. The streets are straight, and run at right angles, and faintly resemble Philadelphia in symmetry.

Narrow alleys—close as dangerous — infest the city and breed foul air—rank enough to choke a mule or knock down an ox.

The drainage is overground, and cannot be too severely condemned. The swill, slops and garbage coursing along the sluggish gutters collect in pools, and fester in the sun-rays, and in hot summer-days emit a deadly aroma.

In public buildings Melbourne is seen at her best. Her City Hall is a beautiful piece of architecture ; the finest organ on the continent occupies its platform. A music concert is weekly given, of great popularity and large attendance. The Postal edifice is an elegant building, and a credit to the city. The new Parliament House is airy and tasteful in design, and commodious in proportions, shaded by wooded grounds. The most famous institution of Melbourne is her Public Library. The building is a colossal structure, long and tall, and fronted with a stone-columned portico. The grounds are ample, and covered with turf. A wide range of steps sweep up to the pillared entrance. The halls are crowded with volumes ; flights of shelves loaded with books face the walls from floor to dome. The reading-rooms are numerous, roomy and comfortable.

The Picture Gallery is an elaborate collection of the gems of art. Some heavily framed and mammoth paintings ornament its halls.

The Museum is an extensive repository of curiosities, of almost countless variety and nameless shape—from the hideous to the beautiful.

Government House is an imposing pile, capping a hill cone by the riverside, overlooking a broad stretch of the bay. Well-kept yards, with foliaged trees and graveled walks, beautify the grounds. Exotic shrubs and gaudy flowers perfume the drives.

The University buildings are of accommodative size, with verdured squares and convenient museums. The law courts are of unique design and attractive form.

Melbourne's parks are her pride. Carleton Gardens embellish many square acres in the residential suburbs. Grass of luxuriant growth carpet the lawns. Roses of many tints and shades glorify the walks. Flowers of sunset colors blossom on the sward. The wealth of the tropics permeates the groves, and floral pomp and bowery beauty charm the eye.

The Exhibition building added a prominent feature to the grounds. Fitzroy Gardens have a denser growth and taller groves than its Carleton sister. Statuary gleam amongst the trees. Fountains play in falling showers and streams gurgle along fern-clad banks. Willows throw down their long, sweeping boughs, and passageways open blue ribbons of sky through the leaves. The shade is cool, and the nooks form inviting retreats from the dusty streets.

The Botanical Gardens are large, and dotted with lakes. Swans swim on the waters, and willow-trees rain down their threadlike branches around the shores. Flowers of bewitching loveliness bedeck the vases with red-tipped bouquets. Hedges are gay with blooming creepers, and fragrant buds fascinate the senses.

The gardens can never rival Sydney's Botanical floral-land. Nature has done more for the Sydney gardens in the beauteous setting with which they are enshrined, and the port views stretching away from their viny vistas.

The city has a family of suburban villages, but the prettiest residences and finest yards are found in East Melbourne. The buildings are more modern in archi-

tecture, the grounds more ornamental with decoration, and the avenues shaded with trees. Like all large cities, Melbourne has a bleak line of naked cottages, red walls, hovels, and treeless streets—the homes of the poor.

The climate cannot be called exemplary. Hot winds blow for two or three weeks at a stretch, and wilt the life almost out of the human frame, and prostrate the strongest systems with debilitating heat. The sky radiates with an equatorial glare, and the air pulsates with blistering torridity till the desert gales cease to blow.

Sandstorms periodically envelop Melbourne in a suffocating cloud of dust, and drive frantic the eyes and pores of both men and animals. The sandbars at Sandridge furnish exhaustless fountains of dust to the winds, and when a blow "gets its work in," distance is blotted out, and the firmament charged with powdered atoms. Lungs suffer, throats ache, lips crack, and catarrh comes to the front till the winds veer or lull.

The water of the city can't be bragged on. Many people prefer beer. The Yarra is a beautiful creek, but for imbibing purposes does not give satisfaction.

Geelong, a few miles up the west coast, claimed to have better water, but not enough of it. Saidtown also asserted that it had a better and healthier location for the colonial capital, but had not enough room for the expansion of a large city.

Melbourne gained the seat of government, and relegated its ambitious competitor and its healthful waters o the honors of a distant suburb.

Like all Australians, the Melbournites are fond of outdoor amusements. Many English games, almost out of recognition in America, are enjoyed with great zest by the colonists. Boating, cricket, and foot-racing, are favorite entertainments. The Victorian takes care of his dogs, and is given to chasing whatever there is to chase. Kangaroos are the most numerous game for the hounds, and are driven by hundreds into pens on the colonial plains. Horse-racing is a fashionable recreation. Youthful beauty does there most congregate. Ladies lend the charm of their presence. The greatest assemblage of female loveliness ever seen in the colonies are found on the racing-stands. Personal decoration is studiously and lavishly displayed. For bodily ornament extravagant sums are expended. The jewelers are crowded with orders, and the milliners busied with work, before the races come on. Competition in the art of dress is carried on with spirited rivalry, regardless of cost. The prettiest and best dressed lady is sure to be the happiest, and the object of a thousand envies.

All grades of society, from the highest aristocrats to the lowliest artisans, attend the races. Those whom the mines have made into nabobs are present with their millions, the digger comes with his sovereigns, and large moneys change pockets.

A sail up the Yarra is an enjoyable holiday excursion. Steamers, like port-tugs, decorated with ribbons, flags, and evergreens, ply up and down the little stream. Flowers clothe the banks and mirror their flushed faces in the water. Vines swing from the trees and drape the bends with emerald hangings. Willows border the river and rear their bunchy heads along the channel. The merry voices on the water, the pealing laughter from passing boats, make the moonlight voyage a scene of delightsome adventure.

Tours to Gippsland lakes furnish invigorating Summer ruralizing. Wooded hills and sylvan glens—like the Highlands on the Hudson—skirt the lake-shore, and the water-views recall the Thousand Islands down the St. Lawrence.

The congregation of nationalities drawn to Melbourne by gold's seductive wand assembled a cosmopolitan population that resemble an American city with its variety of races. I have stood on the steps of Melbourne's Custom House and seen the different shades and colors of people from nearly all the nations and islands of the world on promenade. The characteristics of two-thirds of the earth are represented. Such a motley aggregation of races, diversified customs, broadened sentiment, associated energy, enriched thought, advanced knowledge, and excited progression!

The genius of the human family was in competition. The nationalities borrowed inventions from each other, exchanged ideas, absorbed theories, benefited by intellectual friction, and Victoria became the most enterprising colony at the antipodes. Wares from the looms and factories of the globe are kept on sale. The Arcades are novelty emporiums. No adhesion clings to commodities, forsooth they are English. Do they pay? is the inquiry. No "genealogy" of the origin and nativity of merchandise is wanted, if profit or convenience follows their use. Iconoclasm, industrial, commercial and governmental, prevail.

Advanced policies of local and colonial legislation have been introduced, and Victoria is taunted by Sydneyites with being the "Yankee Colony."

Melbourne once contained 300,000 people. Since the decline of the gold-fields the city is undergoing a shrinkage. Factories have been erected to replace the mining industries. Protection is enforced in Victoria, and high tariff shelters home manufactures. The colony is small, and has a shallow depth of soil. Its surface is covered with rolling hills bristling with timber, and undulating plains overgrown with sward. The grass is of a stunted growth, and does not attain the luxuriance seen in the northern colonies. Trees in some districts grow to a gigantic size, and rival the Sierra Nevadian prodigies; but the body of Victorian forests are of inferior height.

Wheat is raised in some of the provinces, but sheep and cattle monopolize most of the open plains.

Around Melbourne English grasses have been sown, and fine pasturage produced. Herds of cows roam the green slopes, and furnish milk to the city dairies.

Many villages are scattered over the interior settlements. Stage-coaches formerly connected the rural towns with Melbourne, but railroads now traverse the colony to its borders, and one through line reaches from Hobson's Bay to Sydney. Hot tornadoes are rampant all over Victoria, and are the settlers' scourge.

Rabbits infest some of the northern districts—like mosquitoes on the Mississippi, for multitude—and often strip the earth of vegetation. Crops are destroyed and ranchers starved out and compelled to move by the devastating pests.

Fruitful vineyards clothe the valleys along the Murray River. The red wine of Victoria I prefer to any of the Australian vintages.

The mining camps along the Murray are almost deserted. The diggers have gone to herding and grape-culture; many have emigrated to other colonies.

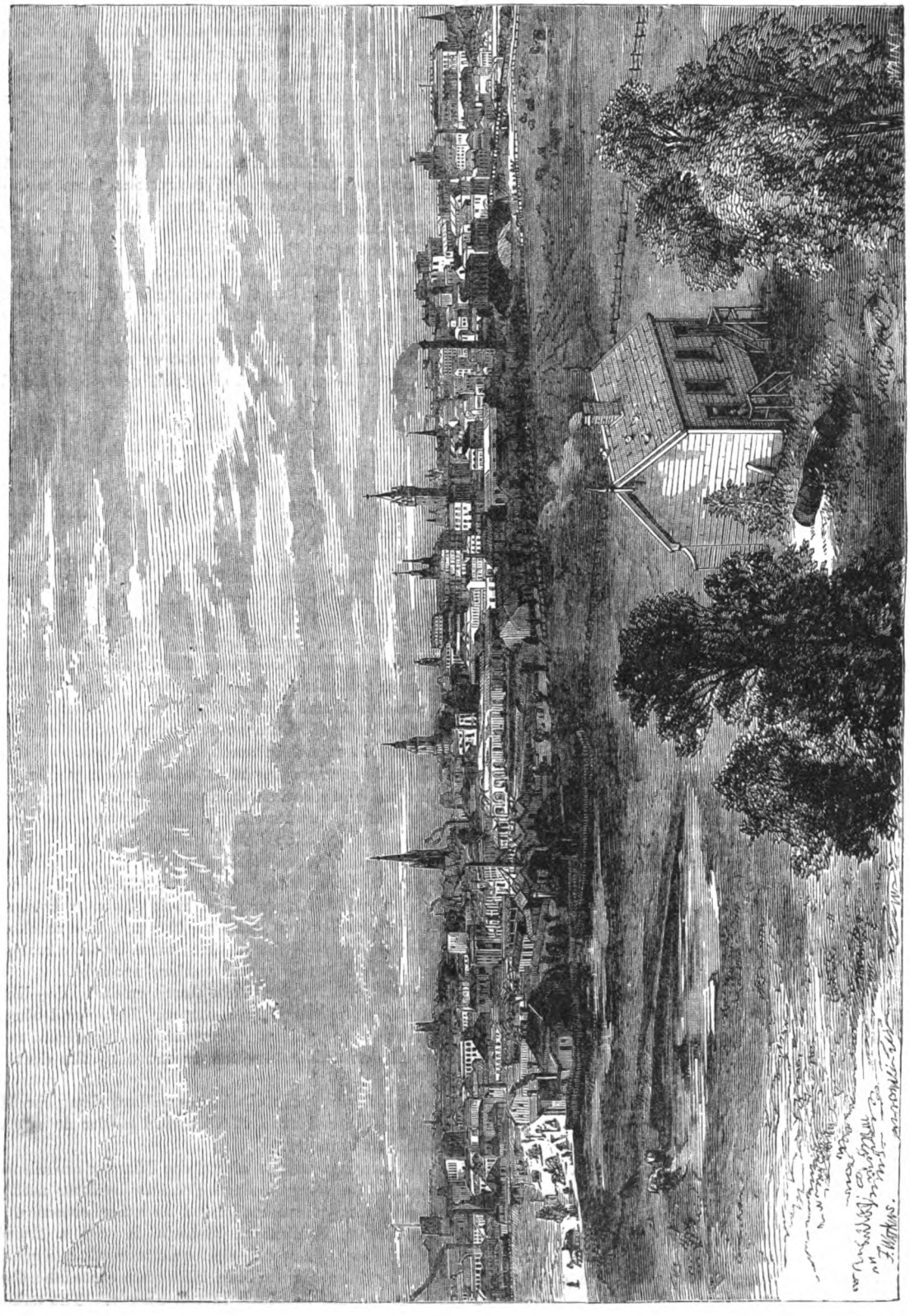
Sandhurst, in Western Victoria, is still a flourishing mining town. Several rich quartz reefs are profitably worked. The surrounding hills once contained the most famous surface diggings in the colony. The naked face of the earth and the dismantled gulches show the ravages of the gold-hunter's spade for many miles around.

Many of the old rendezvous are now silent as graveyards. Cabins and tottering chimneys have fallen down, and forlorn foundations are the remaining vestiges of

what was. Tents have been furled, and the roving miners have gone to other lands. Streets once crowded with toilers, walled with shops, and noisy with Saturday carousals, are now in ruins, and like the relics of Herculaneum, keep watch over departed greatness.

Closed shafts, moldy pits and leaky tunnels scar the hillsides. Crushing-mills and hoisting-works have gone into decay, and sit motionless over many exhausted ledges.

Ballarat, south of Sandhurst, is the largest and prettiest mining city in Australia. It contains 13,000 people. The streets are wide and bordered with trees. A long avenue extends through the city. The yards are embellished with shrubbery. Fine residences have been

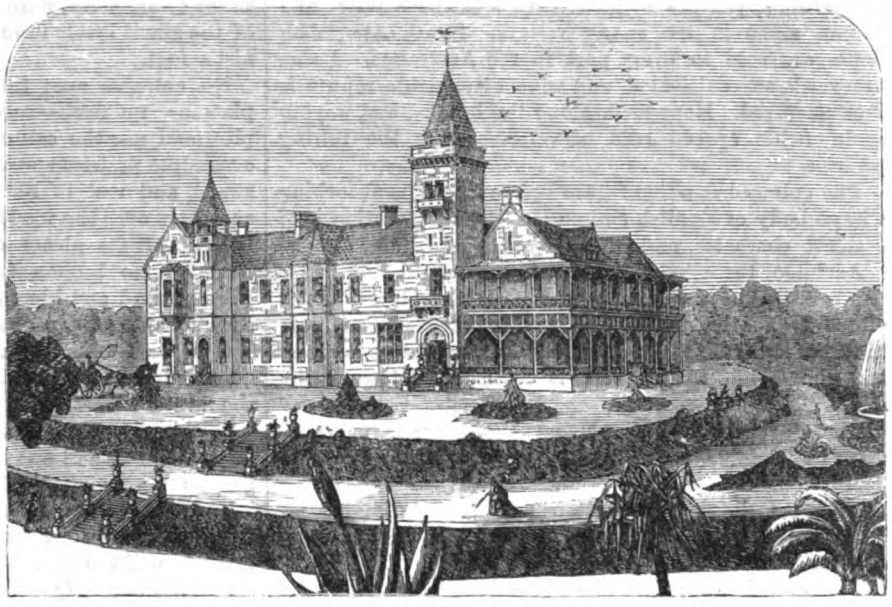


GENERAL VIEW OF MELBOURNE.

erected. The commercial buildings are large and dense. A blue lake nestles in the suburban hills, and on Saturday afternoon hundreds of pleasure-seekers boat on the waters. Low, flat shores spread around the lake like the level coasts of Pontchartrain, above New Orleans.

The city gave an Art Exhibition some years since, with a creditable display of colonial productions.

English population predominates, but the foreign element is sufficient to make a concourse of all nations. The intermarriage of races has produced an attractive type of female beauty. The young ladies have model forms, and a complexion tinted with Nature's own color—



VICEREGAL RESIDENCE, ADELAIDE.

NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES AT ADELAIDE.

the mountain atmosphere imparting a glow to their cheeks, a sparkle to their eyes, and vivacity to their manners.

A few of the mines are yet in operation, and are rich in bullion. Many of the early veins are worked out. Windlasses stand idle over the prospect-holes; waterless trenches and broken sluice-boxes are neglected. Wrecks of villages mark the streams, and awaken memories of the deserts in Nevada and the ranges of Northern California.

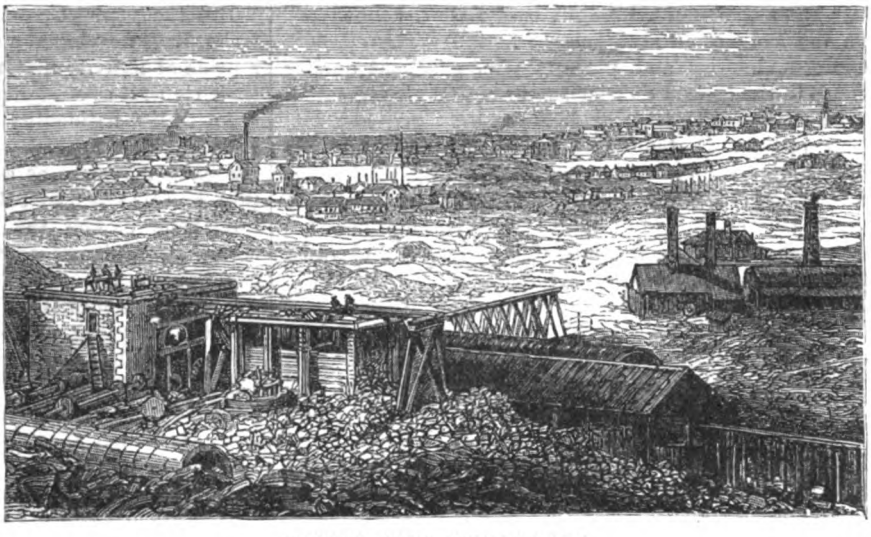
West of Victoria lies the Colony of South Australia. Its depth and fertility of soil and great stretch of plains have attracted an increasing pastoral population, and made it a noted grain-producing colony.

Wheat is shipped throughout the Australias, and exported in large quantities to England.

The grain is of the best body, and its flour the finest quality produced on the continent, and is the favorite brand in both local and foreign markets.

Sheep are herded in vast numbers, and wool is a chief staple of export. Cattle of bulky size roam the plains, and blooded stock is largely raised.

Fruit of fine flavor and splendid size is profusely grown. Grapes of Sonoma



KAPUNDA MINES, NEAR ADELAIDE.

proportions, peaches of golden hue, luscious pears and plums, ripen in the sunny valleys. South Australian fruits are sold in every port in the Australias. Large vineyards are cultivated, and wine of enviable repute is manufactured. Hops grow along the brooks, and waving grain-fields spread seas of verdure over the rolling prairies.

The colony has a fine future before it, and is absorbing a large body of English emigration. The population is of a select character, and of enterprising spirit.

Adelaide, the colonial capital, is a beautiful city. It is handsomely built, and has lofty blocks of stores. It is situated on a level valley, along the Torrens River, near the Gulf of St. Vincent. A mountain range extends along the plains, but a wide view is commanded toward the sea.

The Governor's or Vice-Regal Residence is an ornament to Adelaide, and its grounds are pictures of botanic decoration. The new Government offices are of columnar frontage, tasteful construction and large dimensions. The City Gardens are renowned for their pretty arbors and floral profusion.

The port is six miles—on the Gulf—distant from the city, and is a busy shipping mart. Business rests on a sound foundation, and commerce encounters but few reverses.

Droughts sometimes visit the colony, and entail a temporary suspension of its prosperity. But dry years are less frequent than in adjoining colonies.

Hot winds blow in the Summer season, but are not so prostrating, nor of such duration, as in Victoria.

Mines have contributed to the wealth of the colonists, but the principal source of revenue is found in their grain, wool, cattle, stock, fruits and wines.

North of New South Wales stretches the Colony of Queensland. It is one of the largest and richest colonies in Australia.

Its boundaries lie between 10° 41′ and 28° 8′ South Latitude, extending into the warm embrace of the tropics. The coast is wooded, and mountain chains cross the eastern provinces. The western territory is a vast spread of plains, overgrown with tall herbage, and resembles Texas with its level prairies, great herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and droves of horses pasturing on the plains.

Small grain is extensively grown, canefields rustle in many valleys, and sugar is largely made. Cotton also grows luxuriantly.

The farms are often worked and the herds tended by South Sea Islanders, brought by "Labor schooners" from the Polynesian archipelagoes.

Oranges, lemons and pineapples of excellent quality flourish in the coastal districts, and semi-tropic vegetation pleases the eye with leafy exuberance.

The climate is temperate in Winter and warm in Summer, but the plains are swept by strong sea-breezes throughout the hot season. Malaria lurks on some of the streams, and chills and quinine and refractory livers are not out of style. On the mountain slopes and elevated tablelands a model climate is found.

Droughts sometimes burn up the great prairies, and hundreds of thousands of sheep perish from thirst. Cattle die on waterless river-beds, herds crowd into marshy bogs and mire down, and starve for food and drink. Artesian wells are now bored, and—if they prove a success—will be the industrial salvation of Queensland.

Railroads have been constructed from the seaports to the interior villages, and telegraph lines reach the colony's remotest frontiers.

A great expanse of the northern plains are vast solitudes of greenery, untouched by the hand of man. Many of the silent levels have never been trodden by the colonist's foot.

No cottages spot their surface, no fields mark their plateaus, no flocks rove their wilds. The voice of the plowman nor the call of the herder is ever heard. The ocean-like prairies spread off in the distance in perpetual sward, and rest in Nature's eternal sleep. The tropic sun soars over the treeless swells and leaves no shadows behind. Stars gleam out on the clear blue skies, and wink on no human face, and day dreams itself away. Flowers bud and bloom, but cheer no eye. Birds carol their melodies to space's vacant ear. It is lone land.

Over these broad areas kangaroos roam in thousands, moving like black clouds over the plains, undisturbed by the hunter's bullet, and safe from aboriginal spear.

Within civilization's border-line the squatter's rude hut may be found, and out in the dreary void an isolated telegraph station occasionally seen.

These unoccupied lands will furnish homes for England's children for ages to come, and many Britons, now unborn, will tenant these unpopulated reservations.

Brisbane—the Queensland capital—is an active city, near the mouth of the Brisbane River, within twenty-five miles of the ocean's breaking rollers. It is the centre of a large trade with the coast towns, interior villages, cattle ranches, sheep "runs," cane mills, and grain farms of the plains, and from it emanate railroads into the distant settlements.

The port has an outlet into the Oceanic islands, and tropic fruits and sugars are exported throughout the Australias. The warm climate makes shade a luxury.

These sunny plains of the antipodes have reared a population strikingly like the people in the Western States of America—strong in limb, tall in stature, muscular in frame, and ruddy in complexion. The English type of countenance is preserved, but the Australias are gradually developing a nationality of their own.

Conditions have formed customs, surroundings have molded characteristics, and occupation has influenced impulses.

The colonial-reared population have a distinct type of character that "savors of the soil," and are also a noticeable physical departure from the physique of their kinsmen in the British Isles.

The English colonists from the Old Country retain their allegiance to the Crown, when that allegiance does not conflict with their personal interests.

But the young Colonials, who have grown up in Australia, have developed a spirit of local independence and a pride of nativity that regards their home continent as their rightful sovereignty.

Australian nationality has been steadily growing in the people. The neglect of the English Government to recognize Australia as an equal part of the British Empire, and its scorn of colonial claims to peerage promotion, have chilled the breasts of many of Australia's ambitious aspirants to the honors and emoluments of advancement.

The elevation of British sons to positions of eminence and the relegation of Australia's patriots to the footstool of obscurity has not expanded colonial loyalty. The appointment of English favorites over the heads of Australian talent to colonial governorships has not strengthened Australian affection for the Crown.

Many colonists have wearied of British domination over colonial legislation, and yearned for freedom from English interference and direction. The failure of the British Government to provide adequate naval protection,

when Australian ports were menaced by foreign fleets, forced the colonies into the fortification and protection of their own coasts, and created confidence in an ability for self-defense. The isolation of Australia from the English navy when hostile invasion threatens, and the inability of the colonies individually to repel aggression, stimulated a desire for a union as necessary to organize resistance against alien foes.

This sentiment has lately found expression in the assemblage of an Australian Convention at Sydney, New South Wales, for the consideration of the formation of an Australian Colonial Confederation.

Colonial tariff policies, free trade, and protection dogmas, local divisions, and jealousies, have long retarded the harmonious deliberation of such a conference. A touch of nature makes all the world kin. A perception of a common danger silences petty envies, and effaces many animosities.

The Australias recognized "In union there is strength," and that a consolidated house is not easily conquered.

The convention resolved upon confederative co-operation, and submitted their action to the people.

Their resolutions provide for the creation of a Federal "Australian Council," to consist of two members from each colony, to hold annual sessions successively at the respective colonial capitals, and to be empowered with legislative jurisdiction over extradition, coastal defenses, naturalization, criminal immigration, quarantine, patents, copyrights, and Polynesian relations.

The Colonial Parliament will petition the Imperial Government for recognition of the "Council," and the world will doubtless soon witness the political birth of an English-speaking nation of 3,000,000 souls in the Southern Hemisphere. Had England chosen to foster the English and aristocratic tendencies there by creating a colonial nobility, the new government would undoubtedly be one of King, Lords and Commons: but with the House of Lords menaced in England, the new state with its vast area may be a federal republic.

THE EFFECT OF AGE ON THE EYE.

It is found on an average of observations, that at ten years of age the crystalline lens in the eye may be rendered so convex as to give a clear image of an object three inches away. At twenty-one it will also accommodate itself to an object four and a-half inches from the eye. Anything nearer will be obscure, because the lens will not assume a form sufficiently convex to refract to a focus on the retina rays of light divergent as any nearer object will radiate. At forty years of age the "near point" has reached to a distance of nine inches, and at fifty, to thirteen inches.

At sixty years of age the lens has so far lost its flexibility, and therefore its power of responding to the muscle, that it cannot ordinarily give a clear image of any object less than twenty-six inches away. At seventy-five the power of accommodation is wholly lost; light still passes through the eye, and is focused on the retina, but only when it comes in parallel rays. Parallel rays it can converge on the retina, but divergent rays require that extra refractive power which the aged eye has lost by the hardening of the lens.

Not as a matter of disease, then, but in the ordinary course of years, and in every eye alike, is the bodily sight gradually weaned from the scrutiny of near objects around, and permitted to turn a clear vision only upon the things far off.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

By Herman Merivale.

After the battle, the peace is dear,
After the toil, the rest;
After the storm, when the skies are clear,
Fair is the ocean's breast.
Out in the gold sunshine
Throw we the net and line;
The silvery chase to-day
Calls us to work away,
So throw the line, throw—Yo, heave ho!

Fishers must work when the treacherous sea,
Smiles with a face of light,
Though the deep bed, where their fortunes be,
May be their grave ere night.
Out in the gold sunshine
Throw we the net and line;
The silvery lives to-day
Flash in the silvery spray,
So throw the line, throw—Yo, heave ho!

PRETTY POLLY PITKIN.

By Spencer W. Cone.

SUMMER or so ago two pleasant-faced matrons were seated on the shady side of the "West End" at Long Branch. They were agreeably engaged, as mothers often are, in exchanging confidences touching their children. It required both of them to arrive at the plural in that respect, for Mrs. Timmins was blessed with an only child, a son, and Mrs. Pitkin similarly with one—a daughter.

The rather pretentious name originally given to the former was Rudolph, and to the latter Maria Louise. From babyhood, however, until the date hereof, when she frankly owned to her twentieth year, she had never been known as anything but pretty Polly Pitkin.

She was luckier, however, than Rudolph, whose name had early dwindled into "'Dolph," and never grew again.

Both matrons were widows; both were well-to-do in the world, but Mrs. Timmins was *very* well-to-do. In fact, the defunct Timmins *père* having made his million in Wall Street, like a truly worthy and considerate husband and father, as he was, was sensible enough to die before he had time to lose it again.

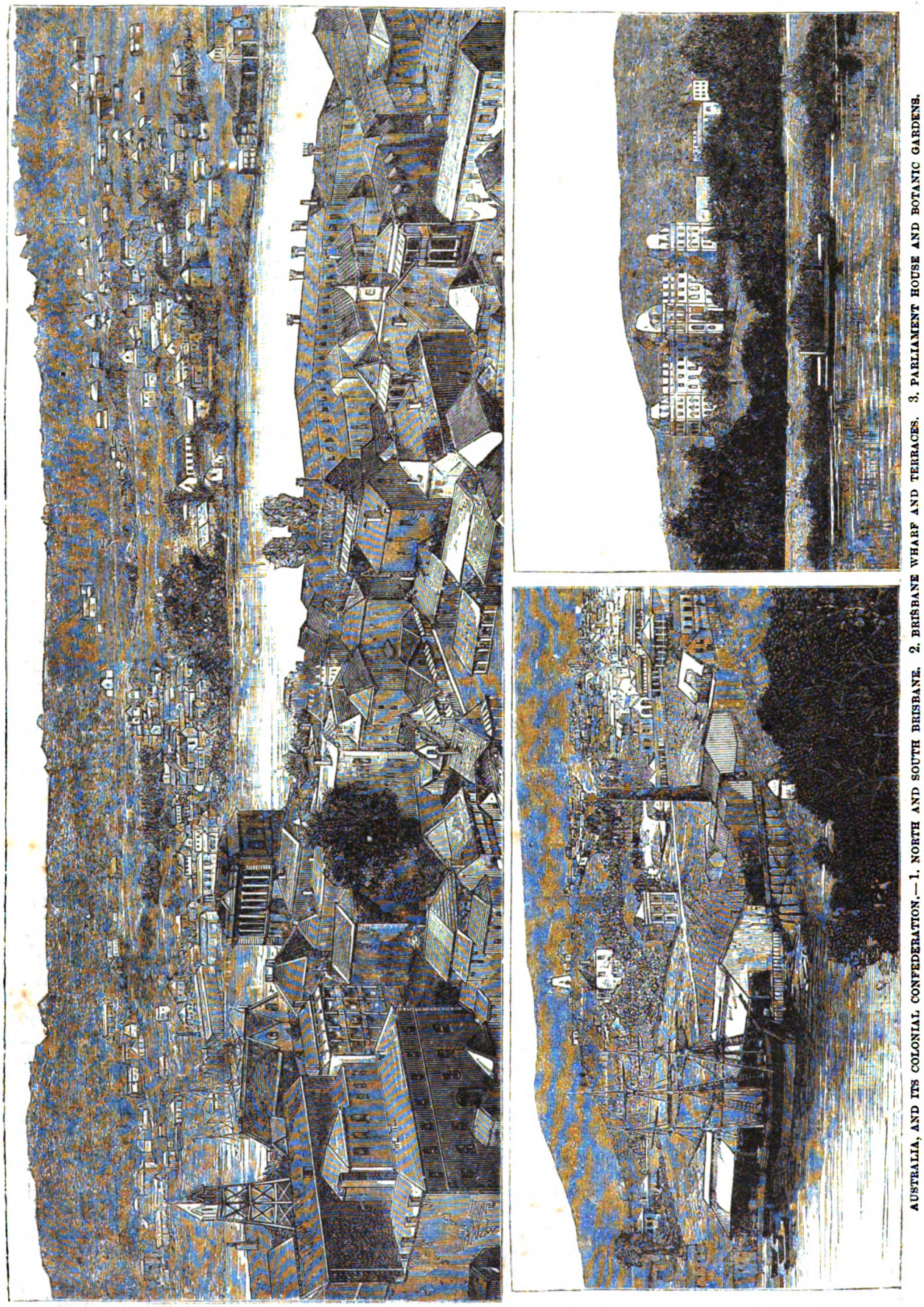
Near these worthy women sat also Pretty Polly Pitkin. She was a young lady blessed with a neat figure, blonde hair, mischievous blue eyes and uncommonly fine and rather sharp-looking little teeth.

Pretty Polly played just then at crochet, or tatting, or some such transparent pretense of work, and apparently wholly deaf to the confidences of the worthy matrons.

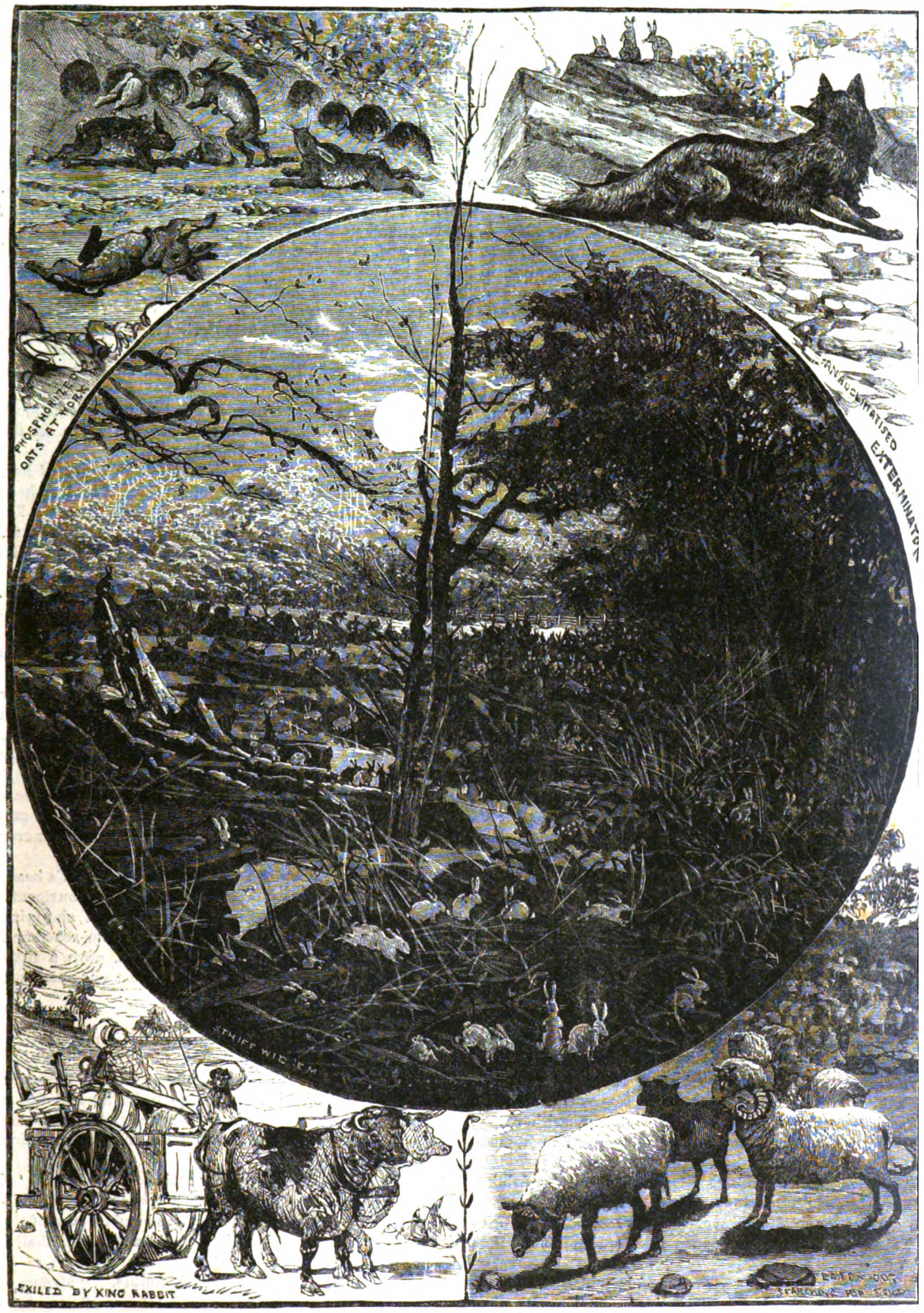
"My dear," said Mrs. Pitkin, almost in a whisper, "I don't know what to make of Polly. She'll be an old maid, as sure as she lives. I have never seen her treat a man with even common politeness. She says they are such brazen-faced, conceited apes, she can't bear the sight of them."

"Ah, me," replied Mrs. Timmins, in the same tone, "she would never say so of my Dolph, if she could see him; but she can't. Poor fellow! he is so awfully modest, he's as afraid of a woman as if she was a crocodile or an anaconda, and he a lawyer, too!"

"You don't say so!" responded Mrs. Pitkin. "A modest lawyer—well, I never! Wonders will never cease, to be sure!"



AUSTRALIA, AND ITS COLONIAL CONFEDERATION.—1. NORTH AND SOUTH BRISBANE. 2. BRISBANE WHARF AND TERRACES. 3. PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND BOTANIC GARDENS.



THE RABBIT PLAGUE IN AUSTRALIA.

At this point in the conversation Pretty Polly rose and sauntered away, saying to herself in the strictest confidence:

"Young, rich, good-looking, and an only son—too modest, though, by half. Perhaps it would be an act of Christian charity to cure him—perhaps!"

Some few weeks after this the following appeared among the "personals" in the New York *Herald*:

"A young lady, good-looking, accomplished, and of some means, desires to correspond with a young professional gentleman, with a view to matrimony. P. P."

For Rudolph Timmins, Esq., attorney-at-law, of No. — Nassau Street, as for all men cursed with *mauvaise honte*, the mysterious, the romantic—the slightly improper, in fact—possessed a supreme fascination. In imagination, he was the hero of no end of gallant actions and interesting adventures. In fact, he would no more have attempted one in which a woman was involved than a sheep would chase a tiger.

He never left his house of a morning but he imagined himself stopping a pair of runaway horses, or something of the kind, dragging a lovely young woman, half-dead, from the carriage, bearing her in his manly arms to the nearest drug store, and receiving her tender thanks as she awoke to consciousness. In fact, he would quite as soon have embraced a red-hot stove as any young woman in any condition whatever.

This contradiction between fact and fancy naturally led him to read the "personals," the first thing after he opened his paper of a morning. Of course the "personal" above mentioned struck him on the instant. He re-read, considered, smiled. It was a wonderful "personal." It suited him to a T. It came to him as a sweet boon.

"Here," said he to himself, "is the very chance I have been looking for. I will embrace it. I will open a correspondence with the lovely "P. P."; of course she is lovely. I will throw into the correspondence all the hidden poesy and disappointed heroism of my nature. I will write like Abelard, and she will answer like Heloise. I will shroud myself, however, in impenetrable mystery. Thus I shall expand like a tropic flower in the sunshine of love, without risking the horrid chill that actual contact with a young woman always sends to the marrow of my bones."

This was no vain resolve. Timmins did it. He opened the correspondence. He signed himself "William Fitz Clarence Smith."

He was a model correspondent. So was "P. P." What one dispatched one day, the other answered on the next.

Timmins was right. He had arrived at the perfection of knowledge. He knew himself. In the secure shade of an imaginary name and a post-office box, he expanded like a big sunflower.

He gushed; he overflowed. For months, with ever-increasing audacity; he made love on paper like Romeo and Lauzun rolled into one.

The correspondence became his real life—eating, drinking and sleeping a fictitious one. He was like the man who dreamed one dream every night, and went to bed early every night, to recommence it where he left off the night before.

Gathered in this cloud, with a confused idea that Timmins was Smith, or Smith Timmins, or that Smith was taking Timmins along with him to forcibly present him to "P. P.," and murder his romance for ever, he started to walk up Broadway.

It required great resolution to do so. It was, in fact, a heroic act, since Broadway was thronged with women, and each had eyes—two eyes—which might be fixed upon him.

Through this terrible defile, occupied in force by a fierce and man-thirsty army of petticoats, and enfiladed by flying columns of female *tirailleurs*, he came, however, in comparative safety, to the corner of Bleecker Street.

But there Fate sternly met him; for there, suddenly, as if she had come up out of the coal-hole in the pavement on a vampire trap, a young woman rose before him.

True, she was a very quiet and well-behaved young person, and uncommonly innocent-looking.

She was, in fact, a blonde, plump as a partridge, and of a very active and self-possessed appearance all over.

Timmins walked fast; so did she. Timmins crawled along; so did she.

Was it accident? Was it design?

Heaven forbid that we should hint the latter. Yet this young person kept just a trifle in advance of Timmins.

Modest as he was, and especially because he was modest, he could not help seeing that she was there all the time; nor could he help thinking:

"If I were Smith, now, I should get in front of her, instead of dodging to keep behind. I should look at her; I should stare at her, in fact. Stare! Good heavens!"

And what a nice and particular young woman she was. She must have had a perfect horror of dust or mud. To have got a speck on the hem of her garment would probably have driven her out of her senses. Of course that was why, when she came to a street-crossing, she gathered her skirts so daintily and gave a little jump, graceful as Mistress Venus when she tripped before the pious Æneas, and she showed the goddess in her airy step.

To be sure, this permitted to be seen an uncommonly pretty foot and ankle, which, as Timmins walked with eyes modestly cast down and couldn't escape seeing them, came very near knocking him off his own feet at every gutter.

Timmins blushed — Timmins perspired. His ears burned. He longed for rest and retreat to some vast ambiguity of shade where female gaiter boots would never haunt him more.

But if horror could be accumulated on horror's head, that identical result came at the corner of Fourteenth Street, where many human tides meet and shopping females dash and mingle like waves upon the sea-shore. There this curious young woman turned, gave a little start, stopped, and, in the easiest and most self-possessed manner, accosted him:

"Mr. Timmins, I believe?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs.—Madam——" stammered Timmins.

"Mr. Rudolph Timmins?"

"Yes, Miss——" stuttered Timmins, with a sensation as if the Domestic Sewing Machine building had fallen on top of his head, and Wallack's Theatre and the Morton House were dancing a jig around him in frantic exultation over his early extinction.

"Of No. — Nassau Street?" continued the lady. "I have been recommended to you as a lawyer of great ability, and am disposed to place in your hands a case of the greatest importance and delicacy. At what hour shall I call at your office to-morrow?"

"Call at my office!" exclaimed Timmins. "Madam—Miss—I——"

"Let us say 11 A.M.," continued the imperturbable unknown. "And you may rely upon my punctuality. Good-afternoon, sir."

The young lady crossed Broadway; Timmins took the opposite direction, and staggered home in a state of mental paralysis.

Had he been master of himself, he would have shunned that office for a period of years. But like the murderer, whose buried victim draws him a thousand miles to revisit the scene of his crime, a fatal fascination dragged him to his doom. Ten o'clock found him shivering in his office.

By way of settling his nerves and screwing his courage to the sticking-point, he made desultory incursions into that pleasing title of the law which treats of "Baron and Feme," blushing in solitary and silent modesty at the mere idea of a state of "coverture."

Some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," faltered Timmins.

At that minute the clock struck eleven. The hour had come. So had the woman. She came in.

It was the young woman who had accosted him the day before at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway. This startling result has been already foreseen by the intelligent reader. It was not, however, the less startling to Timmins.

He gasped for breath.

There she was—in his office—stick, stark, alone with him! She was between him and the door. He saw that, for he thought of flight. But flight was impossible, unless he knocked her down and walked over her. In fact, she was not only between him and the door, but she closed the door, walked composedly across the office, and seated herself within three feet of him.

Fearful position! Daniel in the lions' den had a cheerful thing of it compared to the beleaguered Timmins.

Her abundant hair—it was blonde; it was not a switch, it was real—was contrasted with and displayed by a three-inch wide shell of black lace, supposed to be a hat; but her face was covered with a vail.

Timmins fervently hoped she would keep it covered; but she didn't. She had no such intention. Coolly and slowly she raised it and laid it back.

If she had undertaken to knock him down with a feather, Timmins would have expired before the feather touched his innocent cheek.

He turned all the colors of a dying dolphin; his heart shrunk to the size of a hazel-nut.

"If the sheriff," said Timmins, mentally to himself—"if the sheriff would come through that door, which I can't get out of, and bring an order to consign me to State Prison for the term of my natural life, I should be unaffectedly grateful to him. But he won't; there's no such luck for me."

"Mr. Timmins," said the young lady, "I have, as you are aware from what I said yesterday, called to consult you."

"If I were a doctor, instead of an imaginary lawyer," said Timmins to himself, "one consultation would finish you. You should have arsenic enough to kill a mastodon."

"To consult you on a very delicate subject," she continued.

"Don't mention it," murmured Timmins.

"But I must, sir. I have been used very badly."

"I am not surprised at it," said Timmins, desperately.

"Of course not," she exclaimed. "No depth of human baseness can naturally surprise a cool and able lawyer like yourself."

"Cool!" thought Timmins. "Can't this awful creature see the sweat running down my face?"

"Yes, sir," she cried, hitching her chair a foot nearer, "I have been vilely used, and I mean to appeal to the law for redress—for vengeance!"

And Timmins dimly saw a small hand tightly clinched, and within an inch of his nose.

"Madam—Miss—I mean Mrs.——" he stammered, "I—that is you—somebody—hadn't you better go to Judge Beach, or William M. Evarts—or some rising young lawyer like that—I'm not prepared—great heavens! —and state your case, and——"

"No, sir!" she interrupted, decidedly. "I shall go to no one but you. I shall state my case to nobody but you. I know your chivalrous nature. I rely on it—all all my hopes are centred in it. You must help me—defend me—avenge me! My mind is fixed. You must!"

"If I do, I'll be—hanged!" said Timmins, mentally; but her eye was upon him, and he only said aloud, "Go on, proceed, commence—state your case."

"My name, sir, is Maria Louise Pitkin."

"Thank you," said Timmins, with a vague feeling of relief at finding it was not Medea, or Lucretia Borgia, or Mrs. Allen.

"And I am the innocent victim——"

"Of course you are," said Timmins. "So am I."

"Of a breach of promise," continued Maria Louise.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Timmins.

"Heartless man!" cried the lady, starting up with flashing eyes. "Have I been mistaken in you? Do you rejoice in my injuries?"

"No, ma'am—not at all, ma'am—nothing of the sort!" stammered Timmins. "Only I thought——"

"What did you think, sir?"

"I thought it might be worse!"

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"

"Heaven forbid, ma'am!" cried Timmins. "Only it might have been bigamy, or murder, or——"

"No, no!" said Miss Pitkin. "My soul is free from crime. I am more sinned against than sinning. Yes, sir, after the most ardent vows on paper; after the fondest assurances in black and white; after, in point of fact, the very day of our marriage ought to have been fixed, William Fitz Clarence Smith——"

"Who?—who?" said Timmins, fairly bounding in his seat.

"William Fitz Clarence Smith."

"It can't; it isn't! There's no such man!" stammered Timmins.

"There is, there must, there shall be!" cried the lady.

"Did you ever see him?" gasped poor Timmins.

"No," replied the lady; "but when I do I shall know him among a million."

"The Lord forbid!" said Timmins, piously, to himself.

"I have a hundred of his letters," continued she. "They are here in my bag. I will read them to you."

"You needn't," said Timmins, with his eyes shut. "I know what they——"

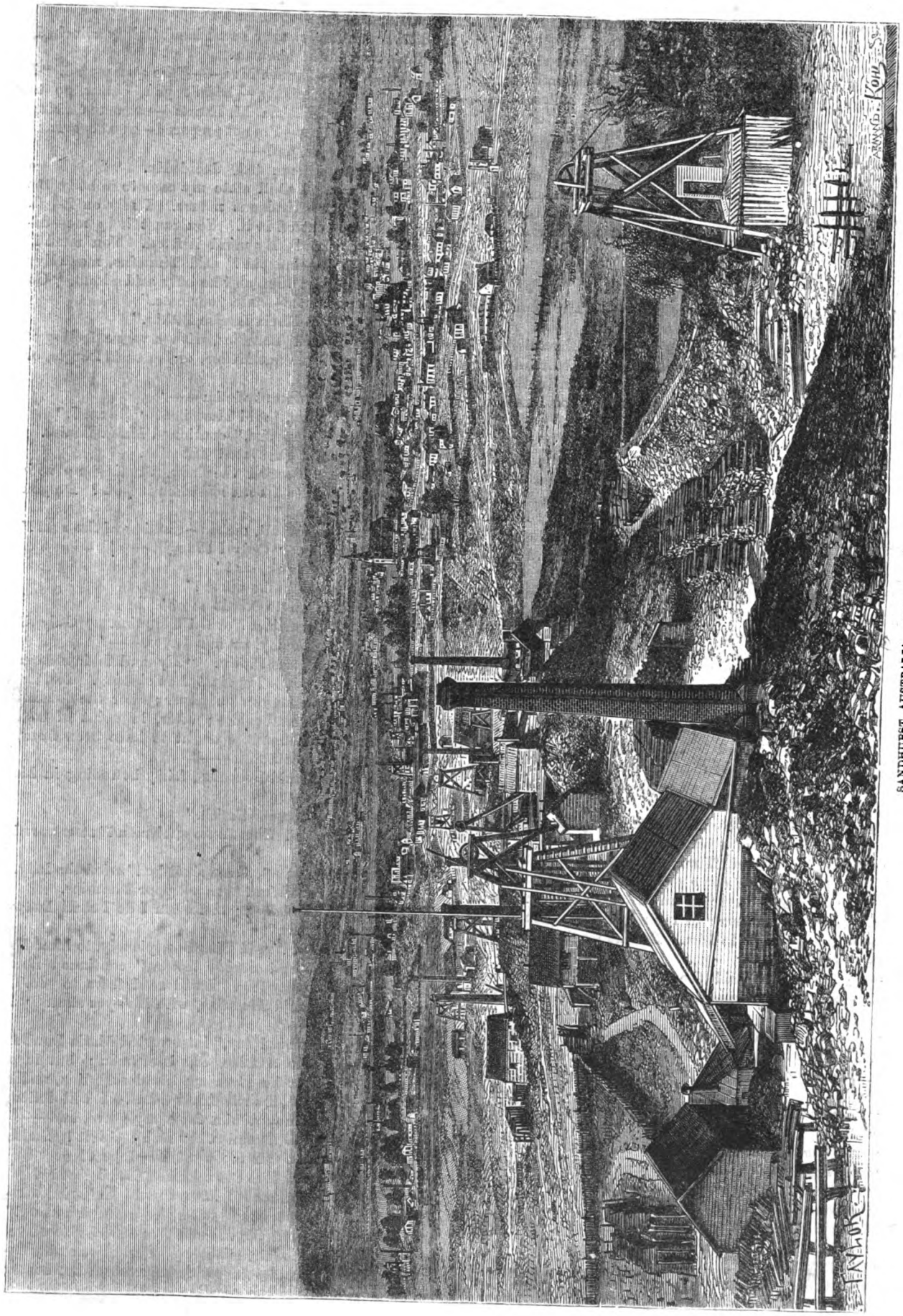
"Are like, you would say," interrupted Maria Louise. "Yes, they are like a false, deceitful man; but in a dozen different ones he gives me his description, and I shall know him—oh, I shall know him! I will follow him in life; I will haunt him from my grave, and——"

"Don't!" gasped Timmins. "Don't do it! Smith don't deserve it! Upon my word, he don't!"

"Ha! You know him?" exclaimed Maria Louise.

"No, no!—of course not! How should I?" cried Timmins. "But, on general principles, he can't, you know."

"He does, he does! Oh, Heaven!" cried Maria Louise, leaning back in her chair, sobbing hysterically, and playing a lively tattoo on the floor with the heels of her boots; "oh, I shall faint at the recollection!"



SANDHURST, AUSTRALIA.—SEE PAGE 1.

PRETTY POLLY PITKIN.—"'HOW! WHAT?' CRIED POLLY STARTING UP. 'YOU KNOW THE LETTER BY HEART. I SEE IT ALL. YOU ARE SMITH—THE FALSE, PERFIDIOUS SMITH!'"—SEE PAGE 11.

"For the Lord's sake, don't!" cried Timmins, frantically. "Some one might come in. You might have a fit, and there isn't a drop of water in the office. You'll particularly oblige me if you won't."

"I won't," said Maria Louise, rapidly recovering herself. "I will do anything to oblige you. I will not faint. I will be strong. I will tell you all. I will show you how, after wooing me in a hundred letters, each breathing the soul of passion, he has failed to answer my last letter, in which I urge him to end my fond suspense and to name the happy day."

"Couldn't you put it off until to-morrow, or next month, or a year or two? I'm pressed for time. You'd better," stuttered Timmins.

"No," cried the lady; "you shall hear it now. And she drew a letter from her bag. "Hear what he says: 'P. P.'—that's me——"

"'P.P,'" groaned Timmins. "That's you?"

"Of course it is. Maria Louise, otherwise Polly Pitkin. 'P. P.,' he writes, 'I know you are the loveliest of women.' Look at me, Mr. Timmins, and tell me was I wrong to believe him?"

Timmins hazarded a timid glance.

"It was rather strong," he said; "but, then, you're uncommonly good-looking."

"It was strong," said Polly, placidly, although the corners of her mouth twitched curiously. "But Smith meant it at the time, for he goes on, 'I know your face is fair and your figure is perfection.' Where had he seen me?"

"In his mind," said Timmins, dreamily, going away from his own individuality, and suffering a momentary metempsychosis into Fitz Clarence Smith. "In his mind's eye, Horatio, P. P."

"'I imagine to myself,'" continued Polly, reading slowly, and with well-considered emphasis, "'those rosy lips, those tender eyes swimming in liquid light——'"

"'That rounded form,'" broke in Timmins, like a man talking in his sleep, "'those glancing shoulders whiter than Parian marble. All, all, adored P. P., enchant, enchain, subdue me——'"

"How! what?" cried Polly, starting up and grasping him by the arm. "You know the letter by heart. I see it all. A light breaks on me. You are Smith—the false, perfidious Fitz Clarence Smith. You have attempted to trifle with a feeble girl, an unprotected maiden, under a false name!"

"I am lost!" groaned Timmins.

"No, you are found!" cried the inexorable Polly, "and if you have one spark of honor left, if every feeling of justice is not extinguished in your bosom, you will repeat after me the conclusion of that letter."

And Polly proceeded to read:

"'The moment, adored P. P.——' Stop, sir! Write Polly Pitkin instead."

Timmins being truly in bodily fear, obeyed, trembling, and she continued to read:

"'The moment, adored Polly Pitkin, when I may clasp you in my arms as my wife will be the happiest, the most blissful moment of my life.' Now, sir, what reparation can a man of honor make for such an anonymous insult?"

"Suppose I sign——"

"Your real name?" said Polly.

"As an apology, you know," said Timmins.

"That might do," said Polly. "It would be honest, at any rate, and look better."

"Thank you," said Timmins, much relieved, for, to tell the truth, he had read much of violent young women who righted their real or supposed wrongs with knife or pistol, and would not have been at all surprised if "P. P." had incontinently produced any number of those little things and dispatched him before he could say Jack Robinson. "Thank you," said he, meekly; "I'll do it."

And he did it in his best hand, and with an extra flourish under the signature.

"P. P.," with the gravity of a judge, replaced the letter in her bag, and said, as she rose to retire:

"Mr. Fitz Clarence Smith—I mean Mr. Rudolph Timmins—I shall not be under the necessity of consulting you professionally in this case, as you can readily understand. You probably desire also that this affair shall remain a profound secret between us?"

"Certainly—of course," stammered Timmins; "but the letters——"

"To the return of those letters," said P. P., severely, "a condition is attached. It will, perhaps, be a penalty. I shall require you to call twice a week on me at my own house, and each time repeat your apology, and each time I will return you a letter in exchange for one insidiously procured from me under your assumed name. Good-morning, sir."

What boots it to relate the rest of this awful tale? A child could see through it. Dreading discovery, fearful of exposure, sure that if his identity with William Fitz Clarence Smith ever became public, he would be a common laughing-stock, a lost monster, he obeyed. He called twice a week on Pretty Polly Pitkin. But he never recovered a quarter of his letters, for before he got to the twelfth she married him.

And it is as sure as two and two make four she meant to do it. She meant it from the first.

It is pleasant to relate that she cured him. If he have any modesty left, it is hard to find. Like Bottom, he is "translated," and stares in the most confident manner at every pretty woman he meets.

In point of fact, Mrs. Rudolph Timmins would have her hands full, if she should ever cease to be either less clear-headed and determined, or less good-looking as a wife, than she was as Pretty Polly Pitkin.

THE BROOK-TROUT.

By M. Seymour.

The brook-trout; the subject of the present article, is a member of the salmon family—quite an extensive family, by-the-way—and is to be met with from the Atlantic coast westward as far as Minnesota, and from Hudson's Bay to Virginia. The trout of the Rocky Mountains is another species, of which we may treat at another time.

The brook-trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) is a glorious, crimson-spotted, goldbrown-shadowed fish. The very name brings up associations of leafy quivering canopies over brawling brooks, chattering and gullying their noisy way through mossy rocks and ferny banks tangled with sumach, nut-bushes and alders; with cozy lakes nestling between hills of pine and birch and maple, to whose lily-padded shores the gray deer come down to drink and browse, and, startled by the loon's rude laughter, shrink back into the forest shades again. Oh! those lake-mirrors of storm and sunshine, how beautiful and peaceful they are! laying their magical calm on the feverish pulses of care, envy and all uncharitableness.

The brook-trout runs from a few ounces to twelve pounds; one instance records twenty-two pounds, caught in England, on the Thames, with a white fly, late in the evening. This royal fish was presented to the Queen,

who had it painted, life size, by Rolfe, the eminent fish-painter. The general appearance, weight and flavor of the trout vary with the water it inhabits. Wherever it is possible it indulges, like the salmon, in an annual trip to the salt water for recuperation—like other exhausted beauties of a different type—and these are the most precious in the eyes of the sportsman and epicure. The trout spawns in November, and by March is fit for the table, although protected in some States by law until May. From that month until September he is the cause of much anxiety to anglers, and especially to mothers of small boys, who fail to respond to the supper-call.

As soon as the ice goes out and the trailing arbutus crimsons the lingering snow-patches in fresh shades, the trout come along the shores of ponds and rivers to feed greedily on submarine larvæ and worms washed from the banks, and then the largest are taken ; later in the season they betake themselves to deeper water, and become more capricious in their appetite, and in the Summer heats they congregate around the spring-holes on the shallow borders of ponds.

The habits of the brook-trout proper remain unchanged, provided any are left after June, until the fall freshets enable them to go up to the outlet of the nearest pond.

It has been my good fortune to take trout from Maine to California, and from Upper St. Maurice to Virginia. When under every favorable circumstance I have expected a good day's sport, I have had none, and *vice versa*, in a broiling sun and windless water I have taken a big string ; consequently, my angler friend, *nil desperandum*, stick to it, and some day they will stick to you.

Now, here's a glorious May day ; the plum bushes are just whitening, the lilacs bursting into bloom, and the rich balsam odor fills yonder woods. Let us take a couple of handy Japanese rods, costing twenty-five cents each, a box of worms, a good supply of No. 8 Sproat hooks, a strip of tea-chest lead for sinkers, some home-made bread-and-butter, and a few slices of raw fat pork—you won't catch cold if you do get your feet wet—and now we'll strike across lots for an old logging-road through yonder woods that crosses a bully brook. Just hark ! how the birds sing ; hear that swamp-robin and his answer, and the golden robin's whistle, and the chirrup of the flying, glossy swallows. Here's the edge of the woods. Whirr ! goes a partridge. Come along, scrambling through the cedar and maple scrub, treading the white anemones and violets at every step ; and now a few moments will bring us to the brook we can hear.

Now, put up your rod and a short line, not more than two feet, and drop in. No, stand away back, remembering a trout has the eyes of a hawk. Where that tangle of brush chokes up the current, I bet there's some. Got him ? That won't do. You must not "yank" him half a mile behind you, but strike him by a twist of the wrist, and draw him out. Don't get excited, and try again.

Ah ! you hooked him, but not firmly. That's better. Now we'll divide the worms and hooks. You go down and I'll go up the brook, and when the sun gets overhead retrace your steps, and meet me here. Put only a light sinker on, or you'll get caught in brush and logs all the time.

Hullo ! how many ? You don't know ? Well, count up—fifty-six and seventy-five. None more than one-quarter of a pound. Now, I'll get a fire going ; then wrap up a lot in well-buttered paper, and bury in hot ashes. When cooked, split up the back and clean, and here's a dish, as dear old Walton says, "fit only for anglers, or very honest gentlemen."

Now you've had your initiation into trouting. Next time we will try for bigger fish, with more skill. You want a good fly-rod, forty yards of silk line, two six-feet sinew leaders, two dozen assorted flies, and landing net. Where this brook empties in the river is a wide, shallow pool, where we can practice casting a fly. Get in the canoe. I will paddle you out. Now you have two flies on, to begin with. Now try and hit that lily-pad twenty feet away. Hear that crack ? One of your flies gone. How ? By not allowing the line to straighten out before drawing it back, you cracked it like a whip. Make allowance, and try again. Whi ! that was a pounder rose at the stretcher, or last fly. Try l 'm again. Got him ? Keep a tight line, and keep cool. Now the rod bends nearly double. What ! gone ? Don't look so blank ; it was your fault ; you failed to keep a tight line, and he broke away. This is very apt to happen. Go ahead, and try a few feet more line. Now you have one !—tight line, mind. Here's the net ; there she is—a beauty ! three-quarters of a pound. Just see the glorious color on him. Now you begin to see that this is an art—an inseparable gulf divides the fly-fisher from the brook-prowler. You begin to be interested, and appreciate the angler's art. All this time you are under the unconscious spell of Nature's teaching, and find—

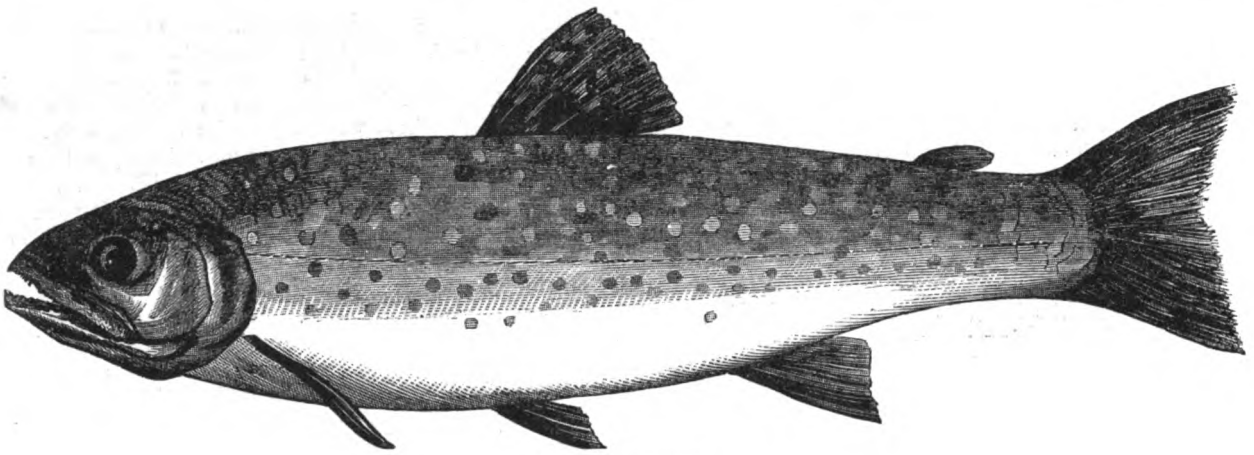
> "Books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Now, experience alone can teach you, remembering to fish "fine and far off"; strike your fish at the furthest distance with most delicate tackle. Never use a larger fly-hook than No. 10, except for bass—the latter will test your skill and muscle more than any living fish of their size, not excepting the royal salmon.

The trout was one of the epicure's dainties in ancient Rome. To-day the artificial propagation of them is carried to great perfection, nearly all the States being interested in the problem of cheap fish-food. When spawning, trout, like salmon, will vault quite a high fall to attain the gravelly reaches of higher waters for this purpose. Their peculiar leap is well represented in the illustration on page 24. After being hatched out, the trout fry are placed in shallow pans, and finally distributed to wired-off spaces of running water, where, besides their natural diet of flies and larvæ, they are fed on chopped-up liver. See illustration.

The flavor of these fish is far inferior to that of their wild brethren, but, on the other hand, they are always obtainable and bring a fancy price. Trout are carefully sought after by otter, mink, and other animals besides man, in spite of which their fecundity would fill the waters but for the shameful practice of taking them on the spawning-beds, and the newer but equally disgraceful slaughter of them by pot-hunters with dynamite cartridges.

In order to be a successful trout-fisher, many years of observation and practice are required. The trout, as is generally conceded, feeds at early morning and evening, but this, like all other rules, has exceptions. I have made excursions into the "forest primeval" at the head-waters of the Connecticut River, and patiently tried fly after fly. The next day I devoted to worms, and sliver of trout-fin, a splendid bait sometimes ; then I tried a bunch of deer's-tail hair with worm, another lure which they affect when they will not take anything else ; then the caddis-grub ; all without success. The latter you will notice has a shell of bark and tiny shells, etc., on the very edge of rivers and ponds. The grub turns to the famous may-fly. The green-drake variety of may-fly comes from a rich



THE BROOK-TROUT.

golden-colored caddis, found only under rocks and stones in streams. These grubs in May are almost certain baits, always provided you show not yourself to the fish.

As I said, I have spent a week or more patiently essaying everything I could think of, even berries from overhanging bushes, and barely got enough for a meal—all this under favorable weather, and suddenly a feeding fit would seize the fish, and they would take anything greedily. Now, how is this? The above experience will be borne out by all trout-fishers, I am sure. Now for my humble explanation: I think the trout, after the first gorge when the ice goes out, feed at *irregular intervals*, extending over many days, and then, so to speak, fast for awhile. I remember one evening drifting in my canoe in a shallow bay of a lake. The setting sun coloring the wooded hills and distant mountains drew my attention, which was diverted by a sudden splash of fish near the canoe. I waited a moment, and another one broke water in my vicinity. I saw they were taking the may-fly, and threw one of Abbey & Imbrie's over them. A swirl at but no attempt to take it. In a few moments the bay was literally alive with trout breaking; some very large fish of five pounds leaping out of water. I caught the natural fly and tried it. I took a small trout, but not a fish of any size could I decoy.

Well, I was puzzled—and mad. My companion on shore was hoarse with yelling at me to let him into the canoe and share what he thought was my paradise, and I regret to say was rejoiced at my lack of luck. I pondered over the matter many a time, and one Winter's night a thought struck me, which I carried out next day, and waited patiently but feverishly to try it. It was a cork-bodied fly, and I found it successful beyond my expectations. My largest fish was nearly six pounds.

I see some one else has struck the same idea, and the may-flies, on this principle, are to be found at almost any tackle-store. Those wretched fish knew that a may-fly emerging from the chrysalis could not *sink*, and hence refused mine.

A TROUT PRESERVE, NEAR ISLIP.

On another occasion I had a boy who was being initiated in trouting. We were crouching among some alders at the base of an old dam. Presently his pole was jerked down, and he yanked up a two-pound fish, which got hitched in the top of an alder. Notwithstanding all my advice to keep cool, he began a series of antics which landed him overhead in the pool, and drew down a portion of the clay bank with him. I got down the fish

TROUTERS IN CANADIAN WATERS.

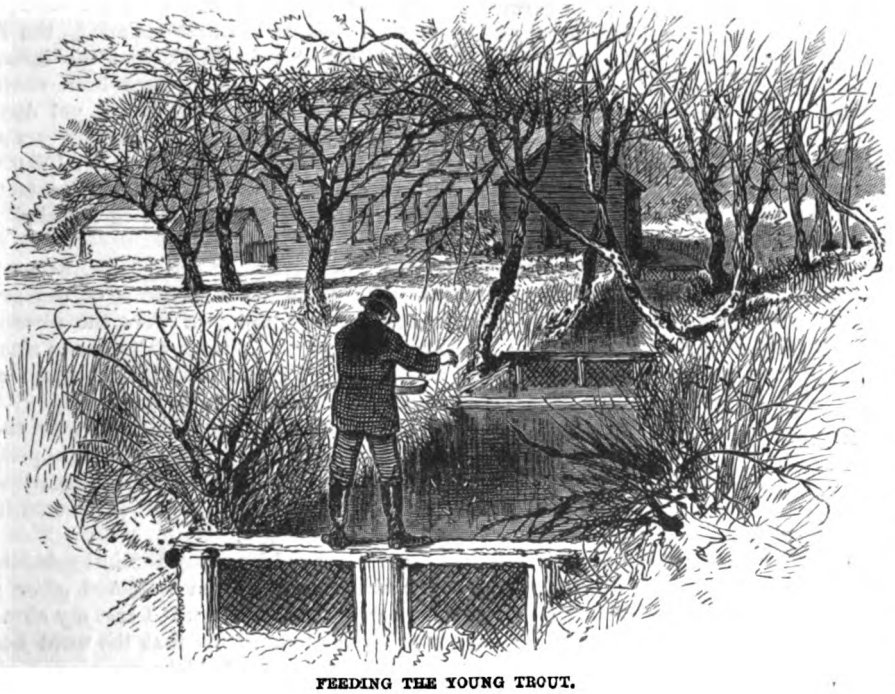
and he scrambled out, and I was picking up the rods to adjourn to another spot; but no, he refused to move, and took another fish.

I observed that the bites occurred first in the line of muddy water; acting on this hint, we took a large string of fine fish.

This would show that they were attracted by what they supposed to be rainwater washing down grubs, etc., from the bank, and were not much alarmed by the noise of my friend's impromptu bath. On the other hand, I have been anchored at a spring-hole, and observed trout cooling off in the hole, and any slight movement of the feet at the bottom of the boat would start them off to deeper water.

To the stranger armed with all equipments, but lacking knowledge, it is aggravating beyond measure to see a fellow taking fish apparently at leisure, while he, poor wretch, can't raise a fin. The reason is, the latter knows the spring-holes.

It is almost useless to try pond-fishing without a knowledge of these. Sometimes they may be detected by the temperature of the water, but the better plan is to sneak like a shadow round the shore of the pond on a hot, bright day, and look for fish. Wherever you see three or four brown shadows shoot out from a hole perhaps only three or four feet deep, sometimes divided from the lake by a shallow sandy bar, sit down, if within casting distance, and wait a few moments and try it. If you strike only a small fish, mark the spot *very* carefully, and approach it in a boat, taking care to paddle, not *row*, say at evening or early morning, and you will say with Squeers: "Here's richness."



FEEDING THE YOUNG TROUT.

The trout frequent these submarine springs to cool off and feed, but the shallow water makes them very wary, and easily frightened. Anchor, therefore, at both ends of the boat, at least thirty or forty feet away, and keep perfectly and absolutely still. If possible, remove obstructions of brush, etc., from it, or you will lose hooks and fish *ad libitum*. In river-fishing for trout, note the shelving banks and quiet eddies of pools; at morning and evening you will find them on the shallows, requiring a long line to reach them with success.

The really killing flies for trout are few in number, and may be obtained of any reliable tackle-manufacturer. If possible, obtain them on loops of sinew, being thus more lasting and easier fastened to the leader. A few good palmers, and hackles with a scarlet ibis for August, and white moth for late evening sport, are all that are needed. Observe, also, for dark days to use a bright-colored fly, and reverse for cloudy weather.

Trout are not gregarious in rivers, but they are so in ponds. If worm-fishing on a raft or

bank, you will take several fish in succession, and then the shoal having passed by, you must wait for another to come along. It is not, as observed before, the actual killing propensity that constitutes the charm of fishing—it is the innocent and unconscious pleasure of being a critic of Nature's ever-changing and ever-beautiful pictures. How familiar you become with the birds—even the chattering gray kingfisher will fail to be afraid of you, and, perched on the boughs overhead, will deftly dive in and bring out a shining meal before your eyes. The watchful loon, cleaving the deep waters, will laugh to you for company. The woodcock, flushed beneath your feet, will drop ahead among the quivering ferns. And then the glorious clouds! you will never grow a weary of their stately march across the blue fields of the sky, their lustre blending the western walls and crimsoning the zenith, giving place to that

"Pale-orbed maiden with white-fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,"

whose silvery radiance will light your quiet path to camp or cozy chimney-corner, to review the memories of a happy day; and sweeter still the fact that time makes all such memories more precious and tender. Rest assured, in hours of care and struggle these memories will come to you

"Like the benediction that follows after prayer."

FLORAL WREATHS 3,000 YEARS OLD.

Dr. George Schweinfurth has made an interesting discovery of plants in the coffin of an Egyptian princess who died about 1,100 years before the Christian era. The find comprises numerous wreaths, in which are leaves of the willow, leaves of the date-palm, corn-poppy flowers and corn flowers. The inner parts of the poppies are so wonderfully preserved that Dr. Schweinfurth declares that botanists rarely succeed in getting such perfect specimens of those fragile flowers for their herbaria, while the color—a dark brown-red—is maintained in as high degree as in the dried specimens of the present day. Pine cones which must have been employed as funeral offerings at Thebes 1,100 or 1,200 years earlier, are now to be seen in a museum at Cairo, together with a variety of seeds, grains, tubers, and fruits, which were found in the same tomb.

A BEAR FISHERMAN.

Very few people know that bears take to water naturally. They love the water not, perhaps, as well as the moose or deer, but better than most dry-land animals. They are very fond of fish and are expert fishermen. I came suddenly upon a very large bear in a thick swamp, lying upon a large hollow log across a brook, fishing, and he was so much interested in his sport that he did not notice me until I had approached very near to him, so that I could see exactly how he baited his hook and played his fish.

The ingenious animal fished in this wise: There was a large hole through the log on which he lay, and he thrust his open paw in the water and waited for the fish to gather around and into it, and when full he clutched his fist and brought up a handful of fish, and sat and ate them with great gusto; then down with the paw again, and so on. The brook was fairly alive with little trout and red-sided suckers, and some black suckers, so the old fellow let himself out on the fishes. He did not eat their heads. There was quite a pile of them on the log. I suppose the oil in his paw attracted the fish and baited them even better than a fly-hook, and his toe-nails were his hooks, and sharp ones too, and once grabbed, the fish are sure to stay.

GLOVES, PAST AND PRESENT.

The etymology of the word *glove* has puzzled the antiquarians. One of the pioneers of lexicographical literature, Minsheu, in his "Guide to the Tongues," finds the root of the word in the Belgic *gheloove*, faithfulness, because gloves were the testimony of faith, and suggests an alternative derivation in *gift-love*, since gloves were so often the gifts of lovers and the pledges of affection. Another writer thinks the word comes from old English, *gol*—the hand—and the Anglo-Saxon *ober*. Dr. Johnson quotes the Anglo-Saxon *glofe*, and the Danish *gloffure*—to cover—as probable roots. The old Norse *klauf*, and Anglo-Saxon *cliof-an*—equivalent to *cleft*—cleaving of the hand-covering into stalls for fingers—are also suggested. The Gaelic is *lamhainn*, from *lamh*—a hand. "*Dat is mein glove*"—"That is my belief," antedated the word *glove*. It was a phrase before the word *glove* was used as *hand-cover* in German. So the mediæval knight, in expressing an act which became a symbol, gave the name to the glove. The term *gloft* is common to all Scandinavian nations, and the word *glove* descends to us from that, probably, though Germans now term a glove a hand-shoe—*hand-schuh*, reminding us of the Greek *chirotheca* (hand-case).

It is rather perplexing to the wearer of seven-buttoned gloves to learn that the ante-glacial dweller in caves wore them. There is nothing new under the sun! Professor Boyd Dawkins, in his learned work on "Pre-historic Man," has found a drawing of one of these long gloves, in Duruthy Cave, on a perforated canine tooth. Evidently this glove was made of roughly-dressed skin, and sewn with elaborate needles of bone. It is an exact representation of the long glove of to-day. Why should cave-men have worn gloves? Were the ante-glacial shell-fish particularly prickly? or did the spines of the pre-historic gooseberry pierce the tender skin of the unhappy troglodyte, who, on his emergence from the mud—which seems to have been his native bath—felt nervous apprehension and physical pain as his first claims to the honors of manhood? One would think that the insensibility of the neighboring toad would have been enviable. At what time these cave-men lived is not yet decided. Perhaps they crept out of the mud 240,000 years ago, and having worn their seven-button gloves for 100,000 years, retired before a higher development, some 80,000 years ago. The author of "Early Man in Britain" may know—we do not.

The Anglo-Saxons wore gloves, as we know from the poem of Beowulf, a romance of the seventh century. Strange to say, the *men* were the *glove-wearers*, Anglo-Saxon ladies using their voluminous sleeves (sometimes with a sort of thumb-thimble) in place of gloves. The Normans, however, wore very ugly gloves, with long streamers attached to them, and over the right hand a thin gauze, or linen cloth, was wrapped, if birds were carried in the hand. From the infrequency of the glove in early Norman drawings, it is inferred it was only used by high personages.

It is supposed by many Biblical scholars that the word *shoe* should have been rendered *glove* in the famous passage, "Over Edom will I cast my *shoe*." The Hebrew rabbins are unanimous that the word here means *glove*.

The Targum, a Chaldaic paraphrase of the Scripture,

made perhaps in the fourth century, translates the disputed phrase "narthek yad," as the *case* or *covering* of the *right hand*.

It is unquestionable that the employment of the word *glove*, in the symbolical sense of the passage, could bear as a token of faith the testimony of antiquity better than the word *shoe*.

Gloves are not in common use amongst the Jews. Bishop Tyndal included gloves, with sandals, among the "pomp of the disguising," and the "false signs" of women, but they are not comprehended as amongst the necessary apparel of women. They seem to have been worn chiefly by men of rank, and only by them on occasions of display. They formed a part of the dress of kings, as we learn from the mural paintings at Thebes. The long-sleeved dresses of both sexes and the heat of the climate, both, probably rendered them unnecessary and unfashionable.

Xenophon speaks of the unwonted luxury of the Persians, who had umbrellas borne over them and "had coverings of hair made for their fingers and hands." Gloves were certainly known amongst the Romans, if not to the Greeks. Homer describes Laertes, the father of Ulysses, as wearing gloves to shield his hands from the thorns, and we are familiar with the ancient "knuckle-duster," worn by the Greek wrestlers, from antique sculpture and friezes.

As instruments of torture, "the gloves" are mentioned in the fourth century of the Christian era.

Among the Roman epicures, we read of those who came to table habited in gloves. It betokened a considerable degree of effeminacy.

It is probable that the Romans brought the first gloves to Britain. Custom and comfort combined to recommend gloves to the rude people in that cold country, and, as they wore shoes of untanned leather, they probably also protected the hands with gloves.

The glove-trade is under great obligations to the Church. In the year 700 Charlemagne granted to the abbot and monks of Sithin an unlimited right of hunting, for making their gloves and girdles of the skins of the deer they killed, and also for covers for their books.

But gloves had a more near connection with the Church than the industry of the monastery. They had distinctive employment in the rites and services. They were worn by the priests officiating. The laity were expected to take off their gloves in church, while ecclesiastics alone might wear them, a reversal of our modern fashions.

The symbolism of the Church did not forget the glove as gifted with hidden significance. Bruno, Bishop of Segni, says that "they are made of linen to denote that the hands they cover should be chaste, clean, and free from all impurity."

The gloves on the hands of Boniface VIII. at the time of his interment were of white silk, beautifully wrought with pearls.

Gloves are still used by Roman Catholic bishops and advertised in the lists of clerical necessaries. According to St. Charles Borromeo, a bishop's gloves should have a golden circle on the outside, and this is seen on the gloves of Bishop William of Wykeham, preserved in New College, Oxford.

Gloves were in 1416 often set with precious stones, and sufficiently valuable to be left as legacies. The jeweled gloves of St. Martial were said to have rebuked an act of sacrilege.

The gloves of Bishop Gravesend, worked with gold and enamel, were priced at five pounds, a great sum in 1310. But the sturdier Bishop Button wore thick yellow leather gloves, at ten pence a pair.

However, that love of luxury and of vestments, which then, as now, threatened to sap a certain division of the Church, led to the passing of sumptuary restrictions. The clergy "might not wear gloves," red or green or striped; "neither ring, brooch, ornamental girdle nor gloves." Monks were not to wear gloves of deerskin, but were to content themselves with gloves of sheepskin. But gloves were still made of costly material for bishops and the higher clergy, who were then adorned with jewels, in spite of sumptuary laws.

Bishop Riculfus, who died in 913, left as an important legacy a pair of gloves; and the earliest silk gloves on record were found on the hands of Thomas à Becket.

The fifteenth-century child-bishop, that poetic, partly mournful religious burlesque, was installed on the mock Episcopal throne always in gloves, "a small lytell cope for a chylde byshop," and his poor little gloves were preserved until the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., in the Priory of St. Mary of Austin Canons.

In fact, Pugin declares that gloves may be worn with propriety by all in ecclesiastical functions who carry staves, canopies, reliquaries, candlesticks, etc., so that they soon got down from the bishops to the inferior clergy and attendants.

Scarlet gloves, embroidered with gold, were mentioned in the inventory of the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Trinity, 1552.

Gloves have ever been an appanage of royalty. They have a place in the regalia, and we read of purple gloves ornamented with pearls and precious stones, which were deemed ensigns of imperial dignities. They were so intimately connected with kingly power that monarchs were invested with authority by the delivery of a glove. Flanders was given to Philip the Fair by the delivery of a glove. The custom of blessing the glove at the coronation of a king came from the East. Mary de Medicis, the ill-used mother of Louis XIII., preserved with pious fidelity the gloves used at the coronation of her ungrateful son.

In 1284 Conrad of Hohenstaufen cast his glove amid his rebellious subjects, and begged that it might be conveyed to his relatives, who should avenge his death. It was taken up by a knight and brought to Peter, King of Aragon, who, in virtue of the same glove, was afterward crowned at Palermo. Thus a glove was taken as the actual representative of power, and the emblem of legitimate sovereignty.

From the kingly glove to the knightly glove was but a short step. The gift of a glove by the king was the pledge of the service by which land was held. The glove was the king's ambassador.

These right royal symbols are preserved for us in mediæval drawings and pictures, always white, with very wide-pointed cuffs. This peculiarly royal shape has come down to us only in the stage and the fancy dress. Kings, like bishops, were buried in gloves. For the coronation of James II. and his queen a pair of linen gloves are amongst the requisites ordered. They were used during the anointing.

From the throne to the bench, from the king to the judge, is but a step downward.

The chief remaining relic of the historic past of the judicial glove is the presentation of a pair of white gloves to the Recorder at an assizes, where "nobody has done nothing." That is, where no criminal cases appear to be tried, and the judge and jury shut up shop for lack of business.

THE BROOK-TROUT LEAPING UP THE RAPIDS.—SEE PAGE 18.

It may encourage us to remember in these days, when crime seems only too common, that formerly there were no less than 223 distinct offenses which were punishable with death. A maiden assize is not so uncommon a thing nowadays as it once was.

The gift of the Sheriff of Lincoln to Lord Campbell was "a pair of gloves, richly trimmed with Brussels lace, and embroidered with the city arms, embossed in frosted silver on the back." The gloves were sometimes given to magistrates by a grateful client "lined" with silver angels, but Sir Thomas More declined the lining, while he accepted the gloves. Gloves filled with gold were a common form of bribery. Thus the Portuguese proverb has, as expresssive of a person's integrity, "*Nao tras navas*" (He does not wear gloves). A person taking an oath on the Bible was required to unglove his hand, but this ceremony was dispensed with by one of England's judges in 1838.

In England the judge on holding the assizes is always presented with a pair of gloves, and all the officers of the court receive gloves or an equivalent in glove-money.

Gloves had further connection with legal observances in an ancient custom requiring that when the judge invited the justices to dine with him at a county assize, a glove was handed about by the clerk or crier of the court, into which

every person present put a shilling, probably to defray the expenses for the dinner.

Hawking-gloves bring us to one of the most picturesque, as well as one of the most useful, of all the functions of the glove, for the sharp talons of those powerful birds must have demanded a pretty stout glove between them and the hand. In the thirteenth century ladies adopted this sport, and became soon so proficient that they surpassed their lords. This is a curious encroachment of the females on the monopoly of the males in an age which held women lightly. She was to her husband then only

"Something better than his dog—a little dearer than his horse."

THE BROOK TROUT.—AN UNFORTUNATE TROUT-FISHER.

She could not have been as valuable as a ger-falcon, or a tercel. But there was something which attracted both knights and ladies to the pretty sport. The hawking-glove was of leather, embroidered on the cuff and lined with velvet. Hence the proverb of the "Iron hand in the velvet glove."

Gloves were used in archery; the tension of the bow and the abrasion of the skin of the forefinger by the rebound of the arrow made a covering for the hand necessary.

The gauntlet, the iron glove of the knight, is by far the most romantic and the most symbolic of all gloves. The word comes to us from the early French; from *Gant*, the hand, although Isaac Taylor, in his work on "Words and Places," would have us derive the word from Gaunt, or Ghent, in Flanders, which was an established city in the seventh century. But there is no authority for supposing that the manufacture of these warlike coverings was peculiar to Ghent. As a distinctive article of defensive dress, the gauntlet did not come into use until the thirteenth century. A mail-covered glove with a leather foundation was introduced in the reign of Edward I.

In the reign of Edward III. arose a new fashion of fastening projecting spikes of steel to the knuckles; thus the wearer was, as the proverb says, "armed at all points." The gauntlet of Edward the Black Prince now preserved in the Tower is a formidable instance. These steel points were then appropriately called *gadlyngs*, or goads.

No species of glove has ever been invented or worn which is so elaborate a piece of workmanship as was the gauntlet of 1450, and we can well believe that when it was flung on the stone floor of a council-chamber as a challenge, it rang loudly and fiercely; he was a brave knight who took it up.

The buff glove of Cromwell's troopers was protected at the wrist by a curious scalework wristlet, which was admirably arranged to break a sword-blow.

The glove in chivalry was not only a forfeit from the unskillful, but a reward of success. At a famous joust in Venice, in 1523, the prize to the victors was "forty pairs of perfumed gloves." And in a "Mery Geste of Robyn Hode," we learn that a "Bull, a courser, with saddle and bridle, a mug, and a cup of wine, and a payre of gloves," were all offered as prizes to the best wrestler that presented himself.

Perfumed gloves were brought from Italy by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, after his long and voluntary exile, and his present of a pair of gloves with "four tuffes, or

roses, of colored silk," has become a part of the history of Queen Elizabeth, who was so pleased with her sweet-smelling gloves that she was painted in them.

But the refinement of perfumed gloves had been known for three centuries in France before the days of the Virgin Queen; and in Spain the gloves were famous for the scent imparted to them, long before her day. But she introduced the effeminacy into burly England. They scented their handkerchiefs, their cuffs and their leathern jerkins (which must have needed that refinement). Cardinal Wolsey carried a sachet in the shape of an orange. This orange was filled with "perfumes, vinegar and confections, against the pestilent air," and the Cardinal used it as he went amongst the people, no doubt to avoid infection.

The fragrance imparted to Spanish gloves was of a very enduring character, and the trade in them lasted for several centuries. We see allusions to this fashion in Don Quixote, who says to Sancho Panza: "This you will not deny, Sancho, that when you were so near her your nostrils were regaled by a Sabæan odor—an aromatic fragrance, a delicious sensation for which there is no name: I mean such a scent as fills the shop of some curious glover."

Of course the luxurious Court of Charles II. used perfumed gloves, and "those trimmed and laced as fine as Nell's" were mentioned in a comedy. Louis XIV. also issued letters patent to his "marchands maîtres gantiers *parfeumeurs.*"

In Venice, where the love of dress was so conspicuous, perfumed gloves were introduced by a Dogess as early as 1071.

It is curious that in our later days of luxury, refinement and fastidious delicacy of female attire, this matter of the perfumed glove has entirely disappeared.

The sachet is, of course, a part of every lady's belonging, but her gloves are not especially perfumed—the use of strong scents has, fortunately, become unfashionable.

Gloves of chicken-skin were in vogue in the early part of the seventeenth century. These were used at night to give the hand a whiteness and delicacy now no longer the fashion. The hand of a modern English belle, used to the lawn-tennis racket and the oar, is as brown as a berry, and nearly as masculine as the hand of her brother. She does not wear gloves of chicken-skin. Thin and delicate gloves—the precursors of our Swedish gloves—were first made at Limerick; and Miss Edgeworth's beautiful story of the "Limerick Gloves" made our early readers acquainted with them. They were so thin that they could be put in a walnut-shell.

In Scotland, fine and delicate gloves were once made, and the "Glovers of Perth" were a powerful and a wealthy craft. France, however, soon swept all competitors out of the field.

It is curious feature of interest in this subject, that women were later in the field as glove-wearers than men. Perhaps they have made up for it since. It is not until the fourteenth century that "my lady's glove," destined to play such a part in the history of the world of poetry and painting and romance, was adopted, and then only by ladies of rank. Gough says that gloves were not worn by all women before the Reformation. But this is not absolutely correct, for Chaucer speaks, in his translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose," of *Idleness*:

> "And for to keep her hands fayre
> Of gloves white she had a pair."

In the "Romance of Syr Degore and the Fierce Dragon," a fourteenth-century metrical fiction, a pair of gloves is made the pivot of the plot—a lady's gloves, which, like Cinderella's slipper, would fit no one but the owner.

The ladies of the Court of Catherine de Medicis carried their gloves in their hands, or tucked them under their girdles. In the eighteenth century we find frequent mention of knitted gloves as articles of luxury. Knitted gloves of silk were worn in France during the reign of Henry III., and amongst the gifts to Queen Mary on New Year's Day, 1536, were "two peire of working-gloves of silke, knit." These were a present from a loyal lady, the Lady Grey; probably of her own handiwork.

To what purpose a queen should need a pair of "working-gloves" is a problem for the antiquary.

We illustrate two gloves of Mary Queen of Scots. Of one of these, preserved in the Saffron Walden Museum, it is said: "This curiously embroidered glove was presented by the unfortunate queen, on the morning of her execution, to a gentleman of the Dayrell family, who was in attendance upon her at Fotheringay Castle on that occasion, February 8th, 1587. It is the property of Francis Dayrell, Esquire, of Camps. The glove is made of a light, cool, buff-colored leather, the elaborate embroidery on the gauntlet being worked with silver wire and silk of various colors. The roses are of pale and dark blue, and two shades of very pale crimson; the foliage represents trees, and is composed of two shades of æsthetic green. A bird in flight, with a long tail, figures conspicuously among the work. It should be here mentioned that the embroidery shown in the drawing is repeated in *fac simile* on the other side of the glove, and this, having been lying against the lining of the glass case, has retained the color better than the side which has been so many years exposed to the light. That part of the glove which forms the gauntlet is lined with crimson satin (which is as fresh and bright as the day it was made), a narrow band being turned outward as a binding to the gauntlet, on to which is sewn the gold fringe or lace, on the points of which are fastened groups of small pendant steel or silver spangles. The opening at the side of the gauntlet is connected by two broad bands of crimson silk, faded now almost to a pale pink color, and each band is decorated with pieces of tarnished silver lace on each side."

There seems to be no doubt of the authenticity of this relic, which has been treasured for generations past by the Dayrell family.

The embroidered gloves for women of the sixteenth century are very beautiful, made of the gauntlet shape, and richly embroidered on the cuff. They were made of *cheveril leather;* so it was said of a man, "He hath a cheveril conscience"—one that will *stretch* easily. Cheveril was made of parchment, by use of alum and white of eggs. Of course the goatskin was the foundation, as the name, *chèvre*—French for goat—would denote.

The magnificent embroidery on these gloves (illustrated in our article) can scarcely be appreciated from a colorless print. Every flower, every butterfly, every goldfinch is rendered in natural coloring with the fidelity of a painting. The work is done in fine silk and gold thread and raised work, and both are in fine preservation. These specimen gloves are in the possession of Rev. Walter Sneyd. There are others at South Kensington Museum. The glove is nearly thirteen inches in total length. The whole cuff, four and a half inches in depth, is lined with crimson silk, and the side bands of cloth-of-gold ribbon, edged with gold fringe, were probably attached to the glove to confine the wide sleeve.

Miss Frances Benson owns a pair of Shakespeare gloves, and Mr. Furniss, of Philadelphia, is the happy possessor of another pair, given him by Mrs. Fanny Kemble.

Those owned by Miss Benson are real *workaday* gloves, and had seen much wear. Made of substantial leather, they are not destitute of ornament. The scroll-stitching on the knuckles has been of red and gold. The ribbon marking the cuff is of yellow silk, and that on the lower edge, of crimson, with a yellow fringe. The cuff is of double leather, with a pattern pinked in the upper skin, and is all of one piece, as hereafter gloves were apt to be, the gauntlet cuff going out of fashion.

We even find the peddlers selling gloves, a sure sign that they had become common articles of wear.

In the luxurious Stuart period sleeves receded and gloves advanced up the arm for women, and as to-day, when the sleeves become a mere puff, the glove goes up the arm after them. Dress is usually a matter of development, and it almost invariably happens that these two parts of it are in direct relationship to each other. The gloves of the gay Cavaliers were of white leather, with wide cuffs, overloaded with ornament, with often broad ruffles of black lace and heavy fringe, as became the antipodes of Puritan plainness.

In 1624 Sir John Francklyn paid ten shillings for "two pare of thick gloves," not dear for to-day even.

A lady's glove preserved in the Ashmolean Museum is of 1601, of elaborate embroidery, trimmed with costly lace. In the "Century of Inventions" we find gloves invented to carry on a secret correspondence, as "a glove with knotted silk strings," "a glove pinked with an alphabet"; also for the not too noble purpose of cheating at cards. While the fringed gloves of Charles II. kept their place as proper for men all through the first half of the eighteenth century, women were gradually coming to the plain, close-fitting and becoming long glove of to-day, as being more appropriate to the size and shape of arm and hand.

It is curious, that to the luxurious Prince of Wales do we owe a custom which has been a good thing for the purses of young men of fashion. We refer to the gloveless hand—the freak of going to balls without gloves. For ten years this unwritten sumptuary law has held its place. Now gloves seem to be coming back again in the realm of dudeism.

Of the material used for glove-making we find a very decided limit, only cloth, thread, cotton, woolen and silk, and kid, goatskin and ratskin. Kid gloves are the best, the most expensive, and far more rare than people think. The majority of gloves sold as kid gloves are made of lambskin; those known as doe, buck or dogskin are from the skins of sheep and calves. France, where the kid culture is carried on to the greatest perfection, brings up its kids in coops, etc. The little animals are fed with milk only, for fear that coarser food would be detrimental to their skins. France has always led the world in the thinness and perfection of glove-skins, and in the perfection of the manufacture of the most perfect fitting of all hand-coverings. The glovers of France formed themselves into a company as early as 1190, when they were under a rule of a settled code of statutes. These laws were confirmed by the kings of France, and were renewed and enlarged under Louis XIV. The patron saint is St. Anne (the mother of the Virgin Mary). She was a knitter of gloves, and her memory is held in high regard by all good glovers. Until a recent date her festal day was held in great respect, and observed with solemnity all over France, especially at Grenoble.

Our forefathers wore gloves of dogskin, chamois, of leather, silk, thread, cotton, worsted, sateen-jean, and other coarse fabrics. Nothing so nice or so cheap as the gloves now at hand for the poor. Gloves have been made from nettles. Antiseptic gloves are used by quasi medical men to guard against infection and to cure diseases. A pair of gloves has been woven from spider's web.

Now to come to gloves in their romantic uses. As pledges and favors they have been brought down to us in the pages of Scott and Shakespeare, the whole history of chivalry and the whole chapter of love-making is put into the compass of a glove. The "Fair Maid of Perth" is a history of glove-making, and a noble tribute to the glove. Shakespeare's father was a glove-maker, and the greatest of poets not only gives to Juliet's glove great honor, but he refers to the implements of the trade often and again.

"A glove on the point of a spear is a sign and pledge of faith the whole world over, as a gauntlet flung down is a gage of battle," says the sturdy Simon Glover.

Fairs were set up by virtue of the king's glove. In "Timon of Athens" the Senators ask a glove from Alcibiades before their submission.

It was "truly the sign of irrefragable faith." They were sworn upon as if they were relics or holy things.

The only historical fact which has left a stain upon the glove is this fearful story, that on the occasion of the marriage of the King of Navarre, the Queen Dowager was persuaded to come to Paris by the embassage of a pair of gloves, and then on the morning of the ceremony was done to death by poisoned gloves, sent to her by René, the court perfumer, her assassination being the prelude to the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew. Even the Borgias respected the glove, and hesitated to convey poison by its means. Honor and good faith have almost always been "hand and glove," even with rascals. The covering of the most active member of the body has been held sacred. To deprive a knight of his gloves was a part of the ceremony of degradation. As they had been part of the symbol of investiture, the taking away of the gloves often affected these brave men to "loud weeping and to great sorrow." And as an instance of restitution, an unjust landlord laid his glove on the earth.

Gloves are no longer used as gages. The gauntlet is not thrown down, save in a metaphor. But the glove can never die out of poetry. Whether it is the old-fashioned posey which our grandmothers wrought on their glove-boxes—

> "If from the word Glove you take the letter G,
> There will be Love, which I send to thee!"

up to Browning's beautiful—

> "Over the rails a glove fluttered,
> Fell close to the lion, and rested:
> The dame 'twas, who flung it and jested
> With life so, De Lorge had been wooing
> For months past," etc., etc.

The old story of the knight leaping down to the lion, then flinging the glove in her face, as she deserved.

We might begin with the "Æneid," and quote down to Longfellow, before we should end the long record of the glove in poetry.

To bite the glove was a sign of hostility, and the sure prelude to a quarrel.

Gloves as gifts followed the "kiss of peace," which, as the world grew wicked, became too intimate and too dangerous a method of greeting.

Anglo-Saxon men have never taken kindly to kissing each other. It was better to offer and to take the right hand. New Year's Day was ever a great glove-day. The queen sent a pair of gloves to the king, and the members of a family presented them to each other. Kings and queens are expected to return some reward to givers of

gifts, but Dr. Drake says of Queen Elizabeth that she took sufficient care to have the balance in her favor. So her gift-money, gift-gloves, glove-money, glove-silver, are all cheerfully noted in her account-books.

Gloves were made in some sort Easter dues, and held their own in the relaxation and joy of Christmas-tide. Tusser also says :

" In May get a weede-hook, a crotch and a glove,
And weede out such weedes as the corn does not love."

A tribute (not intended by the poet) to the slovenly farming of that day, when the thistles crowded the corn so closely that gloves of thick leather like dannock or hedging gloves were used by farm-laborers.

GLOVES OF BISHOP WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Chambers says, "It is not safe to enter the stable of princes without pulling off the gloves." This was an ancient custom established in Germany that whoever enters the stable of a prince or great man must forfeit his gloves to the servants.

The same ceremony was observed at the death of the stag. And ladies who have the hardihood to kiss a sleeping man are, according to the "Fair Maid of Perth," to win a pair of gloves.

" For custom says, 'Whoe'er this venture proves,
Shall for her pains demand a pair of gloves.'"

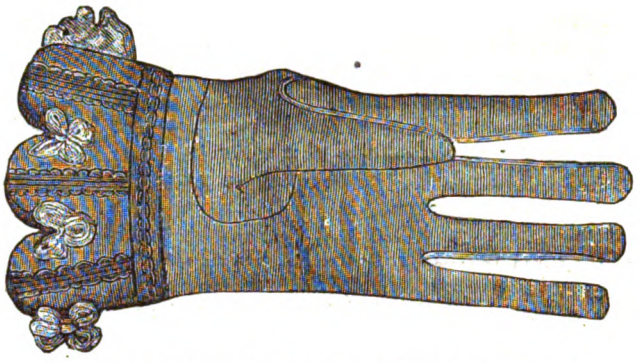
A very ancient association of glove-giving is "the innocent white wedding-gloves." Rare Ben Jonson alludes to them in the "Silent Woman." The Clown in the "Winter's Tale" says, "Being inthralled as I am, I will also be the bondage of certain gloves."

A poetical description of a trades' procession in the eighteenth century has it thus :

" Next march the glovers, who with nicest care
Provide white kid for the new-married pair,
Or nicely stitch the lemon-colored glove
For hand of beau to go and see his love."

The gloves and gaiters given at a great wedding in 1604 in London cost "neare a thousand poundes."

Gloves were given at betrothals by the lover to his mistress as a token of goodwill amongst relatives, and



GLOVE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.

around them cluster a number of superstitions. The left-hand glove was considered an unlucky gift. The maid who accepted gloves and did not keep her contract would meet with misfortune, etc.

Clergymen officiating at weddings once shared with the guests the lavish gifts of gloves. It is now rare for a clergyman to exact the toll he was once expected to take from the lips of the bride, nor does he look for the fee of the gloves. He is content with filthy lucre. A white glove was borne before the coffin of a dead maiden, and was hung amid garlands in the church, as a memento to her, over her vacant seat if possible.

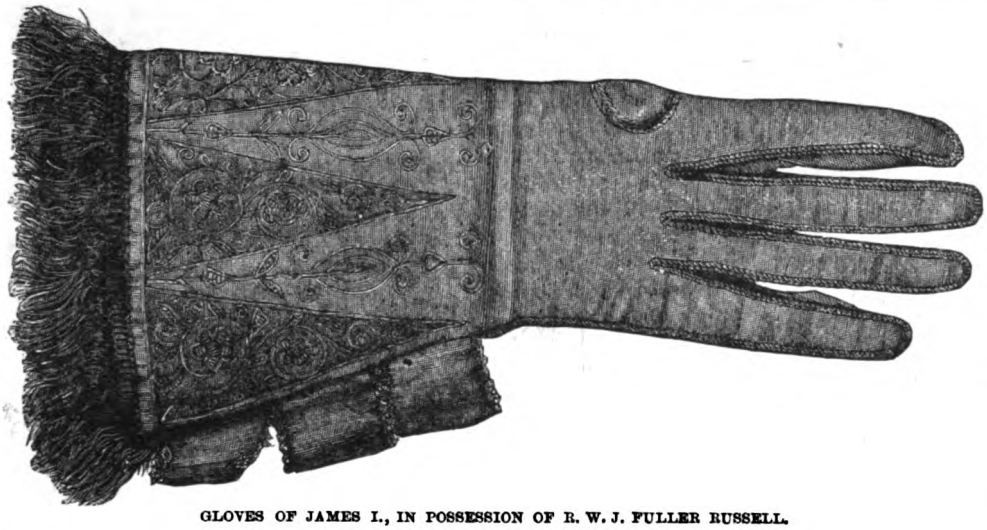
GLOVE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN THE SAFFRON WALDEN MUSEUM.

It is curious that the only relic of the practice of official glove-giving which remains to us is the custom of giving black gloves at funerals to the pall-bearers.

In giving away gloves, the Universities had no rivals but each other. Oriel College gave a pair of gloves to the Bishop of Lincoln in 1451, and we find the custom prevailing until 1616, "When the King being at Woodstock, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford and the heads of the University went to do their obedience, and gave him and certain of the nobles very rich gloves."

GLOVES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Gloves, as favors, began with the troubadours, and all the Courts of Love went into the subject. After infinite nonsense, the metaphysical aspect of devotion died away, and a wholesome change set in ; all the fantastical ornament with which feeling had been overlaid was swept into the gulf of oblivion, and

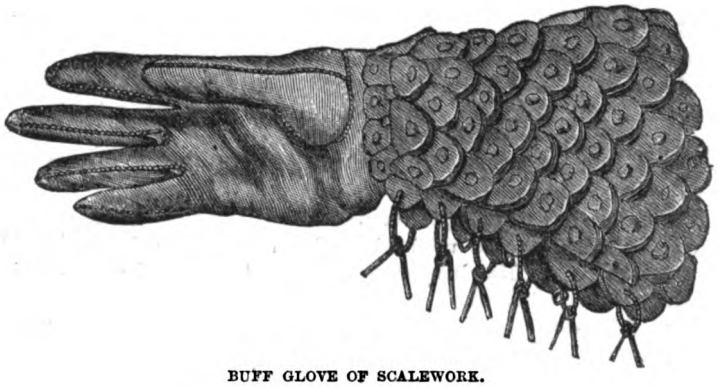


GLOVES OF JAMES I., IN POSSESSION OF R. W. J. FULLER RUSSELL.

gloves became the emblem of the better, newer and purer worship of women. The glove was the heart of honor. The knight bore it in front of his helmet. It was a constant spur to exertion, an incentive to doughty deeds.

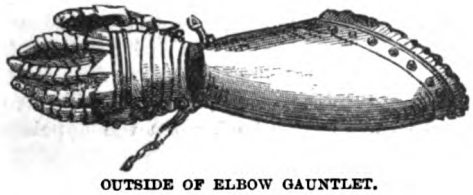
It is in the sixteenth century that we first hear of gloves as being worn by plumed knights as favors, but the glove had been growing into its proud position for at least a century. In Shakespeare's most popular tale of the Middle Ages, "Troilus and Cressida," Cressida takes a glove to Troilus, and a sleeve from him, as a favor and a gage.

Finally, the too universal adoption of gloves as favors led to the ruin of the custom. The glory of gloves has departed. They no longer stand as the outward and visible sign of faith in woman, or the touchstone of honor in man. They survive in proverbs, as, "Cats that go a-ratting don't wear gloves," "Handling him without gloves," "Throwing down the gauntlet," "He cuts his glove to show his pride"—*i. e.* his rings—etc., etc.; but alas! now all the world wears a glove of tanned Swedish leather, than which nothing can be plainer, and the long elbow gauntlet of Hugh the Valiant, King of Cyprus; the close gauntlet of Henry VIII., the perfumed glove of Catherine de Medicis, the exquisitely embroidered glove of Henrietta Maria, have all given way before the sewing-machine. The entire subjugation of gloves to mechanic power has been effected, and the general commonplace of the nineteenth century affects even them. Strange that in an age in which the shoe and the slipper return to the luxury of the past, when female dress is so elaborately luxurious, we do not revive the embroidered glove.



BUFF GLOVE OF SCALEWORK.

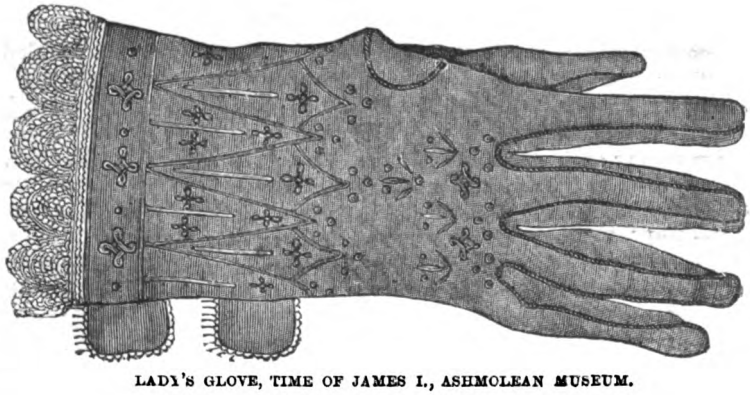
INSIDE OF LONG OR ELBOW GAUNTLET.



OUTSIDE OF ELBOW GAUNTLET.

Any one desiring to gain a knowledge of the English glove manufacture, so prominent an industry about Worcester, can find an account of the technicality of glove-making in Mr. Henry Wood's novel of "Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles," a modern *pendant*, though less romantic in its tone, to the "Fair Maid of Perth," as a glove novel.

Excepting for mittens and woven and knitted gloves, America, as yet, depends, to a very great extent, on England and France for its gloves and hand-coverings of all sorts, though Gloversville, New York, with all its inhabitants, is devoted to the manufacture of hand-coverings, and kid-gloves are produced at a protectory near New York.



LADY'S GLOVE, TIME OF JAMES I., ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.

WOOD SORREL.

My dearest love, thy flower's a-bloom
Once more. I've gathered it to-day
As thro' the tender forest gloom
I took my lonely way.

Half hid 'neath sprays of bramble vine,
The fragile blossoms light the place,
As once those sad, sweet eyes of thine
Lit up a flower-like face.

The self-same charm to thee—to them,
Hath by a word of God been given,
The opal shimmering diadem
Thou wearest now in heaven.

Ah, loved and lost! unequaled maid!
Green are the leaves of fond regret,
By thy lone lover sadly laid
In Spring's gay carcanet.

Thy spirit surely haunts the path
Where I in retrospective mood
Seek the solace memory hath,
The bliss of quietude.

Thy footfall light precedes me still,
As sun or shadow falls on grass,
Some potent grace intangible,
O'er me, from thee, doth pass.

And, bending o'er the faint veined flower—
Thine eidolon—on slender stalk,
Again I keep love's trysting hour,
And catch thy low-toned talk.

Mine yet, in some sweet subtle sense,
In stillness, where no rude note jars,
Where Amaranth blooms, and Innocence
And Sorrel's silver stars.

THE PINES.

By Phillip Bourke Marston.

"The Pines"—so called because it stood in the midst of a small pine-wood—was a long, low-built, melancholy-looking house. The large garden which surrounded it had run to waste, for the house had long been unoccupied. At length it found a tenant in a Mr. Malcom Dunmore, from London.

Between the house and its new tenant there seemed a curious affinity. He might have been anywhere from thirty to forty. His handsome face was the face of one who had passed through keen mental and bodily suffering. The eyes shone with feverish brightness. No one could see him without pitying him for the trouble of which they knew not the story.

This was what the trouble had been: When Dunmore was quite a young man, he fell in love with a Miss Edith Henson. Without being strictly beautiful, Miss Henson's appearance was attractive, and she had, moreover, a subtle, magnetic charm of manner, which was far more enthralling than any amount of regular beauty. She was an orphan, and lived in London with an aunt.

The Hensons were of what the novelists describe as a very old but impoverished family, and when Dunmore, who had a good position, a fair fortune, and even a modest estate in the country, offered himself as a suitor for Miss Edith's hand, both aunt and niece thought it quite expedient to accept the proposal.

Miss Henson had a very good capacity for simulating emotion—it was a part of that magnetic temperament of hers—and, as she really liked Dunmore better than any man she had yet seen, she found no difficulty in satisfying him. Her feelings were all kindly when nothing interfered with her pleasure or her interest, and her lover was constantly ministering to both.

About a month before the time which had been fixed for their marriage, business called Dunmore into the country. It was just then the height of the London season, and Miss Henson was fluttering her butterfly wings among such of its pleasures as were open to her.

One delicious June night Dunmore returned. He drove at once to the Hensons'. He was told that the ladies had left the house two days before, and the servants were unable to say where they had gone.

There was a letter for him, however, and, as he took it, the perfume Miss Henson used breathed from it something of the intoxication he found in her presence. It was a brief letter, and eminently to the point:

"Dear Malcom—When you have read this you will be dreadfully angry with me, and I suppose I can scarcely expect that you will forgive me until you fall in love with some one else, which, no doubt, will happen speedily. I have failed to keep faith with you, and I have no defense to make. While you were away a man of great wealth and brilliant social position laid his fortune and his title at my feet. I accepted them. It was not in my nature to resist such a temptation. I left home because I could not bear a scene with you. When you read this I shall be married and far away. I don't think you need suffer much from jealousy, for my husband is twice your own age. I do most earnestly hope that you may speedily find consolation, and some time, I trust, you will be able to forgive and forget me. Edith."

How that night wore through, Malcom Dunmore could never recall. It passed like a horrible nightmare. Before such a trouble some men fall at once, overthrown and vanquished. It was not so with Dunmore. He could not become indifferent to the woman who had so wronged him; but he sought to conquer and efface her memory by the use of stimulants and opiates.

His struggles to forget her were in vain. Her eyes haunted him. The mocking sweetness of her voice stole to his ears in all sorts of strange places, and woke him from his heavy sleep when he had been drinking the most deeply.

At length his health gave way under the constant strain he put upon it; for weeks his life was despaired of. But, when it came to the point, Death would have none of him, and he was beaten back upon the hopeless shore of Life.

With convalescence there came to him a feeling of disgust at his own dissipation and recklessness, and he resolved to try if he could find healing in the ministry of nature. Desiring to be where no one would know him, he avoided his own place, and, searching the country, came upon The Pines, which, from its isolated position, attracted him as a retreat where he could for a season bury himself alive.

He soon, however, found that he had made a mistake. Nature was powerless to comfort him.

The moan of the wind through the pine-trees had in it for him a subtle terror. As one starts in some evil dream, so he started at the cry of a pheasant or the beat of wings. In the solitude of the country he felt something as a child might, shut in a vault where the dead lie.

For a week he tried this life in the midst of the solemn stillness, and then came to the conclusion that he must

abandon it and plunge again into the old baneful excitements, if he would not go mad.

He came to this conclusion sitting by a bright fire, one gray, windless October twilight—a twilight without memory of sun or hope of star.

He sighed heavily, for the thought of the old life sickened him. It was a long, easy-going, Old World kind of room in which he was sitting, with deep window-recesses where one could stow oneself away comfortably. The firelight glinted pleasantly on the old oak panels and on the solid old furniture.

Dunmore was thinking, with his face bowed in his hands, of what his life had been, of what it might have been, and of what it henceforth must be.

Suddenly he heard a door open and shut very gently. Then he heard, coming nearer and nearer, till it ceased beside him, a sound which resembled, more than anything else, the sound of a soft wind going through the trees in Summer, when their leaves are most abundant. A sense not of fear, but of awe, grew upon him, and there seemed a spell on him that he could not raise his eyes.

Then a voice, which seemed to him to come at once from near at hand and from very far away, spoke to him :

"Are you frightened, that you will not look at me ? I am here to save, not to harm you. Oh, I have waited for you so long !"

Then strength was given him to raise his eyes, and he beheld, kneeling at his right hand, what seemed a beautiful woman, clothed all in white.

She had a clear, pale face. The expression of the mouth was sweet and grave. The eyes were gray, compassionate and tender. Her long golden hair hung all about her. In the bosom of her dress she had a rose.

He looked at her, kneeling there in her pale, stainless beauty, and a sense came to him of something mysterious, unutterable, not of our world. He put forth his hand, and touched the strange white petals of the rose of death upon her bosom.

"That rose," he said, "never grew in mortal garden."

"No," she answered, simply. "It came from a garden in my own land."

"And why have you left your land ?"

"I was permitted to come," she said—"to try and comfort you."

Then she was silent, and silently laid her hand on his, and it seemed to him that something went on within him like the resurrection of his soul. He thought that thus might the earth feel when it knows that the Spring has come.

Yielding to some mystic spell, he rose, and she drew him to one of the deep window-recesses, where she seated herself. He knelt at her feet and buried his head in her lap.

Then, for a supreme moment, he felt her hand stir his hair and touch his forehead. Then he felt in his own eyes the rush of tears—not tears like molten fire, such as he had wept in his days of anguish, but the tender tears that heal and save.

He wept, but there was no pain in his weeping, and his fair, strange guest leaned over him, and all her golden hair fell about his face.

When they had thus sat in silence till he was eased of his weeping, she touched his eyes with her cool, sweet lips, and said in that voice soft as a sigh :

"I must go now, dear ; but I will come again to-morrow, and every time that I come I shall be able to stay longer." And then, as if to herself, "I have waited for you so long—so very long !"

Kissing her dress and her hands, he cried :

"You will surely come ?"

"Yes, I will come ; have no fear."

And then he felt her pass from him, and knew that he was alone, and a wind rose outside and a rain fell.

Thankful and humbled, yet weak withal, Dunmore laid down to sleep that night, feeling that to his soul some blessed, undeserved healing and purification had come. When he awoke in the morning it seemed to him that he was re-created.

November came with long, lonesome rains—December with short, unquiet days—the still cold of January, and the lengthening February days that brought the year on toward the Spring. And night after night came the fair, strange guest who had brought him healing. He worshiped her as the devotee worships his saint. It was no love of the earth that he gave her. Sometimes it seemed to him that she *was* his own soul, disembodied and made holy, she was so at one with him. One wild March night he was kneeling at her feet, and suddenly a thought shook him with a sudden and awful dread. What would life be to him if she forsook him—she who had restored him to himself, and reconciled him again with nature ? Kissing her hands, he cried :

"Promise me that you will never forsake me. While I see you daily, I am saved. Promise."

"Never, while you are constant to me," said the low, sad voice.

"But shall I not be constant to you ? Whom have I in all this empty world but you—you who have saved me ? *Will* anything, *can* anything, ever part us ?"

"It is not given me to see," she answered him, and it seemed to him that the shadow of an immortal sorrow darkened her gentle eyes. "I may not know. I know only that should you go back into your old life, should you forsake me for any of the old temptations, I shall be judged to have failed in my mission ; and we shall be parted for ever."

"But while I am faithful you will *not* forsake me ?"

"Never." And there was something in her face which made him know that she loved him as only the immortals love.

April went by and May came, with soft, brooding skies, and nightingales singing themselves mad in the throbbing nights. In May a summons called Dunmore to town on important business. He was to be gone for two days.

In London he met an old friend, who insisted on taking him home that night to a large reception. For nearly a year had Dunmore been absent, alike from the fashionable gatherings, to which he had been well known of old, and from the wilder spirits whose boon companion and leader he had been.

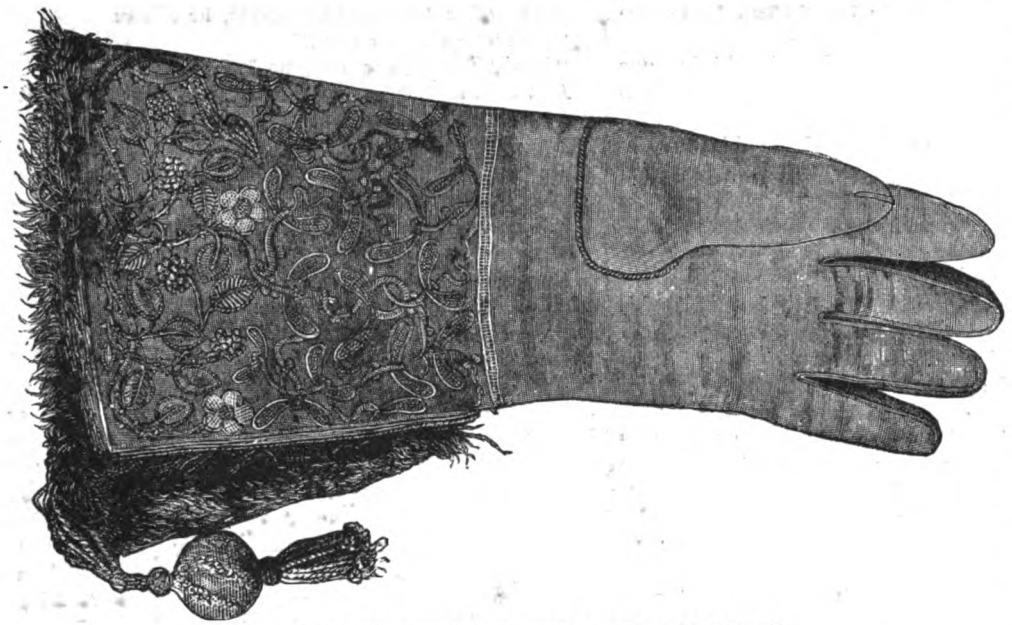
Naturally, his reappearance in the old circles was an event, and his reception was almost an ovation. He was going through the customary small-talk to the customary young lady with roses in her hair when suddenly every sense thrilled. He started and turned white ; and some one heard from him a sort of stifled cry—

"My God, is she here ?"

He had not heard her voice or seen her face ; but he had become aware of the perfume that was always associated in his mind with Edith Henson. He would have turned and fled, but it was too late. In an instant the perfume was beside him, and his host was saying :

"Dunmore, you remember Lady Rockburn ?"

He turned, and faced the Edith Henson of old, more beautiful in her regal womanhood than she had ever been as a girl.



GLOVES, PAST AND PRESENT.— HAWKING GLOVE.— SEE PAGE 22.

"After many days!" she said, holding out her hand.

As he took it in his he felt recur within him the old delicious excitement which her touch had always awakened in him.

"I never thought we should meet again!" he managed to say.

"*I* knew we should," she answered, quietly. "I have been dreading it. You are, somehow, changed; yet you look well. Some one told me you had been ill."

"Yes, I was very near to death."

"But now?"

"Now I am, as you say, well."

The night was intensely hot. The French windows of the room led into the garden. They were wide open.

"I am feeling faint," she said. "Would you mind taking me into the garden?"

In another minute they were in the open air. They sat down together in a remote corner of the garden, under the sheltering branches of a great tree. From the house came the sound of dance-music.

"I knew we must meet some time," she began, as if speaking to herself. "I used to wonder how it would be. Somehow, I never thought it would come like this. Won't you speak to me?"

"I am not good at small-talk," he answered. "What would you have me say?"

"Say," she whispered, coming so near him that her flower-scented hair almost touched his face—"say the only words that can comfort me. Tell me that you forgive me!"

"If you had written to ask my forgiveness yesterday," he answered, rising and standing before her, "you should have had it freely, for yesterday I was at rest. Now I have seen you, and the old fire of longing burns in me as fiercely as ever. No, I *cannot* forgive you."

He did not see it, for the moon was low, but her mouth quivered with soft, cruel, triumphant laughter.

"Ah," she answered, very gently, "you *will* forgive me in time, because I am so unhappy. Will you not come and see me to-morrow? I shall be quite alone."

"Yes. Never fear but I shall come. You have made me mad again, and I shall behave like any other madman."

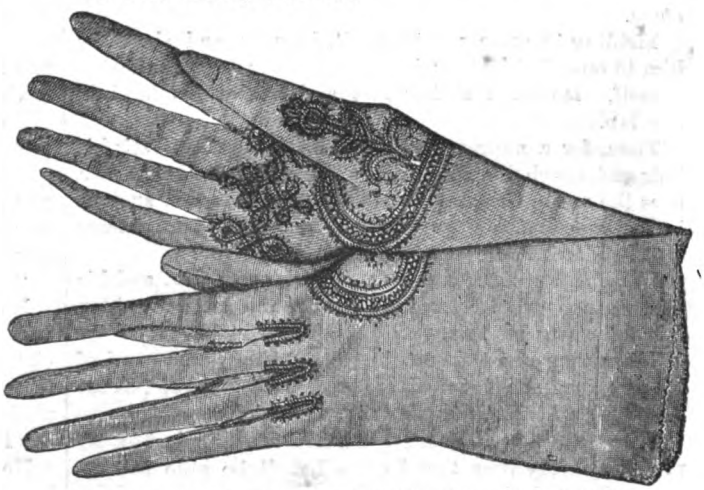
Then Lady Rockburn shivered. She found the night air chill, after all, and she would go back into the house. Soon after she went home.

As for Dunmore, he went hither and thither like one distracted. Instead of returning to his hotel, he walked desperately about the streets. He will never forget that night. Every detail of it was branded terribly upon his recollection.

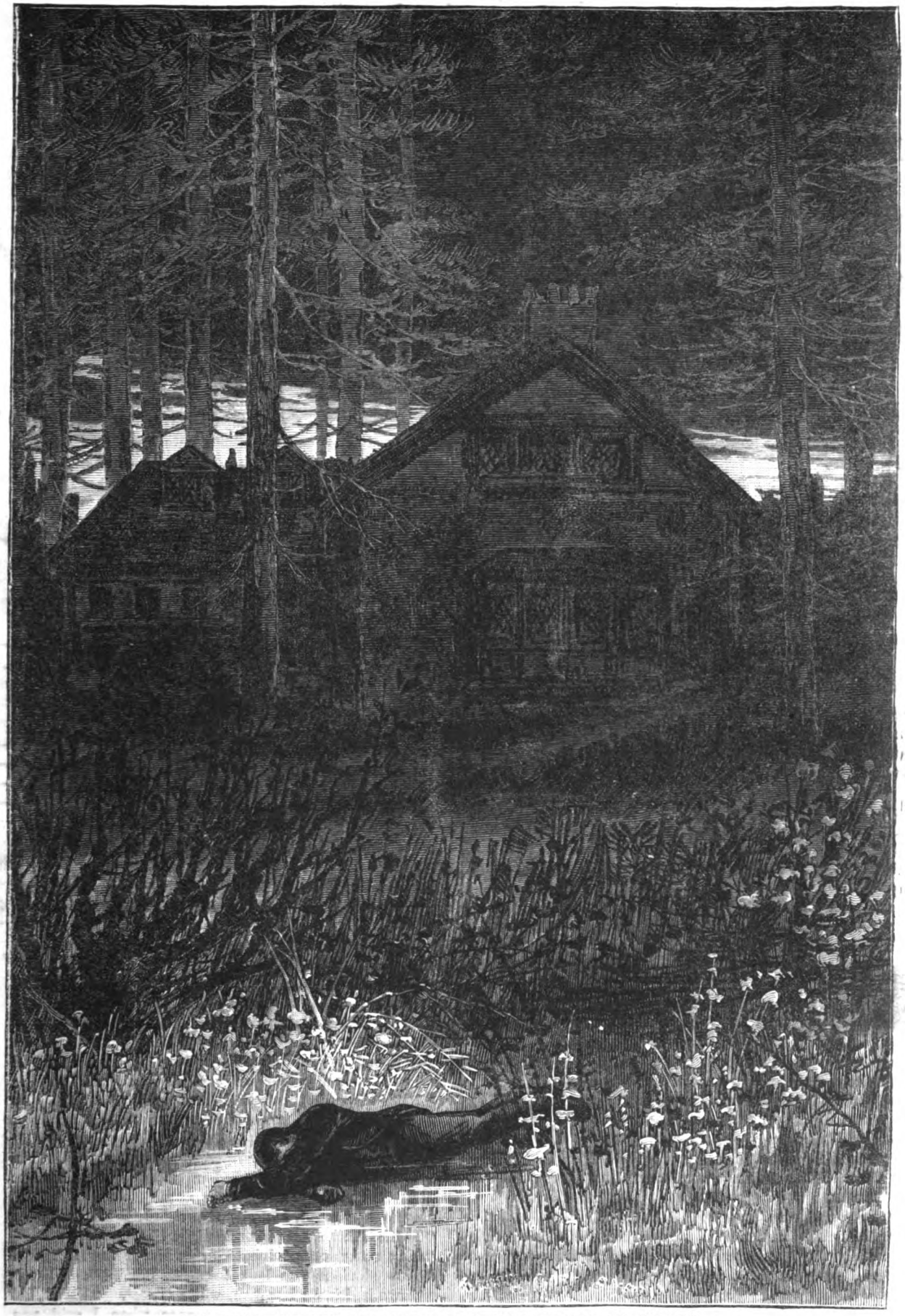
There was something strange and ghastly in his return to a kind of life which he imagined he had done with for ever. It was as if an actor, turned monk, should quit his cell, should leave the holy raptures of renunciation, and find himself again on the old stage, before the footlights, and in his blood, keener than ever, the old tormenting craving for triumph. Yes, this was the very London he knew so well of old.

The past months at The Pines were vague to him as a dream. The Presence that had brought him healing, and grown to seem intimate to him as his own soul, had almost faded from his memory, as the visions of sleep fade when one awakes to the full light of day. Yet all the time there was an inner sense in him, subtler than thought or memory, that there was something he ought not to forget—something to which he was unfaithful.

But he resolutely turned his back on the peace which he but last week had held so dear. This London of old—this was the place for him. Here was life. He noticed the familiar sights—a woman crouching in a doorway, as if forsaken of God and man; a doctor's carriage waiting the night through before a house in a street covered thickly with tan.



LADY'S GLOVES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.— FROM A PAIR POSSESSED BY REV. W. SNEYD.



THE PINES.—"HE RUSHED FROM THE HOUSE, AND SANK UPON THE GROUND."

Was it to see life in, or to watch it out, that the doctor waited? No matter! Soon the man's own turn will come, and it will be "Physician heal thyself." And Dunmore laughed grimly, as if Death were a phantom pursuing all men, and he alone were out of the chase.

When morning dawned he returned to his hotel exhausted, and fell into an uneasy sleep, one of those unrestful, shallow slumbers, in which one cannot drown deeply enough to escape the sense of consciousness.

When he finally awoke it was noon. Lady Rockburn had mentioned three as the best hour for him to call; and upon the last stroke of that hour he found himself before her house in Park Lane.

"I am glad to see you," she said, as the door of her boudoir closed behind him.

"How full this room is of you," he answered. "But, then, you always did make the rooms you lived in seem part of yourself."

She was sitting in a low chair, leaning back, her hands clasped in her lap. He looked at the flowers scattered round the room.

"You keep your old love for flowers, I see."

"You have not forgotten how well I loved them, then?"

"I don't think I have forgotten many things about you—Edith."

He had paused a moment before calling her by the old name; but she took no notice of it.

"Why, after so long," she laughed, "I should think you would have forgotten most things about me."

"I forget nothing," he answered. "I know all your ways by heart. Oh, my poem!—only more lovely than ever printed poem was! Oh, my picture!—only so much more beautiful than ever painted picture was!"

"Now you are foolish!" she said.

"The old, half-disdainful voice!" he went on. 'And your hair is just as pure gold as ever. Once, my dear, I thought you a saint. God knows I think you no saint now; but He knows, too, that I love you more than ever."

"You mustn't say that now," reproving him for the first time. "You know now that I have no right to hear it. And yet I am half mad myself when I remember that there was a time when I *had* a right to hear it. Oh, my friend, if I have made you suffer, do not think I have not myself been well punished."

"Does *he* love you?" asked Dunmore.

"Yes, as a father might love the daughter of whom he chances to be proud."

Then, for some time they sat quite in silence, a silence which, at last, he broke abruptly:

"Do you remember that day we went picnicking—we, your aunt, and a whole lot besides, and how we managed to get away for a little while by ourselves, and, hidden amid the trees, I put my arms round you and kissed you, and took the rose from your bosom? I have that rose yet. I don't believe any woman ever had such sweet lips to kiss as yours; and they could kiss back well, too. I wonder you *could* kiss so well—*you*, who had no heart."

"I seem heartless, then, in your eyes?"

"How could you seem anything else? Why did you ask me here to-day?"

"I suppose because I wanted to see you."

"And why did you want to see me? Was it because you had pity for my wrecked life? You thought I had escaped you; but last night you saw that your power over me was just the same as of old. You asked me here because you wished to try that power. You are bored. You want me to amuse you."

"And if that were true," she answered, carelessly playing with her rings, "need you be unwilling I should have my little pastime? Surely a man who loves me need not grudge me my harmless amusement."

"I wish I could get my blood up to kill you," he said. "You are too dangerous, too cold-hearted, too quietly wicked a woman to be allowed to live on in the world."

"I don't know that I should greatly mind if you did kill me, life bores me so. You are something of a sensation; but I suppose you would not remain so, and, as it is, you resent my taking an interest in you. For yourself, if you were to kill me, unfortunately you would be hung."

"I shouldn't mind that; I should think I had done so good a thing in ridding the world of such a woman."

"Really, what devotion to your race! 'Write me as one who loves his fellow-men'!"

"I knew you could sneer well, even in the days when I used to think you were a saint. But I thought then your sneers were all deserved. What a fool you made of me, didn't you?"

"Don't call yourself names. Do you remember that night coming home from the picnic how it rained, and how you got hold of my hand in the dark, and kept it all the time?"

"Just as well as if it were yesterday," he answered. "I can never smell wet earth without thinking of that night. Do you expect other callers this afternoon?"

"No; I have taken the precaution not to be at home. I am giving up the afternoon to a chat with an old friend, who would like to end my worthless life for me, because I do not happen to feel deeply enough to please him. Well, without confessing that I am quite heartless, I am willing to own there are women who have more heart, perhaps."

"Why should you have any?" he cried; "have you not everything else? Why should one woman have all the good gifts of the gods?" and he knelt beside her, and took both her hands in his.

"You mustn't!" she said; but she did not withdraw her hands, though he covered them with kisses.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked, when going away.

"Oh, when you like; we shall be in town till the end of June."

Dunmore postponed his return to the country indefinitely. He took up society where he had left it when his trouble came. He was both popular and well-connected, therefore he was asked everywhere, and thus constantly met Lady Rockburn in public. In private, too, their meetings were not infrequent; and really the world began to gossip about them in a way which Lady Rockburn said to herself was quite abominable.

One night, near the close of June, she was seated alone in her luxuriously appointed boudoir. She was dressed for a ball, with diamonds on her lovely neck and arms.

Sitting there, in the soft light, she looked as little like a woman who would count the world well lost for love, as any woman you could find in all Vanity Fair.

A sudden, impetuous ring at the doorbell made her start. Then she shrugged her shoulders and said: "Well, I suppose it must come now."

Dunmore came in, and closed the door behind him.

"Is Sir Charles not going to-night?" he began.

"No; an important debate keeps him in the House."

"How glorious you look to-night, Edith!" and bending down he kissed her firm, white throat. "Edith, let us be strong. I wronged you once, when I said you could not love. I know you better, now. Let the world

go; you have tried it enough, I think, and it did not content you. Come to me, at last, my own, and let me make you happy!"

"No," she replied, firmly. "You *were* right about me at first. I am a woman whose heart was left out in the making. I can really love no one. I tell you I am so sick of this torpid life, in which I feel nothing, that if I *could* love you, or any one else, I would go, and let the world do its worst. For my own sake, I have tried to love you, but it was in vain. I am tired of trying. I will not give all for nothing; and you *are* nothing in my life. Whatever has been between us must end here. I am weary of it."

Dunmore turned very pale. He stood in front of her, unable to speak; but his eyes were full of an intolerable scorn and horror.

"Don't look like that!" she cried, just a little frightened. "If you won't look so, I won't mind what you say. How *can* you feel so much? I wish *I* could. I would rather feel sorrow than not anything at all."

For the life of her, she could not help quailing under those awful eyes of his; at length speech came to him.

"Having gone so far," he gasped, "you throw me over like this? I wish I *had* killed you the first day I came to this house!"

"It's not at all too late now," she sneered, taking courage, now that his awful silence was broken. "I'm still here. Why should you let the opportunity slip?"

"Stop!" he cried, springing toward her, catching both her hands in one of his and lifting the other as if he would have strangled her. Then the temptation passed, and he let go of her and looked at his hands, as if he half-feared some stain were upon them.

"Thank you," she said, quietly. "That would *not* have been a pleasant or a romantic way to die. A dagger would have sounded far better in the police reports."

At that moment her carriage was announced.

"Will you excuse me?" she asked, with a gracious bend of her fair and stately head.

"I shall never see you again," he answered, looking at her as if he would fix the likeness of her in his heart for ever. "Edith, my love, my love, I ought to curse you, but I cannot; I forgive you, rather. Better have my life wasted by you than saved by any one else. Pity me a little, my wicked, beautiful love, and let me kiss you one last time. Between me and hell there is just one kiss, for my life will *be* hell when I see you no more—never more in all this world."

Five minutes afterward and Lady Rockburn's carriage rolled away from her door; and in another direction a man hurried, with wild eyes and face haggard in the flaring gas-lights. The play, such as it was, had been played out.

For some months after that Dunmore led a life wilder than ever, trying by such means as he had tried before to forget the sorceress who had bewitched him, and trying just as vainly.

At last there came an October day—a gray day of soft winds and imminent rain. A sudden memory thrilled through him, and he hurried to The Pines. It was a year ago that day since the Presence came to him, which once he had thought was strong enough to save him, very body and soul. He had yielded to the old temptations—he had been faithless to *her*—there was no more hope; but he went to sit through the twilight of that day in the very spot where she had found him first.

He looked like a hunted man—"more dead than alive," his housekeeper thought. He rejected her proffers of service. He wished nothing but to sit in the old seat. The fire burned brightly, and he grew absorbed in watching it.

Suddenly, as on that other day, he heard the door open and shut gently—and then the sound as of a soft wind through the full-leaved trees of Summer, which came nearer and nearer. He turned and followed her to the window-seat, where she used to sit. She was as fair as ever. The white rose, from some mystic garden not of this world, was on her bosom; her long golden hair fell about the pale beauty of her face.

But the eyes, that had been once his stars of hope, were full now of an immortal despair, an immortal longing.

He fell at her feet, and covered them with repentant tears.

"Is it too late?" he cried.

"Yes," sighed the soft, sweet, unearthly, unforgotten voice. "You cannot know at what price I have purchased these few moments. You will never see me again, unless some day you come to my land."

"Is that possible?" he asked.

"Yes, it is possible, but the path is narrow and difficult—the struggle will be hard. Yet I bring you hope. If you *will*, you may come!"

He sat upon the floor, resting his head upon her knees. He felt her fingers, cool and soft as snowflakes, in his hair; and then, to a tune like the wind's tune, when it is sad before the rain, she began to sing, and this was her song:

"To the land I came from,
Very far away,
I must journey through the wind to-day.

"Help me, oh, my sisters,
As I come to you,
Back to the field that once I wandered through!

"Pity would have saved him—
Passion was too strong—
They may not stand whom Love seeks to wrong.

"Alas! alas! my sisters,
Pure Pity is a dove,
But a cruel, cruel panther-king is Love."

Sleep stole over him as she sang—sleep, deep and long. When he awoke his head was lying on the window-seat—the Presence had departed.

He rushed from the house. A heavy rain was falling. Vainly he sought for the gleam of her white robe.

The emptiness of the wet world mocked him. He sank upon the ground. Was it in a trance, or in a prayer? The rain fell steadily, the wind surged round him.

With the morning he arose. Then a great shivering fit took hold on the lonely man, such as is the precursor of a fever, and he walked back toward the house which he was never more to leave. And as he went he heard, or seemed to hear, the wet wind sing.

"Alas, alas! my sisters,
Pure Pity is a dove;
But a cruel, cruel panther-king is Love!"

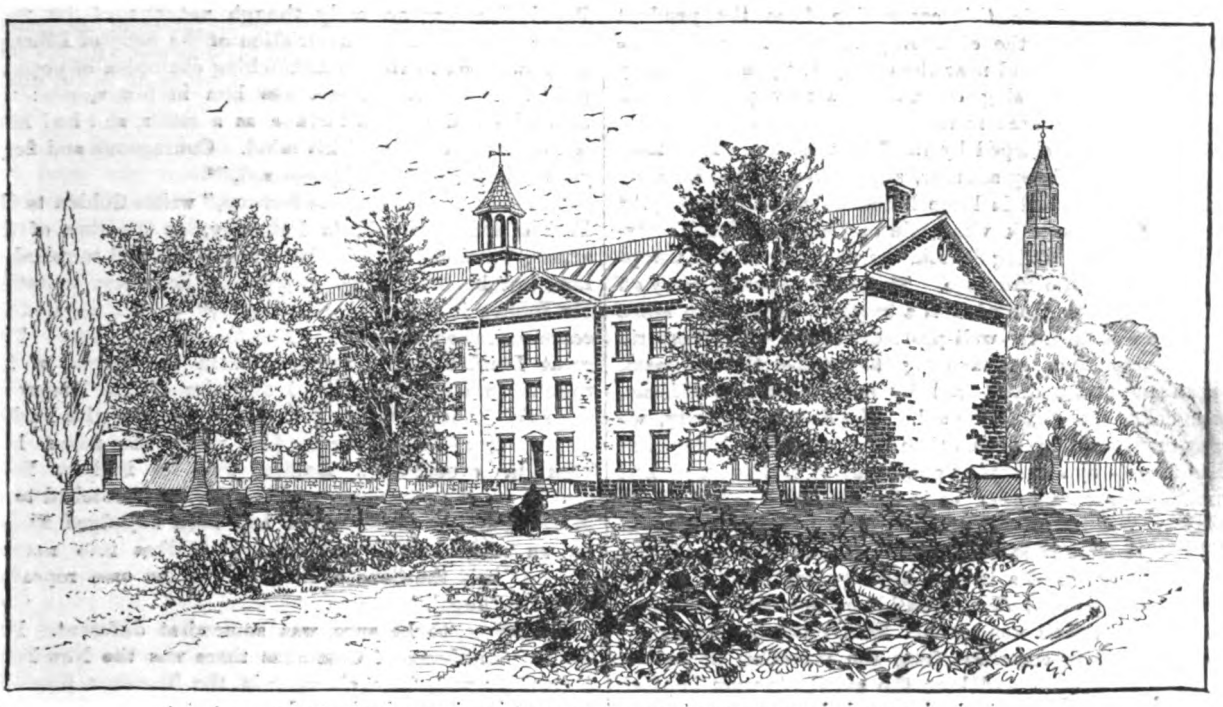
THE PIGEON'S INSTINCT.

A WRITER in the *Scottish Naturalist* tells a story of a pigeon which illustrates the truth of the saying that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and the high power of instinct prompted by paternal love. Two pigeons had built their nests in the top story of the dove-cote, and had hatched their young, which came out of the egg about the middle of March, 1876. On the 16th day of March a

very severe storm of snow and snowdrift set in at dusk. It must be noticed that the door of the dovecote looked to the northwest, from whence the storm was coming, so that the snow blew right into the portal where the young pigeons were lying, only a few days old.

The storm was very severe—so much so that it was thought to be the hardest that had happened for many years, and the young brood would have no doubt perished but for the happy expedient that the father of the young pigeons adopted. He stood in the doorway with his tail spread out to the storm, and the wings in a fluttering position, evidently with the intention of stopping the draught, so as to shelter his naked offspring, and there he stood for hours with the snow thick upon his back and tail, breaking the intensity of the cold. But for this the young must have died.

HEAD OF A CHILD.—BY KAULBACH.



KING'S (NOW COLUMBIA) COLLEGE, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

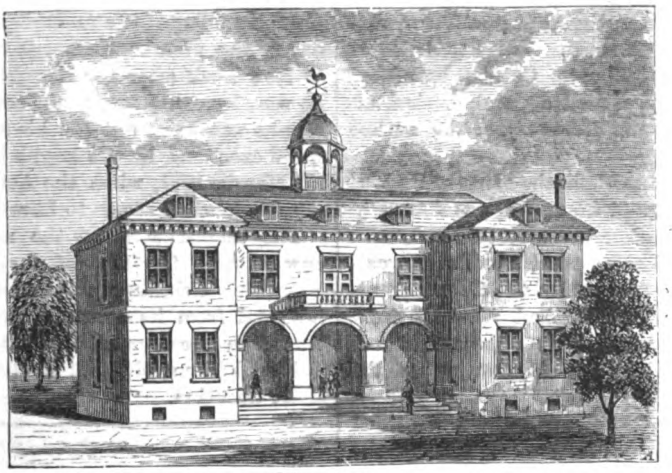
THE "SONS OF LIBERTY," AND NEW YORK CITY IN THEIR TIME.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.

In January, 1770, there was a conflict in the streets of New York city between the military and the people—a renewal of the old warfare around the liberty-pole in the Fields. An unsuccessful attempt was made by some soldiers, on the 13th, to bring down the pole by cutting its supports and exploding gunpowder in a hole bored in the wood, followed by an assault on the citizens at the neighboring public-house of Montayne's, a place of resort on the line of Broadway at the lower end of the grounds, which was much frequented by the patriots. In another effort, on the 16th, the assailants, sheltering themselves in a ruined building near at hand, succeeded in cutting down the pole, which they sawed in pieces, and, in a spirit of bravado, piled up in front of Montayne's tavern door.

An "indignation" meeting, held on the Common, naturally followed these exasperating incidents. It was numerously attended. "Three thousand," says Holt's paper, "were present." Resolutions were passed demanding that the soldiers off duty should no longer be permitted to work for the citizens, and that they should not leave their barracks after roll-call. A committee was appointed to seek permission from the Corporation to remove the vacant building on the Common, which had been a covert to the assailants of the liberty-pole. The following day placards and handbills of a derisive and defiant character, issued on the part of the soldiery, abounded in the city. The valiant Sears, with a party of his friends, came upon a trio of soldiers engaged in posting one of the challenges. One of the soldiers drew his bayonet for an assault, when he, with his fellows, were carried off to the mayor's office.

A body of twenty soldiers now made their appearance with drawn bayonets and cutlasses, who were met by the citizens with such means of defense as chance supplied. The mayor ordered the soldiers to their barracks, when they retreated to Golden Hill, a considerable eminence still to be recognized in the elevation of the lower part of John Street. Here they charged upon the throng of citizens who had gathered to the spot. Francis Field, a Quaker, standing in his doorway, was wounded by a sword or bayonet thrust. Three other citizens and a sailor were wounded. The soldiers in various instances were successfully resisted and overpowered in the miscellaneous conflict, which threatened to assume larger proportions, when the soldiers were ordered by their officers to their barracks. Other disturbances of a like character ensued. Meanwhile, to give a flavor of legality to the property, the sanction of the Corporation was now sought to be obtained for the erection of a new liberty-pole on the old public ground.



THE CITY HALL, WALL STREET, AS IT STOOD ORIGINALLY.
ENGRAVED BY DR. ANDERSON.

Failing to obtain this concession from the prudent Common Council, the citizens purchased from a private owner a piece of land near the old spot, upon which they erected with imposing ceremonies a new pole of great height, firmly secured in the ground and formidably cased with iron bars, clasped by thick iron hoops. This mast was surmounted by another, supporting a gilt vane, on which was inscribed in large letters the word "Liberty."* Another night-attack was made on this, the fifth liberty-pole, in the following March, by a party of the troops about leaving the Province. They had vowed to carry off with them a portion of it as a trophy. Unable to make any impression on the well-protected trunk, these Homeric contestants were endeavoring to unship the topmast, when they were discovered by several passing citizens, who called others to their aid. The Sons of Liberty, we may mention, were at this time kept out of their resort at Montanye's by a usurping conservative faction, who had made their own terms with the landlord. Not to be without that indispensable adjunct of political action in New York from time immemorial, a good dining-hall, the "Sons" purchased a tavern, kept by one Bicker, on the site of the present *Herald* building, to which the name of Hampden Hall was given. Hither the soldiers, reinforced by their comrades from the barracks, drove the citizens for refuge, and here the assailants were kept at bay while St. George's bell sounded an alarm to the town. An officer of the regiment arriving, as on similar occasions, the soldiers were sent back to their quarters, and the liberty-pole was left by them at their departure unharmed.

Simultaneously with these later conflicts between the citizens and soldiery, a coolness had arisen between the popular party and the Assembly, which, under the influence of the accession of the Delancey family to the Government side, was pursuing a reactionary course. An issue of bills of credit was proposed, and subsidies were granted for the support of the troops. This was met on the 16th of December, 1769, by the circulation of a stirring handbill denouncing the scheme. It was signed "A Son of Liberty," and was addressed, "To the Betrayed Inhabitants of the City and Colony of New York." A meeting was held in the Fields, and a committee appointed, with Lamb at its head, to remonstrate with the city representatives in the Assembly. The latter refused to recede from the action they had taken. Another censorious publication appeared, still further to arouse the resentment of the House. Lamb, the leader at the meeting, was summoned to the bar as an abettor of the libels, as they were pronounced. He indignantly maintained that he had but exercised the right of a free-speaking Englishman, and was dismissed. The matter, however, was not suffered to drop here. Colden, by advice of the Council and Assembly, issued a proclamation, offering a reward of £100 for the discovery of the author of the obnoxious handbill.

An inquisitorial search was made at the office of Parker, the conductor of the *Gazette*. The paper was found to have been printed there. Parker was arrested, and, with his apprentices, examined before the Council. Threatened with the loss of his office, under the Government, of Provincial Postmaster, which he had received from Franklin, he gave evidence which led to the arrest and committal to prison of Alexander McDougal, as the author.

McDougal, the son of a Scotchman, a man destined to rise to high military rank in the coming War of the Revolution, was an early though not one of the most active members of the association of the Sons of Liberty. He now stood forth, the unflinching champion of popular rights. Bancroft characterizes him in few words: "A man who had made a fortune as a sailor, and had himself carefully cultivated his mind. Courageous and fiery, yet methodical and self-possessed."*

"He is a person of some fortune," writes Colden to the Earl of Hillsborough, in February, at the time of the arrest, "and could easily have found the bail required of him, but he chose to go to jail, and lies there imitating Mr. Wilkes in everything he can."† Colden in another communication calls him "The American Wilkes." The great London agitator was then in the height of his reputation as the successful defender of the liberty of the subject in a long and obstinate contest with Parliament. For the previous five years his name had been in everybody's mouth. Patriots in New York caught up the popular cry of the day, and attached to it McDougal An arrest which had been adjudged illegal for an alleged libel had brought Wilkes into notice. "Here," said the Sons of Liberty, "is the case repeated with McDougal."

The scene, to be sure, was somewhat different. For the British House of Commons there was the New York Assembly; and, for a chamber in the Tower, a room in the new jail in the Fields. It was not necessary, at that distance, that McDougal should possess the talents or the vices of the original, or that the New York handbill should rival in venom the *North Briton*. It was a ready, plausible outcry. So Number Forty-five, the issue of Wilkes's journal which contained his insult to the King, the basis of his prosecution, was eagerly adopted by the Sons of Liberty, and "Forty-five!" rang through the streets.

The friends of McDougal thronged to visit him at the prison, announcing themselves to the jailer: "We are Forty-five." This enthusiasm was displayed with unusual gusto at the anniversary dinner of the 19th of March, the great day of the repeal of the Stamp Act, held by the party at their new quarters at Hampden Hall. Wilkes, McDougal and Liberty were freshly remembered. Exactly forty-five toasts were drank, and when the dinner was over, the company, proceeding past the liberty-pole to the jail where their champion was confined, saluted him with forty-five cheers.

In April a Bill for a libel was found by the grand jury against McDougal, who, now consenting to give bail, was released. While the cause was still untried, he was, some months after, in December, arraigned on the same accusation at the bar of the Assembly, when he was defended by one of the members, George Clinton—the first Governor of New York after the Revolution. Refusing to answer, he was, for contempt, again committed to jail. A habeas corpus was sued out for his relief, but, notwithstanding these exertions, he was kept a prisoner for several months, till March, 1771, when the Assembly was prorogued, and the whole affair seems to have been finally dropped.

The maintenance of the non-importation agreement now became the test of the popular party. It was a measure which, from the outset, had its peculiar difficulties, and from its contravention of the laws of trade, a perfect enforcement at any time was scarcely practicable. Colden had prophesied, at the start, that it would be of short duration. "It must raise the price of the commod-

* Dunlap's "History," I., 437. Leake's "Life of Lamb," 55-59.

* "History," VI., 332.

† Lieutenant-governor Colden to the Earl of Hillsborough, February 21st, 1770. Col. Doc. VIII., 208.

ities on hand," said he, "and the people in the country will not bear the infliction."

Originating with New York, the compact had been faithfully kept by her merchants. "The imports of the city," says Bancroft, "fell off more than five parts in six." In Pennsylvania and New England the agreement had been less rigorously observed. In several of the Southern States the imports had increased. The inequality was at the expense of the patient merchant. By the Summer of 1770 the restriction was limited to tea alone, which now remained the only one of the enumerated articles on which duties were to be collected under the Townshend Act.

Relief had recently been granted from the other impositions in a Bill introduced into Parliament in April, by Lord North, who had at the time declared that "the duty on tea must be retained, as a mark of the supremacy of Parliament, and the efficient declaration of its right to govern the colonies."*

The people of America understood the challenge, accepted it, and the consumption of tea languished throughout the colonies. The non-importation agreement bore hard upon the East India Company. Its large stock of teas lay idle in its warehouses, bringing ruin to its finances, and causing much commercial distress. Parliament at length, in the Spring of 1773, came to its relief by extending the drawbacks of duties, so that its tea could be sent to America free of all taxation. The duty of three pence per pound to be paid by America herself was still retained, as the test of submission. It was confidently expected that the low price at which tea could now be offered would reopen the market in the Provinces, as if resistance had been a question of economy, and not of principle. The East India Company accordingly made preparations for a liberal exportation of the article. Consignments were to be forwarded to their agents at the main seaports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston.

Though the New York merchants, with their brethren in other cities, had, as we have seen, after a while abandoned the general non-importation agreement, it was not with the consent of the Sons of Liberty, who constituted the advance-guard of the democratic element in the city, and would hold no compromise with the royal policy. They were the hands of the Revolution. Argument had been exhausted. England must be brought practically to feel the inconveniences of her measures. Her wealth arises from her trade; we will punish her where she is most sensitive. To enforce a sumptuary regulation, the more if unsanctioned by law, you must have detectives and a Vigilance Committee ready to strike. The Sons of Liberty in New York were quite prepared to do the rough work of repression personally in the city, and by correspondence beyond it.

Thus, when a certain Nathan Rogers, of Boston, arrived in town, in May, 1770, a known importer of English goods, spite of the agreement, the Committee, with a great crowd of spectators, called at his lodgings, bearing a gallows on which he was suspended in effigy. Not finding him at home—he was dining out of town—they left a letter, to be forwarded to him, and further contented themselves with a procession through the town and the burning of effigy and gallows at the Common. The hint was sufficient. Rogers, without returning to his lodgings, left at two o'clock in the morning for Boston.

In the letter of the Committee addressed to the Sons of Liberty in Philadelphia, in which these circumstances are related, Rogers is described as "a man about five feet eight inches high, pretty corpulent, round-shouldered, stoops a good deal, and generally appears in green and gold, or purple and gold."*

As the defection from the non-importation agreement grew in force, the Sons of Liberty were loud in opposition; but as no successful resistance could be made, they gradually became silent, waiting a new opportunity, which presented itself with the greater prominence given to the agitation of the tea question by the action of the East India Company.

The year 1773 furnishes an incident or two in the history of public buildings in New York worthy of record. The corner-stone of the New York Hospital was laid by Governor Tryon in September, two years after the charter had been granted by Lord Dunmore. The site, on the present Broadway opposite Pearl Street, was then considered quite a country location. There is an anecdote illustrative of this preserved by the late Dr. John Watson. When Dr. Tillary was appointed surgeon to the institution, in 1776, he felt constrained to resign the position, in consequence of the hospital being so far out of town! On the 29th of December the Colonial Governor's residence within the Fort, which had been rebuilt after the conflagration which figured so largely in the Negro Plot, was discovered at midnight to be on fire. Governor Tryon and his wife barely saved their lives, escaping through an unfrequented side-door, while their daughter leaped from a second-story window. A servant-girl, Elizabeth Garrett, perished in the flames. The adjoining buildings were saved by great exertions of the citizens. The Great Seal of the Province was discovered in the ashes, two days after the fire, uninjured.

The tea-ships for New York sailed at the end of October, 1773. Ample preparations were made to deal with them on their arrival. The Sons of Liberty were formally reorganized. At a meeting on the 29th of November they adopted a series of stringent resolutions denouncing any one who should engage in any way in the introduction of the tea as an "enemy to the liberties of America." A body of "Mohawks" was in readiness to act. New York was quite ready, and but for the delay in the appearance of the expected vessel, which was driven by stress of weather to the West Indies, might have anticipated Boston in the famous destruction of the tea.

"The 'Mohawks,'" as Mr. Dawson remarks, "who so gallantly discharged the tea at Boston, were a power existing also in New York. The object of the organization was the same in both cities, Lamb and his colleagues in New York being constantly engaged in confidential correspondence with Paul Revere and his colleagues in Boston."† The course of action was alike. Every influence of persuasion, backed by more powerful menaces, was brought to bear upon the agents, consignees, and others concerned, that the vessels might be sent back without unloading their cargo.

In Boston this course promised success, but the Government was likely to interfere with her customs prerogative when, a second and third vessel having arrived, the "Mohawks" stepped in, and, on the night of the 16th of December, threw the tea overboard in the harbor. At Charleston the authorities pursued the course threatened at Boston; but when, in default of action by the consignees, they had seized the tea, they found no one willing to purchase or consume.

At Philadelphia the ship was sent back on the instant.

* Bancroft, VI., 351-2.

* Leake's "Life of Lamb," 63-5.

† "The Park and its Vicinity," 28.

THE BATTLE OF GOLDEN HILL BETWEEN THE "SONS OF LIBERTY" AND THE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

At New York, Governor Tryon proposed, on its arrival, to take the tea, as the stamps had been taken, into the Fort; but the popular meeting to which the proposition was made indignantly rejected it. There must be no such admission of the enemy within the fortress. The pilots were warned not to bring the vessel beyond Sandy Hook. There, when the *Nancy* came, on the 18th of April, 1774, she was required to remain. Her captain, Lockyer, was permitted to come to the city under safe regulations—it being understood that the cargo was to be carried back unbroken to England. A popular demonstration, it was agreed upon, should be made at his departure.

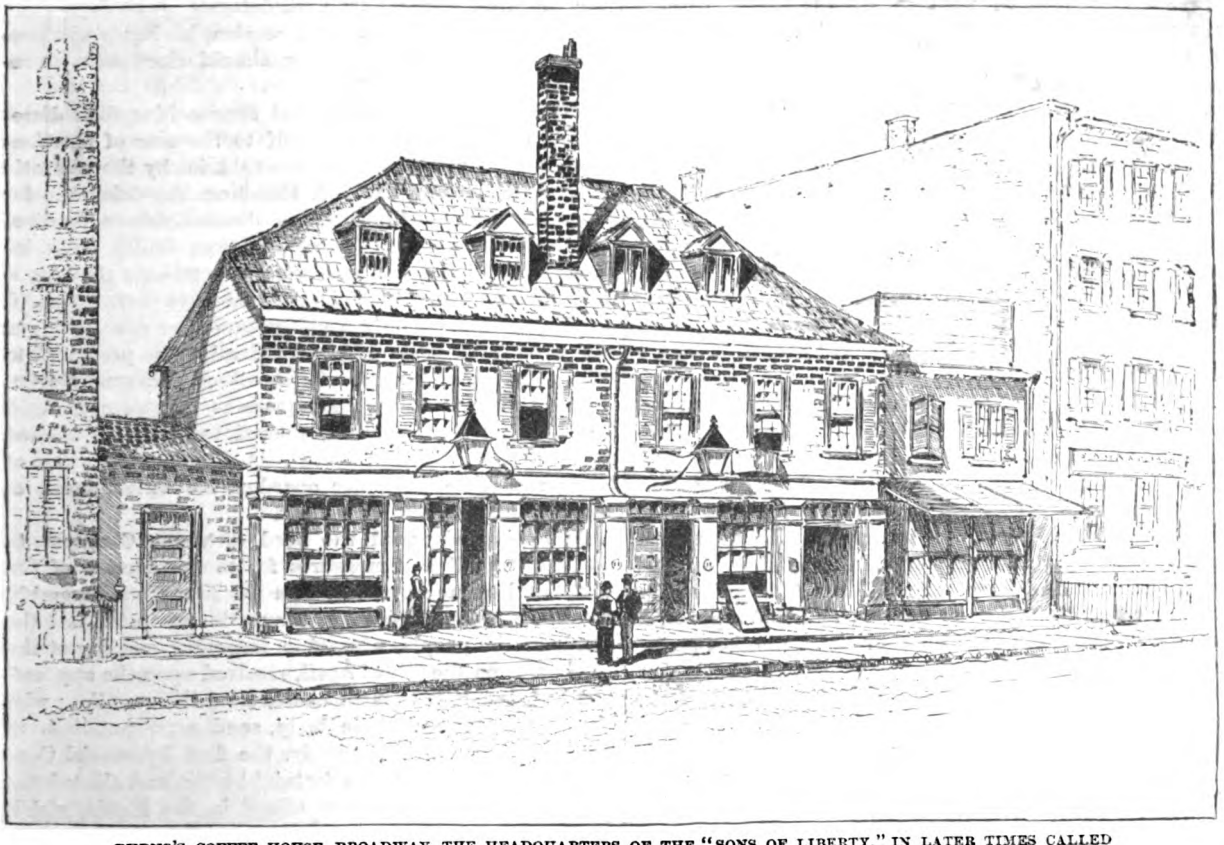
A few days after, on the 22d, another ship, the *London*, arrived. It was reported that there were eighteen chests of tea on board. This, Captain Chambers denied, and the ship was permitted to come to her wharf at the city. The Committee of the Sons of Liberty were not satisfied, and, presenting themselves in full force, required an examination of the cargo, upon which the captain admitted he had the tea on board, as a venture of his own. The Committee, shipowners, and captain, then withdrew for consultation to Fraunces' Tavern, in Broad Street. The people, meantime, were gathered at the dock. The "Mohawks" were preparing for action, when the more impatient of the crowd, at eight in the evening, without disguise, entered the ship, and quietly emptied the contents of the tea-chests into the river. The next day was the one appointed for the significant escort to Captain Lockyer on his departure. He was attended from his lodgings at the Coffee House, in Wall Street, by an immense concourse of the people in procession to the dock, with music and the ringing of the city bells, the liberty-pole, gayly dressed for the occasion, taking part in the triumph; nor was he parted with by the Committee in charge till they had seen his vessel well out at sea. Captain Chambers, for whom there was an eager search in the city, was found to have sailed in the *Nancy*.

Acts of defiance to the Government like these, sustained by an irregular, though deeply felt, expression of the popular feeling, carried on by local and partial committees somewhat loosely united by pledges and correspondence, demanded, for the safety and efficiency of those concerned in them, a more general union and authoritative sanction of the several Provinces. There was a large class also, of the merchants, lawyers and others,

of a more conservative character, averse to deeds of violence, inclined to trust to policy and negotiation, yet utterly unwilling to submit the interests and legitimate independence of the colonies to the powers or caprices of Parliament. These, also, were for concerted action. The movement, which was inevitable, was hastened by the action of Parliament in closing the Port of Boston, as a penalty to the merchants for their conduct in respect to the tea-ships. Gage was sent as General Commander, and also as Governor of Massachusetts. The Government was gathering soldiers to enforce its repressive and vindicatory measures by armed interference. In the fate of Massachusetts the other colonies read their own. The plan of a general non-importation agreement was revived. The Sons of Liberty in New York would have indorsed it at once, but they were in a measure superseded by a new Committee of Fifty-one, appointed by the more conservative classes of the community, who declined to give it their support, but suggested for the consideration of the common welfare a general congress of provincial deputies, to be held at the intimation of the Boston Committee.

The General Court, the representative body of Massachusetts, appointed the 1st of September, and Philadelphia, as the time and place of meeting. The Summer was passed in preparation for the assembly. There was much discussion in New York as to the mode of election of the delegates. The popular party, fearing lest a tone of weakness or irresolution should prevail, in July called a general meeting in the Fields to express, in no unequivocal manner, the voice of the city. The patriotic McDougal presided, and introduced a series of resolutions, setting forth with uncompromising hostility the violation of the liberties of the country by the Boston Port Bill, and urging in the most emphatic manner, as a practical measure leading to the redress of grievances, the maintenance of a universal non-importation agreement. It was at this meeting that the voice of Alexander Hamilton, then a youth recently from the West Indies, pursuing his studies at King's College, was first heard in public affairs. His logical mind had even then grasped the principles of the existing controversy; while his ardent eloquence was displayed in picturing the successful resistance of the colonies to the power of England should the conflict be pushed to its extremity. The delegates, chosen by a vote of the taxpayers of the city, were: Philip Livingston, John Alsop, Isaac Low, James Duane and John Jay—the first three, merchants; the others, lawyers; and all Episcopalians except Livingston. By shrewd management on the part of the new Committee, two, who were entitled to the position as true and courageous representatives of the people, McDougal and the accomplished lawyer John Morin Scott, whose pen had ever been at the service of the popular cause, were excluded.

We have some notices of the city and its leading men at this time, in the entertaining Diary kept by John Adams in his journey from Boston to the Congress at Philadelphia. He reached New York by the usual New England route, through Westchester, on the morning of the 20th of August, and was presently in private lodgings with Mr. Tobias Stoutenberg, "in King Street, very near the City Hall one way, and the French Church the other." Here he is called upon by the patriot McDougal, who made a very favorable impression upon him. "He is a very sensible man, and an open one; he has none of the mean cunning which disgraces so many of my countrymen." After dinner, McDougal takes him to every part of the city; to the Fort, where he sees "the ruins of that magnificent building, the Governor's House,"



BURNS'S COFFEE HOUSE, BROADWAY, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE "SONS OF LIBERTY," IN LATER TIMES CALLED "ATLANTIC GARDEN."

and admires the fine prospect from the parade, with its river-views, and on the inner side, "in a beautiful ellipsis of land railed in the solid iron, a statue of His Majesty, on horseback, very large, of solid lead, gilded with gold, standing on a pedestal of marble, very high"; thence "up the Broad Way, the old church and the new church" —Trinity and St. Paul's—the college, the prison, and "two sets of barracks"; thence to the shipyards on the East River, where "a Dutch East India ship was building, of 800 tons burden"; thence by the markets to the Coffee House, in Wall Street, where he was introduced to Morin Scott, "a lawyer, of about fifty years of age, a sensible man, but not very polite, said to be one of the readiest speakers upon the continent."

From the conversation at the Coffee House, Adams learns that "the two great families in the Province, upon whose motions all their politics turn, are the Delanceys and Livingstons. There are virtue and abilities, as well as fortune, in the Livingstons, but not much of either of the three in the Delanceys, according to McDougal," who, it must be remembered, was speaking, at a time of high party feeling, on the popular side. Of Morin Scott's politeness, Adams probably thought better after the morning entertainment which, in company with McDougal, he received at that gentleman's country-seat, three miles out of town, on the Hudson. "A more elegant breakfast I never saw; rich plate, a very large silver coffee-pot, a very large silver tea-pot, napkins of the very finest materials, toast, and bread and butter in great perfection. After breakfast a plate of beautiful peaches, another of pears, and another of plums, and a musk-melon." Adams's first impressions of his brother-delegates to Congress from New York are unhesitatingly recorded in this Diary. "Philip Livingston is a great, rough, rapid mortal. There is no holding any conversation with him. He blusters away; says, if England should turn us adrift, we should instantly go to civil wars among ourselves to determine which colony should govern all the rest; seems to dread New England, the leveling spirit, etc." In another sentence Adams calls him "a downright straightforward man." "Mr. Alsop is a soft, sweet man. Mr. Duane has a sly, surveying eye, a little squint-eyed; between forty and forty-five, I should guess; very sensible, I think, and very artful. Mr. Low, the Chairman of the Committee of Fifty-one, they say, will profess attachment to the cause of liberty, but his sincerity is doubted." Subsequently says Adams, "We breakfasted with Mr. Low, a gentleman of fortune and in trade. His lady is a beauty." "Mr. Jay is a young gentleman of the law, about twenty-six; Mr. Scott says, a hard student and a good speaker."

It is an important illustration of our subject to present the views, frankly uttered in the freedom of conversation, of the political parties of New York held by so shrewd and patriotic an observer as McDougal. "He gave a caution," says Adams, "to avoid every expression here which looked like an allusion to the last appeal. He says there is a powerful party here who are intimidated by fears of a civil war, and they have been induced to acquiesce by assurances that there was no danger, and that a peaceful cessation of commerce would effect relief. Another party, he says, are intimidated lest the leveling spirit of the New England colonies should propagate itself into New York. Another party are prompted by Episcopalian prejudices against New England. Another party are merchants largely concerned in navigation, and therefore afraid of non-importation, non-consumption and non-exportation agreements. Another party are those who are looking up to Government for favors."

After gathering these and various other ideas concerning the state of the Province at banquets, where the style and equipages offered an unceasing wonder, Adams rather ungraciously regrets that his time has been so taken up with "breakfasting, dining, drinking coffee, etc., about the city," and absolutely concludes with the remark that "with all the opulence and splendor, there is very little good-breeding to be found. We have been treated with an assiduous respect; but I have not seen one real gentleman, one well-bred man, since I came to town. At their entertainments there is no conversation that is agreeable; there is no modesty, no attention to one another. They talk very loud, very fast, and altogether. If they ask you a question, before you can utter three words of your answer they will break out upon you again and talk away." From all which we infer that good listeners were somewhat in request for the young New England lawyer, accustomed to interminable disquisitions on religion and politics, which the quick business intellects of New York were accustomed to dispose of dogmatically in very few words.*

At the Congress in September all the thirteen colonies were represented except Georgia. It was an assembly of notables. Samuel and John Adams, Roger Sherman, William Livingston, Galloway, Rodney, Chase, the Rutledges and Gadsden, with the conspicuous Virginians, Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry and George Washington. The chief measures of this, the first Continental Congress, were, the formation of an American Association to carry out a general system of commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, until the existing difficulties should be removed; and the dignified assertion of the principles at stake, in a series of able state papers, a declaration of rights, a petition to the King, and several addresses, one of which, "To the People of Great Britain," remarkable for its force and directness, was the work of the New York delegate, John Jay. The Congress closed after a short session, having made provision for the call of another, should circumstances require it, the ensuing May.

The New York Assembly, fast approaching final dissolution, refused to commit itself to the acts of the Congress when a resolution was brought in, by the patriotic Woodhull of Long Island, thanking the delegates for their services, the House being divided, fifteen to nine. In the minority were George Clinton, Philip Schuyler and Philip Livingston, who were soon to have the opportunity of transferring their exertions to a more splendid field of action. The Assembly, however, sent petitions and memorials of its own to England, to be presented to Parliament by the agent of the colony, Edmund Burke.

Their remonstrances, inadequate as they were thought by the New York patriots, proved too strongly worded to be received by Lord North. A popular Committee of Sixty meantime vigilantly guarded the enforcement of the non-importation agreement.

As Spring advanced the need of a new Congress, to adopt more efficient measures for the protection of the colonies, became apparent. As the New York Assembly would appoint no delegates, the matter again fell into the hands of the people, who, at an imposing meeting at the Exchange, on the 6th of April, resolved upon the appointment of deputies, to meet others from the counties; who should, out of the whole body, send representatives to the Congress. This assembly, the first Provincial Congress of New York, met a fortnight after, and elected the delegates, at one of the meetings in the Fields, which

* "Works of John Adams," II., 345-353.

were now held with the old result of greatly strengthening the popular cause.

An incident occurred which subsequent events caused too well to be remembered. One William Cunningham, a "rough" of great brutality, having given some offense at the liberty-pole, a *mêlée* ensued, in which he was severely handled. He was compelled, it is said, to kneel down and kiss the pole. He had not long to wait for his revenge, being appointed Provost Martial by the British, on their occupation of the city, in charge of the American prisoners confined in the jail near the very spot where he had felt the force of the stout arms of the Liberty Boys. A month after this affair, Captain Sears was arrested for an inflammatory speech at the liberty-pole, in which he called upon the people to arm, after which he proceeded to stop the sailing of a sloop laden with straw and lumber, intended for the use of the British troops at Boston. Refusing to give bail, Sears was being taken to prison, when he was rescued by the populace and conducted in triumph through the city.

The news of the battle of Lexington came quickly upon these events, and was followed by the most decided action on the part of the patriots of New York. They seized upon the arms at the City Hall, and, led by Lamb, Sears and others, detained all vessels bound to the eastward, and took possession of the Custom House. A Committee of Safety of One Hundred was appointed, whose first duty was to look after the cannon and firearms in the city, to prevent their being used against the people. So little effort had there been on the part of the authorities at the Fort to compel submission, that when, in January, the last of the garrison were ordered to Boston, and were about taking their departure with a quantity of arms in boxes, the latter were seized by a party of the Sons of Liberty, headed by Marinus Willett, and carried back to the deserted Fort George.

It was about this time, on the night of the 10th of May, that Myles Cooper, the President of King's College, who had become obnoxious to the popular party by his writings and personal efforts on behalf of the Crown, was visited at the college by a mob, intent on revenge. He would doubtless have been roughly handled had not time been gained for his escape by a speech from the steps by Alexander Hamilton, then a student. Half dressed, he wandered about the shores of the Hudson the remainder of the night, till, at morning, he found shelter in the old Stuyvesant mansion in the Bowery, whence he was taken at evening on board the *Kingfisher*, a vessel-of-war in the harbor, in which he escaped to England. On the anniversary of the event, the next year, Cooper, who was an accomplished wit, told the story in verse in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He never returned to America. After a residence at Oxford he officiated at Edinburgh, where he died in 1785.

Governor Tryon being at this time in England, Lieutenant-governor Colden, now in extreme age, nearing his departure, nominally held the authority. The Provincial Congress, formed rather for deliberation than for war, was compelled by the rapid progress of events to act; there was some effort at enlistment, and fortifications were projected at Kingsbridge and at the Highlands.

General Wooster, of Connecticut, who commanded 1,800 militia at Greenwich, summoned to the defense of New York, came and encamped at Harlem. A portion of his troops occupied the Common. Government military stores at Turtle Bay were seized upon by an adventurous party directed by the leaders of the Sons of Liberty. The Revolution was rapidly being organized.

On the 15th of June the Continental Congress appointed Washington Commander-in-Chief, and two days after was fought the battle of Bunker Hill. On the 25th the Provincial Congress were in something of a dilemma. The arrival of two distinguished persons was expected in the city, each of whom the perplexed Congress, slow to read the signs of the times, was ready to receive with friendly ceremonial. George Washington was on his way to join the National Army at Cambridge, and Governor Tryon was returning to his Province from England. The fear was lest they should both arrive together, when a choice between the two would be imperative.

The militia were ordered to receive the first comer and "wait on both, as well as circumstances would allow." Happily, Washington arrived before the Governor, and received the first attention. Tryon came some hours later, in the evening, and was welcomed with the customary congratulations, the last echo of the old shouts of loyalty.

Washington remained a day in the city, and was presented with a neat address by the Provincial Congress, in which, with some cautious words of compliment, the expression was conveyed of "the fullest assurances that whenever this important contest shall be decided by that fondest wish of every American soul, an accommodation with our mother country, you will cheerfully resign the important deposit committed into your hands, and reassume the character of our worthiest citizen." Nothing could have been more after Washington's own heart than the last suggestion—it was quite unnecessary.

Accepting the attention, Washington responded, kindly saying that "when we assumed the soldier, we did not lay aside the citizen," and, careful not to impart the idea of independence, substituted for "accommodation with our mother country" the promise that his exertions would be given "to the re-establishment of peace and harmony between the mother country and these colonies."

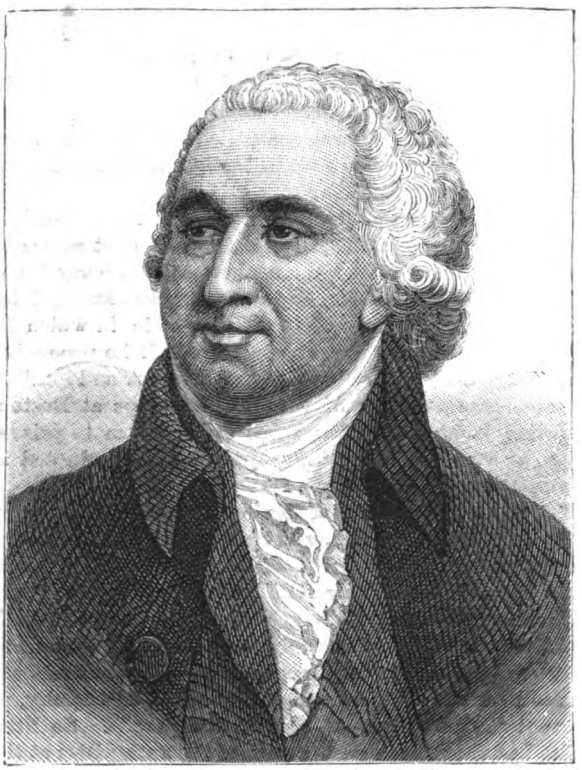
An address to Governor Tryon, breathing something of the old spirit of loyalty and affection, was prepared by the Common Council, but its delivery was forbidden by the Provincial Congress, so there was no formal presentation, as had been proposed. A copy, however, had been left with the Governor by Whitehead Hicks, the successor of Cruger in the Mayoralty, to which a reply was made.

A few days after, Tryon reported to the Earl of Dartmouth the "most degraded situation in which the general revolt had put His Majesty's Civil Governors." No aid was to be expected from the usual local administration. Everything was now referred to the Continental Congress. Of one thing he was fully assured: the country would maintain the main issue of the struggle. "Oceans of blood," he writes, "may be spilt, but, in my opinion, America will never receive Parliamentary taxation."*

He was now concerned for his personal safety. Three days after, on the 7th, he applies to the earl for discretionary leave to return to England—"It being very probable I may either be taken prisoner as a state hostage, or obliged to retire on board one of His Majesty's ships-of-war to avoid the insolence of an inflamed mob." The Fort being without a garrison, there was no military control of the city save by the ship-of-war *Asia*, commanded by Captain George Vandeput, the only Royal vessel at the time in the harbor. On the 13th of July one of her boats was seized and set on fire, an outrage which seems to

* Governor Tryon to the Earl of Dartmouth, 4th July, 1775. Col. Doc. VIII., 589.

BISHOP SEABURY.



JAMES DUANE, "SON OF LIBERTY."

have been lamented alike by Common Council, General Committee, and Provincial Congress. A new boat, to be given in restitution, was partly finished, when it was cut in pieces in the night.* In the following month the *Asia* was brought into direct conflict with the people.

Lamb, who had been commissioned a captain of artillery, was sent on the evening of the 23d to remove the cannon from the battery below Fort George. He was accompanied on this service by part of an independent corps, under Colonel Lasher, and a body of citizens led by the ever-ready Sears. Young Hamilton also was with them, with a number of his fellow-students in the college, whom he had been engaged in drilling. On their arrival at the battery the party found a barge and crew of the *Asia* lying under the Fort, evidently in expectation of the movement. From the boat a musket was fired upon the citizens, which was met with a volley, killing and wounding several. The barge then returned to the *Asia*, which opened a heavy cannonade upon the party; several were wounded, and houses in the vicinity, among others Sam Fraunces' tavern, in Broad Street, were injured by the shock. The city bells were rung, there was a general alarm as if the city were to be destroyed, numbers fled to the country; but in the midst of the confusion the original object, the removal of the twenty-one pieces of ordnance at the battery, was deliberately accomplished. After this it was not to be wondered at that provisions for the *Asia* were to be obtained with great difficulty. Tryon complains that a boat "carrying only some milk on board," was burnt on her return to shore; and a country sloop, for a similar offense, shared the same fate.

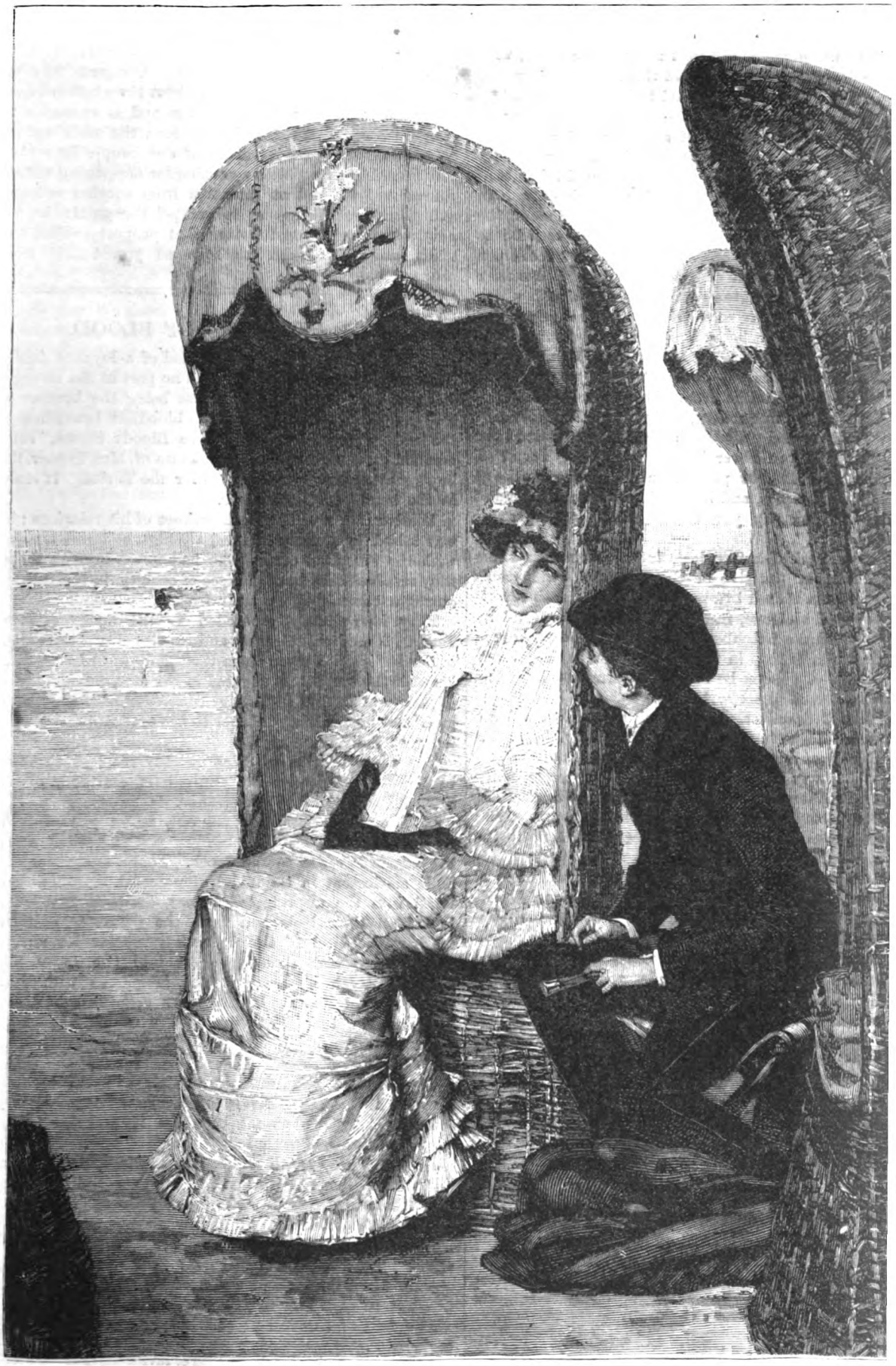
The Governor, warned by the unruly spirit of the day, in October entered into correspondence with Mayor Hicks respecting his personal safety in the city. The Common Council, with the General Committee, assured him that there was no danger in remaining, the latter entreating that "his Excellency would continue his residence among the people, who have the most grateful sense of his upright and disinterested administration."

Tryon, however, thinking these good words insufficient for his security, went on board the *Halifax* packet in the harbor, whence he presently removed to the ship *Duchess of Gordon*, where he received the friends of Government, who entertained him with favorable views of the situation. "It is certain," he writes to the Earl of Dartmouth, on the 11th of November, "that within this fortnight the spirit of rebellion in this Province, especially in the city, has greatly abated, and we wait now for only 5,000 regulars to open our commerce and restore our valuable constitution."

As a sedative to these cheerful anticipations, he has presently, in another dispatch, to communicate "a fresh outrage from the Connecticut people"; how "near one hundred of their horsemen, with Isaac Sears, Samuel Broom, and other turbulent fellows, at their

SAM FRAUNCES' TAVERN, STRUCK BY THE "ASIA."

* Governor Tryon to the Earl of Dartmouth, 7th August, 1775.



AT CONFESSION.—FROM A PAINTING BY VINCENT PALMAROLI.

head, came into the City of New York, and going up to Mr. Rivington's house, part of them dismounted, went into his printing-office, and took away all his types, with other articles, out of the shop, and then, to the disgrace of the city, were suffered unmolested to leave the town." *

This affair took place on the 25th of November, at noonday. It was the sequel of a daring and unscrupulous raid from New Haven through Westchester County, in the course of which Seabury, the Episcopal minister at Westchester, subsequently first Bishop of his church in the United States, was seized, with the justice of the county and another obnoxious "Tory," and carried into Connecticut. Seabury's offense was the use of his pen and his personal influence on the Royal side. The motive of the attack on Rivington was the freedom with which the questions of the day were presented in his paper, the particular aggravation being a provoking estimate of the strength of the British army at the close of the late Seven-Years War, which was set down at exactly 499,000. A letter which reached him from the army at Cambridge a few days after the robbery, addressed "Measter Revington," and signed "Jedidiah Yankee," contained the warning: "Will you never have don printing Tory? I swear now your 499,000 paper men are strong marks of your Tory perinciples, and if you don't leave off, some of us will very soon pay you a visit, which, perhaps, will not be friendly."

The New York *Gazetteer* had, indeed, been for some time a thorn in the side of the patriots. Rivington's house had been visited before, at night, by a mob threatening personal violence, from which he had escaped by hiding himself in a neighbor's chimney, till he could seek refuge in a King's ship in the harbor. On submission to the Provincial Congress he had been permitted to return to his vocation in the city.†

This second assault sent him back a penniless refugee to London. An outrage like this, inflicted by the people of one colony on another, was not suffered, however Rivington's Tory articles may have been disliked, to pass without complaint from the city authorities. The General Committee complained to the Provincial Congress, and the matter was presented for proper regulation to the Continental Congress.

In the breast of John Jay it awoke a national feeling of resentment. "For my part," he writes to Colonel Woodhull, President of the Provincial Congress, "I don't approve of the feat, and think it neither argues much wisdom nor much bravery; at any rate, if it was to have been done, I wish our own people, and not strangers, had taken the liberty of doing it. I confess I am not a little jealous of the honor of the Province, and am persuaded that its reputation cannot be maintained without some little spirit being mingled with its prudence." The main effort in this business of the Provincial Congress was an expostulatory letter, addressed to Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut.

The soothing tone and adroit manner in which "Brother Jonathan" met this remonstrance was worthy of his proverbial oily diplomacy. "As to the public insult, you candidly extenuate, by saying that it was noonday, not in darkness of night, which would be accompanied with terror, though we by no means approve or justify the people of this colony taking any part therein; but the same candor you have expressed in your letter, I presume will induce you to view the matter, so far as it respects this colony or any of our people being concerned therein, in a still more favorable light, when you reflect that the head or leader in the whole transaction was a respectable member of your city and Congress, who we consider as the proper person to whom the whole transaction is imputable, and who belongs and is amenable to your jurisdiction alone, and, therefore, the affair cannot be considered as an intrusion of our people into your Province, but as a violence or disorder happening among yourselves, and not an intrusion from another colony; and you have the power to compel the gentleman we point out to return and restore that property which was taken away, by such methods as you think most proper." *

* Governor Tryon to Earl of Darmouth, 6th December, 1775. Col. Doc. VIII., 645-6.

† "Case of Mr. James Rivington," *Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1776.

THE AVENGERS OF BLOOD.

Absalom Turner was a young lad of a loyalist family in South Carolina, and had taken no part in the struggle of the times; his only offense was being the brother of Ned and Dick Turner, two of the bloodiest bravadoes of the notorious band called "The Bloody Scout," commanded by Cunningham. The house of Mrs. Turner, the boy's mother, was a rendezvous for the Tories. It stood in the bend of Saluda River.

Absalom fell a victim to the crimes of his relations; he was killed by a party of savage Whigs, and not content with the slaughter of one who had never injured them, they resolved on a wanton piece of cruelty, in revenge for outrages committed on their friends.

They immediately proceeded to the house of Mrs. Turner, forced an entrance, and turning down the sheets of her bed, wiped upon them their gory swords. "This blood!" the murderers shouted in her ears, "is the blood of your son!" And with fierce exultation at the mother's grief and horror, they left her to her search for the lad's mangled body.

The news of this sacrifice quickly reached the two brothers who served with Cunningham, and they vowed a fearful vow of bloody vengeance.

With one associate, they set out, as on one of their midnight excursions for plunder, and marched from the Saluda River to Indian Creek. There, surprising the little settlement in the midst of peaceful slumber, they burst into the unprotected homes, dragged four Whig lads from their beds and from the presence of their mothers, heedless of shrieks and entreaties for mercy, and rushing with these prisoners into the forest, put them to death by hewing them in pieces with their swords, amid their piercing cries and supplications. This brutal retaliation was in its turn revenged; one of the murderers being afterward killed by kinsmen of the victims.

The thirst of blood was not yet slaked in the brothers Turner, after this horrible deed. In one house they found Stokely Towles—a man whom they knew for an active patriot—prostrated with the smallpox. Not even the fear of contact with this loathsome disease could turn them from their fell purpose. They dragged him from the hole into which he had crept for concealment, and inhumanly butchered him.

Could the imagination of a writer of romance picture scenes more terrible or revolting? We give the simple outline of truth, without a tint of coloring; the reader will not be at a loss to fill out the sketch.

The fate of the violent and bloody man is foretold.

* Notes concerning the destruction of Rivington's press, "New York Corporation Manual," 1868.

One of the actors in this tragedy—Dick Turner—was captured by stratagem, not far from his mother's residence. He was brought before the commanding officer of the party.

"Tell me," said the officer, "where are your comrades?"

The prisoner made no reply.

"Tell me!" shouted the other, "tell—or——" and he presented a loaded pistol at Turner's breast—"I will shoot you!"

"Shoot, and be hanged!" was the answer of the fearless ruffian.

The officer pulled the trigger, and the robber and murderer fell expiring at his feet.

His brother, Ned, remained in Cunningham's corps through the War, and, after its close, was placed, with his associates, under the ban of the State. They were proclaimed outlaws by the Governor, and a reward was offered for every man of them, dead or alive. The remaining members of this notorious band fled for refuge to the vast swamps, and the thickets on the banks of Saluda, Bush, and Little Rivers. In these wild fastnesses, impenetrable save to those who knew how to trace the labyrinths, they remained concealed; were called "outliers," and were the terror of the honest and industrious families of the settlements.

Search for them, however, was not given up by those who had suffered from this ferocious gang, and the hunted outlaws were driven from place to place and found no rest.

Turner left his familiar haunts in the woods and swamps, and took his departure for Florida. His mother lived to a great age, and was respected in the neighborhood, for the guilt of her sons was not imputed to her. After her death, in 1810, Ned ventured back—a worn and aged man—to pay a visit to his kindred in South Carolina, and receive some share of his mother's estate.

The sons of Stokely Towles were soon informed that their father's cruel murderer was walking free and unharmed among the scenes of his former violence and crime. "Blood for blood," was the cry of nature within them. They raised a party, resolute as themselves for vengeance; and marching at night, surrounded the house of Turner's niece, in which he was then staying as a guest.

Colonel Towles, pistol in hand, took his position at the door. The old man within was soon made aware, by some means, that his enemies had surrounded him, and were determined to visit upon him a fearful retribution. His ancient fire and cunning revived with the pressure of danger. Seizing his clothes, he dressed himself hastily, and stood in readiness; and the instant the door was thrown open, he sprang through it like lightning. Colonel Towles, however, was quick and bold, and prepared for accidents. He fired as the old ruffian dashed past him; Ned Turner staggered forward a few steps, and fell in the yard, apparently lifeless. The ball had entered his neck.

John Towles looked at the body; the man seemed to have breathed his last, but he was not certain, and he called out to his brother to "shoot the old rascal again." But the colonel refused, and forbade any of the others to do it; it was a shame, he said, to shoot a dead foe. The party quitted the place immediately.

Presently, the mistress of the house walked slowly into the yard, to search for the body of her slaughtered uncle. She was weeping loudly, and invoking vengeance on those who had slain him.

Her cries and lamentations were interrupted by a faint sound from the corner of the fence. The victim had crawled there to hide himself. As the startled woman ran to the spot, she was greeted by the words, uttered in a distinct and strong voice:

"Don't be a fool. Bring me my horse. Old Ned *ain't* dead yet!"

The horse was speedily brought. The old man, meanwhile, had arisen, and walked into the house. The bullet had inflicted only a flesh wound, and that an inconsiderable one. He lost no time in preparing to mount his horse, and commence his homeward journey; for he had good reason to fear pursuit from his enemies, should they learn that he was not killed. He reached his home in safety, and there died, having attained a great age.

The adventures of Ned Turner would afford material for a novel; and the close of his career inculcates a moral as striking as that illustrated by any fiction.

BY THE SEA.

In shady nook
That peeps down on the sun-kissed sea,
A lassie sits with far-off look
In loving eyes that seem to me
Mirrors of truth and purity.

And all in vain
Do little hands caressing stray,
And seek to bring her thoughts again
To centre on their childish play:
For once they've wandered far away.

O daughter mine,
I ought to bring you sympathy,
And yet I cannot but repine!
The love-light in your eyes I see,
And know that you are lost to me.

Yet, little one,
When it befalls you pass away
To be another's light and sun,
Though life will lose its glow for aye,
I'll try to smile and bless the day.

JEREMIAH THOMSON'S OATH.

Jeremiah Thomson, the crustiest, most obstinate, altogether unreasonable old bachelor to be found that cold Winter day within the limits of Manhattan Island, sat alone in his handsome, well-filled library, making his will—or, at least, trying to do so—an act in itself ordinary enough and common to most men at some period of their existence, but in this instance only a proof of the would-be testator's infirmity of temper, his sole reason for making this future disposition of his goods and chattels being to prevent their falling into the hands of the nephew who would otherwise legally fall heir to them.

Twenty-five years before, Jeremiah had quarreled finally with the only near relative he possessed—his sister. When the young girl—in defiance of the wishes of her friends and the angry remonstrances of her elder brother—married a man whom all knew to be unworthy in every respect, Jeremiah, with a terrible oath, disowned her for ever, swearing that neither she nor her children should ever receive from him any assistance during his lifetime, nor inherit a penny of his wealth at his death. In the years that followed, his sister had grown to be so entirely apart from his life that the news he accidentally heard of her death one morning ten years before the date of our story had very little power to move him, beyond serving

as a reminder of the oath he had sworn, especially as he was told that his sister had left a son.

Testy old Jeremiah was naturally no favorite among his acquaintances—friends he had none in his own rank of life—and what he did with his large income was a puzzle to his neighbors, who saw the outside of his quiet, simple life in his comfortable but lonely home, with only servants for his companions. And how were these lookers-on to know that an answer to this question might be found among the poor and suffering of New York, where Jeremiah was known, and there only? To-day he seemed to find difficulty in the task he had set himself, for not a soul in the world was sufficiently dear to him to figure to his satisfaction in the important document he was trying to draw up. Should he found a hospital? Endow churches or alms-houses? Build a retreat for disabled cats and dogs, or an orphan home?

"Only for the whole thing to be mismanaged by a lot of idiots!" he muttered, angrily, as these various projects passed through his brain. "Bah! Perhaps a breath of

BY THE SEA.—"LITTLE HANDS CARESSING STRAY
AND SEEK TO BRING HER THOUGHTS AGAIN."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 47.

JEREMIAH THOMSON'S OATH.—"A PAIR OF SOFT ARMS WERE THROWN AROUND HIS NECK, ACCOMPANIED BY THE FIRST KISS THAT HAD TOUCHED HIS FOREHEAD FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS."—SEE PAGE 47.

fresh air will brighten my wits. Just now, the only idea that suggests itself with any sort of clearness is that Cecil Flemyng's son shall never become my heir!"

Jeremiah Thomson seemed, if possible, more unapproachable that evening than usual, his fellow-members at the club thought, as he gruffly grunted forth the briefest reply to the greetings of some of the more good-natured among them offered, and unsocially ensconcing himself in the most unfrequented corner, he took up a newspaper, and was soon deep in the rise and fall of stocks. When, finally, he left the club, it was to find a decided change in the weather. A glance at the thermometer at the door showed the mercury to have descended several degrees, and the general condition of mud and stickiness left by the rain which had fallen in the morning had been replaced by a treacherous thin ice, covering the puddles, coating the pavements, the houses, the streets—everything—while the driving sleet, blowing directly in Jeremiah's face with blinding, stinging effect, caused him to curse his carelessness in forgetting his umbrella, as he buttoned his overcoat a little closer, and started on his slippery way. But a sort of weakness in the knees and a general feeling of hesitancy and irresolution, told Jeremiah that things with him had changed strangely—something seemed gone that forty years ago would have made this battle with the elements a positive pleasure. Could it be old age creeping upon him?

On he blundered slowly, with bent head and hat drawn far over his eyes, slipping a little here and there, but, on the whole, making a reasonable amount of progress until an unlucky backsliding of his left foot caused the right heel to come wildly and incauticusly down

upon a glaring bit of ice treacherously making even a depression worn in the pavement, which would certainly have brought our old friend's bald head in violent contact with the stones if, just at this opportune moment, a helping hand had not been thrust through his arm, while a cheery, hearty young voice exclaimed:

"Two are better than one on such a night as this, sir! I see you have forgotten your umbrella, so I hope you have no objections to sharing mine, with my company thrown in!"

Jeremiah looked up in surprise, and was about, from mere force of habit, to mutter a gruff refusal of the proffered favor; but the relief afforded by the strong young arm and the shielding umbrella, and perhaps some remnant of shame, changed the uncivil reply into a half-grudging sort of thanks, and the two plodded on, Jeremiah finding that his troubles were comparatively over.

The walk was rather long; but, strange to say, Jeremiah did not find it altogether an unpleasant one. On the contrary, the free and easy, unreserved, yet thoroughly courteous remarks of his companion, not wanting in the deference due from a young man to his senior, had an effect upon him which caused Jeremiah to find himself, to his own secret surprise, when the two men reached his own door, inviting his new acquaintance to dine with him at his club the next day. The company of any one who would dare to laugh and jest so easily with his morose old self was a new sensation to Jeremiah, but this was surely his own fault.

The next day did nothing to change this favorable impression, rather added somewhat to it, as a bond of sympathy was found in the mutual taste of the two men for the game of chess. Five o'clock, the hour of an imperative engagement elsewhere for the younger man, found them deep in a protracted game, the completion of which had to be postponed until the following evening.

As Jeremiah puffed volumes of smoke from his cherished meerschaum that evening alone in his library, he was forced to acknowledge that another new sensation was creeping into his heart, warming it strangely, it seemed to him—he actually heartily liked, and took unfeigned pleasure in, the society of one of his fellow-men.

"Upon my word," he reflected, "I positively don't know the young man's name yet! I must ask him to-morrow, and, perhaps, something about himself and his prospects. By-the-way, I haven't written that abominable will yet! If circumstances had only given me such a son as my new acquaintance, the remembrance of my wealth would be some pleasure, instead of the anxiety it now is. But, certainly, Cecil Flemyng's son shall never inherit it. If I only had a boy of my own!"

And now Jeremiah's thoughts seemed to grow misty and vague. As they gradually separated themselves from the hard, cold realities of to-day, the old man's hair seemed to grow brown and soft again, the blood in his veins warmer and swifter, and the wrinkles in his face smooth, while the wreaths of smoke he was watching, slowly and faintly at first, finally resolved themselves into a woman's face—that of a blue-eyed girl, now smiling at him from the cloud of smoke, then disappearing for an instant in the vapor, only to peep at him again from behind the tantalizing vail. Then some malicious influence seemed to come between them, and Jeremiah's face grew set and stern, as he seemed to see in the smoke the dark, handsome features of the trusted friend of his youth, George Morrison, whose treachery had robbed him of what was dearer than his life, and made him the gloomy, morose old man whom all his neighbors so carefully "let alone."

The pipe was almost burned out now, but the last puff of smoke showed him another girl's face, a laughing, saucy little creature, nodding mischievously at him, scarcely more than a child, his sister Claire, whom he had not seen for twenty-five years, dead now ten years ago.

The pipe went out, and Jeremiah, with a start, came back to the present, the lonely library, the hard, empty world and his own gray hairs; but the softening influence of that vision of bygone days remained for a little while. Yes, he had been hard on his little sister, who had, only in an important affair, insisted upon following the inclinations which all her life previously had been law to all about her. Of course he could never have consented to such a marriage, but he wished now that he had seen his sister just once before she died. Then there was her son. It might be that he had been wronged in making that oath. Of course he must live up to it, but perhaps it was a mistake. Poor little Claire!

Jeremiah's neighbors would scarcely have recognized the crusty, cross-grained old bachelor that evening in the peaceful, gentle face of the man lying dreaming on the sofa, his empty pipe in his hand.

The protracted game of chess finally settled in Jeremiah's favor; a long conversation between the combatants ensued, which drew many a curious glance to that corner of the room.

"What has brought old Thomson out of his shell?" queried one puzzled club member; to which his friend answered, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"Diogenes seems to have lit upon an honest man at last!"

A few kindly put questions from Jeremiah, showing a friendly interest and goodwill impossible to be misconstrued, drew from his companion a perfectly frank account of his position and prospects, as well as of his hopes and ambitions. He was a lawyer, on the first steps of that road where it is so hard to get on, harder to get honor, and hardest to get honest. Clients as yet he had none, his only possessions, in fact, seeming to be an unlimited stock of hope and energy, and a very fair amount of brains; but in all he said there was an honest manliness, a steady, straightforward firmness of purpose, a courageous, happy confidence in himself and the world about him, with a fund of hope and faith in the future, which pleased and touched his world-weary, embittered auditor strangely.

"By-the-way, my young friend," remarked Jeremiah, breaking into a pause in the long conversation, "among all these questions which I have been rude enough to put to you, I have omitted one which should have been asked the first of all. I don't even know your name."

"'Pon my word, I am a stupid—never to have introduced myself properly!" laughed the young man. "My name, sir, is Lloyd Flemyng."

"Flemyng!" cried Jeremiah, with an amount of energy which rather astonished his companion. "Can it be that you are in any way connected with Cecil Flemyng?"

"Cecil Flemyng was my father; he died five years ago," answered the young man, quietly and steadily enough, though his cheek reddened slightly.

"The deuce he was!" exclaimed Jeremiah, explosively. "I beg your pardon. I knew your mother once before her marriage. Did you never hear her speak of Jeremiah Thomson?"

"I never heard anything of mother's early friends, except that she cut herself entirely adrift from them when she married. Are you going, Mr. Thomson? May I offer you half of my umbrella again? I see it is snowing."

The only answer vouchsafed to this well-meant offer

was a profane and discourteous wish in regard to the umbrella and its owner, muttered as Jeremiah hastily took his departure, and many a day passed before Lloyd Flemyng saw his eccentric friend again.

Jeremiah seemed to have grown years older as he sat at home lost in thought that evening, too much absorbed in his reflections to heed even his beloved pipe lying neglected on the mantel. Yes, the old man had lost something that day which he morbidly told himself could never exist for him again; he had lost confidence in himself, almost self-respect, as he looked back over the long years of his life, and, utterly blind to any good things which he had done, saw with startling evidences his folly in allowing the treachery of one man to embitter him against all his fellow-creatures, and wither all generous, unselfish impulses which might have caused him to carry light and gladness where now he was only a churlish, unloved member of the community, to be shunned and feared. And how cruel and heartless he had shown himself to his sister, in thus deserting her at the beginning of what he knew must prove her hour of need! Had the cloud which separated him only two short years later from the woman he had so loved been sent as a sort of retribution for his utter lack of sympathy with his sister, when she, too, had so entiringly and trustingly given her heart away?

"Surely my sins have found me out," the old man muttered, as he thought of the nephew from whom he had an hour before so abruptly parted, and whom he was already growing to love with an affection which all these years seemed to have been keeping in reserve for him.

How proud and happy he would have been to take this young man into his lonely, unloved life, and make the care of his future the absorbing interest of his declining years, which now seemed to stretch so gray and empty before him! But of this happiness he deprived himself by that wicked, heartless oath which he now would have given the half of his wealth to recall, but which he never dreamed of breaking. No, he could never hope to make good to the son in the smallest degree the injury he had done the mother. His punishment was hard, but he acknowledged the justice of it.

It was nearly two weeks after that Jeremiah sat in his accustomed corner at the club, looking much as usual to an ordinary observer, but certainly engaged in a most unusual and incongruous occupation—he was reading a love-letter! He had merely dropped in for a moment to refresh his memory in regard to an advertisement in yesterday's paper, and, without laying aside his overcoat, soon found what he sought. Concluding to cut out the advertisement for future use, he hastily thrust his hand into one of his overcoat-pockets, where he always carried a knife, but only came upon a small piece of paper folded like a letter.

"I thought something would happen when I was fool enough to leave my overcoat in that thieves' den of a dressing-room at the theatre last night!" he muttered, testily. "It is lucky that I left nothing more valuable in my pockets. But what is this? I don't usually leave letters or bills in my overcoat"; and he opened the paper and read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: All night I have been sitting in my room trying to look the future in the face—a future that I at last see so clearly you and I must pass apart; and now, just as the dawn is breaking, I am writing you a sad farewell, for I have finally resolved to put an end to this weary struggle, and tell you plainly that I can never be your wife. It would be worse than useless for me to disguise the feeling I have for you, my love. My heart has been yours alone since I have known you, and will be true to you in all the weary years I may still have to live. To become your wife seems to me to be the happiest fate in this world; but duty must come before happiness, my love, or how could the latter exist at all? You are sure to make for yourself an honorable position in the end, but I well know that years of toil and struggle lie before you, in which I, instead of being any assistance, could only be a weight to keep you back. This on your side; for myself, even if everything else were favorable, how could I ever leave an invalid mother, with no help or dependence but myself and my exertions?"

So far Jeremiah had read, when an odd sort of feeling that he was doing something very like breaking into a sanctuary, caused him to reverently fold the letter, without reading further, and to restore it to his pocket. As he did so, the name signed caught his eye—"Ernestine Eyre Morrison!"

"Ernestine Eyre!" he muttered, dropping the letter on the table before him, and gazing at it with eyes that somehow grew strangely misty. "How many events have taken place lately to bring back the past! Can it be that I am on the trace of my lost Ernestine? It must be; the name is not common enough to admit of a doubt. Surely it was the hand of Providence that placed this letter in my way. What a noble creature the writer of it must be! Can it be Ernestine's daughter? Thank God! there is an address on the letter: 122 ——— Street, Philadelphia. I shall follow the clew immediately!"

* * * * * *

"Can you tell me the way to ——— Street, young lady?" asked a thick-set, stern-looking gentleman, not altogether prepossessing in appearance—our friend Jeremiah, in fact—one evening, a few days later, addressing a young girl who had stopped for a moment before one of the most attractive of Philadelphia's many tempting shop-windows.

The girl turned, and as Jeremiah met the glance of a pair of deep-blue eyes, looking gravely at him from under the heavily-fringed lids, he started violently, and drew a deep breath, feeling as if the ghost of his vanished youth had risen up before him; then, without leaving the young lady time to reply, he went on:

"I am going to your home, Miss Morrison; perhaps you will kindly act as my guide. I am a very old friend of your mother's, whom I have not seen for over twenty years, and recognized you by your likeness to her. I hope you will allow me to accompany you."

How many years was it since Jeremiah Thomson had so humbly and deferentially asked a favor? Surely some strangely humanizing influence was at work within him.

"Certainly, sir," answered the girl, quickly; "we have a very short distance to go."

Neither Jeremiah nor his guide spoke again until they stood at the door of a dwelling so small as to scarcely aspire to the name of a house, when the young lady asked her companion to wait in the hall while she prepared her mother for his visit.

"We have but one sitting-room," she explained, simply.

The next moment, Jeremiah, trembling a little, and with eyes full of a mist which for an instant obscured everything, was standing beside the sofa of his early love, while the voice which he had thought never to hear again save in his dreams was bidding him welcome. In afterward looking back upon the hour which followed, it seemed to him that more of his life had been compressed into it than in all the dreary twenty years which had gone before.

In that short time forgiveness had been sought and found, dark places made clear, wounds healed, hidden motives brought to light, and above all a cold, hardened heart, aching with the burden of its own chill

misanthropy and cynicism, softened by the influence of the woman whose image had never wholly faded from it.

"And now tell me of your daughter," he said, shortly before his departure. "Her face tells her goodness. But is she happy?"

"She is a good girl, indeed," replied the mother, sighing. "But with her lies my deepest grief. It is useless to deny what our surroundings must show you, that we are very poor; but you cannot know that, since her father's death, almost our only means of subsistence are supplied by my noble girl, who works patiently, day after day, teaching music and French, while far from

SALOME, DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY REGNAULT.

making any complaint at the dreariness and emptiness of her young life, she is the light and gladness of our little home ; but that is not the worst. For a year she has been betrothed to a young lawyer in New York, to whom she is devotedly attached. He returns her affection fully, but last week she decidedly put an end to the engagement, and all for my sake, I know. She has sacrificed herself and her love to her mother without a murmur, even without acknowledging that it is so, declaring that it is only because the young man has not the means to support a wife."

MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO.— ADVENTURE OF A MULE.— SEE PAGE 56.

"Bless my soul !" cried Jeremiah, in much excitement. "I wonder if there is any man living good enough for that girl ? What did you say the fellow's name is ?"

"I don't think I have told you yet. His name is Lloyd Flemyng."

"The deuce !" shouted Jeremiah. Then, seeing Mrs. Morrison's look of startled reproach, searching wildly in his mind for an expletive suitable for feminine ears: "I—I mean—good gracious ! Here's a nice sort of *dénouement!* I beg your pardon, Mrs. Morrison ; I happen to know something of the young man, and, upon my word, nothing could please me better than this news. We must see how this matter can be brought right. For old acquaintance' sake, Ernestine, you must forgive me if I take a sort of fatherly interest in your girl, and meddle in her affairs most abominably. You can scarcely imagine how alone I am in the world, and what a blessed difference it would make in my life to have some one but myself to think of. Will you make me happy during the remainder of my life by allowing me to make your girl's future my care ?"

"It would take the greatest load from my heart," answered Mrs. Morrison, her voice trembling.

Jeremiah's visit in Philadelphia lasted only four days, but in that time a great deal was accomplished, and certainly Jeremiah could remember but few happier days in his life. He left Mrs. Morrison and her daughter installed in a large house on one of the brightest and airiest streets of the city, surrounded with every comfort and as many luxuries as he could induce them to accept. Miss Morrison's pupils had been informed that they must find

another instructress, and scarcely had an hour passed since the grateful little family had bidden a brief farewell to their benefactor, when a letter to this effect from one of the prominent lawyers of the city was handed to the completely overwhelmed Ernestine:

"MISS ERNESTINE MORRISON, DEAR MADAM: We are requested to say that we have this day paid into the —— Bank $50,000 to your account, the gift of Jeremiah Thomson, of New York. The sum is at your disposition, awaiting your orders.

"Yours, respectfully, D——."

Immediately upon reaching New York, Jeremiah sought his nephew at the address the young man had previously given him. Fortunately he was at home, and Jeremiah, with his customary abruptness, lost no time in broaching the object of his visit.

"My dear boy," he began, after the first greetings were over, "I have a story to tell you, which will certainly surprise, if it does not please, you. Did you ever know that your mother had a brother?"

"No, Mr. Thomson. My mother never spoke of her family, and I fancied she was an only child."

"And she never told you of the brother who heartlessly cast her off at her marriage, and never offered help or sympathy in all the trials which followed that unlucky event? Your uncle is not a pleasant sort of man, Lloyd, but such as he is, he now stands before you; will you give him your hand?" Then, as the young man hesitated and drew back a little: "I like you the better, my boy, for resenting your mother's wrongs, but I honestly repent my conduct at that time, and would give years of my life to be able to atone for it!"

And Lloyd Flemyng cordially shook the hand extended to him.

"It is better to have matters understood at once, Lloyd," said Jeremiah, a few moments later. "I swore once that I would never assist you financially during my lifetime, nor should you inherit any of my property, and this oath I cannot, of course, retract. Yesterday I made a will, bequeathing everything I have to the daughter of an old friend. I cannot give you the money which in justice should be yours, but if you should happen to take a fancy to this young lady, and she puts no obstacle in your way, I, of course, should have no right to interfere."

"Mr. Thomson," answered his nephew, rather haughtily, "the interest you seem to take in my affairs is, doubtless, kindly meant, but I hope to be able to support myself without the assistance of a wife. I have no intention of marrying at present."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed rude Jeremiah, rubbing his hands in glee, while his nettled and astonished nephew scowled darkly at him, until a few apologetic words restored something like order.

"You are not looking well, my boy; rather down in the mouth, in fact," remarked Jeremiah, before taking his departure. "I am going to Philadelphia to-morrow for a few days. Come with me; a little change may help you. I should like you to call on the young lady I spoke of."

"Very well, uncle, I will go," answered Lloyd, flushing a little as his uncle spoke of Philadelphia; "but I must remind you that your scheme in regard to the lady can certainly come to nothing."

"All right, my boy!" responded Jeremiah, cheerfully. "I dare say she wouldn't have you. But before I go I will trouble you for my overcoat in exchange for this one I have been wearing for the past week."

"And was it really your coat I was stupid enough to take at the theatre, instead of my own? What a strange coincidence!" cried Lloyd, in surprise. "I have been trying ever since to find an owner for the property I appropriated. What put you upon the right scent?"

"I will explain that when I have more time," replied Jeremiah, glancing at his companion with an odd expression, very mysterious to the latter, after which he rather hastily took his departure.

Jeremiah left his nephew alone in Mrs. Morrison's pretty drawing-room the next day, pondering upon the fallibility of human judgment.

"All along I have been taking my respected relative for a regular thundercloud of the stormiest kind," he reflected, "and suddenly he shows himself to be such a loquacious, jolly old cove, that I should certainly have suspected him of taking a drop or two more than was good for him, if he hadn't been so uncommonly clear about those business matters we were talking over this morning."

Meanwhile Jeremiah, on his way to prepare Mrs. Morrison for what was about to take place, met Ernestine in the hall. The young girl began a few eager, tremulous words of gratitude for the last great benefit she had received from her mother's friend, but was interrupted.

"Never mind that now, my dear. The nephew of whom I told you is in the drawing-room. Kindness shown to him is the best thanks you can give me."

And the unsuspecting girl entered the room, leaving Jeremiah chuckling to himself from pure lightheartedness. The old man was certainly growing young again.

The occupants of the drawing-room had been left to themselves for nearly an hour, when Jeremiah, with several significant, premonitory coughs, and much unnecessary rattling of the door-knob, finally entered; but, in spite of the ample time so considerately given, matters seemed to have progressed very slowly. A few almost incoherent words of gratitude and a shake, or rather wringing, of the hand, which spoke volumes from Lloyd, and—yes, actually!—a pair of soft arms around his neck, accompanied by the first kiss that had touched his forehead for twenty-five years, were the greetings to which the old man had to submit, followed by Ernestine, exclaiming, in a voice which seemed wavering between tears and laughter, while her sweet face glowed as red as the roses in the *étagère*:

"You will help me, I know, Mr. Thomson, but what will you think of me when I tell you that all this time I have been imploring your nephew to marry me, and he objects because I am no longer poor. He hasn't quite consented yet."

"My dear, I have forgotten my cane; will you go to your mother's room and bring it?" answered Jeremiah, irrelevantly, and the young girl obediently went to do his bidding.

"Lloyd," began Jeremiah, when the two men were alone, laying his hand on his nephew's shoulder, and gazing at him with eyes full of an earnest gravity, contrasting strongly with his previous demeanor, "I can, of course, scarcely hope my words to have more effect with you than those of the girl who just left us; but as every little helps, perhaps the knowledge that my hopes of peace and happiness during my few remaining years depend mainly upon your decision, may induce you to change your mind. As I told you before, I swore long ago that you should never inherit my wealth, but I did not tell you that this has been weighing upon my heart and conscience ever since I knew you—to whom alone my money should hereafter justly belong—until now a merciful Providence has seemed to intervene and—by your marriage with the girl whom I had already made my heiress before I knew of your connection with her—avert the

consequences of that rash, cruel oath. Will you allow a mistaken pride to destroy the happiness of three people, my boy? How could I hope to meet your mother in the hereafter if I had carried my vindictive, revengeful spirit to the grave—or, what is the same, had done nothing to ward off its evil results? I don't profess to be disinterested, you see, but men are apt to grow selfish as old age comes on after a life spent alone, and this has grown to be such a bright hope to my heart, Lloyd: such a blessed release from the web in which my own folly has entangled me."

"Uncle," exclaimed Lloyd, cordially, "I could have resisted Ernestine about five minutes longer, I fancy; but if anything could have been needed to add weight to her words, it would be what you have said, for certainly your kindness to Ernestine when she sorely needed a friend, gives you every claim upon my gratitude. Here she is now."

"I am so sorry that your cane is not to be found, Mr. Thomson," said the young girl, as she entered the room. "Could you have——"

"Oh, never mind; it is probably in the hall with my hat," interrupted Jeremiah, cheerfully. "I dare say you two can spare me now, my dear, so I will say good-by for a few days. Don't forget, Lloyd, my boy, we must return to New York by the five o'clock train."

As he smokes in his library again in the evening, Jeremiah is scarcely conscious that he is alone, so filled seems the place with pleasant visions of the future, and the pictures that his life's one tried and true friend—his pipe—shows him, all tell of an old age of peace and usefulness. Regretful memories of the past, that now and then arise, only make brighter in comparison the hopes of the future, where glad young faces about his fireside seem to restore his own youth, while chubby baby fingers close and cause to be forgotten like a tale that is told the dreary, selfish record of years.

"Yes," he murmured, softly, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and restored it to its velvet case, "I have kept my oath, and yet I think little Claire would be satisfied."

A QUEEN'S NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

A NOTED antiquarian, Dr. Drake, has expressed the opinion that the wardrobe and jewelry of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by these annual contributions on New Year's Day. He cites lists of the New Year's gifts presented to her, and from these it appears that the greater part, if not all, the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the Queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master-cook, sergeant of the pastry, etc., gave New Year's gifts to Her Majesty—consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, trinkets, wearing apparel, etc. The peeresses gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, scent-bags, doublets, mantles, etc. Although the Queen made presents in return, she took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favor.

A TALKING DOG.—The learned Liebnitz drew the attention of the French Academy to a dog which a Saxon peasant-boy had trained to pronounce certain words. The animal was three years old when its lessons commenced, and after three years' patient and daily tuition it could articulate thirty words, calling for tea, chocolate, and other things, repeating the words after its master on every occasion, and with great apparent reluctance.

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES.

IN troublous times, when the worship was changed to "the Presbyteriall way," lived, in the parish of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, London, the notable person called by the quaint and forbidding name of Mr. Praise-God Barebones.

To say that he was a Puritan is not defining his character very accurately, for that class of men were composed of great varieties of character and principles. He was a leather-seller in Fleet Street, and possessed a house near Crane Court, known by the name of the Lock and Key; we first hear of him as preaching in a conventicle in Fetter Lane, in the year 1641, along with Mr. Green, a feltmaker. What was the subject of his discourse we do not know, but he probably held forth against the faithlessness of the King and his party, and against prelatical domination in the Church.

In the year 1648 the vestry voted that all who had served the office of constable of the parish and upward should belong to the vestry, except such as were scandalous in their lives and conversation. At the succeeding vestry meeting Mr. Praise-God Barebones is named as constable, and he afterward appears in the following year, 1649, as Common Councilman.

At this time the title of Saint, as applied to St. Dunstan, was dropped, being thought to savor of idolatry, and the parish is called for a few years by the name of the Parish of Dunstan's. Our friend Barebones's opinion gained strength and influence in the vestry, and we may see this indicated in the following language, used in the records of that time: In the year 1650, it is ordered that "six pounds shall be paid to Mr. Strong, the lecturer, for his extraordinary paynes in preaching in the afternoon."

In 1653 Oliver Cromwell, with the well-known scene in the House of Commons, dissolved the Long Parliament, and in their stead he called a new kind of Parliament of his own, issuing summons "for divers persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty." About 120 of them came together on July 4th, 1653, and sat continuously till December 12th, in the same year. This Parliament has been called Barebones's Parliament, because this worthy parishioner of St. Dunstan's was a member of it. It has been the fashion to cry it down as an assembly of hypocritical and fanatical men, but if we look at what was attempted and passed by them, though it was afterward repealed, we see nothing to justify such censure, but rather the contrary. They were hasty, enthusiastic, and too little acquainted with the art of legislating, but they only desired to bring about reforms, many of which the British people are anxiously endeavoring to achieve at present. As Carlyle says, "it was the first and last attempt at bringing religion heart and soul into the management of politics, and it did not fail in itself, but in not satisfying the expectations of those who set it up in order to knock it down."

Barebones often spoke in this Parliament, and was evidently an active member of it, although we should certainly have had a better opinion of him had he not so often been connected with sequestrations and spoliations. He seems to have been a thorough-going Puritan, but much more consistent as such than those who, as Blake and George Monk, were joined with him as members of that Parliament. It was dissolved at the end of 1653, and we do not hear of Barebones till 1659, when we find him appointed Comptroller of Sequestrations, at a salary of £300 a year. This office, however, he did not hold long, for the tide was on the turn; the word "Saint"

COOKING SUPPER.

reappears in the registers as applied to St. Dunstan, and Charles II. was preparing to return.

Barebones made one last effort to prevent it, and raised the feeling of the people to such a pitch of excitement that Monk, who was already planning the King's return, trembled for the success of his measures, and used all the means in his power to frustrate the opposition of the stanch republican. Nothing daunted, Barebones appeared before Parliament with a petition, desiring that no one should be admitted to any public office who should favor the return of the rule of Charles Stuart, or of any *one* person, and prayed for the passing of a law declaring that to entertain the wish for this should be a crime of high treason.

But the tide had now fairly turned against Barebones, both in the Parliament and in the city, through the presence of Monk's army; and if we suppose ourselves walking down from Whitehall with Samuel Pepys on the night of the 11th of February, 1660, we shall see all Fleet Street in a blaze of fire, from the bonfires lighted to celebrate the success of the soldiers in getting the better of the Parliament; there were no fewer than fourteen bonfires between Temple Bar and St. Dunstan's; and on looking into Pepys's Diary of the day after, we find that the boys of that time were like the boys of this, and had their share, and probably a large one, in the disturbance; for we read: "The boys had last night broke Barebones's windows"; and this was repeated on the 21st, for we read in the journal of the 22d: "I observed this day how abominably Barebones's windows were broken last night."

And yet this was simply because our friend kept to his point and remained the same, while others altered. If he had been the troublesome and unprincipled fanatic which Hume, Clarendon, Macaulay, and others, represent him to have been, he would have been afterward molested or turned out of the country; but he continued peaceably in St. Dunstan's, attending the vestry for a year after the Restoration, and only ceasing to be found there when vestrymen were elected by a different rule. The last occasion on which we hear of him is, when he appeared on an appeal before Mr. Justice Hale and other judges, who sat in the Hall of Clifford's Inn, to hear and settle complaints as to the boundaries and rights of property destroyed by the calamitous fire of London, which had consumed his house in Crane Court.

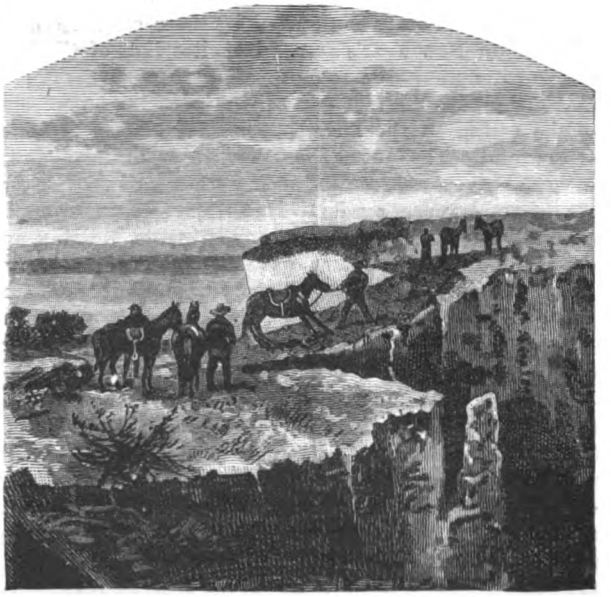
MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO.

By Alvan S. Southworth.

Colorado, recent as has been her admission to the Federal sisterhood, enjoys the deserved reputation of being the chief sanitary State of the Union. Thither hie from all lands tourists who are afflicted with pulmonary disorders, who are rheumatic or dyspeptic, in a state of nervous prostration, or worried or dilapidated by business cares and the manifold worries which belong to all degrees of Old and New World civilization. Bodily and mental repair are speedily obtained by those who will go there and abandon the cities and organized routes of travel; who will go into the mountains west of the Main Divide provided with appropriate camp equipage, shoot deer, mountain-sheep, grouse, elk, bear and antelope, and bait for trout in the cool and swift streams which water this great mountain upheaval. The lowlands of Colorado in this longitude are about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the loftiest peaks, like those of Uncompahgre and others lying in the lateral ranges to northward, reach summits nearly 15,000 feet above the ocean tide.

From any mountain-top superb views of the vast outlying country can be had, taking in a view on a clear day embracing an area as large as the State of Massachusetts, and affording distinct vistas in all directions, where one can count as many as 300 peaks rising above the horizon, with green bottoms watered by wide and numerous streams, on whose banks may be seen, drinking of the refreshing rivers, the wild animal life, from the doe and the roe to the gigantic elk, from which latter these mountains take their name.

But it is the camp life which is the health-restorer, which brings color to the cheek, vivacious spirits, a strong appetite, sweet sleep, and hard, manly flesh, and a hearty ringing voice, strengthening the lungs, and giving energy to the frame and a wonderful and renewed elasticity to the mind. This is, perhaps, because all is primitive freshness—that the food is rich and that no French *cuisine*, iced drinks, or death-dealing stimulants are either craved or obtainable. Even to the laziest native disposition there is little tendency to lay or bask in idleness. The scene, the opportunity, the very air invite constant effort, and the health-seeker is not slow to



CROSSING THE RIDGE.

become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the mountaineer.

Let us look at a day of camp life as we draw it from our memory of happy experiences had among these mountains.

The fatigue of ten hours in the saddle going from peak to valley is healthy in the end, but as the closing hours of the day draw on, a hungering for repose is evident in the serious mien and silent tongue.

The pack-train does not come to its camping-ground, therefore, with the joyous hilarity, flux of spirits, with which it sets out in the morning. If the march has been a serious one—thirty miles up-hill and down-dale—the mules are jaded, the horses catch at the green shrubs for a passing bit of provender, and the packs become cruel burden. The head packer, the all-in-all of the expedition (for such may be called a properly organized party, the basis of which is congeniality), assumes the gravity of the executive officer of a ship bringing the vessel to anchor in an unprotected roadstead. Like the thoughtful seaman, he must ignore the men and consider the safety of the cargo and transport, for they are menaced by many dangers. His first anxiety is water. The camp must be pitched beside a stream. He must have timber for the cook, grasses for the animals, and a mountain-locked park, so that they cannot wander to a fugitive distance; for by sunrise the animals must be again at our tent-doors for a fresh start. Such a place the head packer found one evening on the bank of the Roaring Fork—a swift mountain stream in the Elk Mountains. The men descended the side-hill of a deep gulch, thickly timbered by spruce and pine; in the bottom below were acres of waving grasses, and here and there the conical Indian lodges, showing that it had been a favorite camping-ground of the Utes. The head of the train, the cook, mounted on a large bay horse, forded an arm of the Roaring Fork, and the "outfit" came to a halt in the shadow of a steep mountain. Alternate showers of rain and bursts of sunshine, common in the Elk Range, were giving variety to every hour. The cook selected a large cedar under which to build his fire. He unpacked his mess-boxes, took them there for shelter, while the party assisted to unload the other mules, placing the cargo in line of battle, near the mess-boxes, covering all with tarpaulins. The five tents were up in the twinkling of an eye. The horses and mules with long lariats are turned loose to graze, the bell-horse keeping up the monotonous ringing which keeps them in common company. When dusk comes on the packers go out to picket the animals at half-lariat, and the truant occasions no little trouble and anxiety. It generally takes two mounted men, who are swift riders, to drive him to the rendezvous; and this is not accomplished without a cunning resolve, stubbornly adhered to on the part of the mules, to make the chase a lively affair indeed.

The mule is the locomotive of the forest. Without him what could indeed be done? He is intelligent, "shifty," clear-headed, sure-footed, patient, and, withal, a picturesque and fairly good companion. He captures your heart, too, and you know him by such names as "Haggy," "Jake," "Mollie," and "Mike"—an indignity you would not think of putting on the superb and magisterial horse. Under way the mule is alert in keeping sure that he is on solid ground, although he sometimes touches on a treacherous bog, when his spasmodic action is a rapid exhibition of *sauve qui peut*. On one occasion during the expedition the pack-mule on the brow of a side hill 600 feet high, with all of the scientific notes and valuable instruments of the party, embracing three months' labor of the scientific corps, valued at $30,000, missed his footing on the Elk trail, slipped into a bog, and went rolling over and over down the mountain-side, and was only arrested in his downward flight into the deep and precipitous cañon, 2,000 feet below, by a slender sapling, which proved the salvation of animal and pack. In the fallen timber, caused by storm and forest-fire, they show great astuteness, as also when threading the narrow passages which connect great upheavals of columnar rocks, where, if they made a false step, they would be dashed to pieces in the chasms thousands of feet below. These dangers are faithfully portrayed by the artist.

IN THE FALLEN TIMBER.

Parties seeking the mountains are already outfitting at Denver, Cañon City and Leadville, and beyond the Main Divide, and they usually spend three months in this health-giving life in valley and in mountain-top, whence thousands annually return with renewed constitutions to tell their friends who go to Saratoga, Long Branch and Newport that, after all, Summer fashionable dissipation may be cheerful for the time, but that there is nothing so salutary for a fresh ten-years lease of health as "roughing it" in the wilds of Colorado.

GLASS MIRRORS.—It is in the thirteenth century that we find the first undoubted mention of glass mirrors covered at the back with tin or lead. Johannes Peckham, or Peccam, an English Franciscan monk, who taught at Oxford, Paris, and Rome, and who died in 1292, wrote, about the year 1279, a treatise on optics, which was once printed. In this work, besides mirrors made of iron, steel, and polished marble, the author not only speaks often of glass mirrors, but says, also, that they were covered on the back with lead, and that no image was reflected when the lead was scraped off.

THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF SCOTLAND.

THE Scottish nation has in every age been famed for its poetry and music. The poems of Ossian, written at a period when Scotland had scarcely assumed the garb of civilization, bear testimony to the conspicuous part she has played in the cultivation of the muse, and her poets, more than those of any other country, embody in their works the leading characteristics of their nationality. In her music, Scotland fills a no less honored place than in her poetry.

Of the precise state of national music in Scotland, history affords no information prior to the fifteenth century. The artless simplicity and emotional feeling which characterize several of the older airs would lead to the conclusion that they must have been the product of a very remote age, before any musical instrument was introduced beyond that of the shepherd's pipe, with its plain, diatonic scale of full tones, and before the application of any rules of composition such as now prevail. It has been conjectured by some writers that several of the Scottish airs were composed by James I. of Scotland, though there is no positive evidence to lead to such a conclusion. It has been frequently asserted that the Scotch owe many of their melodies to Rizzio; but we think a little inquiry will show that this is nothing more than a vulgar conjecture. Rizzio was by birth an Italian, and is said to have received his education in France. He came to Scotland as a lutenist to the court, and remained only three years. For more than a century and a half after his death there is no hint that Rizzio every composed any music in any style.

Granting that Rizzio was a first-rate musician—of which there is no historical evidence—it is extremely improbable that any one single Scottish air was invented or composed by the unfortunate Rizzio.

In examining the melodies of Scotland we are struck by the almost complete absence of semitones, and the general elimination from the scale of two of its notes. These peculiarities are not to be looked upon as the result of ignorance or barbarity, but are conformable to the principles of composition which prevailed in Scotland in the remote period at which these airs were produced. The common major scale, as now used, was unknown in Scotland until a comparatively recent date. The difficulty of producing the fourth of the scale in proper tune, and of fingering the seventh in quick passages, was admitted; and it is not improbable that this may have acted as a deterrent against the use of these notes in the construction of the popular airs. It is evident, at least, that the limited scale of the national instrument had considerable effect in determining the style of music in general use. Such melodic forms as G, F, G, at the end of lines, or even A, G, A, need not have been so persistently employed had the voice been the only consideration. But while to modern ears such progressions sound inartistic, it is partly from their use that the national music of Scotland receives its peculiar coloring.

Modern arrangers have, in many cases, destroyed these rough and weird cadences, by altering them to suit the exigencies of harmony, forgetting that they were composed without reference to the rules of part-writing. In this way the beautiful air, "John Anderson, my Jo," has suffered by the penultimate note having been changed from a natural to a raised seventh, in order, we are told, to form a true leading note!

Another peculiarity of Scottish music is the frequent use of what has been termed the "snap." This consists of a short note followed by a longer one, the former receiving the accent. The dance-music of Scotland overflows with this characteristic device, but many vocal pieces also contain specimens more or less marked. Examples may be found in the well-known airs, "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Whistle o'er the lave o't," in both of which a semiquaver on the accented part of the bar is frequently followed by a dotted quaver.

The excessive popularity of Scottish music in England during the reign of Queen Mary led to many unprincipled Londoners concocting Scotch tunes, and dispatching them over the Border as melodies of native composition. At several of the places of amusement in London it was customary for those in charge of the musical affairs to manufacture their own Scotch songs. The following, taken from one of these spurious songs, is contemptible:

> "Woe is me, what *mun I doe?*
> Drinking water I may rue;
> Since my heart *soe muckle* harm befel,
> Wounded by a bonnie lass at Epsom well.
> *Ise ha bin* at Dalkeith fair,
> Seen the charming faces there;
> But all Scotland now *geud feth defye,*
> *Sike a lipp* to show, and lovely rowling eye."

The italics are ours. Many more songs of a like character may be found in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and Mr. Chappell has referred to the subject in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time." The music of Scotland is of a much more extensive nature than might at first be supposed. If we were to reckon up all the vocal pieces—including many traditional ballad airs—pibrochs, strathspeys, reels, marches, hornpipes, jigs and battle-pieces, the number would probably reach 7,000 or 8,000.

MY FIRST QUEZAL.

By C. N.

"*Esta café, Don Carlos!*"

I WAS dreaming of home. Was once more surrounded by the dear home folks, and enjoying the sweet home pleasures, when these words recalled me to the realities of life, and I gathered my scattered faculties, to find myself in an Indian's hut, on the slope of the volcano Yrazu, in Costa Rica, Central America. A sputtering candle standing on the rude table was making a sickly attempt to light up the single room of the "adobe" hut, the faint glimmer of early dawn being excluded by the heavy shutters over the only window.

Francisca, the Indian girl who acted as housekeeper in this establishment, had placed some *tortillas* (a thin cake made of maize, and innocent of yeast or salt) and a cup of coffee upon the table, and it was her voice that had broken in upon my pleasant dreams with the announcement that coffee was ready. Having learned to appreciate the custom, prevalent throughout Spanish America, of drinking a cup of this fragrant beverage the first thing in the morning, I obeyed the summons at once. Having accomplished this duty, I strapped on my "machete" (a long, swordlike knife), slung my collecting-basket over my shoulder, took down my shotgun, and was prepared for the business for which the United States National Museum had sent me to that out-of-the-way corner of the world, *i. e.*, the collecting of birds and other objects of natural history.

The previous day, Francisco, the brother of Francisca, had brought me a single, golden-green feather, which I recognized as belonging to the Paradise trogon (*Phasomacrus mocirino*), or Quezal, the sacred bird of the ancient Aztecs.

Francisco told me that he knew where there were "muchas" of these birds, and being exceedingly ambitious to secure specimens, I had gladly accepted his offer to guide me to their haunts on the wooded heights of the volcano.

This expedition was the particular order of the day of which I write. My guide met me at the door with a pleasant "Buenos dias, señor." He was accompanied by his little son, Juan, a bright-eyed, ragged little rascal of about ten years, who carried a bag containing our dinner slung over his shoulder. The first flush of the morning barely tinged the east, and the glorious constellation of the Southern Cross was still undimmed as we started on our tramp up the mountain-side in the cool, fragrant air of the tropical morning.

The occasional twitter of some frightened sparrow or angry scolding of a disturbed wren, and frequent "Car-r-rambas!" from my guide, as he stubbed his bare toes in the darkness, were the only sounds heard as we trudged along the windings of the ascent.

But twilight is of short duration in the tropics, and the sun was shining brightly almost before we knew it, and the woods were filled with the melodies of thousands of feathered songsters. The prevalent idea that tropical birds are not good musicians is a slander on some of God's best vocalists, for never in my life have I heard sweeter bird-music than frequently bursts from the woods and fields of Costa Rica. And especially in early morning do these lovely choristers delight to give their spontaneous concerts.

Having proceeded about four miles, we came to a cane hut in a clearing, which Francisco proudly called his "hacienda!"

While he was tying up a break in his house with some strong, flexible wires, I improved the time by shooting several specimens of a pretty woodpecker (*Melanerpes striatipectus*), which was very abundant there.

We then plunged into the deep forest, Francisco going in front, following, as if by instinct, a trail imperceptible to more civilized eyes, and constantly slashing to right and left with his murderous-looking "machete," handling it with surprising dexterity as he cleared away the constantly impeding vines and underbrush. Every now and then he would stop to point out some interesting specimen, and upon the report of the gun plunged into the thicket to secure the prize, bringing it to me with many a congratulatory pat on the shoulder and affectionate caress of my shotgun, which he never seemed tired of admiring, and to which he gave the suggestive name "El Diabolo."

Although amazingly lazy in all other pursuits, the Costa Rican Indian is passionately fond of hunting, and tireless and active in its pursuit.

I could always secure native companions, who would follow and serve me all day, partly for the sport and partly to secure my empty paper shotgun shells, though what earthly use they made of them I never could discover.

At noon, having selected a cool place in an open glade, we investigated the contents of little Juan's dinner-bag, and enjoyed the tortillas, meat and salt as we lazily watched the gorgeous humming-birds swarming around a flowering tree close by, and admired the gleaming, quivering iridescence of their plumage, or wondered at the blazing colors of the orchids, which fairly clothed the grand old tropical forest.

Our repast over, we proceeded on up the mountain side, securing several valuable specimens, but no Quezals, until the guide reluctantly admitted that we had passed through that part of the forest where he had seen them before, and we turned our faces homeward.

I was disappointed. Francisco had been so sure of finding them, and I so longed to get a shot at them, that I had to summon all my philosophy not to be a trifle "down in the mouth," and was just beginning to be resigned when we suddenly heard a loud chorus of querulous, parrot-like notes.

Francisco fairly danced for joy as he eagerly signaled me to follow him to the spot whence the sound proceeded.

We necessarily made some noise in cutting our way through the undergrowth of bamboos, so dense as to be impenetrable without the constant use of the "machete." The notes ceased as suddenly as they had begun, but we had taken our bearings, and worked toward the spot in a bee-line, till Francisco stopped, and pointing upward, uttered the single word, "Quezal!"

Looking up as directed, I saw, perhaps, twenty of these gorgeous creatures circling round the top of a lofty tree, some fifty yards distant, as though disturbed, but still reluctant to leave it.

Their flight was extremely graceful, being in easy curves, which displayed their wonderful plumes to the best possible advantage as they streamed backward in gentle undulations, and glinted in the sunlight like golden pennants, forming a beautiful contrast with the rich crimson breasts of the birds.

Lost in admiration, I was, for the time, utterly oblivious of my gun, and the purpose for which I was there. The long-looked for moment came and passed without my even thinking of securing the prize before me, until the birds ceased their airy evolutions, and made off as if seized with a sudden premonition of danger.

They did not fly far, however, and, having marked the tree in which they lit, we once more pushed and cut our way through the tangled mass of vegetation till we were directly under it.

But, strange to say, although we had seen the exact spot where they lit, and knew that they could not have left without our knowledge, we failed to see them, and looked in vain for several minutes, until keen-eyed little Juan uttered an exclamation of delight, and eagerly pointed out the spot where he declared he saw a Quezal. His father soon discovered it also, and, silently pointing upward, endeavored to show it to me. But his eyes were sharper than mine, and I looked long and carefully without success, although my guides were doing their best to aid me, fairly quivering with excitement, as they gesticulated wildly and whispered a thousand directions in such rapid Spanish that I failed to understand a word.

Finally, just as my friends were driven fairly frantic by my stupidity, I noticed a slight movement of what I had mistaken for the long streamers of the parasitic plants with which the tree was covered. Following them up with my eye, I discovered that a supposed branch of orchids was in reality a Quezal nestling down on a moss-covered branch, and almost concealed by the surrounding green leaves.

Francisco uttered a grunt of satisfaction as I brought the gun to my shoulder. The loud report rang through the depths of the forest, followed by the cries of the Quezals, as they flew screaming from the tree; all but one, which clung for a moment to the branch and then fell revolving through the air, crashed through the undergrowth, and struck with a thud on the ground, about thirty yards distant.

With yells of delight, my companions forced their way through the bamboos to the spot. I called anxiously

after them not to touch the bird, as I feared damage to its delicate plumage in their unpracticed hands, and so they waited until I, half running and half tumbling, reached them, and picked up my first Quezal.

In that supreme moment, as I held in my hand this the most beautiful of all New World birds, and stroked its glistening plumage, I felt that all the fatigue and hardships of a journey of nearly 5,000 miles from the Continental Divide, in Colorado, to the spot where I now stood, was more than repaid by the knowledge that I was one of the few Americans who had actually shot the sacred bird of the Aztecs. For although these birds are found in many museums, they are almost always secured by the collector from natives, as it is generally cheaper to buy the birds than to climb the densely-wooded heights of the mountains with an exceedingly small prospect of happening to meet a flock.

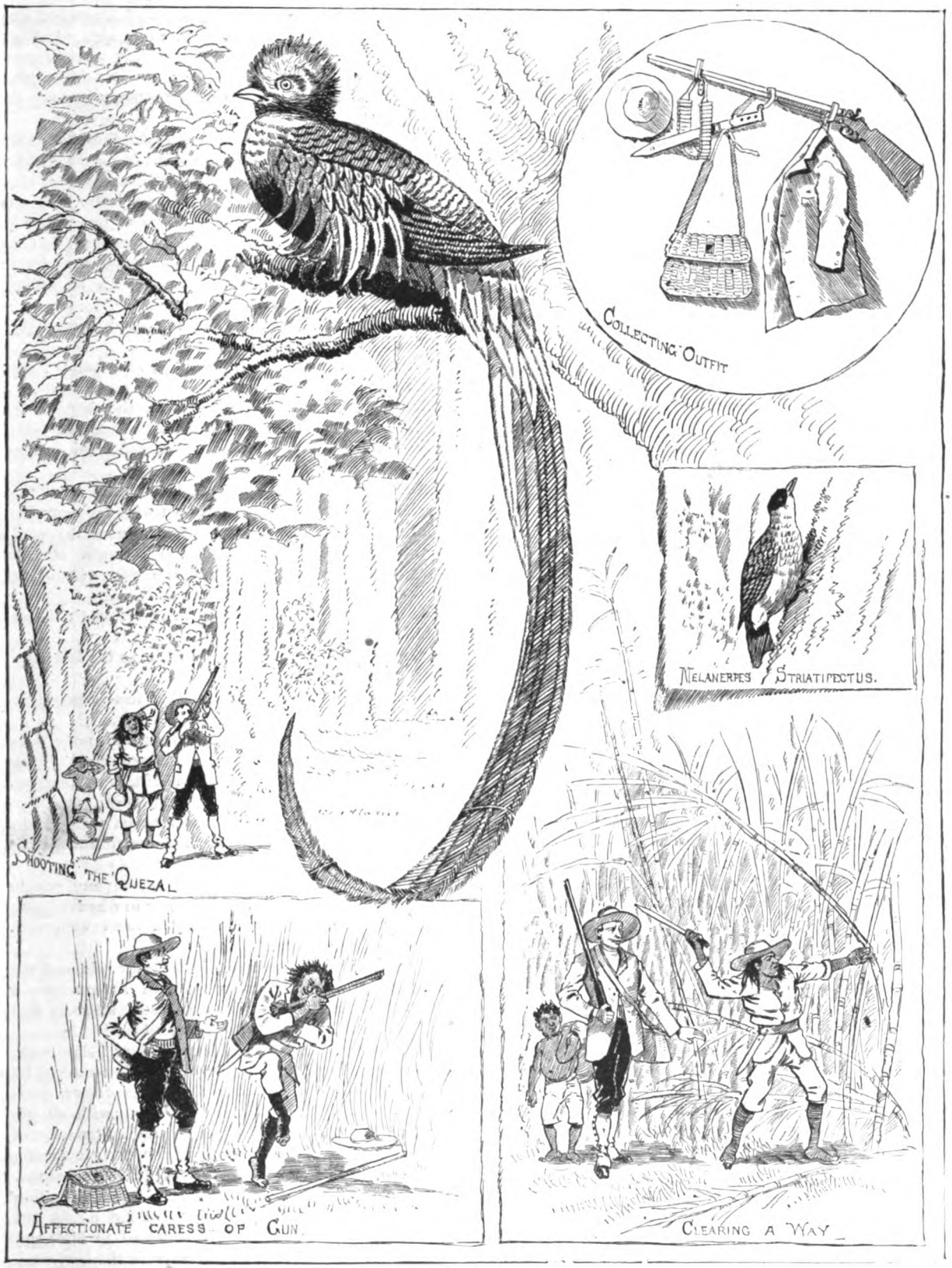
My companions fully shared my delight, and Francisco fairly hugged "El Diabolo," which he seemed to regard as something miraculous in its achievements, and actually forgot to pick up the empty shell as he stood gazing at the wonderful prize in my hand.

GOOD FRIENDS.

The head, throat and entire upper parts of the body are a rich golden-green, so lustrous and vivid that it can only be compared with the color found in some of the *Trochilidæ* (Humming-birds). At certain angles the light changes this green to a brilliant deep-blue. The long, graceful plumes (sometimes improperly called

"tail") are of the same lustrous shade, and constitute what is probably the most remarkable development of the tail-coverts to be met with among the birds of the Western Hemisphere. The wing-coverts are also lengthened, falling over the black wings and bending gracefully forward, their ends showing in rich relief against the brilliant breast. The feathers of the head are bristly, radiating from the eye, forming a dense crest.

The golden-green of the throat is sharply defined against the deep crimson of the breast, which in turn lightens toward the abdomen into a rich Chinese vermilion, reaching to the black-and-white tail.



MY FIRST QUEZAL.— SEE PAGE 58.

Measurements (adult male): "Length, exclusive of plumes, fifteen inches; wing, eight inches; tail, eight inches; plumes, twenty-six inches.

An adequate description of this royal bird would be an impossibility. Specimens are on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution and several other museums, but much of the exquisite lustre is lost in preserved specimens, while the live ones, sometimes seen in menageries, are but caricatures of the bird as it appears in the free life of its tropical home.

Ancient Spanish writers tell us that the Quezal was held in the hands of the Aztec high priests as they performed the mysterious rites of their now-forgotten religion.

By the time our prize was tenderly placed in a bed of soft moss in my collecting-basket the sun was low in the west, and we commenced our walk down the mountain-side.

Darkness overtook us long before we reached the hut, but a good warm supper and smiling faces welcomed us. Full justice was done to the meal, after which Francisco related the wonderful exploits of "El Diabolo" to an admiring and enthusiastic audience. My first Quezal was brought out, to the delight of the dusky señoritas, who damaged it somewhat by the handling; but it is hard to deny the ladies, if they are dusky.

Since then that Quezal has been the subject of many an exclamation of delight from the fair ladies of the North as it stands on its gilded perch in the cabinet of the writer.

"THE GHOST OF M. SCARRON."

In 1694 a few copies of a libel, entitled "The Ghost of M. Scarron," were circulated in Paris and Versailles. The pamphlet was adorned with an engraving which parodied the monument raised by Marshal Lafeuillade, on the Place des Victoires, to the glory of his master. Instead of having four statues chained at his feet, the King was represented chained between four women: La Vallière, Fontanges, Montespan, and Maintenon.

It was among the princes of the blood and at the court that the "old woman," as the Palatine Princess called her, had most enemies. This hatred defeated the vigilance of the police; before the prefect, M. de la Reynie, knew of the existence of the work, the King found a copy under his napkin at breakfast, and Madame de Maintenon received another copy at the same time and in the same way.

This outrage, inflicted, as it were, in the midst of his palace, exasperated Louis XIV. M. de la Reynie, the Prefect of Police, was immediately called to Versailles; the King bitterly upbraided him for what he called his guilty indifference, and ordered him to discover the authors of the libel and to punish them without pity.

Either the persons who had given cause for royal anger were very powerful and clever, or the means of action of a Lieutenant of Police were limited, for the best agents of M. de la Reynie were unsuccessful. Still the King was as angry as ever; he even seemed as vexed at the failure of his agents as at the insult, and whenever he saw the the lieutenant he did not spare his reproaches to that unfortunate official.

At length chance smiled on M. de la Reynie, who saw his disgrace fast drawing near. One morning he was carelessly listening to the complaint of an artisan, from whose dwelling 5,000 livres had been stolen the day before. The poor fellow obviously took the lieutenant for providence itself, and, supposing that he could get his money restored, he was loud in his lamentations. While he was speaking, the secretary of the lieutenant entered and hurriedly handed a letter to this magistrate, begging him to read it at once.

The lieutenant had scarcely glanced at the paper than he jumped into his armchair with every sign of strong excitement. At his bidding the secretary went in quest of a police officer, while M. de la Reynie was feverishly writing a few lines on a piece of parchment bearing the seal of the state.

His emotion was so great that he altogether forgot the presence of a third party; and he did not notice that the despoiled artisan, who was standing within a yard of him, could read every word he was writing. The man was looking on with the candid confidence of one who is so convinced of the importance of his business that he cannot doubt but that the magistrate is engrossed by it; but the secretary, who had returned with an officer, roughly pulled him back.

M. de la Reynie looked up, and appeared disagreeably surprised by the presence of the artisan.

"Write down your name," said he, in a harsh voice; "your affair shall be seen to."

Profound astonishment appeared on the face of the man; he hesitated for a few seconds, went to the table, took up a piece of paper and a pen, and then turning round:

"Allow me to observe, monseigneur," said he, "that I have had the honor to acquaint you with my name and occupation; and further, that you remembered my words so well that I was marveling at the strength of your memory, when, a moment ago, I saw you writing my name down as correctly as I could do."

M. de la Reynie bit his lip, and made a sign to his secretary to draw closer to the artisan.

"Your name is Jean Lârcher," said he to the latter.

"It is, monseigneur."

"You are a bookbinder of the Rue des Lions-Saint-Paul."

"Monseigneur is quite right," answered poor Jean Larcher, who was smiling, while he crumpled in his fingers the piece of paper he was about to write upon.

M. de la Reynie was smiling also, although in a different way. He took the police officer aside, whispered a few words in his ear, and then introduced him to the bookbinder:

"This gentleman," said he, "will accompany you to your house; he will do all in his power to discover your thief, and we shall take care that you meet with such justice as is due to you."

The lieutenant laid stress on these last words, and the bookbinder, astounded at meeting with so gracious a reception from a high magistrate, could scarcely find words to express his thanks and gratitude.

He left the residence of the Lieutenant of Police without any apparent escort than that obligingly tendered by M. de la Reynie. On the way the police-officer questioned the bookbinder, who furnished him with all the information he had already given to the lieutenant, not omitting to give the topography of his house, concerning which his companion seemed particularly interested. Master Jean Larcher was overjoyed at the great attention shown by M. de la Reynie's man; he did not doubt but that his 5,000 livres would soon be returned to him, and he insisted on regaling his companion with the best wine they could procure in a wine-shop.

After this halt they went in the direction of the Rue des Lions-Saint-Paul. Soldiers and policemen were standing around the bookbinder's house. The good man

manifested more satisfaction than surprise at this military display. He observed to his companion that if his house had been as well guarded on the preceding night, so many good people would not have to be troubled now. The house inhabited by Larcher was narrow, but rather deep. It consisted of a ground floor composed of two rooms, one on the street side which was used as a shop and a dining-room, the other being a workshop. An alley led to a staircase which communicated with the first floor, composed of two more rooms. One of these was Master Larcher's bedroom; the other contained the books and papers reserved for binding To this last room the police officer asked to be taken. But while Larcher was showing the cupboard wherein his money had been secreted, M. de la Reynie's man took quite another direction, and climbing up to the top of another cupboard, he brought down a small bundle of pamphlets upon which a commissaire, who suddenly turned up, pounced like a vulture.

Master Larcher, greatly astonished that so much attention should be given to what appeared to him of no import concerning his own business, was pulling the officer by the sleeve to show him how the cupboard had been forced open. But this last gentleman's manners toward him had considerably changed; he scarcely listened to the man who, a few moments before, was treated by him as an intimate friend.

However, the commissaire began to question the bookbinder. He showed him the pamphlets, and asked if they were his property.

In his impatience, Master Larcher answered with some rashness that all that was in the house belonged to him or to his clients. The commissaire then untied the bundle, took a copy of the pamphlet, thrust it under Larcher's eyes, and asked where it came from.

When he read the title of the pamphlet, "M. Scarron's Ghost," of which he, as well as others, had heard, he turned white, trembled, took his head in his hands, and for a few moments remained quite stupefied. He, however, recovered his powers of speech, and swore that he had no knowledge of the presence of the fatal pamphlets in his shop, and that he now saw them for the first time. M. de la Reynie's people shrugged their shoulders disdainfully. In vain did he repeat his assertions and try to exculpate himself by reminding them that he himself had brought the police to his house with the calmness of a faultless conscience. The officers told him he could explain himself before his judges; and they prepared to take him away.

In a corner of the apartment Jean Larcher's wife, concealing her face in her apron, was weeping, and giving every token of violent grief. As Larcher was crossing the threshold he begged the officer with whom he had been at first on friendly terms to allow him to say farewell to the woman he scarcely hoped to see again. Hardened as he was, the policeman could not refuse this slight favor; he signed his men to relent, and the unfortunate husband exclaimed: "Marian, Marian!" But Madame Larcher's sobs became more violent, and she did not seem to hear her husband's call. Those who stood around her pushed her toward the prisoner; she hesitated, and then rushing into Larcher's arms, she embraced him with many demonstrations of grief and tenderness.

Jean Larcher appeared alone at the bar. He was tortured three times, and he suffered with more firmness than might have been expected of a poor man already advanced in years. He constantly refused to name his accomplices. When questioned, he said that the death of one innocent man was enough for his judges, and that he had no wish that, through him, the latter should have to answer for more blood.

Sentenced to be hanged, he was led to the gibbet on Friday, November 19th, 1694, at six o'clock in the evening. He was seated in a cart with a man named Rambault, a printer of Lyons, convicted of a similar crime. Larcher was fidgety, and seemed filled with thoughts not relating to his approaching end. He, however, behaved with courage, and died protesting his innocence.

Before dying he earnestly begged Sanson, the executioner, to take a scapulary he had, and to give it to his son if he claimed it. Some years after, Sanson had an opportunity of accomplishing the poor man's wish. It led to a fearful tragedy, and at the same time to the demonstration of the bookbinder's innocence. The scapulary contained the name of a man who was Master Jean Larcher's assistant. Nicholas Larcher, the son, who had been in England, discovered that his mother had, immediately after the execution, married the man designated by his father as a culprit. Seized with frenzy, he broke into their house in the dead of the night, and murdered both his mother, who confessed her crime, and her second husband. The young man was arrested, but died in prison of brain fever.

CHARLES MATHEWS used to tell, with great glee, a little story of Charles Lamb, which he vouched for as authentic, and believed to be unpublished. One evening Mary Lamb took a sudden and violent fancy to have some Stilton cheese for supper—an article of which they had not a scrap in the house. It was very wet, and getting rather late; but Charles, with that self-denial which showed itself in a lifelong devotion to his sister, at once volunteered to try whether any could be got. He sallied forth, and reached their cheesemonger just as the shutters were being put up. In reply to his demand, he was assured that he had some fine ripe Stilton; and the shopkeeper proceeded to cut off a slice. As it lay on the scales, Lamb's attention was forcibly arrested by the lively gambols of a number of maggots which came to the surface of the "fine, ripe Stilton." "Now, Mr. Lamb," said the cheesemonger, "shall I have the pleasure of sending this home for you?" "No, th-th-thank you," said Charles. "If you will give me a bit of twine, I cou-cou-could p'rhaps l-l-l-lead it home!"

CHARLES I. was the first English sovereign who had a statue raised to him in London. It stands in Whitehall, the work of Hubert le Seueur in 1638. London next stood indebted to Tobias Rustat, a page of the back stairs, for statues of Charles II. and James II. There are two of Charles II., one in front of Chelsea Hospital, by Gibbons, and one at Windsor. One of James II., by Gibbons, the best of the royal statues, stands in a quiet spot at the back of Whitehall Chapel. William III. next finds an equestrian statue in St. James's Square, by Bacon, and Queen Anne three, one in front of St. Paul's and two in the squares called after her. George I. stands on the campanile of Bloomsbury Church, and there are two of George III., a very effective one by Bacon in the courtyard of Somerset House, and an equestrian one by Wyatt in Pall Mall. George IV., by Chantry, finds place on one of the pedestals in front of the National Gallery, William IV. in Cannon Street, and Queen Victoria on the Royal Exchange. There are two of Prince Albert, one by Bacon, on the Holborn Viaduct, and one under the canopy opposite Albert Hall, by the Irish sculptor Foley, which is greatly admired.

TO THE LAST.

ONCE the west for each morrow
Prepared a wreath red,
As the roses undulled,
In the gardens I culled
For my brow and my bed.
Ah, me! how estranged
Is youth's Summer—how changed

Are the paths that once led
To the dance—to the bower,
When my heart was in flower.
Now the white snows of sorrow
Have wintered my head;
With life's sweet morning hour
All its beauty has fled.

Let those sighs of dejection
Belong to the past,
Tho' the rose-leaves o'erblown
On the dim winds have flown,
And the bower be o'ercast,
All that's precious and pure
Will exist and endure,

In the spirit thou hast.
Like the stars, true affection
Reigns high o'er the blast;
All that's truly divine,
In thy life and in mine,
To the will shall reshine
In our souls to the last.

T. C. IRWIN.

STELLA.— BY H. SCHMIECHEN.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXV.—Dark Days.

Godfrey Greylock, returning from a late dinner in the town, had just reached the rising ground near the salt-pits, when that first cry of agony met him in a curve of the road—amazed him, too, and chilled his blood.

"Hold?" he called to his driver. "What can that be?"

"Lord only knows, sir!" answered the servant, in consternation. "It came from the pits—the ghosts are walking, most likely."

"Stop the horses, blockhead! That was a woman's voice."

"She-ghosts or he-ghosts, they're all the same thing, I reckon, sir," shivered the man.

A second scream came shuddering across the field, piercing the night with its sore distress and desperate need. Before the occupants of the Greylock carriage could collect their wits, another vehicle dashed out from under a clump of trees near at hand, swept furiously by, and vanished in the direction of the town.

"There is something wrong here!" cried Godfrey Greylock, springing promptly into the road. "Follow me, Carton."

Carton, who feared his master even more than he did ghosts, was compelled to obey. The twain hurried down the path, and at the base of the cairn stumbled straightway on a black, motionless heap, lying there on the cold, wet earth, under the dismal evening sky.

Two women, drenched in blood—the uppermost a girl in plain working-clothes, with arms flung convulsively over the other, as if to shield and protect her. And that other? Godfrey Greylock bent and put away her clinging vail and fair hair, and an awful cry burst from his lips.

"My God! it is Ethel! A light, Carton, a light!"

Carton struck a match against the rocks. Its blue flame wavered over the scene, and lo! there at his feet, he saw the heiress of Greylock Woods, her white face set in a look of agony and terror, her hands desperately clutching the poor dress of the working-girl who had fallen prone upon her body.

Neither of the two gave any sign of life.

"Do you see!" said Godfrey Greylock, wildly; "it's my granddaughter, Carton; and some one has killed her here—*here*, on this accursed spot!"

Carton lifted the girl in working-clothes.

"I'm blest if this one isn't the new maid at Cat's Tavern!" he said, as he scrutinized her ghastly face. "The inn folks call her Polly. Lord love us! Look, sir! She's been stabbed—she's bleeding like a stuck pig!"

Master and man stood overwhelmed with consternation.

"There's no help nearer than the villa," cried Godfrey Greylock, as he raised Ethel in his own arms. "God only knows the meaning of all this! I wish we had stopped the carriage which passed us just now on the road. Quick, Carton! Come with me. I am old, but I have still a little strength."

"What's to be done with this girl, sir?"

"We cannot leave her here, neither must we lose sight of her at present. So fetch her along."

He bore his granddaughter to the carriage. Carton followed with Polly.

In this manner the two girls were conveyed to Greylock Woods. Their arrival threw the whole place into dire confusion. Polly was given over to Hopkins—little thought had anybody for *her*. The attention of all was centred on the heiress of the Woods, who had, as yet, given no sign of consciousness.

In an incredibly short time Dr. Vandine was on the scene. A thorough examination revealed the fact that Ethel Greylock was quite unhurt.

"She has sustained some great mental shock," said the doctor, "but no physical injury."

The blood that drenched her garments was not hers, but Polly's. In the working-girl's side Vandine found an ugly wound, made by some instrument like a stiletto, and another of the same kind had pierced her shoulder. He felt for her heart. It still fluttered, but feebly.

"Polly! Polly!" he cried out, involuntarily, "into what scrape have you got yourself now?"

But Polly was past replying. To that voice, dearer to her ears than any other sound on earth, she now remained deaf.

"I call this a very strange affair," said Vandine, addressing Godfrey Greylock, who had followed him to the servants' quarters. "I know Polly," nodding toward the girl whose wounds he had just dressed. "I have known her for years. She is thoroughly good, upright and trustworthy."

Godfrey Greylock bowed slightly. Apart from her connection with his adored grandchild, Polly was no more to him than some common weed which had intruded into his elegant garden-beds.

"From the position in which you found the two at the cairn," continued Vandine, "it appears to me that some murderous assault was made on Miss Greylock to-night, and that Polly sought to assist the lady at the peril of her own life. I believe we shall hear some explanation like this when your granddaughter revives."

But Ethel did not revive, and no explanation of any kind followed. All that night there was hurrying to and fro at the villa, and when morning dawned, Polly, in the servants' quarters, was still alive, though unable to move or speak; and Ethel Greylock, on her downy, perfumed bed, watched anxiously by the whole household, lay muttering in delirium. It was plain that the mystery of the night must for the present remain unsolved.

Dark days settled down upon the villa, the darkest which the grand house had known for many years. The anxiety and efforts of every one were fixed upon Ethel Greylock, struggling now in the agonies of brain fever. Hopkins and Dr. Vandine alone had thought also for the working-girl, Polly, fainting, dying in a distant chamber from the wounds inflicted by Regnault's stiletto—wounds intended not for her, but for Ethel Greylock.

The master of the Woods had set the local authorities to work looking for suspicious characters about the town; he had also summoned a city detective to Blackport; but time passed, and nothing came of either of these aggressive measures.

Meanwhile Dr. Vandine was doing all that medical skill could do for both his patients. His hopeless passion for the heiress of the Woods, his genuine brotherly interest in Polly, stimulated him, no doubt, to put forth his best efforts in their behalf. Even Godfrey Greylock, whose anxiety for his granddaughter was something terrible, could find no fault with the young practitioner.

"My darling is in your hands," he said. "I trust her entirely to you. Save her, for God's sake, and name your own reward!"

"I will do my utmost," answered Vandine, quietly.

The first person to hasten to the villa when the tidings of Ethel's illness flew abroad was Mrs. Iris. As only the nurse and physician were allowed in the sick girl's chamber, Godfrey Greylock met her in his library. She looked pinched, haggard, greatly disturbed.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" she broke out wildly. "I do not understand it—no more do you, as I see by your face. Is it possible that traitor, that villain—— But, no! do not mind me, I am talking at random. Tell me, will Ethel die?"

"God forbid!" shuddered Godfrey Greylock.

"But brain fever is extremely dangerous—its victims seldom recover!" she persisted, nervously. "In case Ethel *should* be taken from us, what am I to expect of you? Will you stop my allowance?—will you consider my claims upon you at an end?"

"Madam," he answered, indignantly, "you seem to have far more anxiety for yourself than for your daughter. I decline to consider for a moment the possibility of Ethel's death, or any consequences that might follow it. She must not—shall not die!" wildly. "I am now an old man—I could not live without her. She is the only being in the wide world that I love. Adieu, madam. When you are wanted here I promise to send for you."

Mrs. Iris went her way, baffled and chagrined, and the next visitor to arrive at the villa was Mercy Poole. She came stalking up the avenue, like a hussar in petticoats, and presented herself before Hopkins in the servants' quarters.

"Is it life or death here?" she demanded, in her usual crisp fashion.

"As yet we can't tell," sighed Hopkins. "Your servant will have to stay with us for the present. She can't be moved—it would kill her at once—of course, Dr. Vandine has told you that."

"Yes," nodded Mercy Poole. "Heaven above! What can that child Polly have done, that anybody living should want to murder her? And at the old pits, too! Why, it's a deed a thousand times worse than the one that was done in the same place, years and years ago."

"Oh, gracious me! don't speak of *that*, Mercy Poole!" shivered Hopkins.

The landlady of Cats' Tavern turned abruptly on her heel.

"There was a man at the inn a few hours before this thing happened," she said, slowly; "he belonged to the singing company. Long after his mates left, he hung about the place, and had a good many questions to ask concerning Blackport and its people. Regnault was the name by which he called himself, but you may be sure it wasn't his right one. The night of the assault on Miss Greylock and my servant, he paid his score early, and disappeared. Did that man have anything to do with the stabbing of Polly, and what was Ethel Greylock about at the old salt-pits that night?"

"We know no more about the matter than the dead in their graves!" answered Hopkins.

Mercy Poole shrugged her shoulders, and departed as she had come.

Weary days succeeded—days when death seemed brooding over the great house, and the servants stole about with noiseless tread—when Dr. Vandine's face grew grave and careworn, and Godfrey Greylock paced his library in agonies of apprehension—when Aunt Pam hovered on the verge of distraction, and Ethel Greylock lay on her embroidered pillows, so changed and sunken that even the eyes of a lover might have failed to recognize her. It was Polly who first regained consciousness, and came drifting slowly, but surely, back to life. The girl was as tenacious of existence now as she had been in the days of her childhood. One morning she lifted up a feeble voice in the silence of the chamber where Hopkins watched her, and, as if wrestling with an overwhelming memory, said, "Was Miss Greylock hurt?"

Her first thought was of the girl for whom she had twice gone down to the very gates of death. Hopkins flew to her side.

"No," she answered, "Miss Ethel is not hurt; but she is ill and delirious—you, too, have been wandering in your mind—from weakness, I suppose, and loss of blood. Do you know where you are?—At Greylock Woods. You were brought home with Miss Ethel from the salt-pits. Now make haste, and tell me about that night. We are all dying to hear the story of it, and our poor darling has not yet been able to speak one rational word to us."

Polly looked at Hopkins with hollow, apprehensive eyes. Then she struggled as if to rise.

"I want my clothes," she whispered, hoarsely. "What made them bring me here? I can't stay—I must go back at once to Cats' Tavern, and I've nothing to tell you—no, not one word!"

Hopkins stared in amazement.

"Who stabbed you at the pits, girl?" she demanded, "and how came Miss Greylock there with you? Fie! fie! You must tell everything, and immediately!"

A strange look passed over Polly's thin, bloodless face.

"Ask me no questions," she panted, "for I will tell nothing—you cannot force me—I will not—I will not!"

Hopkins sent at once for Dr. Vandine.

"This reminds us of the old hospital days—eh, Polly?" began the doctor, as he advanced to the bedside of the wounded girl. "It is plain that you were born under an unlucky star. Your talent for getting into difficulties is something marvelous. Now be a good girl, Polly, and tell me who the scoundrel was that assaulted you and Miss Greylock at the cairn."

For the first time in her life she eyed him distrustfully.

"I would not speak one word concerning that night, Dr. Vandine," she cried, with sudden vehemence, "if you would give me the whole wide world."

His was the voice, above all others, that had power to move her; yet now he coaxed and pleaded in vain. She was as immovable as granite. It was a new phase of Polly's character. Vandine was puzzled and provoked. As he turned away from her he said:

"I know you, Polly; you love to do noble, generous things. By your silence you are trying to shield somebody—not yourself, I feel assured."

One night in the late Summer came the crisis of Ethel's fever. Dr. Vandine and the nurse held possession of the sick-chamber. Outside its door Godfrey Greylock walked the corridor in an agony of dread. Would she live or die? In this terrible hour he realized, as never before, that he loved his granddaughter more than family pride or name—more than lands or gold—more than the whole wide world.

Hour after hour wore on. A deep bay-window at the end of the corridor was flooded with silver moonlight. A night-bird sang in the chestnut-trees of the avenue. The wind, full of the scent of late violets, swept up the green knolls, and through an open pane blew in upon the wretched man like a breath from heaven. Ay, would she live or die? The question beat upon his brain with regular strokes, clutched his heart like a demon-hand, choked his breath.

"Spare her, oh, God!" he prayed, "and take instead all else that I have on earth!"

The door of the sick-room opened, and Dr. Vandine stepped forth. Godfrey Greylock gathered himself up as if to receive a blow.

"Speak!" he gasped. "Is it life or death?"

Vandine's face for a moment was positively handsome.

"Thank God!" he answered, "it is life!"

Godfrey Greylock staggered to the deep window, flung up the sash as if suffocating, and dropping his gray head against it, burst into tears. His darling was to live, and not die.

When Ethel Greylock came drifting back from the gates of death, she found her grandfather kneeling by her bed, murmuring over her tender, broken words. She was not assailed with questions, as poor Polly had been; nothing was allowed to disturb her. Her life still hung by a thread. For a while she seemed too weak even to

remember the tragic night at the pits; but days passed, and strength returned to the heiress of the Woods, and one morning, when Godfrey Greylock came to pay his usual visit to her chamber, she stretched out her snowflake hand to him in sudden entreaty.

"Grandpa, I wish to ask you something," she faltered.

"Ask on, my darling."

"Who found me that dreadful night?" shuddering. "Who brought me home to you, grandpa?"

"*I* found you, Ethel. I brought you home."

A wild, frightened look came into her wasted face.

"But how, grandpa?—how did I escape from that man *alive?* Some one came between us—it was not *you!*"

His haughty old heart seemed to stop beating.

"What man, my darling?"

She flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, will you promise to pardon me if I tell you everything?" she sobbed. "I do not deserve your forgiveness, grandpa, and yet I cannot live without it."

"Speak, Ethel; there is nothing that I will not forgive you. Speak freely."

The nurse had retired to an adjoining room, and the two were alone together. Ethel Greylock bowed her head, like a broken lily, upon her grandfather's shoulder, and told him all.

He listened, without a sign of anger or resentment. He had been so near to losing his idol that he could feel no wrath against her now, even for the grievous offense of which she had been guilty. When her story was ended he embraced her, kissed the tears from her white cheeks, and said, in a perfectly composed voice:

"I cannot reproach you, Ethel; you have already suffered enough for your folly, poor child! By driving from you the man you loved—and it is plain to me that you *do* love Sir Gervase—you have ruined your whole future happiness. Even if such a thing was desirable, we should now find it useless to attempt the proper punishment of Regnault. He was in the carriage which passed me near the pits that night, and without doubt he has found a safe refuge long before this time. Who, think you, was the person that saved you from his murderous attack, Ethel?"

"I do not know," she shuddered; "it was all so sudden! I caught one glimpse of a white face in the darkness—the flash of a knife. I heard a dreadful cry; we were pushed apart; some one received the blow intended for me. I felt the hot blood in my face, and then I fainted from the terror of it all."

He looked very grave as he told her whose bleeding body he had found stretched over her own at the cairn.

"Oh, I am glad you brought her here to the villa, grandpa," cried Ethel. "I am glad you have cared for her here. Surely, surely I owe my life to her!"

"From what you tell me, there can be no doubt of it."

"She must have been near, and witnessed my peril, and generously interposed her own person to shield me—an utter stranger, too! Noble deeds do not belong to any class or social condition, grandpa."

"True, my dear."

"How good of Polly to maintain strict silence on this dreadful subject, in spite of all your questions! It is plain that she had determined in her own mind never to betray me. Is she fully recovered—is she able to come to my chamber? I long to speak with her."

"Vandine says she is still very weak. By-the-way, he has known the girl for years, and seems much interested in her. You can see her if you ring at once. She is going back to Cats' Tavern to-day. I have ordered the carriage to take her away at noon. For some unknown reason, she is so restless and homesick under this roof that the doctor declares she will make no further progress till she returns to the inn."

"Going back to Cats' Tavern!" cried Ethel, "and without exchanging one word with me! I cannot allow that, grandpa! Surely you mean to reward her for what she has done?"

He nodded.

"Certainly. That will be an easy matter. The thing which she probably needs most is money. You have my permission to give to her as your own heart may suggest."

He rang the bell. Five minutes later, Polly, dressed for immediate departure, entered the sumptuous room. Luxury and repose steeped the very air of the place. The light was carefully softened, a delicate scent of musk-rose pervaded the atmosphere. On a carved bedstead, all afoam with lace and fine embroideries, Ethel Greylock lay, like a hothouse lily, with the proud old master of the Woods watching by her side.

Polly stepped upon this scene—an incongruous object, indeed. Her garments hung loosely upon her emaciated figure; her small face, with its large pathetic eyes and night-black braids, had a painfully sharpened, transparent look. She seemed terrified also. The heiress of the Woods stretched out to her a languid, reassuring hand.

"Come nearer—do not be afraid," she said, gently. "I have just heard of your brave, generous conduct, Polly. Thank you for keeping my secret so well. I have now told grandpa everything."

The nameless servant of Cats' Tavern had paused so near to Godfrey Greylock that her mean garments actually brushed against him, but she did not touch the hand which Ethel held out to her—he was glad of that—contact with persons of this kind always tried him sorely.

"How white and ill you look!" continued Miss Greylock, as the other remained silent. "Oh, you have suffered much, I know, and all for *me*. I fear I can never thank you enough. Polly, pray tell me how you came to be at the cairn that night?"

Polly's hollow eyes fell. Godfrey Greylock saw that she was trembling with weakness, and he pointed to a chair at the foot of the bed. She paid no heed to the gesture—she meant to make the interview short, and in thinking how she could best do it, she forgot to answer Ethel.

"Come, girl!" cried the master of the Woods, impatiently; "do you hear my granddaughter? She asks you to explain your opportune arrival at the salt-pits on the night of the assault?"

Polly fairly jumped. This old man, with his cold, severe face and haughty bearing, filled her with strange fear. She moved further from him, and stammered:

"I had heard some talk at the tavern. I had reason to believe Regnault was bad—I feared he might mean harm to Miss Greylock, and so I followed him by stealth to the pits."

"Ah, yes," mused Ethel Greylock, "you brought his letter to me—you must have known its contents. But why did you risk your own life to save mine, Polly?"

Polly cast one wild glance at the terrible old man, whose fixed gaze seemed searching her very heart, and then, out came the truth, in spite of herself.

"Because I loved you!"

Miss Greylock looked surprised and touched.

"You loved me!" she echoed, "and yet I never saw you but twice, Polly, and what did I do then to win your love?"

A MAIDEN OF TROPIC LANDS.

"You had no need to do anything," said Polly; "I saw you, and I loved you!"

"It is a very solemn thing to owe one's life to another person," said Ethel Greylock. "You came to the cairn to help me, if necessary—you did not hesitate to throw your own body betwixt death and me, when the peril appeared. I am amazed at your courage and generosity—I am more grateful to you than I can tell." Her eyes grew tearful, her voice tender. "Grandpa and I are most anxious to reward you, Polly. How can we best do it? Surely you will not leave the villa to-day? You are still weak—too weak to resume your work at the inn."

"Mercy Poole is a kind-hearted woman—she will lighten my tasks to suit my strength, Miss Greylock."

"Nevertheless, I beg you will stay here—for a time, at least. You have placed us under a heavy debt. Shall we give you money? Can we help you to change your condition in life? Perhaps you would like—for you look very bright and intelligent—to be something more than a servant, Polly. Confide in me as you would in a—a—sister."

Polly kept her hollow black eyes fixed on the velvet carpet. Her face betrayed nothing of the tumult in her heart. That lordly old man was still watching her closely, and her terror of him increased every moment.

"You are very good, Miss Greylock," she gasped, "but, if you please, I must go back to the inn to-day—I cannot stay here longer—this is no place for me. Money I've but little use for, and I'm fit for nothing but my present work—I have always been a servant."

Ethel Greylock fell back on her pillow, with a disappointed air.

"You are heroic, Polly," she said, with a faint smile, "but you are also commonplace,"

And she closed her eyes as if weary of the matter.

Godfrey Greylock made an impatient movement.

"This is an unfortunate affair," he said, haughtily. "It is not pleasant for my granddaughter to find herself indebted to anybody—especially to one so far below her own social station. I insist, girl, that you accept something which may be called a suitable recompense for the service you have rendered her. Take this"—he thrust a slip of paper into Polly's passive fingers—"and if you have friends in your own walk in life, consult them regarding the best use you can make of such a sum. Should you need further aid at any time in the future, you are at liberty to apply to me."

Polly looked not at the check, which represented more money than she had ever seen in her life, but at the disdainful old aristocrat who was seeking to overwhelm her with his generosity. Quietly, deliberately, she tore the slip of paper in pieces, and dropped it on the floor.

"If you please," she answered, in a low, firm voice, "I must have my own way about this thing, sir. I do not wish you to feel under obligations to me, neither will I take your money. You stare—but I do not want it. I will not have it. Forget the service I have done you. Heaven knows that I have no desire that you should remember it! And now be kind enough to let me say good-by to you and to Miss Greylock."

He was transfixed with angry amazement. That a nameless workgirl should dare assume that tone to him, and tear up his check and throw it, if not in his face, at least under his feet, was something too audacious for belief. But Ethel, on her embroidered pillows, opened her eyes with an amused smile.

"Ah, Polly, you are not lacking in pride or spirit! What is to be done with a person like you? Well, of course, you must have your own way. I will ask but one favor of you," graciously. "Should you ever require help of any kind, will you come to me?"

"Yes," answered Polly, in a choking voice. "Yes."

"Your hand upon it!" insisted Ethel, still smiling.

The work-roughened hand of the servant, the satin-soft one of the heiress, met for an instant, then fell apart.

"Good-by, Polly; and remember, I am always, always your friend."

"Good-by, Miss Greylock, and thank you kindly."

With these words Polly retired, empty-handed, from the presence of the pair. The Greylock carriage conveyed her back to Cats' Tavern, where, quietly, silently, she took up her daily tasks again, as if nothing had happened. Neither Mercy Poole nor Dr. Vandine tormented her with questions. The latter regarded Polly with a sort of puzzled approval.

"I see," he said, "that you are determined to be a heroine. Brave, good child! Into what maelstrom of peril will you throw yourself next?" Then his rugged face grew grave and sad. "Thank God that you had the courage to save her, Polly! She can never be anything to me," and he sighed heavily. "But all the same I shall bless you for that deed as long as I live! I know some of the facts of the case. Her assailant was a rejected lover—poor devil! Of course he was mad; small wonder, too, since he had lost *her*."

A sickening pain struck to Polly's heart of hearts.

"Dr. Vandine," she answered, "you love Miss Greylock, and for that reason I am glad—glad that I received the blow meant for her. I owe you so much that the person who is dear to you must be dear to me also."

"You owe me nothing!" he cried. "What nonsense you talk, Polly! And, by-the-way, it cuts me to the heart to see you looking so pale and weak. Your brave spirit is held in a very frail body. As your physician, I command you to take care of yourself."

He did not dream of the exquisite misery he was inflicting upon her. Polly's secret passion was still a secret—he had never guessed it, he never would.

No steps were taken to apprehend Regnault. The whole matter was covered up as secretly and effectually as possible. Meanwhile Summer died. The great salt marshes lay brown and dim under the Autumn clouds, the winds began their Autumn riot upon the sea.

Up at Greylock Woods Ethel was now moving about the great house like a lovely ghost. Sometimes she walked the faded terraces, leaning on the arm of the old man who, having forgiven all her transgressions, seemed now to love her more than ever. Sometimes she rode beside him through the rusty woods, or down by the melancholy shore, with a shadow, not born of recent illness, upon her face. Flesh and strength returned to her—beauty returned, but still she was greatly changed.

One unlucky day Dr. Vandine found the heiress of the Woods sitting at her piano, in the same room and by the very window where she had rejected Sir Gervase long weeks before. The resplendent peacock was again strutting upon the terrace outside. Wrinkled leaves fluttered, like birds, against the pane. In a voice as sweet as heaven, yet full of unshed tears, Miss Greylock was singing, as the doctor entered, these lines:

"She turned the ring upon her hand—
The fields are heaped with rusty sheaves
The fickle swallows fly the eaves,
The black frost nips the pleasant land.

'My hopes are as the yellow leaves
That fill the faded garden spot,
My sad heart like the east wind grieves,
Because he cometh not!"

Vandine stood motionless, voiceless, till the climax of the ballad was reached:

"She had a lover o'er the sea—
God rest her!—toll the passing bell.
Why Love in all his ways should be
So hard a master, who can tell?"

Then he strode up to the piano.

"There's a great deal of that unhealthy stuff written nowadays," he said, irritably. "Ah, I regret to see you looking so pale to-day, Miss Greylock! You are not progressing as well as I could wish."

Her hands fell listlessly from the keys.

"It is this disconsolate October weather!" she stammered.

"Nothing more?"

"Do not be analytical. I fear I try your patience sorely, Dr. Vandine."

"Yes," he replied, in a hoarse voice, "but you do not deceive me. Imagine the torture I suffer in seeing you pining for a distant lover, while all the time you remain blind and deaf to one who is near—yes, at your very feet!"

Her shocked, indignant look told him that his case was even more hopeless now than it had been months before.

"Has not a man the right to sue twice—yes, twenty times, for the thing he most desires on earth?" he cried out, rebelliously. "But you need not speak—I have annoyed and agitated you for naught. You no longer need my services, and it will be better for me if I see you no more. Indeed, my only safety lies in keeping far from you." She arose with dignity.

"I am sure you are right, Dr. Vandine," she answered. "Do not come here again. More than this I need not say—less than this, would be mistaken kindness."

He went, and so Ethel was freed from all her lovers.

She shed a few foolish tears, and then, determined to shake off the heaviness that oppressed her, she ordered her pony-carriage, and, attended by the dogs, went out for a drive through the Woods.

Not far from Rose Cottage, a woman appeared suddenly at the pony's head, and made a sign for Ethel to stop.

"I'm glad to see you out again, Miss Fairy," said Hannah Johnson, flashing one dark look over the dainty carriage and its occupant. "You're going to Rose Cottage, most likely?"

"No," answered Ethel, briefly, contemptuously.

Hannah Johnson grinned.

"La! And you haven't been to visit your dear mother since your sickness. How you do love her, to be sure! It's a beautiful thing to see parent and daughter so fond of each other."

The woman's tone jarred unpleasantly on Ethel's nerves.

"Go on, Lancer," she said to the pony, for Lancer stirred not, for Hannah Johnson remained immovable at his head.

"Miss Fairy, I hear you've been at death's-door with brain fever, and a mixture of too many lovers." And she laughed, offensively. "The Old Mogul came near losing you, eh? Well, well! There are worse things in the world than death. It might have been better for you if you'd died of your disease. See if you don't say the same yourself before many weeks, miss!"

She bobbed a mocking courtesy and stepped aside. The pony went on his way. Ethel's heart beat fast with a sudden foreboding of evil. Then she smiled at her own weakness. The ignoble, impudent creature! It was absurd for the heiress of Greylock Woods to give one thought to her idle words.

Away trotted Lancer under the evergreens, and through the hollows, heaped now with tawny leaves. A dreamy haze tempered the afternoon light. No living thing moved anywhere in the wide paths, save the birds and squirrels. After these Chasseur and his fellow-canines barked and raced in vain distraction.

Ethel's spirits began to fall again. How strange it seemed to find life stripped of all its old brightness, the rose-tints gone, the fair promises of the future blotted out! Where was he this Autumn day—the lover whom she had driven from her side, even while she loved him? Still roaming the Far West, or back in his own ancestral manor across the sea? If he knew the truth he would despise her—if he did not know it he would, to the end of his days, think her a heartless flirt. She had been well punished for all her folly. Love was over, life was over. She hated the past, the future had nothing more to offer her, and she was barely eighteen!

Lancer jogged lazily on. The fair head of his driver drooped on her breast, her eyes absently followed the roll of the wheels over the brown earth. And so, when a tall gray figure swung suddenly into sight, coming up the drive from the direction of the entrance-gate, and all the dogs rushed toward it, yelping joyful recognition, Ethel, absorbed in her own meditations, saw nothing, heard nothing.

Nearer and nearer drew the figure, with the canines fawning around it. Directly a firm step paused by the wheel of the pony-carriage.

"Pardon!" said a voice that made Ethel's heart stand still. The tall gray apparition lifted his hat in the westering light.

She was once more face to face with Sir Gervase Greylock.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PLIGHTED.

This meeting nearly took her breath. He looked as brown and bold and grand as some soldier fresh from a victorious campaign. The reins dropped from Ethel's hold.

"This is a great surprise," she managed to say.

"I left the West some days ago," he answered, "and while waiting in Boston for the arrival of a member of our party, who had been unexpectedly detained in Chicago, I, by chance, heard of your late illness. Pardon me, I could not resist the temptation to run down to Blackport to express my regrets, and also to take a final leave of the relatives whom I shall probably never see again. To-morrow I sail for England."

She extended her hand over the side of the carriage. He clasped it eagerly. "How pale you are!" he said, searching her face with his keen tawny eyes. "It is plain that you have suffered. And I never dreamed that all was not going well with you here. News did not penetrate to the cañons of the Yellowstone."

She felt a thrill of guilty relief. Then he knew nothing about Regnault, or the affair at the salt-pits! Heaven grant that he would know nothing—at least, till he had bidden her farewell for ever.

"For the few moments that we are now permitted to remain together," she inwardly prayed, "let him still think of me as one above reproach!"

The dogs were leaping upon him rudely. Chasseur seemed determined to devour him alive. Sir Gervase smiled a little sadly as he submitted to the brute's caresses.

"Your dogs have kept me in kindly remembrance, I see. It is pleasant to find that absence has not diminished their old affection. Are you wholly recovered,

Miss Greylock? And your grandfather and Miss Pamela —are they well? Shall I find them at the villa?"

She answered him with tolerable coherence. The blood by this time was coming back to her face. Lancer began to move on of his own accord, and Sir Gervase fell into place by the side of the pony-carriage, and so walked away to the villa, talking only of commonplace things.

Godfrey Greylock and Miss Pam met the baronet with open arms—he had no reason to complain of his welcome. But the twain looked grave when Sir Gervase announced how brief his visit was to be.

"What!" cried Godfrey Greylock, "is it imperative that you should sail to-morrow?"

"Yes," answered the baronet, quietly. "Delays are always dangerous. I have now been absent from England for months. Several important reasons urge my immediate return."

Everybody avoided the subject of Ethel's illness. The elders were as anxious as Ethel herself that Sir Gervase should take his final leave of them in happy ignorance of what had passed since the rejection of his suit. Luckily the baronet asked no questions. His behavior was perfect. Whether or no he had recovered from his disappointment nobody could tell. His manner toward Ethel was courteous, quiet, unmoved.

The heiress of the Woods went up-stairs to dress for dinner in a fevered frame of mind.

"Five o'clock!" she said to herself, as she looked at her watch, "and at nine the Boston express leaves Blackport. Four hours! and into them I must crowd all the happiness that is left to me. To-morrow is bankrupt—it holds no promise. I have just two hundred and forty minutes to live. After that I care not what happens!"

She put on a dress of black satin, bordered with grebe, and a Medici ruff of yellow Mechlin, out of which her snowy throat and pale face arose like a lily from its sheath. In her corsage she fastened a great bunch of red leaves. Her yellow hair, heaped in a mass of waves and curls, made a crown of sunshine to this sombre costume. She went down to the drawing-room with no flush, no tremor, but in her eyes burned a strange brilliancy.

The dinner passed like all others. We eat, we laugh, we talk of common things, even when our hearts are breaking, and every moment is big with fate.

The party arose from the table, at last, and went to Godfrey Greylock's library. How fast the moments were going! Ethel could have screamed aloud at this pitiless flight of time. Soon she would hear the carriage in the drive—it would stop at the door, then the last word must be spoken, the last look given. Her heart rose up in mad rebellion at the misery she had brought upon herself. Oh, if something would but happen! Oh, the dire necessity of keeping a smile on her lips, and light in her eyes, during this terrible hour, which, when it passed, was to take from her all earthly joy.

Something *did* happen. Aunt Pam, regardless of the baronet's presence, succumbed to an after-dinner doze in one of the deep chairs. At the same time Godfrey Greylock vanished suddenly behind a portière at the other end of the room. Ethel was alone with Sir Gervase, for Miss Pam, in her present condition, could not be called company.

She stood leaning against a glass door which opened on the terrace. Day died swiftly—a moon rose over the tree-tops—its light poured upon her satin dress and grebe feathers and yellow crown of hair. Without, the whole landscape lay dark in shadow—within, an ormolu clock on the mantel ticked the moments remorselessly away.

Like a man in a dream Sir Gervase arose from his chair and crossed the room to her side—drawn irresistibly, perhaps, by that regal shape—by the white shining of her face in the gloom.

"For all time and all eternity," he said, "I should like to remember you, Ethel, as you stand—like this!"

She made a sudden movement, and the red leaves dropped from her corsage. He caught them as they fell.

"With your permission I will keep these," he continued, his voice growing thick and uncertain. "Could I carry away from Greylock Woods a more fitting emento than a handful of withered leaves?"

She caught her breath curiously.

"I hear the carriage," she stammered, craning her fair neck toward the driveway.

"It is not yet in sight," he answered, with a touch of resentment; "are you in haste to say good-by? I was angry with you when we last parted, Ethel. You had said some unjust things to me—do you remember?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I was angry, and I tried my best to forget you, out there in the wilds of the West. God knows how vain the effort was! You haunted me everywhere—by midnight camp-fires, in vast solitudes, in the depths of lonely cañons, in daylight, in darkness! And so I have brought back to the East the same things that I took away—a disappointment, for which I can find no consolation—a dead hope, that leaves my future empty and dark."

"Did you come to Blackport to-day to tell me this, Sir Gervase?"

"No," he answered, bitterly; "why should I wish to torment you further? But you have forced the words from me, in spite of myself. I came to Blackport simply because I could not avoid it. A power as irresistible as death drew me hither for one last look at you."

"The carriage is coming—it is here!" she gasped, as the horses' heads appeared in the moonlight below the terrace.

He held out his hand.

"This time, at least," he said, in a shaken voice, "I do not part with you in anger. It was not your fault, but my misfortune, that you could not love me, Ethel! Your hand one moment—there, good-by!"

The strain upon her nerves had been grievous and prolonged. As his fingers closed about her own the moonlit terrace vanished, the dark, rich library swung round before her sight. She called his name once, and the next thing she knew strong arms were clasping her. Sir Gervase's kisses rained like fire on her face and hair.

"Ethel! Ethel!" he cried. "Is it possible that you care for me after all?"

She dropped her face against his heart and sobbed.

"I have cared for you from the first day of your coming here. No, do not think that I tormented you for my own pleasure. I shall conceal nothing from you now—I shall tell you the miserable truth, even as I told grandpa, and when you know all you will despise me!"

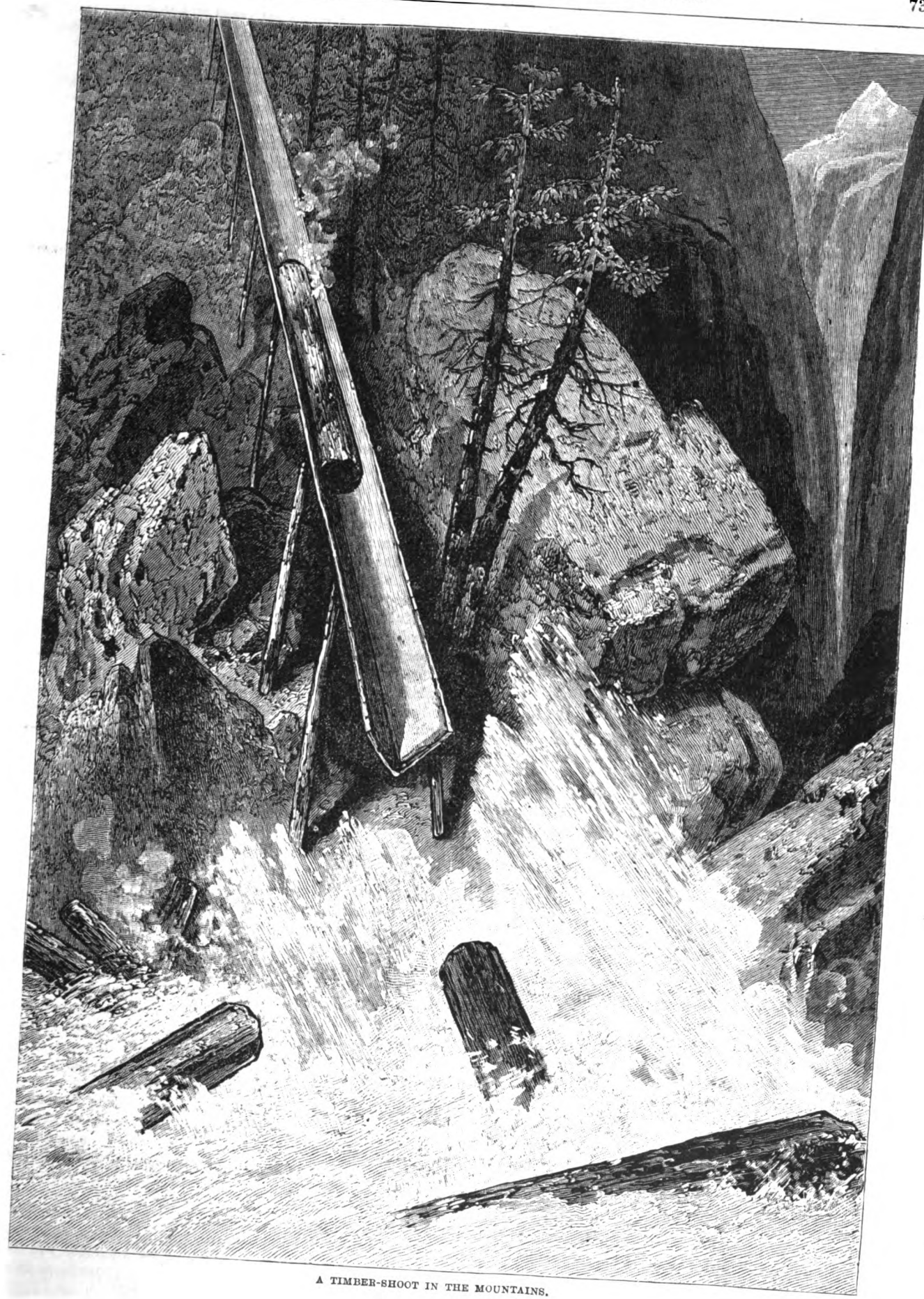
His brown cheek pressed her white one.

"Darling, darling, what can you mean?"

"Wait, listen! Gervase," she faltered, trying to hold him off, but failing ignobly, while she faltered forth her confession.

With great gravity, in perfect silence, he listened. When all had been told he gathered her still closer to his heart.

"Poor child!" he said, tenderly. "How wickedly you have been tormented! Ah, why did you not tell me your secret weeks ago? I might have helped you—I might have saved you from a part, at least, of this



A TIMBER-SHOOT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

wretched experience. It was the mistake of a schoolgirl. Forget it, Ethel; we will never speak of it again. And so you loved me even when you sent me away? How blind I have been—how stupid! But to-night," exultantly, "to-night I am the happiest man on earth, for," with a mighty contempt for the reserve powers of Fate, "nothing earthly can part us more!"

After that no sound broke the silence of the library save the happy murmur of lovers' voices. Aunt Pam slept serenely on. The horses waited impatiently below the terrace; their trampling startled Ethel at last.

"Oh," she faltered, "the carriage is still waiting! Will you go *now*?"

He smiled.

"I think not. I must crave your grandfather's hospitality a little longer. My plans for the future are now entirely changed. I shall not sail for England till I can take my wife with me. You owe me some recompense, Ethel, for what I have endured in the last two months, and I shall require it of you in the form of an early marriage-day."

A hand lifted the portière, and Godfrey Greylock stepped into the room. The attitude of the young pair seemed not to surprise him—he had had his own reasons for leaving them to each other. Sir Gervase led Ethel to her grandfather.

"She has told me everything," he said, simply, "and she has also promised to become my wife!"

* * * * * *

Iris Greylock came up from Rose Cottage next day to congratulate her daughter. She put her arms around Ethel and kissed her effusively.

"My dear child," she cried, "what an unexpected turn of affairs! I am unspeakably glad that you are so well quit of your romantic, villainous Regnault. Let that experience be a lifelong lesson to you, foolish girl! And now, when are you going to marry your spotless Sir Galahad—I mean the baronet? Your grandfather sent word to me this morning that everything was arranged—such extraordinary condescension from my great enemy made me suspect that joy had turned his head."

Ethel neither blushed nor stammered. There was something solemn in her new and sudden bliss. She had come so near to losing her life's happiness that even now she scarcely dared to believe in its perfect security.

"I am to marry the baronet the first week in December, mamma," she answered, in a low voice. "He wishes to reach England in time for the holidays. It seems very strange, does it not, that I am to be Lady Greylock, after all?"

"You are quite equal to the position, love. These English marriages are getting to be everyday affairs with American girls in good society. The first week in December!" with an anxious knitting of her faded brows. "I wish it was even sooner. I long to see you well settled in life."

She tapped the carpet with her sound foot. Ethel was secretly wondering what it was that made her mother look so worn and old this morning. Presently the truth broke from Mrs. Iris.

"I have had another tiff with Hannah Johnson, my dear. Six months ago I doubled her wages, and to-day she had the impudence to demand another increase."

"Of course you discharged her at once," said Ethel, dryly.

Mrs. Iris glanced askance at her daughter, then frowned.

"Do not be absurd, Ethel. I have explained to you again and again that I cannot get on without Hannah. I must keep her—I really have no choice in the matter. But you do not know how I am vexed and worried. My life is becoming a burden to me. I envy you because you will soon be far away from—from—this place and everybody in it. And then your prospects! What girl could ask for brighter ones? Godfrey Greylock cannot last much longer, and you are sure to come in for his entire fortune. Ah! you must remember *me* then, Ethel! You were certainly born under a lucky star. But never forget that you owe everything, even your titled English husband, to my shrewd management, child."

"I will not forget, mamma," replied Ethel, rather wearily.

There was small danger of such a catastrophe while Mrs. Iris had a tongue. After a pause the elder woman asked, abruptly:

"Ethel, what has become of Regnault?"

Ethel started, shuddered.

"Mamma, how should I know?"

"What! have you heard nothing from him, nor of him, since that night at the pits?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I hope he will give you no further trouble; but you need not feel quite sure about it. He is a man without heart or conscience—that is," hastily, "of course he must be, from the manner in which he has treated you."

Regnault! Only with dread and aversion could Ethel think of him now. Whither had he fled? She did not know nor care. It was certain that he had no further power to harm her, since she herself had revealed everything to her nearest and dearest. She was so sheltered now, so hedged about by love and care, that surely he would never dare to approach her again.

The Autumn days went on, full of the light that never was on land nor sea. All her life long Ethel would remember this time of perfect tranquillity. Wonderful tints of crimson and gold filled the woods. The winds breathed balm, purple hues clung to the sea and the marshes; marvelous light hovered over the paths where she walked with—her lover, her life, her king. He was constantly at her side, and the villa rang with preparations for such a wedding as Blackport had never known before. Verily, Ethel was happy in these days! Every cloud had vanished from her horizon, the past was covered up, the present seemed a paradise, the future dazzled her with its radiant promises. And all the while, alas! a tempest darker than death itself was gathering over the unconscious heiress of Greylock Woods.

One night Sir Gervase took fond leave of his betrothed in the great hall, and stepped out upon the terrace to smoke a solitary cigar before going to bed. It was November now, frosty and cold. The leafless chestnuts raised skeleton arms in the midst of the evergreens. The imposing villa looked higher and darker than ever on its grand knoll. He could almost fancy that both house and woods knew of their impending loss, and that, in consequence, they had already assumed a dejected air. She was going with him to a new home across the sea, and the places of which she was the pride, the light, the crowning glory, would know her no more.

"Sir Gervase Greylock!" said a voice. The figure of a woman, in shawl and hood, leaped suddenly up at the far end of the terrace, and advanced toward the baronet. "I've something to say to you, sir," she began, with a deprecatory gesture.

He flung down his cigar.

"Who are you?" he demanded

"A friend," said the woman.

"That is good, but indefinite. I must trouble you to be more explicit."

As he approached the figure it immediately made an alarmed retrograde movement.

"Never mind who I am," she stammered; "it is enough for you to know, sir, that I've something of great importance to tell you."

"Concerning what?"

"The girl you are going to marry—Miss Greylock."

"Ah!" said the baronet, dryly; "this is too mysterious by far! Upon such a subject no stranger can possibly have anything to say to me which I could wish to hear."

"Don't be too sure of that."

He turned on his heel. She ran after him.

"Stop, sir! You're very particular! Well, since you *must* know, you've seen me before, on shipboard and at Rose Cottage. I belong to the household of Mrs. Greylock."

Reluctantly she pushed back her hood, and revealed the sullen, dark face of Hannah Johnson. It was a full moment before he recognized her.

"I remember," he said, at last. "You are Mrs. Greylock's maid."

"Yes, that's what I'm called. I've lived with Mrs. Greylock for years and years. What I don't known about her and Miss Fairy ain't worth the knowing, sir!"

He stared coldly.

"They haven't treated me right, those two," she went on. "I hate them both! Moreover, I don't like to see anybody walking blindfolded into a trap. I'm English born myself, though perhaps you wouldn't guess it, and I know the pride of men like you, Sir Gervase Greylock. You'd rather die than be hoodwinked, victimized, disgraced. Then take my advice and leave the Woods tomorrow, and everybody and everything here, and go back, as fast as wind and tide and steam will carry you, to England!"

At last he understood the drift of her talk.

"That will do," he said, sternly. "I decline to listen to you further!"

"Sir, I've a whole history to tell—you haven't heard a word of it yet, and it concerns you more than anybody else. You'd better let me go on."

"Not a syllable more!" he answered. "Do not dare to mention Miss Greylock's name to me. I advise your mistress to look after you a little closer, since it is plain that you are scarcely a servant to be trusted."

She was furious at this repulse.

"And so you will not stoop to take a warning from such as me, sir?" she hissed.

"Assuredly not," he answered, with cold disdain.

"Then," she cried, fiercely, "I swear to you, Sir Gervase Greylock, that the hour will come when you'll be forced to listen, whether you like or not! Your wedding-day is set, all goes well with your love affair, but bear this in mind—never, on this side of the grave, will you marry Ethel Greylock!"

With this Hannah Johnson turned and vanished down the terrace.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POLLY SPEAKS.

The Winter closed in early, an old-fashioned New England Winter. Tremendous storms swept the coast. Night after night I lay in my chamber at Cats' Tavern, and heard the rafters rock and the old windows shake with the violence of the gales. Blackport harbor was locked in ice, vessels went by sheathed in rattling mail. Snow covered the marshes, and spread a white desolation over the town, which had grown very dull and silent after the flight of its Summer population.

In fair weather and foul Dr. Vandine was abroad. His practice had rapidly increased. Throughout Blackport, and in adjacent towns also, he was constantly in demand. We saw but little of him at the inn, and even when there he was always shut up with his books, always absorbed and silent. Perhaps it was this continual labor which made him look so grave and changed. Indeed, he began to seem like a stranger to me.

The hurts that I had received from Regnault's knife at the pits still troubled me. I did not gain flesh or strength, and I was often weary and depressed.

One day, while toiling up the inn-stairs with a basket of fuel for one of the guest's chambers, I was overtaken suddenly by Dr. Vandine. He snatched the burden from my hand and carried it himself to the room above.

"No more of this, Polly," he said, sternly. "Do you want the wound in your side to re-open? You must do no hard work at present. Mercy Poole assured me she would not require it of you."

"And she does not," I answered. "But I cannot receive full wages at the inn and not work."

You see, Mercy Poole had paid me for all the time of my absence at Greylock Woods—not a cent had she deducted from my weekly dues, and I thought it wonderful generosity, for Mercy loved money, and though kind to her help, she exacted from them all that was her lawful right.

"Never mind that," said the doctor. "I shall not allow you to kill yourself before my eyes. I have settled your affairs with Mercy Poole—that is," hastily, "she knows that you must rest until you have regained your strength. If you go about, getting the knife-wounds intended for other people, and losing, in consequence, the wages of two or three months, how will you ever accumulate money enough to begin the search for your lost sister—the Nan, of whom, by-the-way, I have not heard you speak of late. Are the distractions of Blackport driving her, at last, from your memory, Polly?"

My heart thumped violently.

"No," I faltered; "oh, no!"

"And you haven't abandoned your original design of finding her, eh?" he urged.

I did not answer. I was thinking of what he had said about my wages. Suddenly it burst upon me that *he* was at the bottom of Mercy Poole's generosity, and that from his pocket, and not hers, my full pay for the last two months had come! Besides all this, he had absolutely refused to accept anything from me for professional services.

"You always called me sharp, Dr. Vandine," I flashed out, "and so I am—at least, sharp enough to see what you have done. And I do not like it—I cannot bear it—oh, I cannot bear it!"

He put on a highly aggrieved air.

"Look here, Polly—no nonsense! For years I have regarded you as something belonging to myself. Have I not tried again and again to keep you out of an untimely grave? Didn't I consign you to that mob of Steeles, who drudged you nearly to death? and wasn't it I who brought you down here to Blackport, where the knife of a ruffian all but made an end of you at once? Are these the favors you cannot bear, Polly? Poor, deluded child. I never did a decent thing for you in my life! You are under no more obligations to me than to the man in the moon; but wait!" His brown face lighted up with some of its old, gay glow. "Heaven knows, Polly, I would fain have helped you to better fortune long ago; but the fact is, I never, at any one time, possessed five dollars that I could honestly call my own. Impecuniosity has

ever been my besetting trouble. Of late, however, the wheel of fortune has taken a new turn with Dick Vandine. The freakish, fickle goddess is smiling, where formerly she frowned. My prospects grow brilliant. I now have a plan for you, Polly. After the holidays, which are, as you know, close at hand, I am going to take you from Cats' Tavern and send you to school—in fact, I have already engaged board and tuition for you at the best young lady's seminary in the State."

I was speechless. He did not wait for an answer, but added, simply:

"I have long had this project in mind, but could never execute it till now. I feel as if I had a perfect right to lead you into pleasanter paths. Thus far you have had a hard life, you brave little thing! You shall be educated for a teacher, or something of that sort, and to soothe your pride, of which you have an inordinate supply, I will say that years hence—ten, twenty, fifty, may be, when I am poor and old, and you rich and still young, you can, if you like, repay me. Now get some flesh on your bones, and some color in your cheeks, Polly, and look forward confidently to better days."

The next moment I heard him descending the stairs. I dropped on the floor by the fuel basket, buried my face in my old dress, and cried and cried till I was exhausted. To go to school—to become a teacher! Ambition awoke within me. Life of a sudden teemed with possibilities. Ah, it was too good to believe!

Days passed. He did not speak to me again—indeed he was seldom at the inn, except to eat and to sleep; but he left books for me in the living-room, and Mercy Poole began to treat me as a guest, rather than a servant. It was plain that he had told her of his plans concerning me.

Meanwhile happiness reigned up at Greylock Woods. News reached the inn of all that was transpiring there. With unspeakable joy I heard that Miss Greylock had regained both her health and her English lover, and that she was to marry Sir Gervase, and sail at once for the Old World.

"Thank God!" I thought, as I lay upon my bed in the silent night-watches, when the storms were whistling around the inn, "her happiness is now secure! She is an innocent participator in a great fraud. Once the wife of Sir Gervase, no harm can reach her, for he loves her—he will shield her through all the future. Though I may never see her more, it will be blessed for me to know that she is happy with the man she loves across the sea."

One morning my sister—no! I must not call her that—the heiress of the Woods and Sir Gervase, her lover, appeared at the inn in a splendid sledge, with prancing horses and jingling bells, and asked for *me*. I hurried to the sleeping-room.

Miss Greylock, wrapped in furs, and looking so bright and lovely that I held my breath as I gazed at her, rushed forward and kissed me on both cheeks. Then, still holding my hands, she turned, with tears in her eyes, to the baronet.

"Gervase," she said, "this is the good, brave girl who risked her own life to save mine."

That he was noble in every sense of the word I could not doubt. He took my hands from Miss Greylock, pressed them kindly, and thanked me with a simple earnestness that went to my heart.

"My dear Polly," said Ethel Greylock, with a bright color in her oval cheek, "I am here this morning, to beg, as a particular favor to myself, that you will attend my wedding. Oh, you must not look so astonished! My happiness would not be complete if you were not present at the ceremony. Sir Gervase knows how positive my wishes are upon this point."

And the baronet, with a quiet smile, answered: "I do, indeed! And I am sure your good little friend, to whom you owe so much, will not refuse this contribution to our joy. If she disappoints you, she disappoints me, also!"

Then Miss Greylock put her gloved hand coaxingly on my shoulder, and said:

"Ah, you *will* come to the church to see me married, will you not, Polly? Think how sincerely I must desire it, when I bring the baronet to urge you in person! I assure you," laughing, "I have favored no other friend in like manner."

As she stood there in her beauty and happiness, with her future stretching out so bright before her, how I longed to take her in my arms, as I used to do when we were poor little street vagrants, and hold her close to my full, faithful heart! She was my sister, and I loved her tenderly, and she would never, never know it! The secret must live and die in my own breast.

"I will come to see you married, Miss Greylock, and thank you," I faltered, "and I wish you and Sir Gervase joy—much joy!"

They remained at the inn but a few moments. After their departure a box, marked with my name, arrived from Greylock Woods. I opened it, and found a dress of shining silken stuff, an elegant mantle, a Paris hat, fine lace, gloves, ribbons, and last of all, a little note from Miss Greylock, begging me, for her sake, to accept the gifts, and wear them at her approaching wedding. Mercy Poole shrugged her shoulders. Dr. Vandine made himself conspicuous by his utter silence. Alas! I knew only too well that there was another besides myself who would long remember the fair, fatal face of Sir Gervase Greylock's bride.

One bitter night the doctor was called to visit a sick fisherman in an outlying district of Blackport—a lonely place, among frozen creeks and marshes. He had been in the saddle all day, and was just ready to seat himself at supper when the summons came.

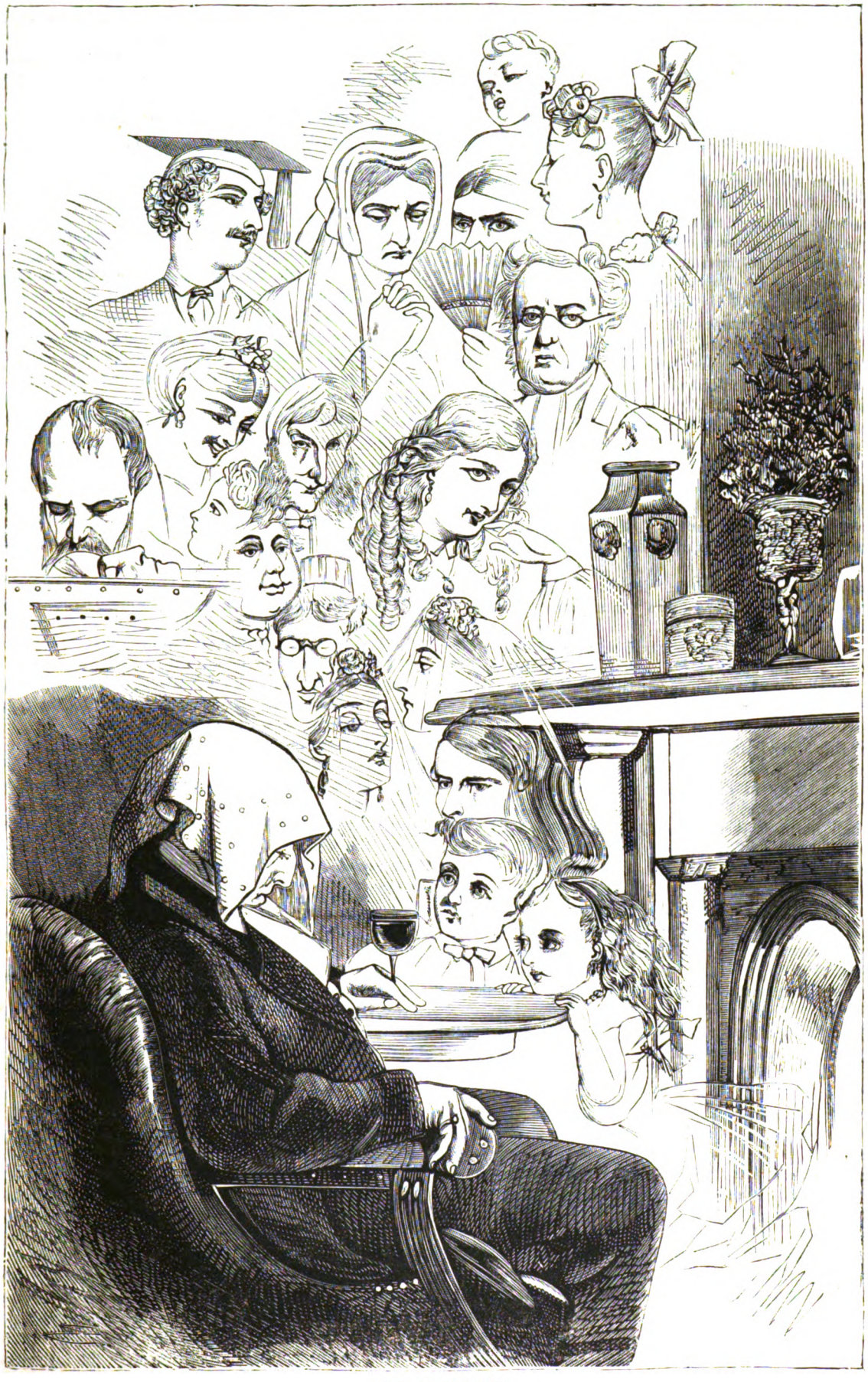
"Never mind," he said, as he promptly arose from the untasted meal, and struggled into his overcoat; "it is evidently a bad case. I cannot delay. But keep the tea in a warm corner, Miss Poole; I will return in an hour." And off he hurried through the cold and darkness.

One hour passed, but he did not appear. Another and another came and went, but brought no doctor. Mercy Poole put the cats in their baskets, and then betook herself to her own bed.

"Doubtless the doctor found the man so sick, that he concluded to stay with him through the night," were her last words to me; "you'd better bolt the doors and go up-stairs yourself, Polly."

By scratching the frost from the window I could see that snow was whirling madly outside. The wind tore in great gusts around the inn, and set the old signboard creaking over the door. On the beach the high wintry tides roared. It was a fearful night, and as I looked out into the storm and darkness, somehow I could not accept Mercy Poole's explanation of the doctor's prolonged absence. A premonition of evil assailed me. I strained my eyes to catch some sign of his approach, but in vain. Blackport streets were now deserted, the lights had gone out in the houses. It was nearly midnight, and only wind and snow moved in the town.

I dressed myself in my warmest garments, and lighted a lantern. By this time everybody in the inn was fast asleep. Softly I stepped out of the weather-beaten door,



FACES IN THE FIRE.

and, through the clamorous night, started off to find Dr. Vandine.

The wind cut like a knife, the snow flew in blinding clouds. Being slender and not over strong, I could not at first make much headway against the tempest. It snatched away my breath, it beat and buffeted me, it blew me about like a weathercock. But my resolution increased as my body grew weak. I clutched my lantern and struggled along.

The town was soon left behind me—the road became a vague gray track, which the snow was fast blotting out. In the near darkness roared the sea. All around were dreary creeks and lonesome marshes, solitude and bitter silence, with not so much as a light anywhere to relieve the gloom.

Presently I stopped in the whirling snow, filled with sudden shame and consternation. What would he think of me? What right had I to sally forth like this, in search of him, because he had failed to return to Cats' Tavern at the appointed time? Was I bold, unmaidenly? I was about to turn back discomfited, when I heard a loud tramp, and a horse dashed by me in the darkness, and disappeared in the direction of the town.

My heart leaped into my throat. The lantern had shone full upon the animal—I recognized him as the property of Dr. Vandine, and he was riderless.

Fear gave me fresh strength. I flew forward like a wild creature, lifting my voice, and shouting his name as I went on.

"Oh, Dr. Vandine," I cried, "it is I—Polly! Do you hear me—can you answer? Are you anywhere near?"

But there was no answer.

I crossed a bridge that spanned an arm of the creek, and on the other side, at a sharp curve in the way, I found him stretched on the snow, the thick flakes falling fast upon him, his white face upturned to the midnight sky.

I put down my lantern and knelt by his side. He lay like one dead. I called his name, but he was past replying. Fortunately in the pocket of his coat I found a little flask of brandy. I took his head on my lap—how heavy and helpless it was!—and forced a few drops of the fiery liquor between his lips. Then I drew the gloves from his icy hands, and chafed them in my own. At last he opened his eyes in a bewildered way, and, by the lantern light, looked straight up into my bending face.

"Great God!" he groaned; "is it you, Polly?"

"Yes," I answered, as steadily as I could. "Can I help you to rise?"

He made an attempt to lift himself up, but fell helplessly back.

"My horse stumbled and fell with me—fell *upon* me," he gasped; "I had concluded that I must lie here and freeze to death. What brought *you* to my help, poor child?"

"I feared something was wrong," I faltered, "because you did not come back to the inn, as you promised, and so I set forth to seek you."

"Heaven bless you, Polly! And now what is to be done?—I cannot move—every bone in my body seems fractured. A few rods back—on the road—you'll find a house——"

His voice failed. Overpowered with the intense cold and the pain of his injuries, he fell back unconscious.

The house of which he spoke was a half-mile beyond the bridge. Before many minutes I was beating on the door, and calling loudly for help. Luckily for the injured man, who lay perishing in that wild midnight, help was there.

Strong men carried Dr. Vandine home to Cats' Tavern, and the inmates of the house arose from their slumbers to minister to his pressing needs.

"He has sustained a compound fracture of the leg," said Mercy Poole, dryly; "I wonder what disaster we may look for next, Polly?"

Ah, I never dreamed of the one that was waiting, even then, at the door! *(To be continued.)*

ODORS.

A KNOWLEDGE of perfumes reaches to remote antiquity. The Jews made use of them in the time of Moses. They were used by the Greeks in the time of the wise but rigorous Solon. Their use was carried to excess by the Romans; and finally, in our times, they appear to have arrived at their utmost perfection and delicacy. It has been reserved also for the present day to use them in the greatest profusion. But if the perfumes that are everywhere found, and can be extracted by certain means, may be used with safety, this cannot be said in every case of the odors that are naturally exhaled by flowers, leaves or fruits.

Their action on the economy in a limited space, and especially during the night in a closed chamber, deserves to be noticed. It manifests itself by serious disorder, headache, syncope, and even by asphyxia if their action is prolonged. In nervous persons numbness may occur in all the members, convulsions and loss of voice, but in general only somnolence, accompanied by retardation of the action of the heart. This state is often associated with well-marked dimness of vision. Among the flowers that are most deleterious are the lily, hyacinth, narcissus, crocus, rose, carnation, honeysuckle, jasmine, violet, elder, etc. In addition to the danger caused by their smell, should be mentioned their action on the air. During the night, flowers actively produce carbonic acid, which is injurious to health. Magendie even cites a case of death caused by a large bouquet of lilies which the sufferer, a previously healthy woman, had slept with in her bedroom. Among the more dangerous plants may be mentioned the walnut, baytree, and hemp. The action of these is well-known, the latter producing a sort of drunkenness.

EARLY AMERICAN EAST INDIAMEN.

THE credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, the entire East to American commerce is due to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. This gentleman possessed a courage and enterprise that no obstacle could daunt, and he determined to enter the rich field then monopolized by the English and Dutch East India Companies.

Accordingly, in 1784, he dispatched the ship *Grand Turk*, under Captain Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market.

She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton by way of Batavia.

The ship was laden with native products—fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits—and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens; the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the incorporated companies of the Old World. Her success seems to have

electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston, and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship *Astrea* entered Canton two years later she found fifteen American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as pioneer.

This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark *Light Horse*, in 1784, first opened American trade with Russia. In 1788, his ship *Atlantic* first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta, and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; the third was the first to open trade with Mocha. In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem, 728,871 pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.

THE POOR PRIEST AND THE DOCTOR.

DUPUYTREU was a famous surgeon, but brusque and unpolished. One day as he re-entered his house, he found installed in the anteroom an old priest who had long been awaiting his return.

"What do you want with me?" growled Dupuytreu.

"I wish you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woolen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. Dupuytreu looked at it.

"You'll have to die of that," he coolly remarked.

"Thanks, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat; "I am much indebted to you for warning me, as I can prepare myself as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much."

The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this priest, who received his death-sentence unmoved, with amazement, and added: "Come to-morrow at eight to the Hotel Dieu and ask for me."

The priest was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room in the hospital, and in a month's time the man came out cured. When leaving he took out of a bag thirty francs in small change.

"It is all I can offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot in order to save this."

The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the thirty francs, saying, "It is for your poor," and the priest went away.

Some years later, the celebrated doctor, feeling death to be near, bethought himself of the good curé, and wrote to him. He came only just in time, and Dupuytreu, receiving from him the last consolations, died in his arms.

THE ORIGIN OF EARRINGS.

ACCORDING to the Moslem creed, the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear earrings is attributed to the following curious legend: "Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham to Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented, and decided to forego her plan for revenge. But how was she to fulfill the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid, she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of earrings, or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the Turkish women, all of whom wear earrings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race."

PATENT TO WEAR A NIGHTCAP.

AGNES STRICKLAND, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," in giving an account of the rewards bestowed by Queen Mary upon her friends, after her accession, says: "The Queen's gratitude took a very odd form in the case of the Earl of Sussex. The latter was a valetudinarian, and had a great fear of uncovering his head. Considering, therefore, that the colds he dreaded respected no person, he petitioned Queen Mary for leave to wear his nightcap in her royal presence. The Queen, in her abundant grace, not only gave him leave to wear one, but *two* nightcaps, if he pleased. His patent for this privilege is, perhaps, unique in royal annals: 'Know ye, that we do give to our well-beloved and trusty cousin and counselor, Henry, Earl of Sussex, Viscount Fitzwater, and Lord of Egremont and Purnell, license and pardon to wear his cap, coif or nightcap, or any two of them, at his pleasure, as well in our presence as in the presence of any other person or persons within this realm, or any other place in our dominions wheresoever, during his life; and these, our letters, shall be his sufficient warrant in his behalf.' The Queen's seal, with the Garter above it, is affixed to this singular grant."

HOW THEY TELEGRAPH CHINESE.

TELEGRAPHING Chinese cannot be done in the same manner as in any other tongue. Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese characters, each of which represents a word, the Danish Telegraph Company (the Great Northern), working the new Chinese lines, has adopted the following device: There are from 5,000 to 6,000 characters, or words, in ordinary Chinese language, and the company have provided a wooden block or type for each of these. On one end of this block the character is cut or stamped out, and on the other end is a number representing the character. The operator receives the message in numbers, and takes the block of each number transmitted and stamps with the other end the proper Chinese character on the message form. Thus a Chinese message sent in figures is translated into Chinese characters again, and forwarded to its destination. The sending operator, of course, requires to know the numerical equivalent of the characters, or have them found for him.

A FARM in the town of Eliot, Maine, has been the home of nine generations of one family, having been handed down from father to son for nearly 250 years. The first house was built of bricks imported from the old country, but in 1736 it was so shaken by an earthquake that it was torn down and the present structure built of heavy timber. Upward of seventy-five children have been born and brought up there, and it is recorded that only one unmarried person has ever died in it, except one child that was accidentally killed.

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—JULY.—BY MONTBARD.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.—"'I MUST DIE,' SHE SAYS. 'WHAT YOU HAVE SAID SHOWS ME THAT THERE IS NOTHING LEFT ME BUT DEATH.' THEN THERE IS A HALF-MURMURED PRAYER, THE HOARSE SPLASH OF SUNDERED WATERS, AND CARLO DI VERGI STANDS ALONE UPON THE BANK."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE ROSE AND THE POPPY.

"STAND apart," said the Rose, "and taint not
The sweetness I throw on the air;
What art thou to Man, that thou claimest
His garden with me to share?

"I soothe him with beauty and odors,
I recall the loved one's face;
I am Love's own chosen emblem,
The painter's symbol of grace.

"But thou, in thy sickly whiteness,
Or hue of blood fresh spent—
What hast thou to offer the master,
That he should forgive thy scent?

"I bring," said the Poppy, yawning,
"The gift man longs to possess,
That he racks the world in seeking—
I bring him forgetfulness.

"Canst thou cancel pain with thy beauty,
O Rose! with the prickly thorn?
I can, and therefore the Maker
Chose me to grow with the corn."

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

"AND who is that dazzling creature in the azure robes?"

"That is the hostess, Countess Vassalli."

Into the admiring gaze of the first speaker comes a look of surprise.

"She is the most magnificent creature I ever beheld!" he exclaimed. "The fame of her beauty is very great, but it fails to do her anything like justice. I was under theimpression that she was a much older woman."

"She is grand, indeed, and almost the wealthiest peeress in Italy. She is as haughty and exclusive as a sovereign. The most of her time is spent at Castle Vassalli, where all her race have lived and died, and she is the last, you know. It is for only three months of the season that she recognizes the claims Society holds upon her as of the most ancient family in the country, and, withdrawing from her proud seclusion, repairs hither to her villa. During that period it becomes the scene of brilliant and gorgeous festivities. Around Naples those three months are looked forward to with the utmost anticipation, and are termed 'the season of the Vassalli.'"

"And will she never marry?"

The handsome Neapolitan shrugs his shoulders at this eagerly put question of his English friend and guest.

"Had you asked me that last year at this time, I should have answered that she will never marry. My reasons? Well, Veronica Vassalli is of a family whose women are cold as ice. She herself is more brilliant and heartless than an iceberg. During her brief reign in the 'Vassalli season' there have been men, both Italians and from foreign courts, who have gone mad over her loveliness; but no one ever saw the pallor of her haughty face waver. She was thought to be as emotionless as stone. Besides, she is set apart from others by the immensity of her wealth, the power of her titles, the age and grandeur of her family. Who is there fit to mate with the last living representative of the famous Vassalli?"

"But now?"

Again the Italian shrugged his shoulders.

"*Now* there seems to be a change. Carlo di Vergi has wrought it. You remember Di Vergi five seasons ago? He was then a frequent visitor at Naples, where half the women went mad over him. That was before the Vassalli had come into her titles as the last living countess. Soon after that he sickened of society, and withdrew to his mountain castle in Tuscany. He is half-brigand, half-courtier, and he is not entirely beyond reproach as to dissipation. But Naples receives him back again with open arms, as he has evidently wearied of his seclusion. No court was ever quite so gay and charming as that in which Carlo di Vergi condescends to bring his graceful presence."

"But what has that to do with the countess?"

"Look at them now, and see if you have need to repeat that question. Do you observe how the Vassalli has abandoned herself to the charm of his manner—how her magnificent form yields to his embrace as they float through the waltz—that she shows attention to none of her guests save to him? And Carlo—do you remark him, too? One can see at a glance that at last Carlo has succumbed to the charms of a woman. It is known all over Naples now that he is madly, desperately in love with the countess. It is always so; these white, soulless, frozen women, without a stain, in the end yield to some sin-steeped, beautiful brute like Carlo di Vergi.

* * * * * *

Afar off stretch the starlit, azure waters of the bay. Nearer spread the beautiful grounds of Villa Vassalli, with the dewy boughs of orange-groves shaking out their fragrance upon the soft gloom of the Italian night, and the rich swell of the music floating out from where the marble walls of the villa gleam white in the purple dusk.

Under the drooping branches of the trees, with the crimson blossoms of pomegranates and the fainter, rarer bloom of the orange kissing the dark braids of maidens, stroll many a high-born lover, weary of the brilliance and the heat and the frivolous wit of the gilded *salons* from which they have escaped.

In a secluded glade of the garden, down close to the azure gleaming of the sea, sits the great lady, Countess Vassalli. But over her appearance has come a wondrous change. The weary, royal grace of her usual manner is vanished; the regal, golden head droops upon the lovely bosom, and the dusky eyes are warm with a misty radiance that never before brightened them until Carlo di Vergi came to her.

Carlo himself kneels by her side, his dark, desperate face upturned to hers in the dim gleam of shaded lanterns, bathed in a rapt, idolatrous passion that seems to touch with obscurity the deep lines traced in it by years of sin.

From his lips pour words of passionate eloquence, that scarcely do justice to the fierce but sincere love that at last possesses him.

At last the woman is roused from her sweet silence and inactivity, and lightly places her hand upon the tremulous lips of her lover.

"Cease," she murmurs, but a smile trembles upon her haughty mouth. "Though you love me, you need not blaspheme."

"Blaspheme!" he pants. "Why should it be blasphemy to call you my life, heaven, all? It is just this that you have grown to be to me—my all in all! And am I nothing to you? Will you not speak, if only one little word, and tell me that you are not indifferent to me?"

Still the lovely woman hesitates. The old pride and coldness in this moment struggle hard for dominion. To one of her haughty and reserved nature it is not an easy thing to lay down a lifelong sovereignty and come under the sway of a new dominion, even be it that of love.

"Ah, this is unendurable cruelty," murmurs her lover. "I entreat you, madame, put me out of my suspense. Is there in your heart no semblance of love for me?"

"I confess," whispers the countess, "that I am not indifferent to you—nay, my lord, hear me through!" as the enraptured lover would have folded her to his breast; "but you must remember, if you know anything of my race, that the one dark phase of our character is jealousy. I admit that this weakness has never before troubled me. But now"— a great crimson wave of color sweeps over the lovely face, testifying to the love that has transformed her, while the proud, calm voice grows tremulous. "I feel the taint of my race! My lord, I know that many an Italian noble has pages in his life that no woman whom he respects may peruse. Therefore it is not into your past that I seek to look. But I will ask you, before giving answer to your suit, is there anything *now* in your life of which I might be jealous? I am a proud woman, and no matter what were my feelings for him, I could listen to no man who came to me fresh from love-tales to another, be she ever so noble or ever so lowly."

The flush and the passion have left Carlo's dusky face; it has grown very gray and set; he has risen to his feet and stands looking down at her—this dazzling, maddening woman who has filled his world-weary love-sated being with a pagan passion, and for an instant his teeth bite his full, scarlet under-lip. Then:

"Madame," he says, "my present life is welcome to be bared for your perusal. And, could you look into the *past*, you would see there no love, no emotion of which you need be jealous. By the heavens above! you are the first woman I have ever loved."

An hour before the golden dawn he leaves her, though the revelry still continues. She has reserved her answer for the future, but he cannot doubt its favor. He tells himself that she is his, while at that thought even in the sweet, silent glades of the forest, through which he wends his way, a flush of passion mounts his swarthy face, and his eyes gleam brightly—she is his, if——

Ah, *if!* Ever versatile as his favor has been in the past, are his emotions now; and his flushed countenance swiftly pales, and his teeth crush tightly a savage oath, while a dangerous fire comes into his glance.

"It is not too late," he mutters. "As yet she has heard nothing, or she would have mentioned it."

* * * * * *

Night has again fallen over the Italian country. It is not to the Villa Vassalli with its festivities and banquets, that we now take the reader; but to the sweet, dim, leafy aisles of a forest, situated some miles back from Naples, and upon whose sylvan solitude falls no taint of her vice and evil and riotous mirth. Through the trembling leaves pierce the light from moon and stars; in the noiselessly-flowing river they live again, among the sleepy lilies and the water-plants.

Along the edge the water-fowls anon dip their beaks in the silent pools, while from the greater depths of the forest come the wild, melancholy cries of nightbirds.

At last, through the trees comes a massive figure, and pauses upon the bank of the stream where the light falls unobstructed from the heavens. It is Carlo di Vergi. Then up from a shaded knoll springs a little form, flying like a bird into Carlo's arms, while the bare, brown arms are wound tightly round his haughty throat, and the small face, laughing and winsome, archly defiant, presses close to his own.

"You are late, *caro mio*," she cries, in her sweet, glad, thrush's voice. "And I have so much to say! Do you know I shall tell you who I am to-night, *carita?*"

But the burst of joy and gratitude that she evidently expects is not forthcoming. He puts her from him. Then she sees how hard and dark his face is. Unconsciously her hand seeks her breast, where it clinches.

"What is it?" she murmurs.

Her voice is almost inaudible.

"I have come to say good-by to you, Yesondè."

His voice is severe and harsh. All over his handsome countenance are those queer, hard lines, unintelligible to the child, but which none the less are her death-sentence. There is a great and pitiful change in her little dark face; her lips are white—her eyes very wide and a trifle wild, as she stares at him in silence.

"I am going away," he continues, in that pitiless voice. "I owe you many obligations for your kindness. You have made the past weeks very pleasant; but it was only for a little while, and it is all past now, and we will each go our way, just as if we had never met. You must know that with men of the world these things are very frequent and very natural. Here, Yesondè, is a trifle to buy yourself gewgaws."

He thrusts a well-filled purse in her hands. Her fingers close over it mechanically. All the blood has receded from her brown face, and her large eyes are filled with the appalling agony of an animal pierced to the heart, and of a vast, terrified wonder.

"But you said that you loved me," she says, finally, in a dazed, stricken way.

"Well, perhaps—for the moment. But—can't you understand these things? I will spare you as much as I can; if I am indelicate you press me to it."

He spoke lightly, carelessly, and the child stands there, in one moment crushed for all eternity—she who had fallen, without a thought of resistance, under the charm of his manner and his beauty, that have ruined the peace of more than one court belle. And he looks at her unmoved.

His soul, filled with the riotous passion born of the dazzling splendor of the Vassalli, has no room for aught else—no space even for pity—for this crushed little flower that, chancing to stumble upon, he plucked in an idle moment and now ruthlessly tosses aside.

"And, Yesondè," he resumes, "it is particularly necessary for my future plans that this affair of ours should be kept secret. If you bury it in your heart, and seal your lips upon it, you shall be recompensed finally. I will never lose sight of you, but direct that a large sum shall yearly be paid you. If not"—he goes nearer her and his eyes, gathering a sudden fierce wrath, look down into the heartsick misery of her own in terrible menace—"people have died for a less offense than that."

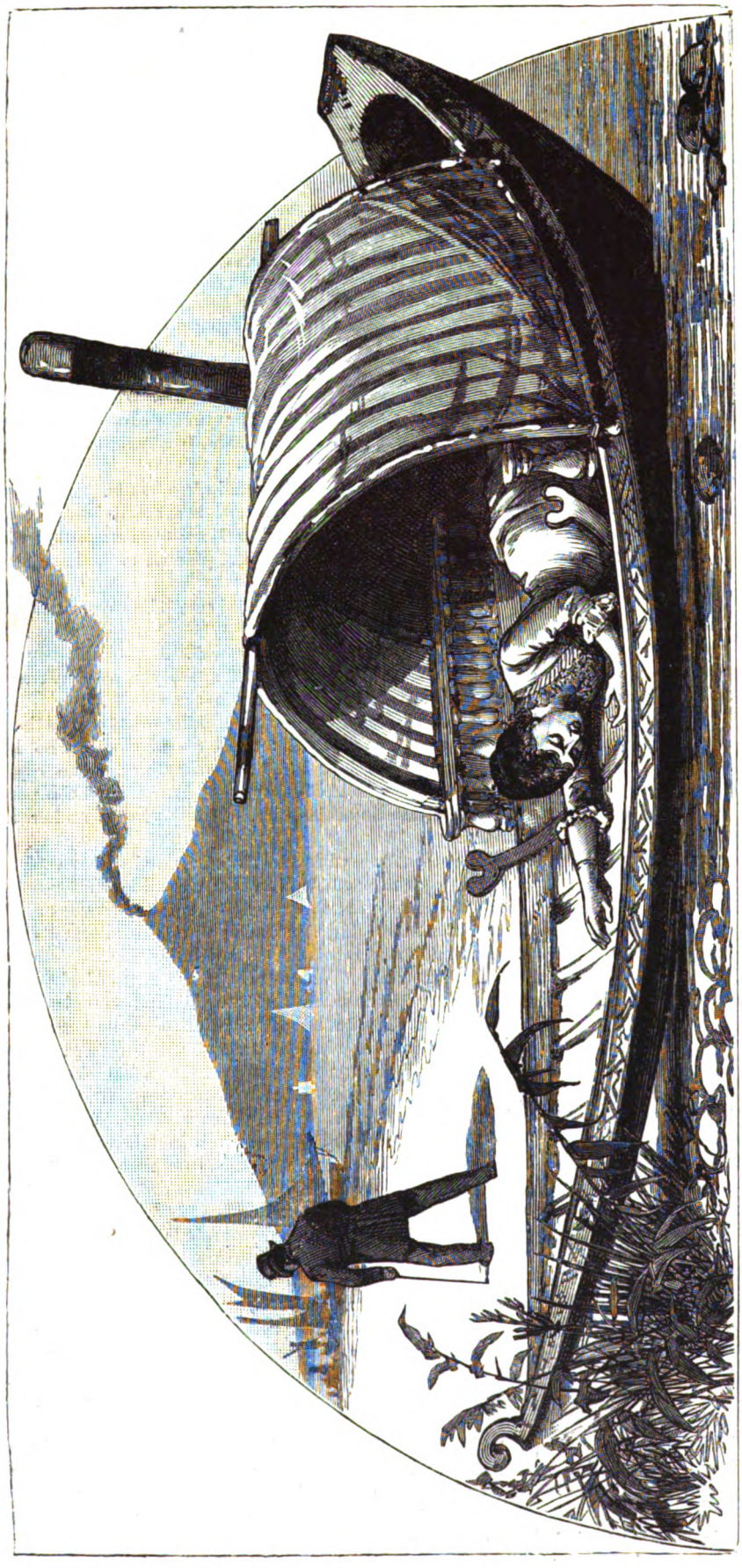
At last the poor little stricken face wakes up. Into it rushes a fierce anger as the ignorant, untutored soul realizes the injury done it. So great is its vindictive rage that Carlo shudders for his future. This enraged, tempestuous creature is calculated to wreck his life if she confronts the countess in this manner.

"There is a woman in this!" she cries, sharply, while her whole form is convulsed with pain and anger. "Some woman has robbed me! Who is she?"

In a moment Count Carlo is carried away with her passion.

"The Countess Vassalli," he replies, involuntarily.

The small figure seems to shiver and contract like a tender blossom over which a north blast blows; the eyes distend and grow desperate in their look; the face grows even more ashen as the anger swiftly flies from it. It would seem as if of a sudden she had become resigned to the inevitable. Her pallid lips move stiffly.



AN EYE FOR AN EYE.—"SHE HAS FALLEN FACE DOWNWARD IN THE BOAT."

"Does she love you?" she queries.

Into the countenance of her companion rushes a glad triumph — a sweet, nameless ecstasy—that seem to banish its evil.

"As she loves her life," he says, softly.

A great wordless cry sounds from the girl, and she covers her face with her hands. When she again raises it—that poor little brown, quivering face—it has grown strong and brave and solemn as a martyr's.

"I must die!" she says. "What you have said shows me that there is nothing left for me but death."

Carlo starts; his eyes grow eager and bright. It would end all trouble and perhaps save him from murder.

But he says not a word, merely watches the girl, whose brave, steady eyes are now looking unflinchingly at the river. Then there is a half-murmured prayer, the hoarse splash of sundered waters, and Carlo di Vergi stands alone upon the bank.

The water-lilies quiver and sway, and the dewdrops are shaken like tears from their petals. Into the wailing voice of the nightbird has crept a note like a sob, and the wind sighs tremulously among the reeds and the river-plants.

With a smile that holds all the glory of his love, all the anticipations of his coming rapture, the man turns and leaves the spot.

"And how is Di Vergi progressing with the Vassalli?" queries the Englishman, some three months later.

"Favorably in the extreme," is the reply of his Italian friend. "He is her constant attendant—her very serf. Naples has never seen such a case of complete infatuation; he is mad over her, and cares not if the whole world sees his madness. He seems to live only in her presence, to have merged his very identity in hers. And she—she likes him so well that the season of the Vassalli is far past, and yet she lingers at her villa. Never before has she been known to do this. Little wonder that she loves

TWO AMERICAN SHIPS.—ACTION BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "CYANE" AND "LEVANT."—SEE PAGE 87.

him, though; he is a handsome brute, and has grown even handsomer in his idolatry."

* * * * * * *

A slim little Neapolitan barge floats down the azure stretch of the sea; under its awning of amber silk sit the Countess Vassalli and her lover. He is speaking rapidly, passionately. She reclines among the cushions, one white, jewel-flashing hand trailing idly in the blue waters.

"I must and *will* have an answer," he is saying. "You have deferred it from day to-day, feeding my passion by every art of your beguiling loveliness, until I swear to you I am a madman! For me there is no life outside your presence—you have killed everything else for me—no sun save your eyes, no heaven but in your smile, no god save yourself. At your feet I lay my honor, my manhood, my abject slavery. But if you would not drive me to madness, name the day when I may make you my wife."

There is a wild, delirious light in his heavy eyes which shows the woman she can toy with him no longer.

"Before answering your question, my lord, I will relate to you a portion of my history."

Her voice has suddenly grown cold and hard like the snapping of steel, and her whole countenance has hardened until it looks cut in stone.

"It is generally supposed that I am the last of my race; three months ago that was a mistake. I had a sister, but upon whom rested the brand of illegitimacy. Her mother, a beautiful peasant girl of Tuscany, died soon after her birth.

"My father tried as far as possible to repair the injury done his nameless child, and she was brought to the castle which has since been her home. But God only knows what she has been to me, and I to her! Our whole lives have passed together. From the cradle I watched over her, and our souls grew together in an affection that was idolatry. What fame, friends, husband, children are to other women, she was to me, made even dearer by the misfortune of her birth.

"Looking back now, I think, in the solitary and sacred companionship of our secluded lives, she grew to take the place of Heaven itself. No mother ever watched with tenderer care her first-born, than I watched over my idol, praying God to keep her pure from the taint of her young mother—that mother in whose life that which was lost I hoped to build up in her child's for ever.

"For this purpose I kept her secluded in the castle; for this purpose I maintained her very existence in secrecy; for this purpose I cut myself loose from all the pleasures and privileges of my sex, leading a silent, solitary existence, that I might better guard her from all stain and sin of the world. But where is the use of prolonging my story! In an evil hour, Count Carlo di Virgi, *you* saw her, and in a moment undid the work of a lifetime. My idol fell, shattered and soiled. You were not aware that the child you stumbled upon in her forest-retreat but a few weeks ago was my sister; but such is the fact. You were not aware that it was *my* estate—the old historic grounds of Vassalli Castle—on which you made your clandestine appointments, deliberately leading astray a child as ignorant of the ways of men and the world as though she had not yet left the cradle; nevertheless, it is so! Being away at my villa, I knew nothing of it—suspected nothing.

"It was only when they summoned me home, and I saw her as they had dragged her from the river, that the truth dawned upon me. In her breast was a letter, scarcely legible, but which, when dried, disclosed enough to acquaint me with her pitiful little tragedy. My lord, that letter was written the morning of her death, and was filled with assurances of her extravagant joy, while at the same time she deplored the deception she had practiced upon me. It informed me that she as yet had concealed her identity from her lover, but was that evening to meet him, when she would reveal all to him. My lord, she *did* meet you, and in your mad, ungovernable passion for the one sister you killed the other."

"Hold!" Carlo's face is hard and white; in his eyes is the dumb, unconscious agony that was in Yesondè's glance when she went to her rest among the lilies. "Say what you will of my conduct—heap every reproach and insult upon me—but one thing let rest, one thing do not doubt—*my love for you.* I love you, even though you have made that love the instrument of revenge!"

"Over my sister's body I swore to avenge her death!" continues the countess, still in that hard, metallic voice. "I knew that *my* lover had been hers, from the description she gave of you, and this purse found clutched in her dead hand, and which contains notes and checks on your house. I returned to the villa. Though my heart was broken, I dissembled so well that you never suspected that my sentiments had undergone any change. Yet, Heaven knows what I have suffered, how I have struggled to conceal from you every evidence of my hatred. I have endured your society, have submitted to your caresses, have listened to your words of endearment, when, had not this other been deadlier vengeance, the stiletto that has ever avenged the injuries of my race would have drunk the blood of the slayer of my darling—my nameless Yesondè!"

The man sits ghastly as death.

"She is terribly avenged," he says, simply, but in his tone and in his looks there is a travail that no words can compass. "Through my love for you, you have made me the gibe, the ridicule of all Naples—I, Carlo di Vergi! You have killed all life for me. You knew your power well; it had been more mercy to have plunged the knife of the Vassalli into me than let me live for this. Well, it is but just—I do not complain. If it be a comfort to you, I can tell you that I am shipwrecked, ruined for ever more; that from this hour I go out from your presence an alien, knowing no friends, no home, no country, with the white loveliness of your face intervening for ever between me and all semblance of rest. It is this that you have done for me."

The boat grates upon the shore, guided by her hand. He rises and steps out upon the strand.

Around his splendid form gather the amber lights of the dying day; far away stretch the gleaming, dancing waters of the sea, mocking his agony.

But he stands there silent, motionless, his gaze riveted upon the perfect face of the woman of his futile love, as if to obtain its final impress, that it may remain with him through all the dreary years to come; then, bowing low with courtly grace, he turns and leaves the spot.

He has asked for no mercy, given no moan, but has accepted his deadly punishment with unflinching courage.

And the woman? At last she is broken and abased; she has fallen face downward in the boat, her hands locked tightly, and sickening shudders convulsing her form.

But the man is not there to see. He is walking steadily downward to where Naples lies basking in the evening light of her sea, going out uncomplainingly to the shame and exile he merits.

Night steals softly over land and sea; the orange-groves send forth their fragrance to woo the swiftly

coming dew; above, in the purple shadows, the pigeons and the white doves circle homeward through the flower-scented air; from afar float the tender chimes of the Angelus. But through it all—the gloaming shadows, the flight of birds, the softly ringing convent bells—the woman lies motionless in the boat, and away beyond Naples the man, for the last time, is leaving his footsteps upon the Neapolitan shore.

TWO AMERICAN SHIPS.

To THE frigate *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides"—properly belongs the most honorable place among those famous ships of the "old navy" whose exploits shed so bright a lustre over our early naval history. She was built in Boston, in the years 1794-7, under a law approved by Washington, March 27th, 1794, and was launched on the 20th of September, 1797.

The list of her captains contains the names of Nicholson, Talbot, Preble, Decatur, Rogers, Hull, Bainbridge and others—men renowned for nautical skill, bravery and devotion to their country, and no one of whom ever brought either defeat or dishonor upon the gallant craft intrusted to his command.

Her first captain, Samuel Nicholson, sailed from Boston in August, 1798, taking the *Constitution* upon the ocean for the first time, and cruised along the Atlantic coast, from the Capes of the Chesapeake to Florida, in search of Frenchmen. But France was then too seriously involved in a war with England to spare her men-of-war from home—and the *Constitution*, finding little to do upon our own coast, soon proceeded to the West Indies, where, under Talbot, she became the flagship of what was then called the San Domingo Station. On this cruise, Isaac Hull, who was destined to become one of her most famous captains, sailed as first-lieutenant.

But the *Constitution's* fighting days had not yet dawned, and she returned to Boston in August, 1800, without having fired a shot in anger.

Peace followed soon after, and the frigate was accordingly dismantled, and remained unemployed until the Summer of 1803, when she was again fitted out and sent to the Mediterranean Squadron.

Under the command of Edward Preble, whose family name has been always connected with the American navy, she arrived at Gibraltar in September, 1803. It was her first appearance in Europe, and during the seven months that followed she showed the flag of her country in nearly every port of the Mediterranean.

The war with Tripoli, in 1804, closed the *Constitution's* peaceful career, and on the 3d of August of that year she discharged her first broadside at an enemy. It was on the occasion of the attack of the American squadron on the Tripolitan forts, and for two hours the stanch ship was under fire from 145 pieces of heavy ordnance, compelled by rocks and sunken obstructions in the harbor to remain at just the distance of their most effective range. But she suffered little injury, owing to her own rapid movements and the inefficient gunnery of her enemies.

Cooper, in his "Naval History," relates an incident, occurring soon after this fight, that shows well the character of the *Constitution's* captain: While near Gibraltar a large sail was sighted in the night. It is a well-established principle of naval warfare that every stranger is to be regarded as an enemy until known to be a friend, and Preble accordingly cleared his ship for action, and ran alongside so quietly that the stranger was completely taken by surprise. An officer of the *Constitution* twice hailed the strange ship, asking her name, and received only a repetition of his words in reply. Preble himself then seized the speaking-trumpet, and giving the name of his ship, warned the stranger that unless a proper reply was made he would fire a shot into her. "If you give me a shot I'll give you a broadside," replied the stranger. Preble sprang into the rigging and called out distinctly: "This is the United States ship *Constitution*, a 44, Edward Preble, commodore. I am now about to hail you for the last time—What ship is that? Blow your matches, boys." "This is His Majesty's ship *Donegal*, a razee of 60 guns," was the reply. Preble doubted the truth of this statement, and informed the stranger that he would remain near her until daylight, in order to ascertain her true character. But a boat soon arrived, bringing an officer from the strange vessel, which proved to be the British ship *Maidstone*, of 36 guns. The officer explained that his vessel had been completely taken by surprise by the sudden appearance of the *Constitution*, and fearing she might be an enemy, the answer had been delayed in order to gain time to clear his ship for action.

After the close of the war with Tripoli, the *Constitution* remained in the Mediterranean, engaged in the important work of protecting our merchantmen from pirates, until the Winter of 1811-12, when she sailed for home, and reached Hampton Roads early in the following Spring. She was soon after taken to Washington and refitted—after her long and active cruise—and on the 5th of July, of the same year, two weeks after the declaration of war with England, she started again upon her active career.

The *Constitution* was now under Captain Isaac Hull, and two weeks after leaving port, while off our Atlantic coast, effected her celebrated escape from the entire British squadron, through her own good qualities and the superior skill of her commander.

A few days later, about 700 miles directly east of Cape Cod, she encountered and captured the British ship *Guerriere*, of 49 guns and 400 men, commanded by Captain J. R. Dacres, an action that will be for ever memorable in naval history, and one that made the name of the *Constitution* a household word in every home throughout the country.

She carried at this time a crew of 300 men, and so rapid and effective was her fire that in half an hour after the first shot not a mast of the *Guerriere* was left standing, and she lay upon the water dismantled and helpless. As the English captain, who was slightly wounded, came on board the *Constitution* to deliver up his sword, Hull extended his arm to assist him, saying, as if greeting an old friend, "Dacres, give me your hand; I know you are hurt."

Dacres and Hull had met socially, before the war, at the house of a common friend, and had engaged in a friendly discussion of the merits of their respective ships.

"Hull was lively and good-natured," says Mr. Lossing, in his "Story of the United States Navy." "When they spoke of what would happen if, in the event of war, they should come into collision, Hull said, 'Take care of that ship of yours if I ever catch her in the *Constitution!*' Dacres laughed, and offered a handsome bet that, if ever they did meet as antagonists, his friend would find out his mistake. Hull refused a money-wager, but offered to stake on the issue a hat. Years after, when the conjectured encounter did occur, and when, after a desperate fight, the English frigate became a total wreck, Captain Dacres came on board the *Constitution* and offered his sword to his captor. 'No, no,' said Hull, 'I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it, but I'll trouble you for *that hat!*'"

The *Constitution* sustained but little damage in the action, and in a few hours was again ready to fight. Her loss in men was seven killed and seven wounded. That of the *Guerriere*, fifteen killed and sixty-two wounded.

Hull burned the *Guerriere* and proceeded to Boston, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. A magnificent banquet was given him in the public hall of Boston. New York presented him with the freedom of the city. Congress gave him the thanks of the nation, and awarded $50,000 prize-money to his crew.

The *Constitution* was now to lose her gallant captain, who, at his own request, was removed from her command to give a chance for distinction to his brother-officers. But she fell into no less worthy hands, and on the 29th of December of that same eventful year, 1812, under command of Captain William Bainbridge, she fought and captured the English frigate *Java*, of 49 guns, and over 400 men.

The fight took place off the coast of Brazil, and lasted over two hours; but, though victorious, the *Constitution* was so badly injured as to be obliged to return to the United States for repairs.

Her loss was nine killed, and twenty-five wounded, while that of the *Java* was more than five times as large. The news of the capture was announced in the United States from the pulpit and the stage, and the *Constitution* was from that time christened "Old Ironsides." Her captain was awarded the thanks of Congress, and of the Legislature of Massachusetts. New York gave him the freedom of the city. Philadelphia tendered him a public banquet, and Congress distributed $50,000 among his officers and men.

CAPTURE OF THE "GUERRIERE" BY THE "CONSTITUTION."

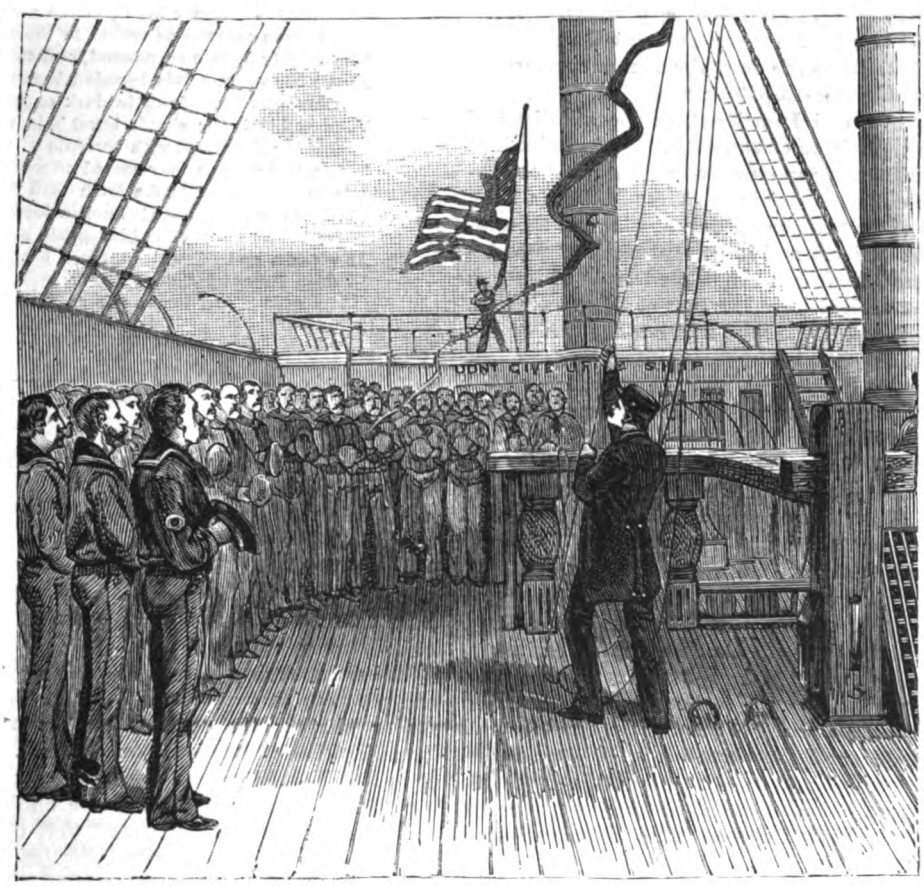
Previous to the capture of the *Java*, the frigate *Constellation* had been generally regarded as the champion of the navy, but the *Constitution* had now eclipsed the brilliant acts of her daring sister. She had had, too, the good fortune to encounter and defeat "Englishmen," and thus to dispel one of the strongest illusions that had

COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE.

COMMODORE ISAAC HULL.

taken hold of the public mind—that of England's invincibility upon the sea—while the success of the *Constellation* had been mostly over the French. But each had excited the admiration of the whole civilized world, and served not a little to elevate the character of the Americans in the eyes of Europe.

Early in the following year, 1813, now under the command of Captain Charles Stewart, the *Constitution*, having been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, was again sent to sea, and on the 14th of February, off Surinam, captured the British schooner *Picton*, 16 guns, and a privateer she was convoying. About a year later she achieved her last and most remarkable victory. While still cruising on the Atlantic, near the Cape de Verde Islands, she came across two English ships, the *Cyane*, of 38 guns, and the *Levant*, of 18 guns, and captured them both after a short but terrific fight of forty-five minutes.



HAULING DOWN THE FLAG OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

This action, unknowingly fought after the close of the war, ended the fighting career of "Old Ironsides," although she afterward proved herself an efficient ship in time of peace. In 1830, when she had at last begun to show signs of

succumbing to her only conqueror—Time—a rumor that she was to be broken up and sold for her timbers called forth patriotic protests from the whole country. The national love for the old ship prevailed, and the intention to destroy her, if it ever existed, was abandoned.

Not the least powerful appeal in her behalf was the following poem by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"OLD IRONSIDES."

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

"Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

'Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale."

In 1876, the *Constitution* was once more repaired, and, in the Summer of 1878, transported across the ocean a cargo of American goods to the Paris Exposition. On her return, she was sent to the Navy Yard, at Portsmouth, N. H., where, faithful to the last, she is now serving her country as a "receiving-ship" for recruits.

Second only to "Old Ironsides" in the affections of the people was the frigate *Constellation*. She was built at Baltimore, nearly contemporaneously with the *Constitution*, and saw her first service in the West Indies, in 1798, as the flagship of Commodore Truxtun, who was then intrusted with the difficult and important work of protecting our merchant ships from the depredations of French privateers. She carried an armament of 38 guns, with a crew of 300 men, and during the first five months of her cruise she safely convoyed over sixty American merchant vessels between the United States and ports of the West Indies, through waters swarming with privateers. But she met no antagonist worthy of her power until the 9th of February of the following year, 1799, when, off the Island of Nevis, she fell in with a large frigate showing the American flag. Truxtun's suspicions were aroused by the build of the stranger, and when she failed to answer the *Constellation's* private signals, he fired a shot across her bows. The strange ship at once hoisted French colors, and, pouring a broadside into the *Constellation*, began the battle in earnest. An hour and a half later, having been twice shattered by raking fires, the enemy lowered her flag. She proved to be the French frigate *Insurgente*, of 40 guns and 400 men. The *Constellation's* loss was one killed and three wounded; that of the *Insurgente*, seventy killed and nearly a hundred wounded.

For this victory, Commodore Truxtun received great praise both in the United States and in England—and English merchants showed their appreciation of the *Constellation's* services to their commercial interests, in driving the French cruisers from the West Indies, by presenting to her commander a service of silver plate, valued at $3,000, and having engraved upon it a representation of the battle.

The *Constellation* was so greatly damaged in the action that she was obliged to return to the United States to refit. In the early part of the next year, still under Truxtun, she returned to the West Indies, and, on the 1st of February, gained a victory over the French ship *La Vengeance*, of 54 guns and 400 men, near the island of Guadeloupe. The action began at eight o'clock at night, and lasted until midnight, when the enemy, badly crippled, managed to escape in the darkness. The French commander afterward acknowledged that he had twice struck his colors during the combat, but that his act, owing to the darkness, was unperceived by the Americans. In this fight the *Constellation* lost fourteen killed and twenty-five wounded. The loss of the *Vengeance*, according to the statement of her captain, was fifty killed and one hundred and ten wounded.

The *Constellation* was now again repaired, having lost a mast in the fight, and two years later we find her in the Mediterranean, under Captain Murray, where she performed her last aggressive act by attacking and scattering a fleet of seventeen Tripolitan gunboats.

She has since been so often refitted and repaired, that the *Constellation* of the present day bears little more than the name of the old frigate. She is now employed as a "practice-ship" for the cadets of the Naval Academy, when on their Summer cruises, and is one of the fastest sailing ships in the navy.

A TROPICAL SHOWER.

By O. C. Auringer.

A pulseless languor lay upon the sea,
The solemn mountains rested in their calm,
The mighty forests slumbered, and the palm
Above the warm sands brooded breathlessly;
The heavens bent down in dark expectancy,
Then suddenly the clouds burst 'midst the strain
Drenching the roads with torrents of warm rain,
Till in their deeps they roared tumultuously!
It ceased—the sun broke forth with fire, and then
Oh, how the birds sang! Such a joyous choir
Woke in the heart of hidden glade and glen,
As when a god immortal strikes his lyre
In deep Parnassian groves afar from men,
'Midst smoke and incense from his altar fire.

THE DIAMOND AIGRETTE.

VEXATION.

Mrs. Ethel Dunstone received company at her husband's house in West Thirty-eighth Street, in the City of New York, during the very cold weather with which the year 1880 closed—that is to say, on the evening of the 29th of December. As this narrative is written in the interests of justice, and to correct some misconceptions that have gained currency, it is well to be exact concerning dates and circumstances.

The narrator is not well enough acquainted with the changing customs of what is termed Society to inform the reader whether the occasion spoken of was styled an "evening," a "reception," or what not. He can simply state that Mrs. Ethel Dunstone had sent cards to many of her friends, assuring them that she would be "at home" on the evening mentioned, and that they responded to that assurance by visiting her.

Mrs. Dunstone was late in coming down to her parlors on the evening specified, and the duty of receiving the

earlier arrivals of guests devolved upon her husband and her sister.

Edward Dunstone, her husband, a staid business man of Broad Street, was fully fifteen years older than his wife, who was a very handsome young woman of twenty-five, with one child, a babe in the nursery. Her sister, Agnes Henning, was about two years younger than Ethel, and was also a very attractive young lady.

The only member of the family remaining to be specified was Sarah Dunstone, Edward Dunstone's aunt, a maiden lady of such a certain age that she was willing to state it as a round *six score!*

Although she had a fair income of her own, she lived with her nephew, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who gave her a comfortable and pleasant home.

The tardiness of Mrs. Dunstone was due to the requirements of her toilet, which detained her in her own apartment. Her maid, Betty Briggs, a very nice young woman, with expectations and an engagement, had assisted Mrs. Dunstone in attiring herself, and had performed the difficult feat of dressing that lady's hair to her satisfaction. She crowned her labor by fastening in her mistress's *coiffure* an elegant and costly *aigrette* of diamonds.

This ornament had been presented to Mrs. Dunstone on Christmas by her husband, and he had particularly requested that she should wear it on the night of the reception, or whatever the occasion should be styled.

Mrs. Dunstone, as it happened, was not pleased with the position in which Betty had fastened the *aigrette*. Having expressed herself to this effect, she removed the ornament from her hair and laid it on the dressing-case, saying that she would place it to suit herself; she then crossed the room to cover with a cloth the cage of a favorite bird.

While she was thus employed, her back was turned to Betty, as well as to the dressing-case.

When she had finished taking care of the bird she answered Betty, who requested permission to go downstairs. Mrs. Dunstone allowed her to go, having no further need of her services, and Betty left the room by a door that opened on the back stairway.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Dunstone went out by another door, passing through the nursery and thence into the main hall, and down the broad stairway to the parlors.

At her entrance there was an instant murmur of admiration, a compliment to her toilet as well as to her personal beauty.

But her husband did not join in this murmur. There was a frown on his brow, and the expression of his countenance was that of severe displeasure.

She easily perceived that he wished to speak to her, but it was fully half an hour before she could give him the opportunity. When she at last got him apart from the guests, she looked in his face inquiringly.

"Ethel," he said, "I would not have thought that you could disregard such a particular request as I made, and one that you might so easily have granted."

"I am not aware of having disregarded any request."

"I asked you to wear my Christmas present to-night, and you promised me that you would wear it."

"My diamond *aigrette*. Well, am I not wearing it?"

"Indeed you are not; or, if you are, I cannot see it."

"I hope you are not hoaxing me, Edward," she said. "It would be a cruel thing to frighten me without cause."

"I am not trying to hoax or annoy you, Ethel. Do you really believe that you are wearing that *aigrette?*"

"I do. Please look again, and make sure that it is not in my hair."

He examined her *coiffure* carefully, and assured her that his present was not visible anywhere upon her person. She tried to collect her thoughts, and then made her explanation.

"Betty Briggs fastened the *aigrette* in my hair," she said; "but it did not please me as she had placed it, and I took it out, intending to replace it to suit myself. I supposed that I did so."

"Do you not remember whether you did or not?" he asked.

"I must confess that I have no further recollection of the matter. Suppose, Edward, that the *aigrette* should be lost?"

Her agitation was so great that her husband at once soothed her.

"Let us suppose nothing of the kind," he said. "No doubt you forgot about it, and left it in your room. Run up there as soon as you can and get it."

As soon as possible she slipped away from her guests, and mounted the staircase with faltering steps.

After an absence of about half an hour, Mrs. Dunstone returned to her guests; but she was far from being the bright and radiant creature who had greeted them earlier in the evening.

Her suffering was so apparent that her husband and sister, regardless of social restraints, ran quickly to her, and their faces spoke their sympathetic inquiries in better language than their lips could frame.

"It is lost," she said, in a frightened whisper. "It is not in my room. I have looked everywhere for it, but cannot find it."

"It is very strange," remarked Mr. Dunstone, with the air of one who plunges into a sea of doubt. Then, perceiving his wife's need of sympathy and encouragement, he changed his tone.

"Never mind, my love. Whatever has happened, it is nothing that you need fret about. We must put a good face on our loss, if it is a loss, and get through the evening as well as we can."

Mrs. Dunstone was helped by her husband's kind words, but not much, as it was impossible for her to recover from the depression into which she had fallen. The infection was communicated from her to her sister, and from both of them to the guests. Thus the evening which had been so pleasantly anticipated came to a dismal end.

When the festivities should have been at their highest point, the guests had all left the house with one exception, and the aspect of things generally was doleful and dreary.

The one exception was Mr. Jerome Larremore, a young lawyer, who was engaged to Agnes Henning, and who was easily persuaded by her to remain and assist the family with his counsel.

He went up-stairs with Mr. and Mrs. Dunstone and Agnes, and the four seated themselves in Mrs. Dunstone's room, where Larremore began an impartial examination of all who could be supposed to have any knowledge of the missing *aigrette*, taking copious notes of the testimony, and assuming an air of judicial severity that was almost equivalent to putting the witnesses on oath.

Mrs. Dunstone first told her story, but gave little information in addition to the circumstances that have already been detailed. She was questioned closely concerning all her movements, with the object of bringing her memory back to one point of importance; but she had not the slightest recollection of replacing the ornament in her hair, or of seeing it after she had laid it on the dressing-case.

TWO AMERICAN SHIPS.— CELEBRATING HULL'S VICTORY.— SEE PAGE 87.

THE UNITED STATES SHIP "CONSTELLATION," TAKING IN SUPPLIES FOR THE STARVING PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Mr. Larremore eyed her doubtfully, and his look instilled the beginnings of suspicion into the mind of her husband.

"This is a very remarkable and unfortunate failure of memory," said the lawyer. "How do you account for it, Mrs. Dunstone?"

"I can only say that I looked at my watch directly after Betty had left me, and saw that the hour was much later than I had supposed it to be. I was kinder flustered, as we used to say in Connecticut, and hurried down-stairs."

Miss Betty Briggs was called in and examined. She told a straight story, and pointed out the exact spot on the dressing-case where her mistress had laid the *aigrette*. She went on to say that while Mrs. Dunstone was covering the bird-cage at one window, she was standing at the other, looking out at the falling snow. While she was in that position she did not see the *aigrette*, nor did she see Mrs. Dunstone until she turned and asked permission to leave the room. As she went down-stairs she met Miss Dunstone (Aunt Sarah), who asked if Mrs. Dunstone was in her room, and passed up. Betty then went to the housekeeper's room, where she remained until she was summoned up-stairs to be questioned. She did not think it would have been possible for any person to slip into the room while she was there with Mrs. Dunstone, and carry off the *aigrette*.

The only remaining witness was Aunt Sarah, who corroborated Betty's testimony with regard to the meeting on the stairs and the few words that passed between them. After parting from Betty she went up-stairs rather slowly, but was sure that she could not have been more than two minutes in reaching Mrs. Dunstone's room. That lady was not there, but Aunt Sarah heard her, directly after she came in, say Good-by to the baby in the next room, and immediately close the door of the nursery that opened upon the hall.

The diamond *aigrette* was not then on the dressing-case. Of this fact Aunt Sarah was certain.

She was also sure that no person could have stepped into the room during the brief period that elapsed betweeen Mrs. Dunstone's departure and her own arrival. She further said that she had seated herself in an easy-chair in front of the fire, and there she remained until Mrs. Dunstone came up to look for the missing ornament.

She assisted her niece-in-law to search for it, and made a more thorough and careful search after Mrs. Dunstone had returned to the parlors.

This closed the investigation, which was unsatisfactory to all the parties, and they retired to rest for the remainder of the night; but Mr. Dunstone got very little sleep, and his wife even less.

COMPLICATION.

Mr. Dunstone settled one thing in his mind during the few hours of restlessness that succeeded the investigation in his wife's apartment. He determined to apply to the police.

He had firmly believed in the efficiency of the detective force since one of its members had conducted for him a negotiation, seemingly difficult, but in reality very simple, by which some thieves who had stolen bonds and money from his office were induced to return the bonds, in order that they might safely retain the money.

The detective who had done this masterstroke of business was Officer Cropsey, and Mr. Dunstone determined to intrust him with the affair of the diamond *aigrette*.

Being an energetic man and prompt in action, he presented himself at the Central Police Office in Mulberry Street at an early hour in the morning, and secured the detail of Detective Cropsey to duty in Thirty-eighth Street.

That officer might have reached Mr. Dunstone's house before the ladies of the family had breakfasted; but he was in no such hurry to go there.

After listening to what Mr. Dunstone had to say about the affair, and getting a description of the missing trinket, he sought Jerome Larremore, as an impartial person of legal training, and received from him a full statement of the testimony of the previous night.

Larremore, who distrusted the capacity of detective officers for work that took them out of their ordinary grooves, carefully refrained from giving his own opinions or impressions; but his reticence did not prevent the detective from guessing that he was inclined to suspect Mrs. Dunstone of having made away with the diamond *aigrette*.

Cropsey then repaired to Mr. Dunstone's house, and supplemented the information he obtained by examining the members of the family in his own way and for his own purposes; but he learned scarcely anything of interest in addition to what has been detailed.

He carried his investigations into the kitchen, and questioned all the servants closely; but only succeeded in satisfying himself that no suspicious person had entered the house, or had been seen loitering near it, at the time of the loss.

Mr. Dunstone sent instructions to his office for the transaction of the day's business, and remained at home to assist his detective, and consult with him. A very serious doubt had begun to torture his mind, and it was all important to him that he should reach certainty in some direction.

Detective Cropsey had been accustomed to dealing with burglars, thieves and regular lines of crime, and he did not endeavor, when he had finished his inquiries, and sat down to consult with Mr. Dunstone, to travel outside of his groves.

"This isn't the work of any professional," he said, "and no tramp or sneak-thief had the chance, as far as I can see, to slip in and pick up that diamond thing. It was taken by somebody in the house—by somebody who was in Mrs. Dunstone's room within a space of time that can be measured. The people who were in there are all known. With the exception of just the least possible chance of a fourth party, the responsibility for the loss lies between Betty Briggs, your wife, and your aunt. As your wife and your aunt are above suspicion, by reason of the lack of motive, we must look to the maid, who had a chance to take the property, and may have had a motive. I propose to arrest Betty Briggs at once."

Mr. Dunstone drew a long breath of relief. He had feared that the detective's conclusions might bring him unpleasantly close to his own point of doubt, and was glad to see him go to work in such a practical and straightforward style. He sanctioned the arrest of Betty, who sobbed, protested her innocence, and at once gave up the key of her trunk.

A search disclosed nothing, and she was taken to the Jefferson Market Court for examination.

When this arrest came to the knowledge of Mrs. Dunstone, who was very fond of Betty, her distress increased, but her depression changed to indignation. She sought her husband, and insisted on the immediate release of her maid.

"Betty *could* not have taken the *aigrette*," she emphatically declared. "I was away from it scarcely five minutes,

and during that time I am sure that she did not move from the window. Besides, would I not have missed it when she had left the room? She is as innocent as I am, and it is sinful to degrade and harass her."

Mr. Dunstone transferred this remonstrance to Detective Cropsey, and Betty Briggs was released on her own recognizance to await further evidence.

Then ensued complication the first.

When Betty was arrested, she wrote for assistance to her betrothed, a young man who had lately started a small variety store on Sixth Avenue.

That very proper person returned a formal reply, saying, that his business connection and his respectable family would not allow him to have any further association with a young woman who had been arrested for theft. Betty's anger at this mean-spirited desertion helped her considerably to rise above her other troubles.

Complication the second—the worst of those that grew out of the loss of the diamond *aigrette*—involved Mrs. Dunstone.

"She tells you that Betty is as innocent as herself," cried Detective Cropsey to the master of the house. "Well, Mr. Dunstone, perhaps she is—if not more so. But I would like to know what motive your wife can have had for hiding that diamond thing, or making away with it."

"That is what we must find out," replied Mr. Dunstone, at last giving voice to that painful impression which Larremore had shown in his look, and which Cropsey had just put into words.

The detective made quiet inquiries concerning Mrs. Dunstone's intimates and her habits, but learned only one possibly suspicious fact. Her music-teacher—although a married woman, she still kept up her music—was a handsome young Italian.

Cropsey caused the Italian to be shadowed, and soon discovered that on the day after the loss of the *aigrette* Signor Mariotti had paid for a costly suit of clothes, and had exhibited a large roll of money.

This had a suspicious look, and the detective, after taking measures to trace the jewel to the Italian, informed Mr. Dunstone of his discovery.

When a middle-aged man has a young and beautiful wife, and the fires of suspicion and jealousy are lighted in his bosom, the conflagration rages rapidly. Mr. Dunstone fell headlong into the error of openly accusing his wife.

"As you are so sure that Betty did not take the *aigrette*," he said, "perhaps you know who did take it. There is but one person to fall back upon, and that is yourself."

"There is one other person," she replied, flaming up—"your aunt."

Mr. Dunstone was highly indignant at this imputation, and wanted to know why Aunt Sarah should have taken the *aigrette*.

"Why should I have taken it?" rejoined his wife. "I suppose that I forgot to replace it in my hair, and went down-stairs without it. Then your aunt, according to her own admission, was alone in the room until I returned to look for it."

Mr. Dunstone's anger was then at such a white heat that he cruelly charged his wife with having given the jewel to Mariotti, or disposed of it for his benefit. He left her speechless with horror under this accusation.

Out of this rose complication the third.

When Mrs. Dunstone found her tongue, and had partially recovered from her passion of tears, she declared that she would no longer live with a man who could accuse her of being a thief, and worse than a thief. She found a ready sympathizer in her sister, who assured her that she should have a divorce or a separation, and that right speedily.

So Agnes at once went forth and sought Mr. Jerome Larremore in his office, the urgency of her business requiring that step.

The young gentleman responded to her passionate demands with provoking coolness. For the moment he sunk the lover in the lawyer. He assured Agnes that there was no ground for a divorce under the laws of New York, and brushed aside her suggestion that he might get the divorce in another State.

"I think you had better be patient," he said. "Your sister is in a peculiar position just now."

"Indeed, sir? Do you, then, believe that Ethel was guilty of stealing her own property?"

"I don't know what to believe. There is a mystery——"

"That is enough," said Agnes, rising from her chair, with a whole tragedy written in her face. "You doubt her, and that ends everything between you and me. Henceforth, we will be strangers!"

The impulsive young woman swept out of Mr. Larremore's office, and hastened home, reaching Thirty-eighth Street just in time to fall upon complication the fourth.

Mr. Dunstone, finding himself opposed to his wife and her sister, naturally sought the counsel and sympathy of his aunt, and was foolish enough to tell her of the imputation that had been cast upon her by Ethel. She passed into a state of high nervous excitement, and vowed that she would no longer remain under the same roof with her niece-in-law — not another day, not another hour.

She packed her trunks and went to a hotel, in spite of her nephew's entreaties and protestations, and this event increased his estrangement from his wife.

Agnes Henning availed herself of an early opportunity to give Detective Cropsey a piece of her mind.

"How can you be so silly," she demanded, "as to insinuate that my sister stole her own property? If she had wanted to sell the *aigrette*, or to give it away, would she have had so little sense as to get rid of it just when her husband particularly wished her to wear it? The idea is too absurd to talk about."

EXPLANATION.

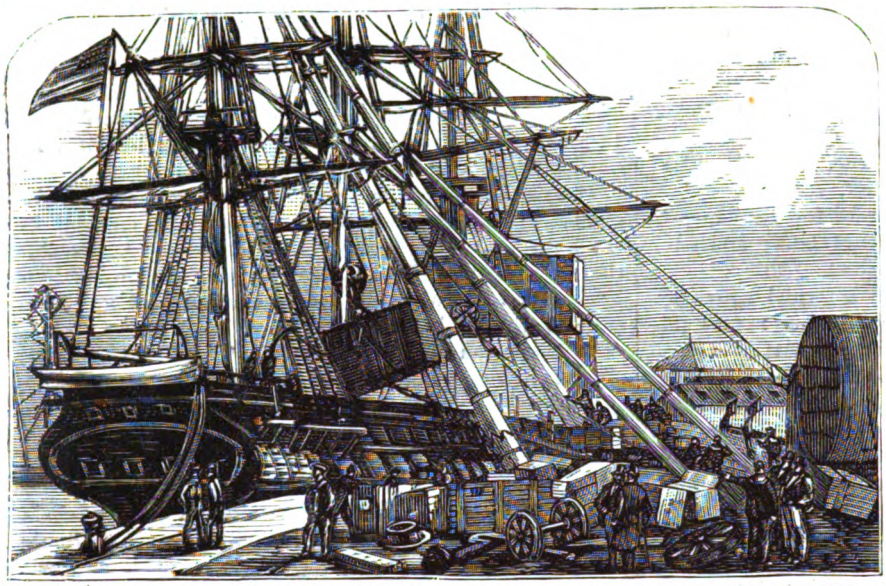
After all, it is accident that usually arranges and disarranges our plans and ideas.

Three days had passed since the loss of the diamond *aigrette*, and matters had steadily grown worse. The estrangement between Mr. Dunstone and his wife seemed to be complete; Agnes Henning refused to see Jerome Larremore; Aunt Sarah had not again entered the house; Betty Briggs was miserable, and the entire premises were steeped in gloom.

On the morning of the fourth day, which was Sunday, Detective Cropsey was passing down Thirty-eighth Street, with the intention of calling at Mr. Dunstone's. As he neared the house he walked slowly, revolving in his mind the mystery which he had as yet been unable to penetrate.

His keen eye caught a glimpse of something on the sidewalk, near the curb, in the vicinity of the ash-barrel, which was neither ice nor snow.

He picked it up, and believed it to be a diamond. He took it at once to an acquaintance of his who was an expert in jewels, who pronounced it to be a diamond.

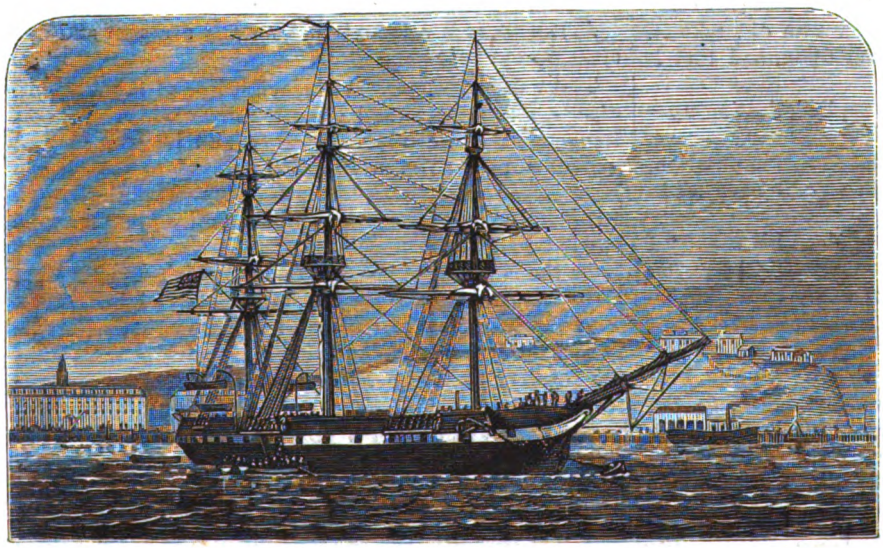


TWO AMERICAN SHIPS.— THE "CONSTITUTION" CARRYING GOODS TO PARIS.— SEE PAGE 97.

On his way to the expert's house Cropsey had settled upon a plan of action, in case his find should prove to be a diamond, and he put it in execution with the least possible delay. He hastened to the Department of Street Cleaning at the Central Police Office, and obtained the name and address of the ash-cartman whose route included Mr. Dunstone's house.

He found the man, and learned from him that the ashes at Mr. Dunstone's had not been removed until the second day after the loss of the *aigrette*, and that the scow into which they had been dumped was still lying at the foot of Thirty-eighth Street.

THE "CONSTELLATION" VISITED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE "CONSTELLATION" IN CORK HARBOR.

The man could point out the portion of the scow into which he had dumped his loads that day, and was willing to do so for a consideration.

The detective hurried back to Mulberry Street, and secured authority to detain and search the scow. He first took the precaution to have the ashes then at Mr. Dunstone's carted away and searched. Finding nothing in them, he went to Mr. Dunstone.

"If I can show you to a certainty," he said, "what has become of that diamond thing, will you pay the expenses of the job?"

"Every cent that you can reasonably spend," replied Mr. Dunstone. "This question must be settled in some way. The torture of it is killing me."

The detective lost no time in hiring a gang of Italians to search the scow. All the ashes and rubbish in that portion of the flatboat indicated by the cartman as his dumping-place were carefully raked and picked over by the laborers, directed and watched by Cropsey and a brother-officer. The task was an uncomfortable and an unpleasant one, and it was not until Monday noon that it was completed.

Then the detective, after making himself fairly presentable, went to Mr. Dunstone's house, and requested

THE DIAMOND AIGRETTE.—"MRS. DUNSTONE HELD UP THE INFANT, AND IT MADE A VIGOROUS DASH AT HER HEAD, BURYING BOTH ITS PALMS IN HER HAIR."—SEE PAGE 90.

a private interview with Mrs. Dunstone. She received him in her own apartment, where she sat with her babe in her lap.

"Well, sir, how goes on the inquisition?" was her sneering salutation. "I believe you are the person who made my husband believe that I had stolen my own property, and I suppose you have come to wring out of me some more evidence against myself. Yes, they say that your mother is a thief, my darling baby, my precious pet!"

As Cropsey endeavored to disclaim the evil intention attributed to him, she held up the infant, and it made a vigorous dash at her head, burying both its hands in her hair.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Dunstone," said Cropsey, as she shook herself loose from the youngster's grasp, "does he often do that?"

"The baby? Oh, yes; that is one of his regular ways."

"Mrs. Dunstone, I wish you would oblige me by taking him into the nursery, and showing me, as near as you can, what you did there before you went down-stairs on the night you know of."

After a slight hesitation she complied with his request, and passed into the nursery, followed by Cropsey.

She laid the babe in the cradle, which stood near the open grate, and then lifted it out.

"I picked him up as I do now," she said, "and raised him to my face and kissed him so."

As she said this the child made its usual dash at her head.

"Did he do that at the time I spoke of?" eagerly asked the detective. "Did he make that grab at you then?"

"I suppose he did; but really, Mr. Cropsey, I cannot remember all those trifles."

"There are no such things as trifles," replied Cropsey. "Very well, Mrs. Dunstone, I have learned what I wanted to know, and I am greatly obliged to you, and I wish you, as the prayer-book says, 'a happy issue out of all your afflictions.' Good-afternoon."

With this he quitted the room, leaving Mrs. Dunstone to wonder what he meant.

He left a note for Mr. Dunstone, saying that he would call in the evening, and that he would require the presence of Mrs. Dunstone and Betty Briggs.

Then he sent written messages to Jerome Larremore and Miss Sarah Dunstone, particularly requesting them to be at Mr. Dunstone's residence at eight in the evening, "on business of urgent importance."

At the appointed hour he found Mr. Dunstone awaiting him in the parlor, with Aunt Sarah and Mr. Larremore, and Mrs. Dunstone and Betty came down when they were sent for, accompanied by Agnes Henning.

"With your permission and Mrs. Dunstone's," said the detective, addressing himself to the master of the house, "we will adjourn up-stairs to your wife's room."

In Mrs. Dunstone's room, that lady and Agnes and Betty seated themselves in a solid phalanx together; Mr. Dunstone and Jerome Larremore formed in line of battle opposite them, with Aunt Sarah on their right flank, and the detective sat where he could face them all.

The ladies were flushed with excitement, and the gentlemen were pale with apprehension.

"It is my duty to inform you all," said Cropsey, "that I have discovered the person who was responsible for the disappearance of the diamond *aigrette*, as you call it. The criminal, Mr. Dunstone, was and is an inmate of your house; not a servant, but a member of your family."

Mr. Dunstone trembled, and turned to his wife a face full of anguish. She answered with a heightened color and a defiant gaze.

"It was not your wife," remarked Cropsey.

Then it was Mr. Dunstone's turn to color up, and his wife directed her gaze at Aunt Sarah.

"It was not your aunt, and it was neither Miss Henning nor yourself."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Dunstone. "You said it was a member of my family. Who else is there?"

"There is one other member—a pretty important one."

"You don't mean the baby?"

The detective nodded.

Mrs. Dunstone burst into a harsh and hysterical laugh, and her husband's face flamed with anger.

"I want to know——" he began.

"Easy, Mr. Dunstone," interrupted Cropsey. "I am a man of business, and am not talking nonsense. I am going to show you just how the thing was done. Mrs. Dunstone did replace that *aigrette* in her hair, but probably put it in loosely. Being flustered, as I think she said, she forgot that she had done so. She then went into the nursery, and, if you please, we will go there now."

The others followed Cropsey into the nursery, where he planted himself in front of the fire.

"Mrs. Dunstone stood here," he said, "and lifted her baby out of his cradle, and raised him to her face and kissed him. Just then he made a dive at her head, as he usually does, and as I saw him do this afternoon. When he struck her head, or when she shook herself loose from him, that *aigrette* fell off, and dropped in a soft bed of ashes under the grate. More ashes came down and covered it, and it was afterward put in a hod and emptied into the ash-barrel by some servant, whose hands were more useful than her eyes. It was carted away and dumped into the scow at the foot of Thirty-eighth Street, where I found it this morning, after a long search, and here it is, or what is left of it."

The commercial value of the *aigrette* had been considerably decreased, but it was recognized, and Cropsey added to it the stone which he had picked up on the sidewalk. He then told the whole story of his search, and was lavishly praised and congratulated.

The criminal being discovered, there remained the disentanglement of the complications, which was easily effected in the revulsion of feeling that ensued.

Mr. Dunstone humiliated himself before his wife, who cheerfully forgave him his suspicions. Jerome Larremore was received back into favor by Agnes, after confessing the fault into which his legal mind had led him. Mrs. Dunstone begged Aunt Sarah's pardon, and persuaded her to return to the house. Betty Briggs got a handsome present, and was glad that her brief calamity had enabled her to discover the meanness of her late betrothed. Mr. Dunstone replaced his ruined gift with one fully as valuable, but it was nothing like a diamond *aigrette*.

Strange to say, the young culprit who had caused all the trouble was kissed and petted more than ever.

A DISAPPOINTED PAINTER.

Henry Liversedge, a painter of repute, desiring to paint Christopher Sly, was long before he could find a model realizing his conception of that famous Shakespearean character's outer man. The sketch for his picture, "Christopher Sly and the Landlady," had been

ready about three years when he met a cobbler, the very type of Sly. Delighted with his discovery, he at once made arrangements for sittings, and, in order that he might fully realize the effect he sought, asked the cobbler if he would object to getting drunk in his studio. The cobbler assented to the proposition with eager readiness. So in due time he came to the studio, assumed the costume, and gleefully tackled a great bottle of gin prepared for the occasion. Glass after glass was filled and disposed of, until at last the bottle, despite its goodly proportions, was emptied. Liversedge looked on with astonishment. The cobbler was as sober as a judge! However, he was determined not to be beaten; so he sent out the portly bottle to be again filled with gin, and his model, nothing loath, recommenced the process of filling and emptying, but with no worse result than before. The bottle was again empty, and the cobbler was no more drunk than the artist was. The latter, irritated and annoyed, grew angry; his patience was so exhausted that he put aside his palette, and dismissed the model, saying it would cost more to make him drunk than the painting would fetch when finished. This picture remained unfinished, for want of a model, when the artist died in 1832.

A STRANGE SENTINEL.

A FEW years ago, with a party of adventurous miners, I was engaged in prospecting for silver in Cedar Valley, at the foot of the western slope of Mount Udrapo, Central Colorado—a peak whose lonely head is eternally crested in snow, and whose lower declivities are darkly covered with the wildest of primeval forests.

Our guide on the expedition was an old hunter—by name Burk Miles—who had lived on the side of Mount Udrapo for fully ten years. He was the embodiment of a perfect backwoodsman, as far as physical development and true courage are concerned; and with it all was an inborn superiority of character, apparent to the most casual observer, that would at once give rise to the idea that he had not always dwelt in solitary woods, or among the rough element of border life.

I was not long in learning from him that he had been educated in the East; had been for many years engaged successfully in business, until sudden reverses in fortune had unexpectedly occurred, and then, impoverished, except in health, with the hopes of retrieving his losses, he had drifted into the western country, and there, meeting with an enterprising miner, with whom a warm friendship was formed, he had settled in Cedar Valley. Neither of them had a family.

Together they raised a log-cabin, and, hunting and prospecting in company, they had lived in this manner until, a year since, one of the "pardners," had died of a lingering fever.

This death had not materially changed the condition of affairs, and, in a sort of a hermit-hunter life, Burk Miles had continued his lonely existence.

Lately he had discovered what he supposed was a rich vein of the real mineral; and, full of glowing visions of a future fortune, he had made a trip to Colorado City, where, enlisting a small party with some capital, he had returned with them to his mountain retreat. I was one of this number.

It was an unusually mild and pleasant evening in November when, tired out with a hard day's work in a most encouraging-looking drift, while we were lounging around in the cabin, some one proposed a story.

At the mention of it all our eyes, as if in league with each other, were directed upon the old hunter. A clamorous urging ensued, that soon had the desired effect of opening what at first seemed was a pair of sealed lips.

"A story—a story?" said he; "I have none to tell. I have forgotten all my old loves. The past is buried under ten years of solitary life, and——"

"A hunter's yarn is what we want, Burk—one of your own adventures," I rejoined, interrupting him.

"Yes, yes," chimed in another; "a narrative in which we can see the eyes and feel the claws of the wild animal, or hear the war-whoop of the painted redskin."

"Never mind your old loves, but spin along."

"Ha! ha! It is a 'varmint' tale you want? Well, I think I can accommodate you."

The old man tipped back his chair against the rough wall, and in an impressive manner began:

"The glorious full moon, sailing overhead this evening, sailed along just as round and bright one night, four years ago this very month, when a howling panther kept a midnight watch over my body and property."

"Watched over by a panther!" the camp exclaimed, in chorus.

"Yes, that very thing!"

And an expression of decided satisfaction spread over the hunter's face as he noticed the interest manifested.

"I," spoke up the wit, "have heard of watch-dogs, sentinel stars, guardian angels, and——"

"And the protective tariff," echoed another sharp one.

"But," continued the first speaker, "never before have I heard of a panther occupying the position of a sentry."

"Well, this one did," returned the old hunter.

"Go on, go on."

"We—that is my dead companion, Ben Willis, and I—had been out of venison for several days, and, one fresh morning, with the intention of laying in a supply, we called our ten hounds together, leashed them securely, and, with our rifles on our shoulders, started up the mountain slope.

"We had walked a great distance from this cabin, and were in the giant pines and tangled thickets in a cup-shaped valley, probably twelve miles from here, when the hounds became frantic over something they had struck. We were bound not to let them go until assured it was no panther or wild cat; so, allowing them to drag us along for some distance, we at length came to a familiar deer-lick, where the fresh impressions of a number of hoofs were visible in the soft earth.

"'From the looks o' the thing,' said Willis, 'I should say that thar is one old buck an' two or three does.'

"'Just so,' I rejoined, speaking with difficulty above the clamor of the excited pack. 'Here is a large track—that of a buck. The other, smaller kind, is double in number the larger one's, showing that there has been at least three deer here, not a great while ago.'

"No longer delaying action, we cut the tight-drawn leashes on the eager hounds, and away they bounded in full, ringing chorus. Willis and I followed on together until after noon; and then, discovering from the sounds that the pack had separated, and also, from the quick yelps, knowing that both divisions had eyes on the game ahead, we divided, and each chased on alone in different and widely-branching trails.

"All day long I stumbled through the beech and spruce forests, hearing before me, sometimes down in a low, wild valley, then again higher on the wooded, waving slopes, the echoing chorus of the hounds. Back and forth they trailed, up and down the ridges, through rock-split ravines, circling in the vast timbered tracks on the western side of Mount Udrapo.

A STRANGE SENTINEL.—"THE PANTHER AT THE FURTHER END BEGAN SLOWLY ADVANCING TOWARD THE CROUCHING SENTINEL."

"At times the hollow music, growing fainter and fainter, died away in the distance; then, on my gaining the summit of a rocky ridge again, borne on the mountain breeze, it would come swinging to my ears. It was the longest chase I had ever pursued, and it seemed that it would never close. The hunted was making an unequal, unheard-of, record. The trail, as I sometimes came across it in moist ground, revealed the fact that the buck was leading my part of the pack.

"For two hours I had heard not a sound of the chase, and as evening began to draw gradually near, I found myself walking along on the projecting ledges and rock-crumbled bank at the base of a line of tremendous cliffs that border the Silver Racket River, the same stream whose dull roar you hear continually from the door of this cabin, and whose pure waters well up among the black pines on the shoulders of Mount Udrapo.

"The locality was familiar to me, and I knew that by ten miles of travel, keeping on the rocks along the mad waters of that impetuous stream, I could at length, without a wandering footstep, reach this cabin far below. But daylight was soon to vanish, and when it did 'twould be in a twinkling.

"Dense clouds, prophetic of a storm, were rolling heavily overhead. The more ferocious animals of the wilderness would be stalking abroad in search of food, and thus, under such circumstances, I would stand but a slim chance of gaining this welcome shelter.

"I considered that my only course would be to select for a night's berth some spacious rock in midstream, or the limbs of one of the leaning spruces, numbers of which fringed the foot of the cliffs.

"As I thus walked rapidly along, around the short, sharp bends, attentively observing, with an eye for a comfortable stopping-place, every feature of the narrow way, I at length drew under the wide, outspreading limbs of a monarch hemlock. Its gnarled and shrunken roots, grappling to the almost bare rocks, afforded an excellent seat, and here I halted for a short rest.

"I had been seated but a few moments when an unusual noise caught my ear. It was close at hand up the stream. I was on the opposite side of the tree from whence the sound came. The low-drooping branches well shielded me from view.

"With that frontiersman's faculty of being ever on the alert at the slightest disturbance, I instantly had my gun cocked and lying across my left arm, but had not yet had time to look in the direction of the noise, when, without any further warning above the roar of the river, a magnificent antlered deer walked slowly by me.

"So wholly unexpected was this happy apparition, that, in spite of myself, I was startled. So near was he that I could see his blood-flamed eyeballs. His hair was wet and matted close to his side, evidently from the effects of an exhausting chase, through which he had eluded the hot scent of the hounds. He had stumbled to

"THE SHOCK OF THE ONSLAUGHT UNBALANCED THE ONE WHO RECEIVED IT."

A STRANGE SENTINEL.—"THE ANIMAL LEAPED JUST AS I SWUNG THE GUN AROUND MY HEAD."

his death. With a terrified snort at sight of me, he sprang with a sidewise leap into the whirling water, and with long, strong springs was bounding away, when my rifle responded to my touch, and an unerring ball staggered and then dropped him in mid-current.

"'Not such an unsuccessful day, after all,' I thought, perhaps spoke aloud. 'A lesser illustration of the mountain coming to Mohammed.'

"The waters were washing and drifting the still slightly struggling buck down the stream, pushing it bodily over the low, black boulders, and swinging it round in the bubbling rapids. I followed along, awaiting and expecting a sudden turn to sweep it to the bordering rocks, where, without the trouble of wading, I could take the prize into my possession. For some distance I kept pace with the swift flow of the current, giving me the time to cool from the excitement of the incident, and bringing me to the calm conviction that the game would not by any means be secure even if I did get it in hand.

"The cliffs towering overhead were undoubtedly infested with wild cats and panthers. To leave unprotected on the rocks such a feast as this buck would afford would insure me nothing more than a highly polished skeleton in the morning.

"There were just the last faint glimmerings of daylight in the clouded sky. I had forgotten all about a place for the night, and now, as the idea came back to me, I turned my eyes from the floating carcass and glanced down the river.

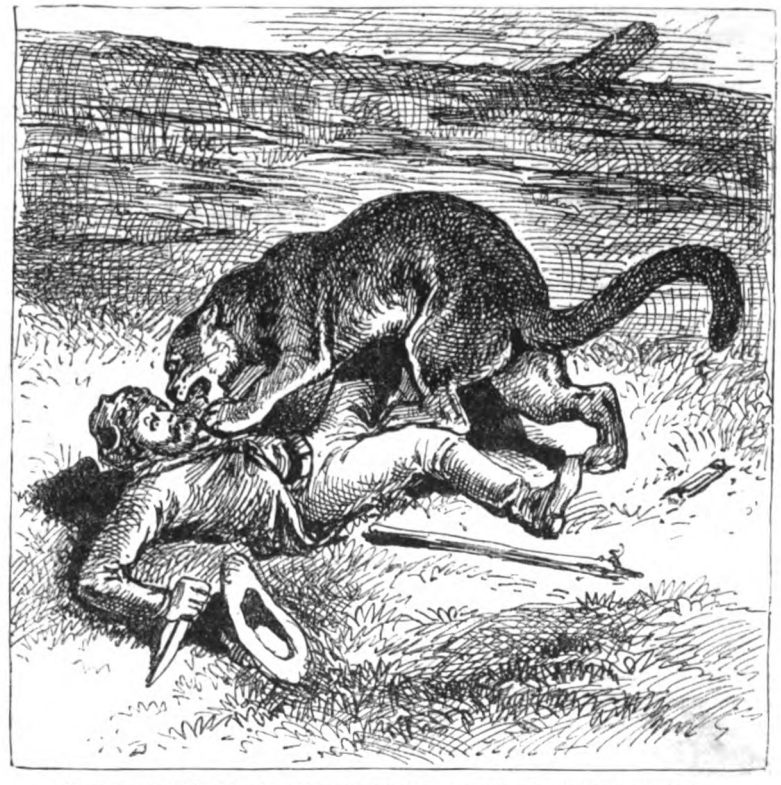
"I know that I must have given vent to a low laugh of decided satisfaction. Nothing else could have been more opportune. My own safety and the safety of my property, would, apparently, in a few moments be secured.

"At the distance of a few rods below me lay a solitary prostrate pine, stretching from the base of the precipice across the waters to a great boulder in the middle of the stream.

"With the intention to avail myself of the opportunity, I sprang forward, and, reaching the place, began to cross this foot-log. It was rotten with age; the bark had dropped from it, the limbs had been worn to the body; the top had been broken and carried away, so that only a thick log, fully three feet wide on top, was thus left bridging the waste of waters.

"I had no difficulty in crossing it, and a moment after I was on the immense flat boulder to which it extended. Just then the deer drifted within reach, and, grasping it by the spreading antlers, I drew it up beside me. I then felt safe. It was well that affairs happened as they did, for immediately, as though borne on eagle's wings, darkness swept up the river, shrouding everything in its folds.

"The silence of the gorge was broken but by the Silver Racket, tumbling with wildest music along the foot of the massive cliffs that climbed out of sight into the night. As it happened, no wind was stirring over the



"THE PANTHER HAD STRUCK MY CHEST. I FELL AS THOUGH HIT BY A CANNON-BALL."

waters, and, in spite of its being in November, the air was as mild as in June, quite pleasant enough to sleep out with nothing over you but the dark pall of sky.

"The trophy of the day's hunt lay close against the end of the pine. If darkness had not spread so rapidly, I would have skinned the buck, and, with a mind to the situation, would have put it into use as an extempore mattress.

"As it was, I used the whole body as a pillow; and, stretching myself out on the cold stone, with my face upturned to the clouded sky, and my loaded rifle under my arm, I soon drifted into unconsciousness.

"I was very tired. The day's chase had been a most exhaustive one, and I, consequently, slept in a deep and healthy manner, swinging in oblivion to the tumultuous anthem of the stream. My dreams bore heavy on my mind, and by their vividity I was drawn back into wakefulness.

"My first sensation on awakening was of something smoothly brushing my upturned face. Back and forth, with measured stroke, it softly moved across my features.

"My immediate impulse was to grasp this singular thing, whatever it was, and force it away, but some inward monitor restrained me.

"I opened my eyes. It was very light overhead. First one eye was darkened, then the other, by the object. It did not at once strike me what it was, but without stirring I formed my conclusions. It was a hairy substance, the tail of some animal; and then, that instant, as if to put a clincher on this conclusion, the shrill cry of the American lion rang out almost directly over my head, and loud above the tumult of the waters. It was answered by several equally as fierce and blood-chilling screams from the rocky bank beyond.

"Were the latter screams echoes of the first?

"I thought not; apparently a whole colony of these ferocious animals were awake and around me.

"My God! The air was too heavy to breathe; my blood seemed halted in its flow.

"The soft stroke still continued. There was no change in position. Why was an attack delayed?

"What could it mean?

"I regained control of myself, and cautiously drew from my belt the keen-bladed bowie which I always carry; but I was undecided how to act. I could not understand the situation.

"With the idea of obtaining a view of my surroundings, I slowly and carefully bent my head back as far as possible.

"The narrow strip of open sky between the black walls of the cañon was what first caught my eyes. The clouds had been scattered by a sharp west wind; every star gleamed brightly in the deep vault, and a round-faced moon stood, as it seemed, stationary and cold overhead.

"Crouching on the end of the log was the owner of the tail that even then swung slowly across my chin. His white, lower body lay close to the log, and, with his dark, supple form knit together, he appeared prepared for a spring, or ready for an unexpected attack. In vain I bent further backward on the deer to get a glimpse of the thing that riveted the attention of the wary panther.

"I was afraid of making much of a movement; but, relying on the tumult of the river to drown all slight noise which I might make, I gradually turned over so as to command a full view of the scene.

"Across the white stretch of seething waters at the foot of the giant cliffs were three more full-grown American lions, or panthers. Two of them, lashing their flanks with their tails, moved back and forth close to the edge of the stream; the remaining one, with its forepaws resting on the base of the pine, was crouching in an attitude similar to the panther near my head. Their three pair of scintillating eyes were fastened on the group of which I was a member.

"I understood the situation. The panther above me was on guard. A sleepless sentinel was watching over me.

"This solution of the affair seemed the most plausible; it was the only satisfactory explanation that could be made. Some few minutes previously, on the search for prey, this strange sentinel had discovered me and my game, and, believing me dead, he had crossed the log, but had not yet had time to commence an onslaught when the three other skulking and hungry beasts made an appearance.

"He was now protecting his own—the living man and the dead buck—but, undoubtedly, not with any future fair intentions. His bloodthirsty disputants had a narrow bridge to pass, and a guard to encounter singly as fierce as themselves.

"For the time being I was safe. I could do nothing better than lie still and await the result of what, it appeared, would soon end in a sanguinary conflict. Then, with a lesser number of the ferocious beasts to encounter, relying on my trusty rifle and bowie, I might finish the victors, or, as a last resort, quit the fray by plunging in the ice-cold torrent.

"After such a struggle as seemed impending, maddened from wounds, and fierce with the taste and scent of blood, a single one of those American lions would neither retreat from the presence of a human being, nor from anything but a most formidable antagonist.

"Meanwhile, the panther at the further end of the log drew himself up wholly on it, and, with shrill cries, began slowly advancing toward the crouching sentinel. The latter did not wait for him, but, as though hot for fight, sprang forward upon the head of the approaching lion.

"A stroke of lightning could have done no quicker or more effective execution. The shock of the onslaught unbalanced the one who received it. With a convulsive effort to recover hold on the rotten log, and a blind, fruitless endeavor to fasten its claws into its adversary, the struck panther, giving utterance to a cry of rage and agony that pierced the air like an arrow, fell, with a loud splash, into the waters, and was whirled out of sight under the shadows of the rocks.

"My sentinel turned around and was coming back to his old station, when one of the remaining panthers that had already mounted the log sprang on the former's haunches. He turned on the instant. It was Greek meeting Greek.

"The most thrilling spectacle that I had ever witnessed or heard of was then presented to my eyes. They struggled almost over my head, and so near that I could feel their hot breath.

"It was an equal combat between two of the fiercest of American wild animals. I forgot my own danger in the excitement created by the scene. The battle-ground was too contracted to admit of a long-continued struggle, and at length, locked in each other's tearing embrace, they rolled, without a cry, off the log, and, still fastened together in a death-clutch, were drawn under the surface and borne away by the rapids.

"The enemy had removed the guard, but one only was left to finish what the others had opened a way to. As he advanced I drew up my rifle. He noticed the move, stopped as though surprised, and gave vent to a shrill

cry. The light was not sufficiently bright to enable me to see the sights plainly; but, relying on habit to secure my aim, I pointed the rifle and fired.

"The animal snarled with rage, crouched and leaped just as I swung, by the barrel, the empty gun around my head. It cut nothing but the air, and the stock was shivered into pieces on the pine.

"The panther had struck my chest. I fell as though hit by a cannon-ball. My body lay on the rock, my head hung in the water, and the panther was turned clear over me, but with forepaws fastened to my clothes.

"I cannot explain how I freed myself; but, after a desperate struggle, I tore him from me. The deep scars on my cheeks are the marks left by his sharp claws. The river carried him away; and, almost drowned, bleeding, bruised and exhausted, I drew myself back on the rock.

"Four panthers had been finished in one night! And so ends the narrative of how I was watched over by one of the fiercest of all wild animals that haunt these mountains."

Every man's eyes in the cabin were shining with the excitement caused by the recital. We all arose as he finished.

"That's a rattling hunter's story, Burk," said one. "You deserve a medal from the Government and the title of 'The Panther-slayer.'"

"As we cannot secure him that, boys," remarked another, "let us give him three cheers."

And, given with a gusto, they rang through the room, swept out of the open door, and blended with the roar beyond of the Silver Racket.

THE MIDNIGHT FRIGHT.

At twenty years of age I was in love. It does not matter to the reader how I came to be in love. It is but of little importance to him, and none at all to this story, when I first met my dear Amanda—or who, indeed, my dear Amanda was. It is quite sufficient for me to say that my dear Amanda was the dearest creature; that she had blue eyes; great long golden locks, which she would shake at me in the most bewitching manner; nice, pearly teeth; a dimple in her chin; blooming cheeks (alas! I afterward discovered that her bloom was imported), and as pretty a little hand as one would wish to see. My youthful susceptibility was easily impressed with charms like these. I had read a great many love tales, and was looking about for some one for whom I could experience that rapturous passion, which they so warmly describe, when accident threw me in the way of Amanda. I went to work at once. I began to love with all the fervor, devotion and intensity that I could command. I will not stop to confess that a suspicion continually preyed upon me that my raptures were in some degree manufactured; nor will I pause to cast back, with the disdain and contempt they so richly deserve, the insinuations of mercenary motives which were uttered against me. Could I help the fact that my Amanda was the only daughter of a rich widow? or that she had a large expectancy from a wealthy maiden aunt? These things were accidents. Amanda and I often confessed to each other how happy we should be in a cottage, or in some lone isle, where only our two hearts beat (and all that sort of thing), and I assert with confidence, that Amanda at any moment would have abandoned friends, rank and fortune for my sake—had I permitted it. Are my detractors convinced? But this is all foreign to my purpose. It is a ghost and not a love story that I am going to relate.

My Amanda and her mother resided in the suburbs of the town. It was an old-fashioned, square brick mansion, built soon after the Revolution, ponderous, gloomy, and, at the time of my story, of a green dampness. Some old trees shaded it thickly—so thickly, the sun rarely brightened up its dark, time-discolored walls. The gardens about it were black and loamy, rank with the growth of shrubbery and weeds. Now the earth carries it around on its bosom no more. First, one of the avenues came, thrusting forward its huge body, crushing through the old trees, trampling under foot the garden growths, and even nipping off an intruding angle; then from another point came a younger but no less insatiable and relentless highway, tearing through the parlors, the wainscot walls, the lordly old halls, and setting itself down upon the very foundations of the old structure. Thus was the mansion of my once Amanda blotted from sight. A green-grocer now holds forth upon the once treasured spot. I will pause sometimes upon the curb-stone at the intersecting highway, and drop a tear to the memory of the old place—a tear to see the old ground so desecrated.

Regularly, as the clock struck seven, I was wont to present myself at the old mansion. The door always opened as I placed my foot upon the front-door step. Amanda always came out of the shadows in the parlor (never lighted until my arrival), and put her two hands in mine; then my arm would always wind around her waist; then we would saunter in together, and if our lips met in the darkness, what was it to any one?—what was it even to the domestic, whom I would sometimes hear smothering a laugh in the passage? When ten o'clock came—for Amanda and her mother were precise and methodical—I would invariably rise, and after a tearful parting, depart on my way to my lodgings, some two miles distant.

But upon one occasion—and now I am coming to my story—there was a terrible storm, which increased so much in violence, hour by hour, that when the inexorable mantel clock struck the hour of ten, both Amanda and her mother insisted upon my acceptance of their hospitality for the night.

"Conduct Mr. Dove to the crimson chamber," said the senior lady to the elderly servant who presented himself, candle in hand. I followed my guide up a steep, narrow, and lengthened staircase, and through a series of roomy, deserted apartments, where articles not in frequent use were stowed away. The servant, I observed stamped heavily as he approached the chamber, hemmed loudly, and looked frequently back over his shoulder, to see if I were following. When he reached the apartment, he fairly backed into it, placed the light hastily on a table near the door, and giving a furtive glance around, rushed hurriedly, and with undisguised terror, from the room. I called him back. He came unwillingly.

"What's the matter, Joe?" said I.

"Sir—nothing—sir."

"I should think there was. What are you alarmed at? Is the room haunted?"

"Ye—yes, that's it, sir. It *be* haunted." The poor fellow fairly trembled. I laughed, but as I turned to look within the apartment, a sensation of awe involuntarily thrilled me. The walls, though of crimson, were of so deep and sombre a hue, they might have passed for black. The dark wainscot; the heavy window-hangings; the huge bedstead, with its dark crimson curtains looming up grimly and awfully in the centre of the apartment; the dense shadows piled up behind the bedstead, within the folds of the curtains, and flickering strangely and grotesquely upon the walls and ceiling; the dismal

howl of the storm without, as the old trees beat against the window-shutters, and the rushing of the wind, with shrill, human-like cries through the halls and empty rooms—all these things combined, and no wonder, to produce sensations of indescribable terror and awe.

I dismissed the attendant, and closed the door. The silence, broken only by the wailings of the storm, was fairly appalling; but I bustled around, took care not to look at the awful shadows, and hurriedly throwing off my clothes, leaped into bed. I laughed at my superstitious awe, tried to shake it off, began to stare boldly about the room, and to express my contempt for the weakness I had been guilty of. But I found it more agreeable to turn my gaze inward, and to nestle down closely under

HOW TO SETTLE THE ATTORNEYS.—"I STOOD UP, AND LOOKING FIRST AT ONE ATTORNEY, AND THEN AT THE OTHER, I SAID, WITH A SOLEMN VOICE, 'I ADJOURN THIS COURT FOR A MONTH.'"—SEE PAGE 106.

warm coverlets, with the hope of wooing oblivious slumber to my eyelids. But I could not sleep. The storm was increasing. The trees around the house groaned and shrieked as if in dying agony. Billows of wind roared down the wide chimney, swept screaming through every cranny and crevice, till, hushed and soothed, the blast would appear to sob itself to rest, dying plaintively away, until suddenly starting up with fiercer power. I was getting nervous, tossing from side to side, in vain attempting to keep pleasant subjects in mind, almost smothering myself beneath the coverlets, until profuse perspiration forced me to gain breath, and involuntarily gaze around.

Suddenly I sprang up in bed, my brow loaded with drops of perspiration, while my breath was short and thick. I assuredly heard a sigh—a long-drawn moaning sigh, close to the head of my bed. I listened with open mouth, and eyes striving to penetrate the darkness. It was repeated. It was not fancy, nor the wind, but a deep, audible, continuous breathing, of a moaning, sigh-like character. I held my breath and listened, while I could feel my hair straighten up, and the blood curdle around my heart. Again I heard it, louder this time, and, to my imagination in its excited state, it sounded like a fearful groan of one in agony. Terror took entire possession of me. I sprang with a sudden bound into the middle of the floor, and, with all the haste I could, struck a light. Nothing was visible. The dense shadows which my dim taper drove into the corners, and behind the huge tabernacle of a bed, looked frightful, and assumed shapes gaunt, skeleton-like and terrible. The perspiration rolled from my forehead. My knees smote together. My teeth chattered, and I could only gasp for breath. Now, when I look back at it, I am as ready to laugh as the reader is, at the absurdity of my fears; but then it was all a terrible reality to me. At last I mustered sufficient courage to approach the bed, with a view of searching out the cause of the mysterious noise. I opened the closets at each side of the bed, where hung dust-covered, moth-eaten, superannuated suits of clothes, which shook as the wind rushed in and disturbed their long repose. Neither sigh nor sound was there. I stooped to look under the bed, when a shrill, loud whistle behind me (probably the wind rushing through the keyhole) was answered close to me by an unearthly noise, a fierce howling, and a dashing, scrambling noise. I sprang back as if I had been shot.

THE TELEGRAPH.— FROM THE STATUE BY KAFFSACK.

Howl followed howl, groan succeeded groan. I stood for a moment paralyzed, and then made one leap toward the door. There was a howling and tearing behind me. I threw open the door, and very possibly shrieked, as I rushed out into the wind-swept hall. Some huge object was behind me. I bounded along the passage like a maniac. I felt the pursuer at my heels. His breath was upon me. I had never known what terror was before. I uttered a cry, and stumbling over some object, fell prostrate, the vampire, ghost, or whatever it was, flinging itself upon me. The light was extinguished in the fall. The *creature's* huge, blood-sucking chops were upon my face. His breath, hot and fiery, filled my nostrils. I threw out my hands instinctively toward the danger, when my arms inclosed a huge, shaggy form, a palpable substance. I grasped it by the throat and struggled with it. Whatever it might prove, I was desperate, and prepared to battle to the last. At this instant a light flashed from the further end of the hall. A face appeared behind it. Then another light, backed by another face. I could see a blunderbuss amid the folds of the first comer's dress. It was old Joe. The light flashed upon me and my antagonist. I looked down, and saw myself rolling upon the floor in the embrace of a huge, shaggy Newfoundland dog. In an instant the absurdity of my situation, and the groundlessness of my fears, flashed upon me. I scrambled to my feet as quickly as possible. I wrapped the loose mantle around me, which I had thrown upon my shoulder when I rose to strike the light, and assumed all the importance of manner I could command.

"Joe," said I, "take this beast away. He's a perfect savage."

Old Joe, trembling and white, and still confidently believing that a ghost was in some way mixed up in the affair, approached, and led off the harmless creature, who stood looking on the scene complacently, wondering, no doubt, what all the ado was about.

It was with difficulty that I could maintain my imposing air until the servants were gone, and then, crestfallen and heartily ashamed, I crept off to bed.

I did not dare present myself to my Amanda the next morning—nor even the next night. When I did at last venture into her presence, I thought she received me coolly, but at the same time with a disposition to laugh at me. I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and at half-past nine pleaded an engagement.

As I said before, this is a ghost story, not a love story, and I really think it does not concern the reader to know how my love suit flourished. I have inadvertently used the wrong word. The suit did anything but flourish. It rather lost ground after my misadventure—in fact, I never married Amanda after all. I now believe that she was an unseen auditor of my comical situation with the dog, and being somewhat of a hero-worshiper, she never could forgive the exhibition of pusillanimity and fear thus afforded her. All I can say about it is, wait until she gets caught in a similar fix.

But the lesson was enough for me. I have had no ghost-frights since.

A MOSAIC DISCOVERED AT NISMES, FRANCE, IN DECEMBER, 1883.

While excavating the soil in this ancient Roman city the workmen came upon a mosaic pavement of uncommon beauty, nearly twenty-five feet long by twenty wide, and, except at the top of the design, in a remarkable state of preservation. It was cleared from the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and raised under the superintendence of M. Mora, the most skillful and erudite mosaist of Southern France, and now occupies a royal position in the new museum of Nismes.

The city was a Roman *colonia*, founded by a legion which had served in Egypt under Augustus and Agrippa. The coins struck here recall all this. They have a palm-tree and crocodile on one side, and on the other heads of Augustus and Agrippa, facing each other. The city had a fine amphitheatre, and must have been a place of no little prosperity. Many relics of value have been found there, but this mosaic is the gem of the collection. The artist was fertile in designs, for, as the reader will observe, he never repeats a design. The squares are all different, and those which may be termed geometrical are intricate and effective. One with four crosses suggests a Christian motive, another has in its centre almost a monogram of Christ. These squares vie with each other in originality and grace. At the top is a frieze of exquisite fineness, with lions, tigers, leopards, chimeras, partridges, a grasshopper, and other creatures. The central subject has led to great controversy and discussion, and even the learned Academy of Nismes has been unable to give a decisive judgment in the case. According to some, it is the "Marriage of Admedes," a subject found treated somewhat similarly at Pompeii; Admedes being a charming virgin who refused to marry a suitor who could not bring to her feet as a wedding-present a live lion and a live wild boar. Others think that it shows "Anthony and Cleopatra Receiving the Homage of Conquered Nations." Others think it refers to the founding of the city by the legion, which thus recalls its old-time connection with Anthony and Cleopatra.

HOW TO SETTLE THE ATTORNEYS.

Dingle is a small town in the southwest of Ireland, on the peninsula which forms one side of Dingle Bay. Lady Chatterton, in her travels in the south of Ireland, gives us the following amusing specimen of the primitive manners of the people:

"Law, sir!" repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright—"Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us, and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy."

"But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?"

"I'll tell you what I did myself," was the reply to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court, and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' said he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said, with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the Queen!' said the crier; and then I left them all. And I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honor and honesty of the cases that come before us."

THE TRIUMPH OF PERSEVERANCE.

ONE day, a long time ago, an olive-browed, gypsy-looking youth might be seen walking along the crowded Toledo, a great thoroughfare in the gay City of Naples. By his general appearance you would have guessed he was a traveling tinker, and you were made sure of the fact when you noticed the well-blackened bit of ironmongery which he swung to and fro in his hand.

There was something, however, in the young tinker which seemed to savor of a soul above kettle-mending, useful as that art is. He looked sad and disappointed, and held the old pan as if he would gladly have thrown it away.

Soon the gathering anger broke forth.

"Plague take these pots and pans!" said he; "but my time is up in a year, and then we'll see. Ah, here is what suits me!"

So saying, the tinker stopped at the window of a shop where paint-brushes and colors were sold. A picture or two showed the passers-by what delightful effects could be produced when those paint-brushes fell into clever artist hands.

"Ah!" sighed the gypsy, "how long will it be ere I can paint like that? Those trees—they are real; that water—I could drink it; those mountains behind which the sun is setting—I have seen them. I cannot think I shall ever be a painter good enough for a picture like that. But the prize is worth labor. Cheer up, Antonio."

So saying, the tinker moved on, singing a blithe Italian air, and wondering how soon Hope could make the desert Future look green.

A year passed away, during which Antonio continued to work for his master. All his spare time, however, was spent in drawing and painting.

Now and then he would go and stand near a certain house where an artist named Colantonio dwelt. Sometimes Antonio would see a maiden come and look out of a window, and then his heart would beat more quickly, and he would feel a flush upon his face; or she would come out, leaning upon her father's arm; but, though Antonio knew them both, and longed to join them in their walk, he dared not.

Never more was he to enter into that house—not one word was he to speak to the artist or his daughter, until he could call himself an artist, and a good one, too.

It was a hard condition, but Antonio felt there was some justice in it. It did not seem proper that a mender of ugly old pots should mate with one who lived all the days of her life among things of beauty.

It was not generous or lover-like to drag down Theresa to a grimy workshop from a saloon full of elegance; so Antonio put a brave heart upon it, and resolved to rise to fame in the road pointed out to him.

Many times he might have spoken to Theresa, had he chosen—many times was he tempted to do so; but he was too honorable to break a promise or disobey a father.

He went home on one occasion, after he had seen her looking more sweet than ever, to dream of her on a high precipice, and of himself hewing out steps in the rock on which she stood. He counted and the steps were nine.

"Must it, then, be nine years ere I can paint as well as Colantonio del Fiore? Nine years! What a time! But, wait a bit—perhaps the steps mean months? No; that won't do. Nine months, indeed! I've been six months already trying to draw my mother, and she laughs at my pictures, and says I make her squint like the old apple-woman in our street; and my horses, she says, could not walk if they were alive. I fear I shall never be an artist. But what can a man do? I have a cousin at Bologna, and he has done some service to a painter there. I'll go to Bologna. Pietro will take care of mother, and I'll send her half my earnings. My time is out next week, and then I'll go and see Theresa no more until I can paint as well as Colantonio del Fiore."

Bologna is some way from Naples, but what will not a steadfast purpose do? In a short time after Antonio was delivered from the pots he stood in that learned city. His cousin, who was a silk-manufacturer, received him most kindly, and promised to introduce him to Lippo Dalmasio, the great Madonna painter. Michele, the silk-spinner, had saved Lippo's life or limbs in a street row, and Lippo had never forgotten his preserver. When, therefore, Michele took Antonio to Lippo's studio, the great artist readily promised to find out Antonio's powers, and to encourage them if they seemed worth encouraging.

When Antonio returned to his cousin's house in the evening his face was radiant with joy—Lippo had given him something to copy, and he had done the task well—so well that Lippo had praised him.

Lippo was a painter of religious subjects, and had got the name of Lippo del Madonne, from his many pictures of the Virgin Mary. One of his pictures may yet be seen in the Church of St. Procolo, and a great painter named Guido Reni, who lived long after him, used to say that no man in his time could draw so holy a face as that.

Under the kind and patient Lippo our honest and painstaking gypsy friend made progress—slow at first, of course, but no less sure. His dream of the nine steps was rather a slight thing to build upon; but Antonio lived in a superstitious age, and was not coming back to Naples to be defeated.

He would not return until he could fairly astonish Colantonio; and his mother and Pietro could come to Bologna and live with him.

Very frugal and quiet was Antonio. Gay and spirited are the citizens of Bologna, and noisy in their merriment. Pure is the mountain air, and bright are those Italian skies; but Antonio's heart was in Naples, and his time was spent in prayer and work.

Daily he rose in Lippo's esteem; and at length, nine years having come to an end, he bade his good cousin and his dear master farewell, and went southward by Florence and Rome.

One day, soon after, an artist, unknown by name, craved permission to present a picture to the Queen of Naples. No one knew who he was or whence he came. He called himself Antonio de Solario, and was our old friend the tinker.

It requires some management to present anything to a crowned head, for "divinity doth hedge a king"; but Antonio was not one to be easily daunted.

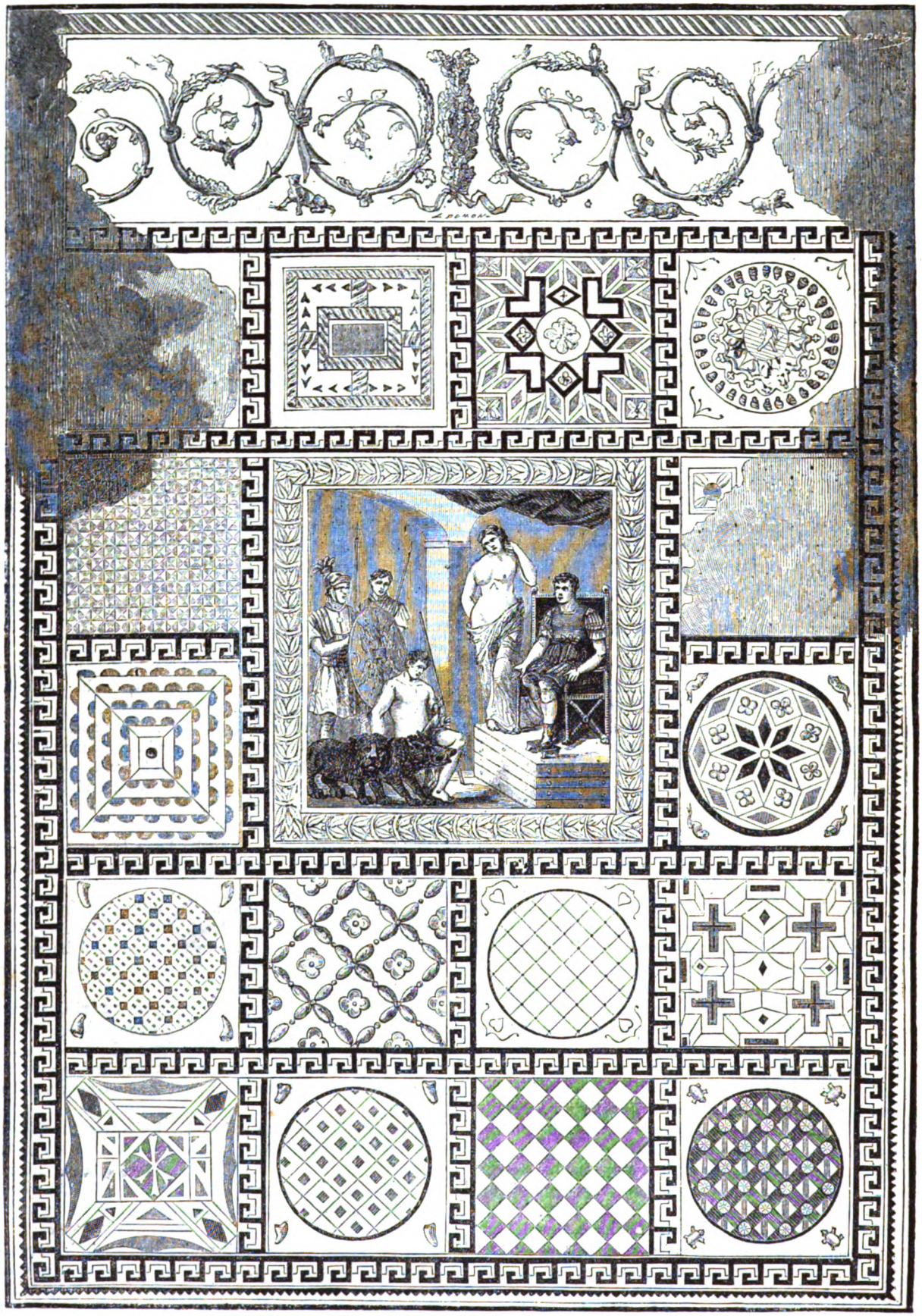
And his picture was worthy of any monarch's acceptance; it represented the Holy Child Jesus crowned by angels.

Used as the Italians are to beautiful pictures, the Queen was breathless with pleasure when Antonio's lovely work appeared.

"What a wonderful picture!" said she. "What expression in those heads! How rich the colors! What a charm in every part!"

Antonio bowed low at such praise, and again he bowed when the Queen requested him to paint a portrait of herself.

This was success, indeed! The portrait was painted and exhibited to the public of Naples, together with the sacred picture of the "Coronation."



A MOSAIC DISCOVERED AT NISMES, FRANCE, IN DECEMBER, 1883.— SEE PAGE 106.

Old Colantonio, in common with all his brother-artists, went to gaze and criticise. Antonio, ten years older than he was, and disguised, stood, utterly unknown, close to the old artist and his daughter when they came to inspect the picture.

Colantonio looked very old and broken in health.

THE TRIUMPH OF PERSEVERANCE.—"ANTONIO BOWED LOW AT SUCH PRAISE, AND AGAIN HE BOWED WHEN THE QUEEN REQUESTED HIM TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF."—SEE PAGE 107.

Theresa's face was still as good and kind as it used to be. She reminded Antonio of one of those saints Lippo was so fond of painting.

Of course, Antonio said to himself: "I wonder whether she remembers me? I should have known her, I think, had I met her anywhere."

While he was looking at her face, she suddenly looked at him, and their eyes met; perhaps there was something in the unknown artist which reminded her of the gypsy Antonio who disappeared so long ago, for she started and looked confused.

"And where did you study?" asked Colantonio; "and with whom."

"With Lippo Dalmasio, at Bologna," answered Antonio; "and I sometimes call myself Il Zingaro; or, The Gypsy."

Again Theresa looked searchingly at the unknown artist, and wondered: "Can it be?"

"But what is your real name?" asked the old artist. "You don't mean to go down to posterity as Il Zingaro, do you?"

"My real name," said the painter, looking fixedly at

Theresa, "is Antonio de Solario. I left Naples ten years ago, because an artist named Colantonio"—here Colantonio looked in amazement at Antonio, who now faced him with his honest, fearless eye—"because an artist named Colantonio would not let me love his daughter unless I could paint as well as he. For ten long years has Antonio been working. Has he succeeded, Colantonio, or not?"

The astonishment of Colantonio and the happiness of Theresa formed a picture worth painting. The old man embraced Antonio, and vowed he had made him the happiest man alive.

Long had he regretted sending Antonio away, for he found it had preyed on his daughter's spirits; and often had he made inquiries among his painter friends, in Sienna, Umbria, Padua, Venice, and elsewhere, about the missing youth, but nothing had come of it; and now, when he was drooping, and thought he had doomed his daughter to live and die unprotected, her faithful Antonio appeared, to throw his manly arms about her, and be her protector—a worthy one, too!

Great was the rejoicing that night in the old artist's house, and seldom was a marriage more blest than that which soon after united Il Zingaro to Theresa Colantonio. The high reputation he had achieved was well sustained by steadfast toil, and many altar-pieces and wall-paintings remained after him, to speak of the talent of one who raised himself, by determined industry, from the mending of pots and saucepans to a place of honor among great men.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN NEBRASKA.

By Orville Deane.

Let him doubt it who will, and yet I affirm, on my honor as a man, that what I am about to relate is a plain, unvarnished statement of facts. I know very well that the story will seem like an exaggeration to those who have never hunted in the Far West.

Before I went there I often heard such things related, but I always supposed that the stories were very highly colored. I have now learned, however, that in these matters exaggeration is scarcely possible, and that most stories told of the great numbers of birds seen are, in fact, but very moderate statements.

When I first entered the duck region of Nebraska, I did so in company with a gentleman who had been there several times before. As we rode across the prairie one day, and came within sight of a line of little ponds, or, as the Western people call them, "sloughs," he pointed out a dark mass hanging in air a mile away, and remarked:

"There are the ducks."

"Where?" said I. "I see clouds in abundance, but no birds."

"Nay, but you see birds in abundance, and no clouds," was his reply.

And I found it even as he had said. Ducks fly there in flocks of thousands—I do not know but by tens of thousands.

During the Summer they live in the Far North, where they breed, and they spend their Winters in the South; but every Autumn they alight on the rivers and lakes and sloughs of the Western States, where they remain till the waters are frozen over.

They feed on the grain-fields of the great wheat-growing regions, and on a certain native product called "wild rice," which grows in abundance about the sloughs and watercourses.

As an article of food their flesh is much superior to that of the sea-duck, or our common domesticated bird—being less oily than either of these.

In almost any region a tolerable hunter can bag twenty birds in a morning or evening shoot, while, if one cares to make a business of hunting them, he can secure a very large number.

Let me recite an experience of mine during a single week in the Autumn of 1880.

Several of us had been on a hunting excursion in the vicinity of the Dismal River, and had been driven back by an untimely snowstorm, known in those regions as a "blizzard." Snow fell in the middle of October to a depth of about eighteen inches, and the temperature was so low that the rivers were frozen sufficiently hard to bear up our teams.

As we returned to the settlements, our route lay along the Elkhorn River, and we found that duck had gathered at the occasional open places in the stream in unheard of numbers. When within forty miles of the point whence we set out on the hunt, two of us determined to go back up the river for a few days' shooting.

We stopped over night with a settler who lived near the river, and next day amused ourselves with shooting duck and hanging them up in his house, to be used by him for food.

I do not know how many we killed, but I know we left a large number. It was easy, in the light snow, to creep up to a bend in the stream, and shoot into a flock as they rose, and we kept at it nearly all day.

Toward night I resolved to go further up the stream, and I arranged with my companion to meet me at the place where we were then stopping some three or four days later.

Mounting my broncho pony, I started up the stream. My saddle was arranged with straps attached at every possible place for carrying game, and I threw a grain-sack across the pony's back, with a little corn in one end and a large number of loaded cartridges in the other.

I was not long in securing as many birds as I could conveniently carry about the saddle. Wherever there was an open place in the river the water was fairly covered with ducks.

Fastening my pony a little distance off on the prairie, I crept up to the stream and shot into a large flock time and again. The birds were singularly easy of approach. I have never seen them as much so elsewhere. I had no difficulty in choosing my position, from which I fired one barrel as they rested on the water, and then gave them another as they rose.

In this way I killed a great many. But what gave me an especial advantage was the fact that, after I had fired into the flocks on the water, and again as they rose, the great body of them would invariably return and expose themselves to my fire again, so that, in many instances, I shot four or five times into a flock at close range, with terrible effect. I gathered up dead birds by the dozen all that afternoon.

In one instance, when I was distant from my pony, and had used up all except one of my shells, I fired into a flock and killed eleven birds with one barrel.

I distinctly remember that, as I came to McClure's ranch, where I stopped that night, I left a saddle-load of birds for the use of his family.

I further recall that, when I started out the next morning on my journey up the river, I soon had another saddle-load, which I sent back to Mr. McClure by one of his herdsmen, whom I met; that soon after I left another load at a herder's camp; that at Graves's ranch, where I

dined, I left quite a number; that, returning to McClure's a few days later, I left another lot with him; and that I carried so many back to the house where my friend had been stopping, that the settler declared he had more meat on hand than his family could use in a month.

This was uncommon experience, I admit, and perhaps I shall never see it repeated; for, as I have said, the untimely storm had driven them in from all the surrounding sloughs, and the exceptionally cold weather had closed the river, save at certain points, where the birds were massed.

Some of the incidents connected with the trip were thrilling, and some of them were very amusing.

In one case I saw a single duck sitting on a snowbank at the river's edge. It was nearly dark, and I had been shooting so much during the day that I cared but little about killing more.

And yet I was curious to see how near I could ride to that bird before he would fly away. He was on the opposite side of the stream, and on the side where I was the water was hidden by a steep bluff, rising, perhaps, six or eight feet above the river.

I rode on, surprised that the bird did not fly, till I was within twenty feet of the stream, when, at a note of warning given by this sentinel, an enormous flock rose from the water under the bluff.

Like the roar of artillery, like the pealing of thunder at midnight, like the sound of many waters breaking in upon the quiet of a Summer's day, was the sound of their wings as they flew away. I sat for a moment in perfect amazement at the sight and the sound. I have no doubt there were three thousand birds in that flock alone.

In another instance I saw an Irishman carrying a very long-barreled gun in his hand, and deliberately walking up to a little slough, where, perhaps, a hundred birds were settled on the water. They were not wild, and Pat walked up to a point within at least thirty yards of them, when he took deliberate aim and fired. His old musket spoke out like an ordinary howitzer, but not a duck was injured.

I rode up and laughingly said:

"Pat, the trouble was you had no shot in your gun."

"An' sure an' I did, sur," he promptly responded.

"Well," said I, "your old gun is good for nothing," and then, just to see what he would say, I added: "That is the kind of a gun you need," at the same time holding up my matchless Colt breech-loader.

He looked at me and at the gun alternately for a moment, and inquired how far I could kill duck with that gun. I replied, "About three-quarters of a mile."

Just then two mallards were passing northward beyond the slough, about eighty yards from where we were. Pat saw them, and taking me at my word, cried out:

"Shoot one of thim, be gorry."

I could not decline the challange very gracefully, and so, while my pony kept moving about uneasily, I aimed about four feet ahead of the duck, and pulled the trigger, and, to my complete amazement, the bird fell dead.

The gentleman from Erin opened his eyes and mouth to cavernous proportions, as he dropped his gun and exclaimed:

"Just tell me now—an'—an'—fwhat koind of a gun have ye got there intirely?"

I assured him that was not much of a shot, and after telling him he might have the dead bird, and giving him a dozen more, I rode on, saying to myself:

"I couldn't repeat that in a million shots, nor is there one gun in a million that would have reached the bird that time."

I like a good gun, and have tried many different kinds, but for all sorts of work, at the shore, in the brush, and on the prairie, I have never found anything so satisfactory as the weapon made by the Colt Manufacturing Company.

SUNSET.

By Herman Merivale.

Wearing Aurora's robe, night after night,
Some radiant spirit rules the western sky,
Drowning the sun-tints with such rich supply
Of colors weaved of unremembered light,
That it would seem the Master-painter's might
Had wrought anew His palette there on high,
To tell the tired world rainbows shall not die,
Which first His pledge of promise did indite.
Forged newly like a steel-blue scimitar,
The crescent Moon shines keener than of old,
And, as the drawn sword of one armed for war,
Marshals those hosts of crimson, green, and gold,
Till underneath the quiet Evening Star
The great review pales out into the cold.

THORPE TOWER.

By S. A. Weiss.

DR. GRAY, on his sober sorrel, turned out of the highway into a pleasant lane leading across the fields in the direction of his home. It was getting late, and he was tired and anxious to reach home and refresh himself with the tea which he knew his daughter Alice would have in readiness. And the country doctor being a privileged person, made no scruple of opening the gate and crossing the Manor fields, albeit in so doing he was trespassing. He looked up as he closed the gate behind him—looked with an expression of thoughtful interest in the direction of the old Manor house, with its many gables and chimneys, and the ivy-covered tower close behind it, sole remnant of the ancient castle which had once stood here.

It was a neglected, uninhabited-looking place, and yet the doctor remembered when it had been an attractive residence, as with a little care it could still be made.

But that had been in the youth of the present owner, old Squire Thorpe, and about the time when he had brought home his fair young bride. She had died within a year, and from that time all had become changed at the Manor, and the squire himself, never very socially inclined, had led the life of a recluse, with only one or two old servants about him.

In the last year or two he had first one nephew and then another with him at the Manor; but of even them he saw but little, passing his time generally alone in the old tower, which he used as study and library.

Dr. Gray was aroused from his reverie by perceiving a woman hastening out of the house and eagerly beckoning to him. He at once quickened the pace of his tired horse.

"Oh, doctor, what a blessed providence that you happened to be passing! The master, sir, he's took with one o' his fits, and——"

"Where is he?" inquired the doctor, dismounting.

"In the tower, sir, as usual; and——"

But the doctor was already on the narrow flight of stone steps which, ascending against the outside wall of the tower, led to a low-arched doorway. Entering and passing through another doorway, he stood in a gloomy-looking room, almost bare of furniture, but lined with shelves laden with books and philosophical instruments.

Squire Thorpe sat upright in an oaken chair, his head thrown back and vest unloosed, while his faithful servant, Jarvis, knelt before him, rubbing his chest and limbs.

"You came just a little too late, doctor," he remarked, grimly. "It is pretty well over now—except for the faintness here."

Squire Thorpe, with a characteristic obstinacy and reserve, would never acknowledge that he was ill. But the doctor, who understood his case, now without a word proceeded to his relief.

In a brief time the paroxysm was subdued, and the old man sat easy, but very pale, while the physician anxiously watched him.

"It is not necessary," he was saying, in his hard, positive way. "I am as well here as in the house below. This old tower has been my favorite haunt—my study and library—since I was a boy, and I don't feel inclined to give it up. I should not feel at my ease anywhere else. Besides, here nothing can disturb me, and if I want anything I ring."

"But suppose that in one of these attacks you should not be able to reach the bellrope?"

The old man slowly shrugged his shoulders.

"What is to be, will be."

The doctor gave an impatient gesture.

"If you will pass your life in this owl's nest, why don't you give your nephews access to you? You are too much alone for your own good; and their society, I should think, would cheer you!"

"I don't like to be interrupted. Besides, Roland is busied with his farm, and Walter—well, I fancy the boy would prefer his shooting and fishing. What pleasure would it be to him to be shut up with an old man in what you can call an owl's nest?"

"So you have handed over the farm to Roland?" inquired the doctor, in some surprise.

"Yes. It was lying useless, and I thought it best to give him something to do. You know the whole estate will be his by right of entail, he being the son of my eldest brother; and I did not care to keep him waiting for dead men's shoes."

"It seems a pity," remarked Dr. Gray, quietly, "that Walter should not come in for a share."

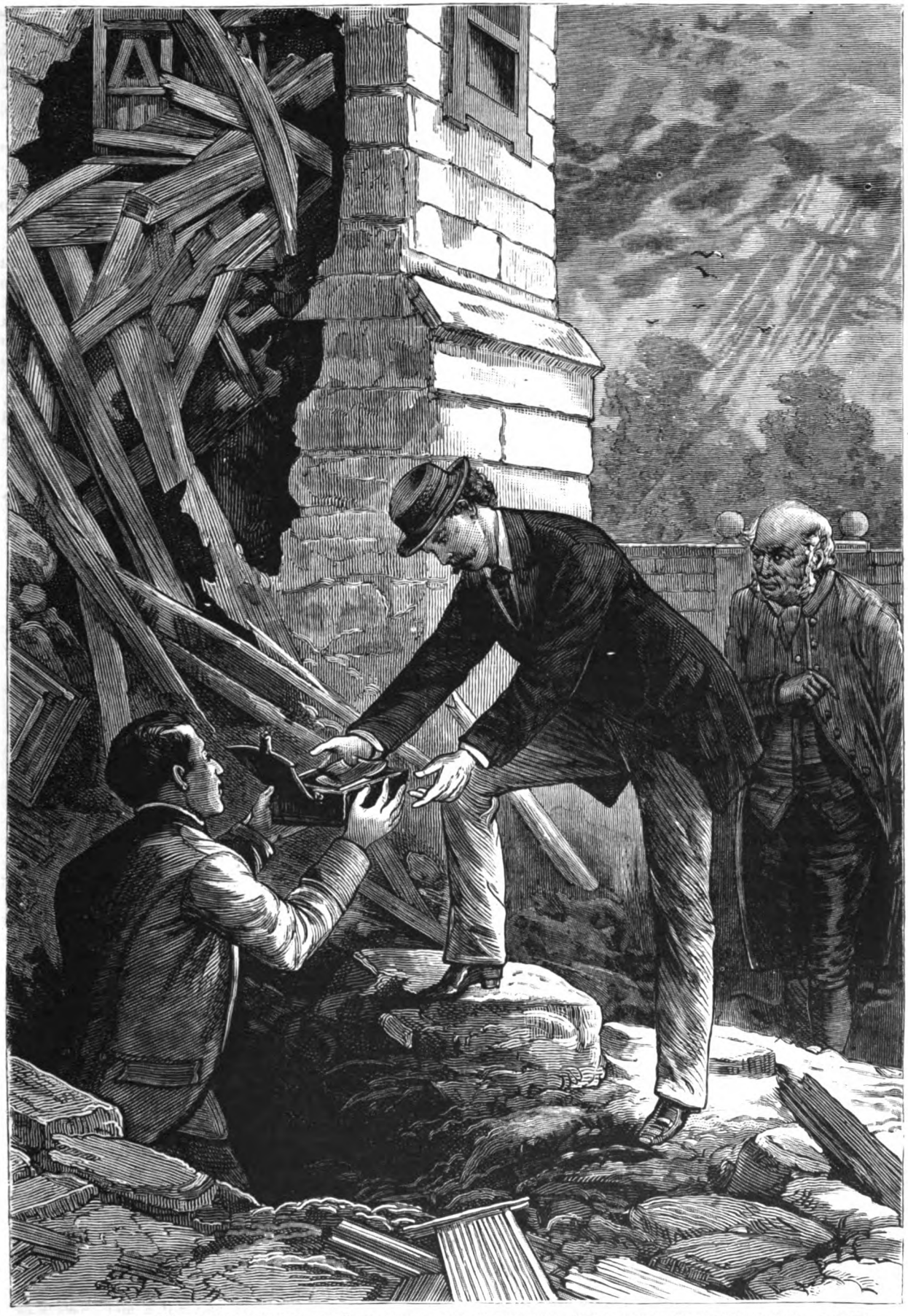
"Walter will be provided for," said the old man, grimly. "You know my own funded property is worth twice the value of the estate."

DUCK-SHOOTING IN NEBRASKA.—SEE PAGE 110.

Dr. Gray did know this. He looked for a moment thoughtfully from the window, while absently twirling his watch-seal. A close observer might have noticed a slight flush, a slight expression of hesitancy, on his care-worn face. He was thinking of Roland Thorpe and his own daughter, Alice. Until Walter came Roland had been considered the heir not only to the estate, but to the whole of his uncle's property—and Roland loved Alice. But Dr. Gray, though often meek, was honest; and now, after that momentary hesitation, he spoke out.

"If you desire to make another will in Walter's favor, would it not be better to do it at once?"

"I know, I know," answered the squire. "You would tell me that delays in my case are dangerous."



THORPE TOWER.—"'HERE IS SOMETHING, SIR!' CALLED OUT ONE OF THE MEN. 'AN IRON BOX, WITH PAPERS IN IT. I KNEW IT MUST BE HERE; FOR I SAW IT WHEN IT FELL.'"—SEE PAGE 111.

"I would. All life, even that of the young and the healthy, is liable to be suddenly cut short; and in your own case——"

"Yes, yes! You've told me often enough that my life hangs by a thread, and may be snapped any moment. You told me so five years ago, you remember, and I am alive still. Time enough, time enough; but I mean to provide for Walter. He sha'n't be left penniless."

"He is a fine young man," the doctor remarked. "So is Roland."

"No, sir!" the old man said, positively; "no, doctor, Roland is *not* a fine young man. Clever and brilliant he is, but that is the best of him. I never knew it till lately; till he returned from college and found Walter here. But I see now that there is an underhand meanness about Roland which no true Thorpe ever possessed. He got it from his mother's family, and you know what *they* are. Walter is different; not so showy or plausible as Roland, but good-hearted and true, and the soul of honor, sir—the soul of honor."

"I believe it," assented the doctor.

"I am sorry," resumed the old squire, slowly—"sorry that I have only of late known Walter. But you know how it was, Dr. Gray. His father and I did not get along very well together, and I have seen but little of him and his family. I must try to make it up to them. A poor clergyman with six children needs help. I shall write to him this evening—yes, this evening. It will do me good!"

"Then I will give you time to do it," the doctor said, rising; "only I do dislike to leave you here alone in this old tower. It is not safe, either," he added, looking around, "and I feel uneasy every time that I enter that doorway,"

"Tut, tut!" interrupted the squire. "These old walls will last as long as I do. And now for the letter to David," he added to himself, as his visitor passed out.

Dr. Gray cautiously descended the steps, noticing as he went how the mortar had all fallen away, and the stones of the old walls seemed lying loosely upon one another. He felt relieved as he got beyond its shadow; and, remounting his horse, he pursued his way homeward, wrapped in thought.

He was in sight of his own house before he knew it; and there at the front garden-gate stood Alice, watching for him. But she was not alone, for a tall young man stood leaning on the gate talking to her, apparently very earnestly.

In the twilight the doctor at first took him to be Roland Thorpe, but on coming nearer discovered it to be Walter, Roland's cousin; and his face shadowed somewhat as he passed by them with a not very cheerful greeting.

"Could I but be certain," he thought, as he slowly passed up the graveled walk to the door—"could I but be certain how this will of the squire will turn out! I fear she likes this boy—as do I, for that matter; but, should the squire die before making a will in his favor, the match is not to be thought of. And should she refuse Roland"—the anxious lines again contracted about the doctor's brow and mouth—"I fear it will go hard with us. Poor child, she knows nothing about the mortgage!"

His wife, a fair, delicate-looking woman, came into the hall to meet him, and he smoothed his brow and tried to look cheerful as he spoke to her.

At the same moment, Alice, standing at the garden gate, and looking wistfully after her father, was saying to Walter Thorpe:

"Walter, don't you think papa has changed of late? He doesn't look so well as usual, or appear to be in as good spirits. I fear he has some trouble."

"I hope not. Only a little overworked, perhaps. With so large a practice, your father should allow himself to take some rest."

And then their conversation turned again to themselves, and a little while after Alice was saying, blushingly:

"It doesn't matter in the least, Walter, how poor you are. Neither papa nor mamma would ever wish me to marry for money, and papa has enough for us all."

Ah, as the doctor had said, she knew nothing about the mortgage.

A few hours thereafter it became known to Dr. Gray, and to every one in the surrounding neighborhood, that old Squire Thorpe was dead. He had been found by his faithful servant, Jarvis, seated in his chair, erect but stone dead. He still grasped a pen in his fingers, and on the desk before him lay a half-finished letter to his brother David, in which he made the assurance that "he meant to do something handsome for Walter."

So Roland was now Squire Thorpe, of Thorpe Tower, and by the contents of the old existing will, made three years previous, heir to all his uncle's large property, besides being owner of the entailed estate.

* * * * * *

"It is hard, Walter," said Dr. Gray, as he grasped the young man's hand, some days after the funeral—"hard, because I know that your uncle intended to include you in a new will."

"So he told me, sir." And he added, with a certain huskiness in his tone: "It *is* hard, doctor—harder than any but myself can know, not for the sake of the money, but because so much to me depended upon it."

Dr. Gray moved uneasily in his study-chair, but Walter Thorpe, with frank, earnest eyes, looked full in his face.

"Dr. Gray, I have heard you say that you would not give your daughter to a poor man."

"And I must stick to it, Walter, in justice to my daughter. I have known too well from experience the evils of marrying in poverty. I saw Alice's mother gradually sink under them, until health and spirits were gone, and I resolved, if possible, to shield our child from such a fate. I worked hard, and made enough to live on in tolerable comfort; but for their sakes I have lived up to my means—beyond my means—and should I die now, I have nothing to leave them—literally nothing."

"But, doctor, if you would consent to Alice waiting? I have youth, health and strength. Other men have started in life as poor as I, with fewer natural advantages, and have found success. I may do the same."

"May, or may not," was the reply. "It is chance, after all. I have known men to strive and wear their lives out with toil, and yet not win bread enough for their families, while to others, not half so industrious or deserving, wealth came easily. No, no, Walter. If only for your own sake, better not think of it. Let my girl remain free; and should she meet with some one else whom she can like, and who is able to support her in a style which I shall require"—here the doctor's glance unconsciously wandered away through the open window in the direction of Thorpe Tower—"then she will be free to marry him. Do not consider me unkind, Walter. Think well on the subject, and you will acknowledge me to be in the right.'

Dr. Gray looked after the young man as he left the house. Alice was crossing the little lawn, and the two met and stood for a moment with clasped hands. The doctor almost groaned. He was not a mercenary man, but did he not know what was at stake in regard to his

daughter's marriage? And as he watched them he saw the little gate opened and Roland Thorpe come up the graveled walk toward the house.

He was a tall, dark, handsome young man—some years older than Walter. He saluted Alice and his cousin with easy courtesy as they met; but Dr. Gray, watching him unseen, saw when he had passed them the hard, sinister expression which darkened his countenance; and for the first time his heart misgave him. He remembered the old squire's estimate of his nephew's character, and was conscious of a wish that Walter, and not Roland, had been the heir. Walter's frank face could never have worn that look.

"Alice," said Walter, as the two strolled away amid the shrubbery, "I have come to tell you good-by."

"Oh, Walter, must you really go?"

"I must, darling. I have the world before me and my own fortune to make. I will meet it bravely, Alice, but I feel that I cannot give you up."

"Who says that you must give me up?"

"Your father."

And then he told her of his interview with the doctor.

The girl at first turned pale; but then she looked up bravely.

"It will make no difference, Walter, whether or not we are engaged. You will succeed; I know you will; and *I will wait for you.*"

"Oh, Alice, if you will, I shall feel strong enough for anything."

And then for a while they talked together, half-sadly but hopefully; and when the young man finally bade her adieu he wore a brave, determined look, which augured well for the future. But, oh, the long weary years which must, perchance, pass before he could win his fortune and his wife!

When young Squire Thorpe had also left, after an unusually lengthy visit, Alice was summoned to her father's study.

She found him walking up and down in an agitated manner; but he calmed himself, and seating her opposite him, bade her listen to and consider well what he had to say.

It was no unexpected news to her to learn that Roland Thorpe had proposed for her hand. She had known that he would do so, and had done all in her power to discourage him. But she *was* surprised when her father explained to her that Roland Thorpe had some time previous loaned to him, of his own means inherited from his father, a considerable sum, to which the doctor was still indebted to him, with no prospect of a speedy settlement; and that he had hinted, barely hinted, that he would make use of his power unless Alice became his wife.

"I will not seek to force your inclination in this matter, my dear," the doctor continued; "but I wish you to consider the subject; and remember that, should you decide against Roland Thorpe, certain ruin stares us in the face. We shall be homeless, your mother and I. I am too old to think of retrieving the past, even should I succeed in keeping my practice with my failing health and the competition now in the field. Roland loves you——"

"Papa, I hate Roland Thorpe. Nobody likes him!"

"I don't see why you should dislike him. I know of nothing against him; he is clever and handsome—a gentleman—and one who can give you position and fortune. As to your fancy for Walter, you are both young—too young to know your own minds, perhaps, and in a few months may forget each other. Still, I will not seek to coerce you, Alice," continued the doctor, the old, careworn, anxious look returning to his face. "I only ask you to think it all over, my daughter, and to-morrow let me know your decision."

To give up Walter, or to condemn her father and mother (her poor toil-worn father and feeble mother, whose idol she was) to poverty and misery—this was the choice presented to Alice. Never, in all her after life, did she lose the memory of that night of wretchedness.

It was on the following day that Walter Thorpe, equipped for traveling, stood on the flagged terrace of the Manor house, waiting, as one of the servants brought round the carriage which was to take him to the nearest railway station. Roland he had not seen since the previous evening, and he was evidently avoiding him, having remained all night on his farm.

The day had been still and sultry, and now, as Walter paced restlessly up and down the terrace, he became aware of a sudden darkening of the sky, while a mass of inky clouds, which had arisen in the west, rolled rapidly toward the zenith.

"There's going to be a roaring storm, Master Walter," said old Jarvis, as he stood solemnly surveying the dark, threatening sky. "Take my advice and wait till it's over, even if you do miss the train. 'Twould a'most seem as if Nature was agin your leaving the old place, and I wish in my heart it hadn't to be. There! it's upon us sure enough now."

A flash of lightning and a heavy roll of thunder had interrupted him, and scarcely had they time to seek the shelter of the house when the storm broke in all its fury.

Walter stood at the window watching the rage of the elements. The rain fell in torrents, hissing along the parched ground, and peal after peal of thunder broke, as it seemed, directly over their heads. At last came a crash so loud and awful that Walter started.

"What was that?" he asked, hastily. "That was something more than thunder."

"It's the tower, Master Walter! Heaven ha' mercy on us, but the tower's fallen down!"

It was true. A flash of lightning had struck the old tower, and rent it fairly in twain. One half lay a heap of ruins, while the rest, remaining erect, displayed within its shattered walls the shelves laden with books which had formed the old squire's library.

"How glad I am," said Walter, with almost a tremble in his tone, "that this did not occur while my uncle lived. It would have so distressed him."

"Look, Master Walter! see there, sir—that hollow in the wall, just where it is broken off. It looks like a closet or a fireplace, though there was ne'er a one there that I knowed of."

A furious blast of wind, sweeping around the broken angle, hurled down a mass of stones, and with them the cavity in the thickness of the wall, to which Jarvis had called Walter's attention, disappeared.

"It must have been a secret closet of some kind," Walter said. "I wonder whether my uncle knew of its existence?"

The storm subsided almost as suddenly as it had arisen; and, as a glimmering rainbow appeared in the east, Walter and the servants stepped out to view the ruins of the old tower.

"Here is something, sir!" called out one of the men. "An iron box, broken open under the stones, with papers in it. I knew it must be here, for I saw it when it fell with that hole in the wall."

Walter carefully extracted the few papers which the box contained.

"They are in my uncle's handwriting, I think. They

are business papers, evidently, and must be given to Roland. Take care of them Jarvis, and——"

But here he paused, and his face became quite pale. He was staring at a paper which he had partially opened.

"Last Will and Testament of Stephen Thorpe, of Thorpe Tower and Manor."

This was what had caught his eye, and then—

"I give and bequeath to my nephew, Walter Thorpe, eldest son of my brother, Rev. David Thorpe of the ——"

LOVE'S MESSENGER. — FROM THE STATUE BY PALMIERI.

And in that moment Walter found himself the heir of the whole of his uncle's possessions, with the exception of some legacies and the entailed estate of the Manor.

"So, Master Walter, this hideous old tower is down at last!" exclaimed a cheery voice. "Let me congratulate you!"

"For more than you now imagine, Major Furnival," was the young man's agitated reply, as he recognized a gentleman who was their nearest neighbor and an old friend of his uncle. "See what the storm has sent me," he added, showing him the paper.

The major rapidly ran his eye over the document, and said:

"By George, Walter, it is lucky that this fell into *your* hands. If, now, Roland had got possession of it——" and here he checked himself. "It is strange that no one knew of the existence of this will; not even the witnesses," continued Major Furnival, examining the signatures. "Worthington mentioned to me his having been, together with Farmer Hope, called in by the old squire to sign a paper—a deed, he thought it to be—in presence of Jarvis, here; but neither of the three it seems, imagined it to be a will. Just like the squire to do things in that style. He believed, I suppose, that he would have plenty of time in which to produce the will and make all proper arrangements. But now, Walter, it will be best to at once place this in the hands of Lawyer Hepworth. I will accompany you." Together they proceeded with the precious document to the abode of the lawyer, and then Walter, his heart beating high with hope and happiness, hastened to inform Alice and her father of the wonderful fortune that he himself could as yet scarcely realize.

What a look of gladness came into Alice's eyes, and what an expression of relief to the poor doctor's care-worn face!

"We had just decided," he said—"just decided to brave the worst that can befall us rather than see our child unhappy. I did not know until now how much her happiness was involved, Walter, and this evening I must give an answer to Roland."

"I will settle with Roland," Walter replied. "Thank God, I shall be able to do so now."

This proved a more difficult task than he had anticipated. Roland, furious with disappointment and jealousy, was inclined to do the worst in his power, and was finally influenced only by the consideration of public opinion. But he could not bear to stay and witness Walter's happiness and prosperity. He left his property

THE KISS OF PROTESTATION, OR KISS FEMININE.

THE KISS OF YOUTH AND INNOCENCE.

in the hands of an agent, and went abroad for some years. Then he went to America, where he enlisted in the civil war at that time raging ; and one day there came news of his death on the battlefield. So, his own father being dead, the Manor estate fell, by right of entail, to the Reverend David Thorpe ; and to-day his eldest son, Walter, is Squire Thorpe of Thorpe Manor, and often relates to his bright-eyed boys the story of the Old Tower.

A SMILE IN THE LORDS.

During a debate on the Clergy Reserves, in the Canada Bill, in 1853, the late Lord Derby made remarks, from which Bishop Wilberforce expressed his dissent by shaking his head and smiling. The noble earl took exception at the gesture. The bishop admitted the smile, but denied all intention of thereby imputing anything offensive.

Lord Derby : "I accept the explanation offered by the right reverend prelate ; but when he says that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive, because he has a smiling face, he will forgive me if I quote, without intending in the least to apply the words to him :

"A man may smile and smile, and be a villain."

Lord Clarendon (in a voice of thunder) : "O ! O ! O !"

Lord Derby : "What noble peer is it whose nerves are so delicate as to be wounded by a hackneyed quotation ?"

Lord Clarendon : "I am that peer, and protest against any noble lord applying, even in the language of poetry, the epithet of villain to any member in the House."

Peacemakers rose on both sides of the House. The reporters had left the gallery, previous to a division. Lord Clarendon, who was greatly excited, drank off a glass of water. Lord Derby at the same time filled another bumper of water, and called out across the table, "Your good health, Clarendon "; and so the affair ended.

Lord Derby was probably not aware that the same

THE FAMILY KISS, WHEN THEY WANT TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF KISSEE.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

ON THE ART OF KISSING.

quotation from "Hamlet" had, more than fifty years before, produced a similar scene in the House of Commons. Tierney, who shortly before had fought a duel with Pitt, was addressing the House. Pitt smiled contemptuously, upon which Tierney said: "The right honorable gentleman smiles; but need I remind him 'that a man may smile and smile——'" Here he paused. "Take the fellow a message from me," cried Pitt to one of his followers; but before the hostile message reached the Opposition benches, Tierney added, "'*and yet be a Minister.*'" So the affair ended in a laugh instead of a fight.

THE INVENTION OF GLASS.

The popular belief credits the invention of glass to the Phœnicians, and our readers will recall, no doubt, the story of its fortuitous discovery by Phœnician merchants who rested their cooking-pots on blocks of natron (subcarbonate of soda), and found glass produced by the union of the alkali and the sand of the sea-shore under the action of heat. It is unquestionable, however, that the art of glass-making and glass-working has been known from very remote times. The earliest example of glass of which the date has been preserved by an inscription is of Egyptian origin. It is a small lion's head of opaque blue glass, but changed externally to an olive green. It was found at Thebes by Signor Drovetti, and is now in the British Museum. The underside of this relic contains hieroglyphics which bear the name of an Egyptian monarch who lived about 2400 B. C. Other relics of glass bearing inscriptions have been found among the ruins and tombs of that ancient nation, and in the tombs of Beni Hasin, which are at least as early as 2000 B.C., the art of glass-blowing is represented in an unmistakable manner.

THE GARDEN-SNAIL.

In a native state, snails generally live about two years, though they often go on living for much longer periods. Every Autumn, as the cold weather comes on, they grow torpid, and retire to a hole in the ground or in the rocks, where they hibernate just like bears or dormice. In the hibernating condition they sleep very profoundly, only breathing to a very slight extent, while the action of the heart is all but entirely suspended.

The common brown garden-snail closes the mouth of his shell during the Winter sleep with a sort of lid or film, called an epiphragm, composed of hardened slime. This epiphragm both keeps out intrusive insects, and protects the snail from cold and from the access of too much fresh air. At the same time, in order to allow the slow respiration to go on, the animal leaves a small hole somewhere in the film, which acts as a ventilator to the inner chamber. The big edible snail goes a step further, for he strengthens his gummy film with a thin deposit of lime; and in the Spring he sheds the lid, which has gained for him his scientific name of *Helix pomatia*. Snails will sleep away whole years together without dying when in their torpid condition. I have myself seen a case in which two garden-snails remained alive, fastened by their own mucus to a wall, with no food or drink, for thirty-two months at a stretch; and an instance has been recorded where a desert-snail from Egypt passed four years under similar circumstances, gummed to a card in the British Museum. Even during their most wakeful periods snails breathe in a very slow and leisurely fashion.

If you watch a garden-snail for a few minutes, as he walks deliberately along the top of a brick wall, you will see him every now and then lazily open and shut a sort of hole or gap on his right side, which gives him a queer yawning appearance. This hole is really the mouth of his lung or pulmonary chamber—about as simple a form of breathing-apparatus as any to be found in the whole circuit of the animal kingdom. It consists merely of a sac or hollow in his body, with a mouth that can be irregularly opened and closed at pleasure, but without any mechanism for respiration, that is to say, for inhaling fresh air and expelling the superfluous carbonic acid. The veins are merely disposed around the walls of the pulmonary chamber, and whenever the animal opens the little gaping mouth a fresh stock of the pure outer atmosphere is taken in, exactly in the same way as when we air a room by opening a window. The snail then keeps this air inclosed in his simple lung till his blood has absorbed all the available oxygen, and replaced it by carbonic acid, after which he once more opens the mouth, and allows the air a second time to renew itself by mere atmospheric diffusion. The effect is just the same as if we ourselves were merely to open our mouths every three minutes or so, and let the air get in of itself, without breathing in any way. Of course, such a rudimentary type of repiration is only possible in a very inactive and sluggish animal. Active creatures require much more oxygen to keep the internal fires burning brightly, and the engine working up to full vital speed. Garden-snails crawl by means of successive expansions and contractions in the broad muscular under-surface of the body, technically described as the foot. If one watches a snail climbing up a pane of glass, it will be seen that the contractions follow one another like waves, with very great rapidity, though they produce in the end such a singularly inadequate result. Yet some slugs, such as testacella, can move quite rapidly along the burrows of earthworms, which they pursue and devour much as the ferret does with rabbits, only in a still more deadly and bloodthirsty fashion. As the snail walks, he keeps pushing out in front of him four curious retractile feelers or tentacles, commonly called his horns. Two of these horns are long, and two short, the longer pair being the upper ones. Both can be withdrawn by being turned inside out, like the finger of a glove that is pulled off backward. At the end of the long pair of tentacles are two small black spots, the eyes, which are very rudimentary in the garden-snail, and apparently only possess the power of distinguishing light from darkness, without any distinct vision for shapes or colors. This is a very interesting fact from the evolutionary point of view, as the highest marine shell-fish belonging to this same group, such the strombs or wing-whelks, have in the same position well-developed eyes, as perfect as those of many fishes, with a full complement of retina, crystalline lens, aqueous humor, and vitreous humor, exactly as in the human eye. The regular gradation and similarity of position shows that these marine carnivorous snails have developed a true and highly evolved organ of sight out of the tiny black pigment specks of the common creeping univalves, and the process is no doubt largely connected with their extremely active habits, and their singular power of jumping through the water by successive bounds of leaps. It has long been noticed that the eye is always most highly developed in the most locomotive animals, and almost or completely wanting in the most sedentary. The converse side of this principle is well exemplified in the oyster, the young fry of which, during their early locomotive stage, have a pair of distinct black

eyes to guide them in choosing their future home; but as soon as they settle down for life on some ledge or bank in complete laziness, the eyes die away, and the animal passes the rest of its existence in complete and contented blindness. The eye-stalks and eyes of snails possess the faculty of reproduction after accidental injury, so common amongst the lower animals. If the tentacles are cut off with a pair of scissors, they will grow again in about a fortnight.

This habit of reproduction seems to depend, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, on the same principle as that which governs growth and development. The entire animal shape is the one which satisfies the natural polarities of the units which compose it; like a broken crystal, the animal tends to restore its own original and normal form by the inherent physical attributes of the parts which go to make it up. As the snail walks about he keeps pushing forward and withdrawing his horns, in proportion as he finds his way clear before him, or otherwise. The manner in which he does so shows at once that he depends almost as much on touch as on sight to guide his slow and tentative movements. He can, however, hear a little, for he has a sort of rude ear, with a tiny calcareous pebble or otolithe suspended in it, near the base of the tentacles. He can smell, too, and there is no doubt that by smell mainly he is attracted toward the particular food-stuffs that please his vegetarian palate. Slugs are certainly drawn by high scents, and particularly by the odor of mushrooms and other fungi, for which they display a decided weakness. As a whole the senses of the snail are not well developed, and his brain is in a comparatively rudimentary condition. It is a significant fact that it lies in a sort of ring surrounding his throat—feeding is the most intellectual operation with which he is acquainted. Still, the intelligence and affection of snails is rather higher than many people would be inclined to imagine.

Mr. Lonsdale has recorded one case where a Roman snail imprisoned in a garden found means of escape for himself, and afterward returned to point it out to his mate, who was similarly confined. All snails are hermaphrodite, that is to say, each individual is at once male and female, but they pair together like ordinary sexual animals. Their courtship is long and affectionate, being accompanied by many grotesque endearments; and they seem not incapable of strong attachment for one another. Some snails have also a reputation for being pugnacious, though their battles, owing to the slowness of the attack, are not of a thrilling interest to the unsympathetic lookers-on. The eggs are separate in the land snails, and covered by a distinct shell; though in the fresh-water kinds they are soft and transparent, and glued together in those glutinous masses which we commonly describe as spawn. One tropical Brazilian snail lays an egg as big as a pigeon's, covered externally with a hard, calcareous shell.

The garden snail, in his younger days, is mostly devoured by thrushes and blackbirds. He has comparatively few other enemies, except toads, who eat him freely, and hedgehogs, who are not averse to him while his shell is still soft and easily crushed by the small teeth of his nocturnal aggressor. The smaller kind of snails are less protected, and are much more largely eaten both by birds and by the lesser quadrupeds. Even the glow-worm is a great snail-eater, living, as a rule, off this kind of food alone.

The big Roman snail, on the other hand, has too stout a shell in his adult state for almost any British bird or mammal to masticate readily. Still, even he falls a victim, in Southern Europe at least, to the culinary tastes of man himself: for the *escargot* is a favorite dish with French *chefs*, and in the market-place at Toulouse large basketfuls are exposed for sale every day. They are dressed with melted butter in the Paris restaurants, and should be tasted by every amateur of novelties in cookery. The Roman snail has, even in Southern Europe, a medicinal value. French doctors prescribe *sirop d'escargots* largely for pulmonary complaints, and the mucus is supposed to be an excellent substitute for codliver-oil, which is, after all, really quite as nasty as any snail-juice. This edible snail is found in some parts of England—notably Gloucestershire and Surrey—but is usually supposed not to be indigenous.

The story goes that it was introduced as an Italian delicacy by the Roman soldiers, and that it is never found except in the neighborhood of Roman villas and Roman stations. As a matter of fact, it really lives, I believe, wherever the climate or vegetation suit it best, irrespective of any historical or antiquarian predilections. The edible snail is the largest British species, being nearly half as big again as the brown garden snail; but it is a mere pygmy compared with some of the gigantic land-shells of the tropics. The Brazilian bulimus, eaten as a delicacy at Rio, is six inches long, and a huge African achatina is as big as this page, and lays an egg like a good-sized bantam's.

HOW PLANTS WERE DISTRIBUTED OVER THE EARTH.

By Dr. Robert Brown.

It is scarcely necessary to be either a traveler or a botanist to know that different parts of the world produce dissimilar plants. The flowers of the fields of France are many of them different from those familiar to England or America, and the vegetation which clothes the shores of the Mediterranean is widely unlike the scanty herbage which backs the sandy dunes along the coast of the Zuyder-Zee. Africa again presents an entirely different assemblage of plants from either region; and those of the two sides of that continent present striking differences, both from each other and from those which cover the American tropics. Finally, if the voyager extended his observations to Australia, he would find that in the Antipodes there is scarcely a native plant the same as in Europe. How is this? We have been so accustomed to regard it as the normal condition of affairs, that at first sight we are apt to consider that there must be some notoriously self-evident cause to account for this distribution of plants, which, it may be remarked, is not always coincident with that of animals.

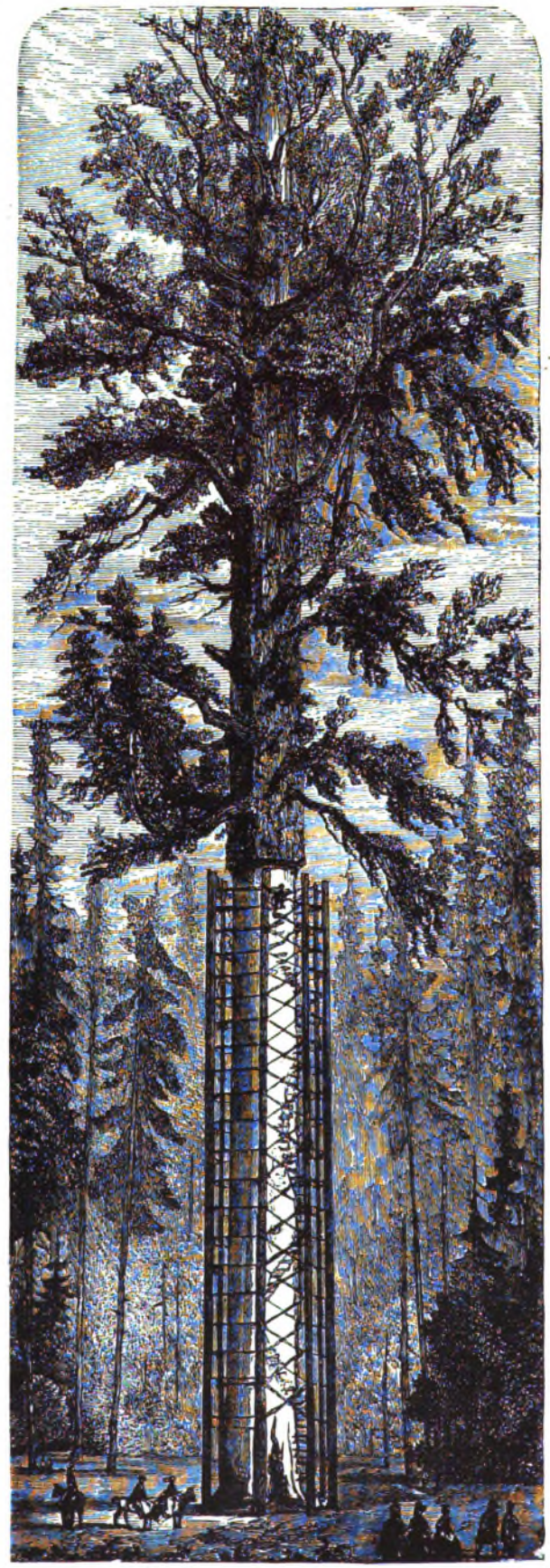
It may be said that climate limits the range of plants, and that two countries enjoying the same degrees of heat, and moistened by much the same rainfall will produce an identical vegetation. This may be true as regards cultivated crops, but it is at once met by the fact that many parts of the world having exactly the same climate are characterized by totally different indigenous plants. For example, why has equinoctial Africa no laurels, and why, with the exception of a few patches in Newfoundland and the neighboring region, is America devoid of heather. We equally fail to explain why the birds of India glow with colors less splendid than those of the hot parts of America, or why they are different as to species, or why the tiger is peculiar to Asia, and the ornithorhynchus to Australia.

It may be allowed that, owing to some peculiarity in

their structure, palms and bananas should belong to warm regions — though this is really no explanation of the fact — but we cannot understand how, on the climatic theory, melastomas do not vegetate north of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, or why no rose-tree belongs to the Southern Hemisphere. If climate would account for the distribution of plants, there should be really no reason for the plants of the Cape of Good Hope not being identical with those of Spain or Australia, or for the trees of Oregon being different from those of Ireland.

Nevertheless, though temperature will not altogether, or even partially, explain the present distribution of plants, it has undoubtedly a powerful influence in restraining species within certain limits. Certain grains and other economic species will, for example, grow to perfection only within certain limits, and beyond a certain northern or southern range will either not ripen or die altogether. Accordingly it is necessary to say a few words in regard to the influence of climate.

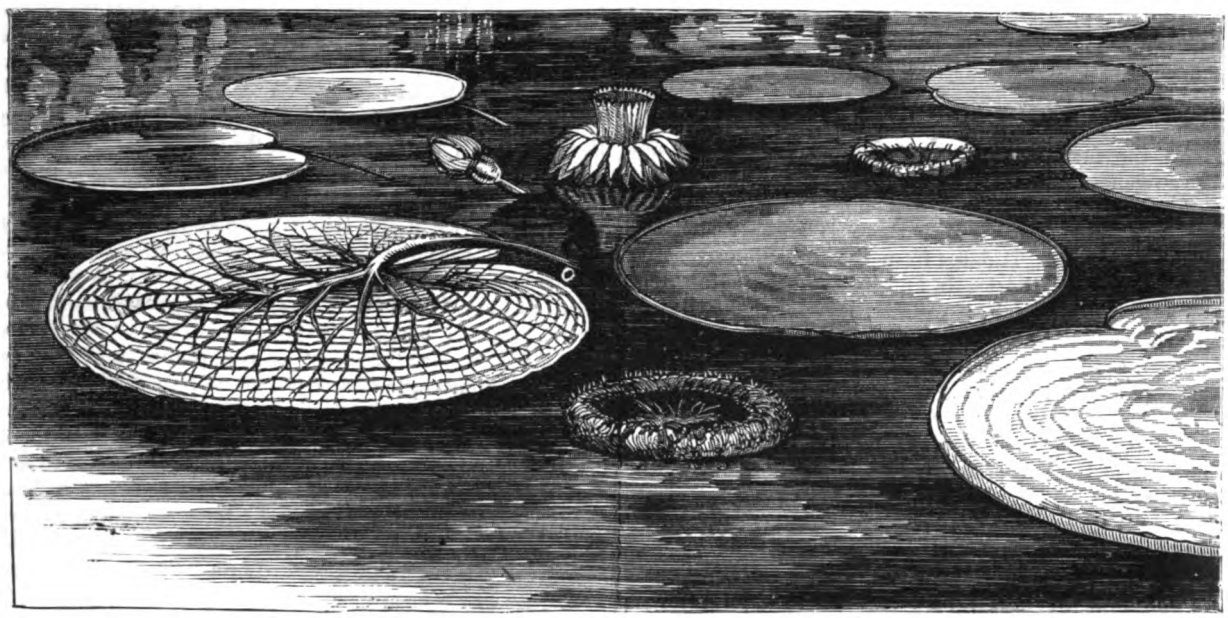
Every plant must have a certain degree of heat—greater or less — before it can produce its flowers and fruit. The "zero" of life in different plants is very different, and in general terms may be said to be sooner reached in plants of warm than in those of cold or Alpine countries—each plant being "a kind of thermometer which has its own zero." Moisture is also essential to the life and spread of a plant, for water is required as food, and as vehicle for the soluble materials on which the plant subsists. It keeps the earth moist, and, indeed, in the case of some aquatic species, it stands in the place of the soil to them. It determines the polar limits of those plants with which the wet climate



SEQUOIA GIGANTEA, OR GIANT REDWOOD OF CALIFORNIA.

of the north disagrees, and the equatorial limits of others which require moisture for their growth. Heat, if combined with moisture, modifies in some degree the effects of moisture *per se*. Soil has also, not unnaturally, a powerful influence on plants. Every plant requires a different kind of food, and some plants will not prosper unless they grow in the soil which yields the substances they particularly affect. For instance, the various species of *Carex*, or sedge, and the bent grass—which have the specific term "arenaria" affixed to their name—by this word indicate their taste for a soil notoriously disliked by most plants, namely, sand. The horsetail (*Equisetum*) grows in marshy places where silica abounds; in Scotland and Ireland the broom rape (*Orobanche rubra*) grows chiefly in districts where decaying traps abound; while *Erica vagans*, a local species of heath, is in Cornwall almost confined to soil formed of broken-down serpentine. Again, there are plants which love clay-soils, others which affect chalky ones, and so forth. In other cases, the limit of a plant is coincident with a particular formation. In California, for example, the redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*), a gigantic forest tree, grows only on metamorphic slates; and in Mexico the appearance of the great cactus is simultaneous with the change from sedimentary to volcanic formations. These cases are, however, not very common; though it may be said, in general terms, that most plants grow to greater perfection in one soil than in another, and it is the duty of the agriculturist to study this liking, and suit the plant to the land on which it is to be grown.

Dr. Schleiden has noticed that the beautiful orchid known as the lady's



VICTORIA REGIA, OR GIGANTIC WATER-LILY.

slipper (*Cypripedium*) grows over all parts of the Swiss Fore Alps, where the soil is formed of the Alpine limestone. "It accompanies the whole Swabian muschelkalk, and disappears suddenly when we come to the sands of the Jura and Keuper formations on this side the Danube. It next makes its appearance on the muschelkalk of Thuringia, and comes down with that on the Werra, as far as the neighborhood of Göttingen, and then leaps over the Bunter Sandstein of the Lower Eichsfeld, the granite of the Upper Harz, and again gladdens the eye of the wanderer on the calcareous formations eastward of the Brocken. It is sought in vain all over the clay and sandstone formations of the Northern German plains, till in the extreme north it again shows itself at Rügen, where the chalks of Arcona and Stubbenkammer lift their heads.

"On the western coast of France grow various insignificant-looking shore-plants, species of *Salsola* and *Salicornia*, which the inhabitants there use to obtain soda from the ashes. When we travel from thence toward the East, we everywhere miss these little plants, even when searching most carefully, and one or other of them makes its appearance only in those places where the soil is moistened by some salt spring. At last we arrive at the great Steppes of the Southeast of Russia, which, in Summer, are often covered with a thick crust of salt, showing them to be the ancient bottom of some dried-up sea, and here these plants are found growing with the same abundance and luxuriance as in the West of France.

"On the northern coast of Germany the little pale-red maiden-pink grows upon the arid sand-dunes, and is universally distributed over the sandy plains of Northern Germany; but these are succeeded by the granite, clay, slate and gypsum of the Harz, the porphyry and muschelkalk of Thuringia, and our little pink is not met with again till we arrive at the Keuper sand-plains, on the further side of the Maine, surrounding the venerable city of Nuremberg. It extends north through the Palatinate, till the muschelkalk of the Swabian Alps again sets a limit to it; but it leaps over these and the whole Alpine region, and at last appears on the sandy soil of Northern Italy. How is it that these plants everywhere disdain the richest soils in their range of geographical distribution, and are confined to perfectly determinate geognostic formations?"

CONE OF THE SEQUOIA.

Light has also a marked influence on the distribution of plants, though it is not easy to separate it from that of heat. But in studying the agents which limit or aid the spread

of vegetable forms, we come to a cause, or series of causes, more important even than those to which we have briefly alluded, though at first sight not so prominent. This is "the struggle for existence," a phrase which has of late years become exceedingly familiar, though the facts of which it is the expression are not quite so generally understood. We have long known that in thickly-populated human communities there is a struggle for existence. But there is another struggle more ancient still. It dates from the first appearance of created beings on the earth, and it has been raging ever since with a fury which, if quieter, is not less keen than that with which, unhappily, we of the newer creation have been too long acquainted. Linnæus calculated that if an annual plant produces two seeds which shall arrive at perfection—though no plant produces so few—and each of these in turn perfects two, and so on at the same rate, at the end of twenty years the descendants of the original plant would be a million of individuals. It is reckoned that a single plant of groundsel (*Senecio*) may produce 6,500 seeds, one of chickweed (*Stellaria*) 5,000, and one of shepherd's-purse (*Capsella*) 4,500; but what with overcrowding, and preying of insects, and other mishaps, usually looked upon as "accidents," very few of this progeny ever reach maturity. Again, the *Orchis maculata* of hedgerows produces so great a quantity of seeds, that were they all to spring up, the earth would soon be covered with this plant, but in reality the Orchis in question is by no means a very common plant compared with others which seed much less freely. The botanist who thinks over these matters soon comes to the conclusion of Dean Herbert, that "plants do not grow where they like best, but where other plants will let them"; in other words, "climate and soil have not so much influence on the free growth of a plant as the presence or absence of other plants with which it has to struggle to maintain its existence."

The American water-weed (*Anacharis*) was first recorded in Britain in the year 1847, yet in the interval it has spread with inconceivable rapidity over the country, extinguishing the native species with which it comes in contact, though it has never yet produced seed, and in America is not more troublesome than other weeds. The common sorrel (*Rumex Acetosella*) has been introduced with grain into nearly all the British colonies, and in New Zealand it is spreading with such activity that it would take possession of the fields, did not the farmer find that in the struggle for existence it cannot bear up against the greater vigor of the white clover, which soon kills it. Even the white clover, in one locality, has its match in the cat's-ear (*Hypochœris radicata*), which in three years from the time of its introduction into New Zealand has destroyed excellent pastures. The introduction of the *Anacharis* into Great Britain is paralleled by the introduction of the *Vallisneria* into the Hudson River; or by the watercress, which threatens to choke up the New Zealand rivers in the district of Canterbury. The little duckweed has been driven out of a pool at Sandwich, in the Detroit River, by *Wolfia Columbiana*, a waterweed which has recently made its appearance; and it has been repeatedly noticed that, after a few years of settlement, the introduced plants expelled the aboriginal vegetation from the Prairies. A grass (*Stipa textilis*) has invaded the southern Russian Steppes, and is rapidly displacing almost every other plant, while the cardoon—a tall thistle (*Cynara cardunculus*), accidentally introduced from Europe, now clothes, almost to the exclusion of other plants, whole leagues of the Pampas of the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. Altogether it would appear that in the struggle for existence between the denizens of the Old and New Worlds, the former are usually victorious. In New Zealand we see this struggle particularly well exemplified. The Maories have even recognized it in a proverb to the effect that as "the white man's rat has driven away the native rat, as the European fly drives away our own, and as the clover kills our fern, so will the Maori disappear before the white man himself."

In reality, when we talk familiarly of a plant being "rare" or "common" we condense into these two words a world of fact and theory. A plant is not, as we have seen, common because it produces a great quantity of seeds, or rare because it produces few. "When we look," writes Mr. Darwin, "at the plants and bushes clothing an entangled bank, we are apt to attribute their proportional number and kinds to what we call chance. But how false a view is this! Every one has heard that when an American forest is cut down a very different vegetation springs up; but it has been observed that ancient Indian mounds in the United States which must formerly have been cleared of trees, now display the same beautiful diversity and proportion of kinds as the surrounding virgin forest. What a struggle between the several kinds of trees must have gone on during long centuries, each annually scattering its seeds by the thousand! What war between insect and insect—between insects, snails, and other animals, with birds and beasts of prey, all striving to increase, and all feeding on each other, or on the trees, their seeds and seedlings, or on the other plants which first clothed the ground, and thus checked growth of the trees! Throw up a handful of feathers, and all must fall to the ground, according to definite laws; but how simple is the problem where each shall fall, compared with that of the action and reaction of the innumerable plants and animals, which have determined in the course of centuries the proportional numbers and kinds of trees now growing on the old Indian mounds." In reality, the equilibrium of species is preserved throughout the world in some particular locality by the number of foes or allies it may have among plants or animals inhabiting the same region, for the wars of the roses are perpetual wars.

How, then, were plants originally distributed? Naturally, no question in plant geography has given rise to more discussion than this. It lies at the bottom of the whole science, and the theories which have been adduced in explanation of the appearance of plants in the various regions of the earth would fill many pages, if even the elementary facts in connection with them were narrated. Linnæus, for example, imagined that plants were originally created on the sides of some lofty mountain in the tropics, where vegetation could find from summit to base every kind of climate. However, this hypothesis will not explain the peopling of cold regions, or how plants of these regions are not found in the intervening warm tracts of country. Buffon, on the other hand, seized the idea that all vegetation originated in the Arctic regions, and little by little spread southward, modifying itself according to circumstances. But this view is even less tenable than the other. Then, for long, botanists held in much favor the doctrine of "specific centres of creation," the leading idea of this hypothesis being, that there were throughout the world a number of points of special creation, each having a particular "flora" or assemblage of plants, from which points the species occupying the surrounding area have spread in a radiating manner.

This was essentially the doctrine of De Candolle, who came to the conclusion that "the present species were

brought into existence either in a single one or in a number of individuals in one or in different localities simultaneously; or more probably, successively, at a period or periods when the geological outlines of the surface of the globe were very different from what they are now—each species with characteristics and susceptibility of variation within definite limits, essentially the same as those it now possesses. These views of De Candolle, espoused at the time he wrote by the majority of naturalists, are now held by very few. The latest—and the favorite—theory is that "each species has been produced in *one* area alone, having subsequently migrated from that area as far as its powers of migration and subsistence under past and present conditions permitted."

Doubtless there are many difficulties in explaining how the same species could have migrated to the widely different points at which it is now found; nevertheless, these difficulties are gradually being cleared up, and the theory seems the safest as well as the most philosophical which the botanist can adopt. "He who rejects it," writes the most eminent of its supporters, "rejects the *vera causa* of ordinary generation with subsequent migration, and calls in the agency of a miracle." It must also be remembered that some of the methods by which plants —and animals—could have migrated in former times from one point to another no longer exist, for the intervening land-passages over which they gradually traveled are now broken down, and where once there was a continuous continent there is now only a landless sea. Yet, we must not be led away into supposing that in the intervening spaces between the two or more points where the same species is found, land invariably existed in former times—this idea having been carried to a dangerous extreme by Edward Forbes and his school. There are natural and other causes daily in operation, which go far to explain the migration of species, without calling in the aid of catastrophes and cataclysms. Changes of climate must also, without doubt, have had their influence on migration. "A region, when its climate was different, may have been a high road for migration, but now be impassable."

Changes in the level of land and in the contour of continents have had much to do with allowing terrestrial species to migrate to localities which they can no longer reach by similar means. This we may allow, without believing as Forbes insisted we should, that all the islands in the Atlantic must have been recently connected with Europe, or Asia and Europe, and even with America; indeed, it can scarcely be conceded, if this doctrine is to be carried out to its legitimate conclusions, that a single island exists which has not recently been united to some continent or other. Assuming that this was so in some cases, without particularly specifying the instances, and merely holding these causes in reserve to account for cases inexplicable on any other theory, we may consider how far occasional, or as they are frequently called, "accidental," causes have operated in taking the plants of one part of the world to the other parts. A study of these causes serves in a certain degree to explain the phenomena of "dissevered species," that is, the same species being found in widely different parts of the world, or in localities very unlikely for its occurrence.

Man, though the agent most recently and in fewest numbers at work, has perhaps more than any other aided in carrying the plants of one region to another, and in thus confounding the origin and distribution of species. Some of the ways in which he accomplishes this we have already noticed. Wherever he goes he carries the seeds of plants with him—the merchant in the packing of his goods, the colonist with his "penates," and more directly among his cultivated grains and garden-plants; and the march of armies over the world might even be traced by the plants which have sprung up in their tracks. The most carefully-cleaned grain will contain the seeds of the wild plants which have grown up and been reaped along with it, and as "ill weeds" proverbially flourish, they propagate rapidly until they gain a footing. This they usually maintain, and in many cases, we have seen, do so to the prejudice of the indigenous flora. The seaman brings plants with his ship's ballast from distant lands, the climate of which is often similar to that of the country in which he shoots it to make room for his merchandise. Accordingly, every botanical collector knows that there are numerous foreign plants to be looked for in any locality where ships are in the habit of discharging their ballast. Since the introduction of foreign wools into Great Britain, many plants of the wool-producing countries — even of Australia — have sprung up in the vicinity of places where the wool is washed and bleached, though indeed, in most cases, these exotics last only a season. Escapes from gardens, like the American *Mimulus luteus*, which is now wild from Cornwall to Shetland, also add to the British flora. The stuffing of a bolster introduced *Asclepias carasavica* from Tahiti into New Caledonia. The thornapple, a plant of the East Indies, has spread throughout Europe by the agency of gypsy quacks; and it is affirmed that the ejected stuffing of a birdskin first scattered, 200 years ago, the seeds of the now common Canada thistle into Europe. In St. Helena, at the time of its discovery, there were not over sixty species of plants in the island; its flora now comprises some 750 species, the vast majority introduced by man. The year after Thorwaldsen's sculptures had been unpacked in Copenhagen, twenty-five plants of the Roman Campagna sprang up in the courtyard of the Museum, the seeds having, of course, been introduced in the hay, straw, etc., which had accompanied the works of art from Rome. In the campaign of 1814, the Russian troops brought, in the stuffing of their saddles, seeds from the banks of the Dnieper and the Don to the Valley of the Rhone, and even introduced the plants of the Steppes into the environs of Paris. The Turkish army, in its European incursions, left the seeds of Eastern plants to bloom on the ramparts of Buda and Vienna. The Walcheren expedition of 1809 brought *Lepidium Draba* to the Isle of Thanet, where for long it was a most troublesome weed. The plantain used to be known by the New England Indians as the Englishman's foot, and in Oregon the wood-sorrel is to this day styled the "Hudson Bay" weed, the fur-trading company of that name having the discredit of introducing it in seed wheat from England. Since the Franco-German war, the seeds of numerous Algerian plants have naturalized themselves on the camping-grounds of troops brought from the African colonies, or where forage from the shores of the Mediterranean had been used. Finally, not to multiply, as could be easily done, endless instances of how man has altered and modified the flora of countries, it is curious to find that on the coast of Mekran the date-palm is common, while in the interior it is confined to certain lines of country. The local explanation of this is afforded by an ancient tradition, which declares that the palms along these lines in the interior sprang up from the stones dropped by Alexander the Great's soldiers on their return march from India. This legend—which we have from Sir Bartle Frere—may or may not be fact, but it nevertheless illustrates the persistence of popular belief in the agency of man in distributing plants. The winds—though not

to quite such an extent as superficial observation would lead us to believe—migratory birds to a greater degree, quadrupeds by carrying seeds which have fastened on their hides, rivers in a marked manner, currents of the sea, and even icebergs and ice-fields on a very small scale, aid in gradually conveying the seeds of plants from one country to another, and in altering the flora of the wide regions over which they act. Not a great many seeds can survive long immersion in sea-water, and even when they can, it is not always that the current into which they may have dropped runs from a country the climate of which is similar to that on the shores of which it casts them, to allow of the seed living, even when it is fortunate enough to be tossed out of reach of the waves and take root. There is, however, a strong suspicion that at least one American plant, *Eriocaulon septangulare*, has been carried to the shores of Scotland, etc., by currents. It is found on the Island of Skye, and some of the neigbboring Hebrides, and on the West Coast of Ireland, into both of which districts it may have been washed by the Gulf Stream. Migratory insects may also aid in distributing, as they certainly help in devouring the produce after distribution. It has, for instance, been noticed in the Cape of Good Hope that plants, new to a locality, sprang up after the visit of a swarm of locusts. It also follows, if what we have said about the fertilization of certain plants by insects be true, that the distribution of many plants will depend upon the presence or absence of the insect necessary for their fecundation.

There has, however, been a still more ancient migration of plants, when the conditions of the earth were much different from what they are at present, and to this cause is attributed, among other peculiarities of plant distribution, the marked Alpine flora, which consists of Arctic plants driven south during the glacial period, but now left stranded on the tops of mountains, prevented from penetrating to the plains below, owing to the barriers which the climate presents in their way.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

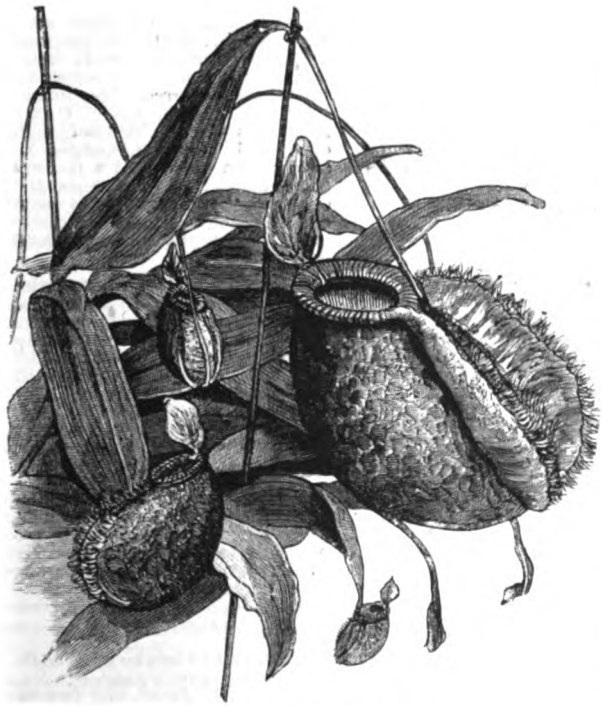
In books on botanical geography there will usually be found descriptions, more or less fanciful, of certain botanical regions from the equator north and south, or which occupy certain more or less circumscribed areas over the whole world.

Mr. Bentham, perhaps, puts the whole question in a

proper light when he remarks that there are "regions of vegetation depending on physical and climatological considerations, which influence chiefly the areas of individual species or varieties, and botanical regions depending on community of origin or genera. By the combined effect of these two agents, whenever the uniform action of the one upon the other has been promoted by the continuance of geological repose and maintenance of impassable barriers, many species, genera, or even natural orders, have been gradually produced, or introduced, and maintained in certain territories, whilst they have never appeared, or have become extinguished, in others, so as to have given to every territory or district a special botanical character; and thus real regions have been formed, exceedingly unequal in size, definiteness of circumscription, and intensity of specialization (distinctness of character), but which it is very instructive to study and compare, and must therefore be named and described. We must also admit that every race has probably been the offspring of one parent or pair of parents, and consequently originated in one spot; but we must also insist that it may have been widely spread for years or ages, before it became formally differentiated — perhaps under conditions and in countries different from those which gave it birth — and that the idea of general centres of creation whence the flora of a region has gradually spread is a perfect delusion." There can, for example, at once be detected a northern type, a tropical type, and a southern type, each of which can again be subdivided into minor—yet great—districts.

NEPENTHES, OR PITCHER-PLANT.

Plants also vary in their characters, in so far that some are more or less cosmopolitan. Others again are confined to small extent of country. For instance, *Origanum Tournefortii* is found only on one rock in the small island of Amorgos, in the Greek Archipelago; *Disa grandiflora*, an orchid, is peculiar to Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope, as is also said to be another orchid, *Cymbidium tubulare*. The cinnamon, though cultivated in various countries, is generally believed not to grow wild out of the Island of Ceylon, nor coffee to be indigenous to any region save Abyssinia. *Araucaria excelsa* is limited to Norfolk Island, and the cedar of Lebanon is confined to one or two localities in Syria and Algiers. Even in a country there are local species, found however in other countries more widely distributed. Thus, *Oxytropis campestris* is confined in Britain to one spot in the Clova Mountains, in Scotland. *Cotoneaster vulgaris*, though scattered over Central, Southern, and Eastern Europe, and Central Asia, in Great Britain alone affects the limestone cliffs of Great Orme's Head, in Wales; and the otherwise widely distributed *Potentilla rupestris* is in Britain found only on the Breiddin Hills, in Montgomeryshire. Again, in the Seychelles, the species of pitcher-plant (*Nepenthes*) peculiar to that group is confined solely to one mountain summit of one of the islands, and it is well known that the giant trees of California (*Sequoia gigantea*) are nowhere found out of that State, and even there in only one or two very circumscribed localities.



NEPENTHES, OR PITCHER-PLANT.

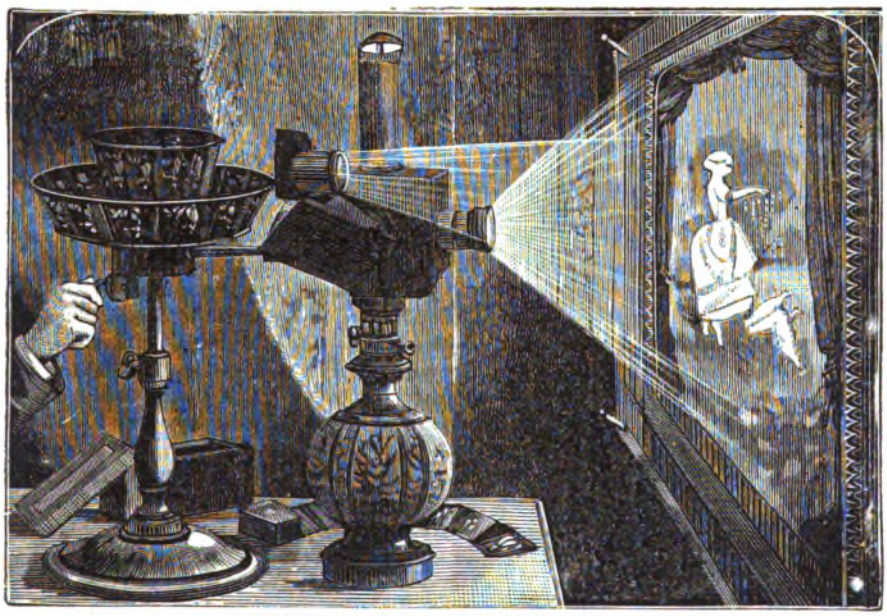
To sum up the main facts arrived at from the study of a subject which is one of the greatest and most interesting in all botanical science—no species of flowering plant grows in every part of the world, though flowerless plants, like lichens, mosses, and ferns, are more cosmopolitan. A flowering plant may be found in the Arctic and temperate regions, and then, after missing a wide intervening region, appear in the southern temperate and Antarctic regions; but none range from pole to pole. It has been shown that there are only about eighteen species which may be said to extend over a space equal to something like half the earth. Those which extend over an area equal to about the third of the world do not exceed

117, and of these the woody species have the narrowest range, and the majority are inhabitants of the temperate and frozen regions of the Northern Hemisphere. Another very remarkable fact is, that every species which at once exists on two continents is also found in the intermediate islands.

Botanical geography is, however, even yet only in its boyhood, for we are ignorant, among a thousand other salient points, of the causes which operate in preventing, or permitting, acclimatization, and of the origin of any one of our cereals and other cultivated plants. The science, to use the words of Schleiden, is still young, and "burdened with all the faults of youth, overflowing with the fullness of life, certain of a fair and powerful manhood, but still disorderly and obscure, gathering much at present unintelligible for use in riper years, and as yet dreaming more than thinking."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE PROJECTION PRAXINOSCOPE.—The French scientific paper, *La Nature*, contains a description of an ingenious adaptation of the praxinoscope, by means of which the images are projected on a screen, and are visible to a large assembly. An idea of the arrangement and the effect produced is furnished in our illustration. By a modification of the "lampascope," M. Reynaud, the inventor, obtains by means of an ordinary lamp, at once the projection of the



A CURIOUS ADAPTATION OF THE PRAXINOSCOPE.

scene or background—by the object-glass which is seen at the side of the lantern—and of the subject, by another object-glass which is shown in front of and a little above the same lantern. For this, the positions or phases which form a subject are drawn and colored on glass, and are connected in a continuous band by means of any suitable material. One of these flexible bands is placed in the wide crown of the praxinoscope, which is pierced with openings corresponding to the phases of the subject. To understand the course of the luminous rays which go to form the image, it is necessary to bear in mind the condensing-lens, which, placed near the flame of the lamp, is not visible in the figure; then a plane mirror inclined forty-five degrees, which reflects the rays and causes to traverse the figures filling the openings of the crown. These rays, reflected once more by the facets of the prism of mirrors, finally enter the object-glass, which transforms the vertical central figure into a real image magnified on the screen. In making the two parts of the apparatus converge slightly, the animated subject is brought into the middle of the background, where it then appears to gambol. A hand-lever on the foot of the instrument allows a moderate and regular rotation to be communicated. This apparatus, with an ordinary moderator-lamp, supplies well-lighted pictures and curious effects. It enables any one to obtain animated projections, without requiring any special source of light, by simply utilizing the lamp in daily use.

AN article in the *American Naturalist* gives some account of certain tribes of Australian aborigines, who represent, perhaps, the lowest grade of humanity extant. They are disappearing fast before the white man, showing no power of adaptation. The men rarely stand above five and a half feet in height; they are generally miserably thin, and have the small calves characteristic of low races. The cranial capacity is small, and the bones of the face are large and rough. Many of the tribes knock out the two median front teeth in each jaw—a fashion they have no explanation for. Their life is spent in wandering about the tract occupied by each tribe, and their only houses are low shelters made of brush, covered with earth. A fire is made in front, and a barricade of brush is set up against the wind if the weather be chilly. Their only clothing (when any is worn at all) consists of a rope twisted of human hair, which is wound around their waists, and from which a few loops hang down. Ornaments of bone in nose and ears, and a grass necklace, complete the attire. Fire is obtained by rubbing sticks together, and the food of these people consists principally of snakes, lizards, freshwater mussels, birds and seeds, the latter ground to meal between two stones and baked in the ashes. So much sand becomes mixed with this that the teeth of adults are worn down to the gums. Scarcity of food often causes cannibalism. The women do all the work, and hunt and fish; the men do nothing if they can help it. Their manufactures—weapons and implements—all told, number only about a dozen forms, including a fishing-net from rush-fibres and two sizes of boomerang. They are very expert in tracking within their own district, through knowing intimately all the localities, but never go far from home, for fear of enemies. Their language is able to express only the simplest ideas, and they have the most limited range of conceptions known in the human race. While they have nothing comparable to our notion of a deity, yet their fears of the supernatural make them extremely timid in the dark, and some of their customs are inexplicable, except from a superstitious point of view.

IN his valuable address at the recent opening of the biological laboratory at the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, Dr. H. Newell Martin made use of the following suggestive language: "When Morton, in 1846, demonstrated in the Massachusetts General Hospital that the inhalation of ether could produce complete insensibility to pain, he laid the foundation of our laboratory, and many others. . . . The discovery of anæsthetics has not only led to ten physiological experimenters for each one who would have worked without them, but by making it possible to introduce into the regular course of physiological teaching, demonstrations, etc., experiments on living animals, without shocking the moral sense of students or of the community at large, has contributed incalculably to the progress of physiology."

REPORTS continue to reach the East of volcanic activity in Alaska. The isolated rock of Bogostoff, in Behring Strait, some forty-five miles off Ilinlink harbor, has been increased, after six months of terrific eruption, into a large area, for which Mr. W. H. Dall proposes the name Grewingk Island. Since this began many other disturbances have occurred. Chernobour Island, at the mouth of Cook's Inlet, has been elevated, split open, and otherwise changed by an eruption which sent a tremendous tidal-wave to the shore, and obscured the daylight by its cloud of ashes. Two or three hitherto quiet volcanoes on Aliaska Peninsula have broken out, and small islands have been thrust up out of deep water.

ENTOMOLOGISTS have been seeking to discover of what service antennæ are to insects. One experimenter reports that he does not believe the antennæ have anything to do with either taste or the power of direction, as has been alleged. He is inclined to diminish their importance as organs of feeling, and inclines to the belief that they are organs of a sense different from anything possessed or apprehended by us; a sense, moreover, appearing very differently in different insects. "In many instances the deprivation of them (antennæ) seems almost fatal; in others, again, it is scarcely noticed. It is a department of insect-study easy of investigation, and more ought to be learned about it without delay.

AMONG the luxuries of food with the Indians of the Upper Missouri are the horns of deer in the velvet. When a deer is brought in having the horns in that growing condition, the points are knocked off and munched raw, velvet and all, as a great delicacy. A trade has long existed between the people of Northern Europe and Asia and the Chinese (or traders buying for them) in the antlers of reindeer taken in the velvet. The Chinese, however, cook the horns in various ways, and season them sharply.

THE National Museum has been enriched of late by large additions of natural history objects from various remote quarters. Mr. Pierre L. Jouy has made large collections in Japan, and is now working in Corea; Messrs. Murdoch and Middleton Smith have

brought valuable material from Point Barrow, Alaska; and Leonhard Stejneger from the Kamtschatkan side of Behring's Sea; from Northern Labrador come great gatherings made by Lucien M. Turner, while Swan in British Columbia, Townsend in Northern California, Belding in Lower California, Nutting in Nicaragua, Zeledon in Costa Rica, and others elsewhere, are accumulating rare materials for future study.

ONE of the regular duties at the Naval Observatory is the constant correction of the standard mean-time clock, by observations of the sun, moon and major planets through the meridian transit instrument. Over 1,400 observations have been taken during the last six months by daily attention to the subject, applied each day to the standard clock for setting the correct time to the transmitting clock, by which time-signals are dispatched and chronometers rated.

THAT the common humble bees (or "bumble"-bees) make their homes in the abandoned nests of the field-mice, just under the sod, is well known; but lately they have been recorded as varying from this so far as to inhabit in one instance a deserted wren's nest under the roof of a porch twelve feet above the ground; a marten's nest among rocks, in another instance; and, in a third, a mouse's nest in the brace of a barn.

NUMBER 47 of *Science* contains a circumstantial account, with illustrations, of the history and habits of *Romalea microptera*, the red-and-black, small-winged grasshopper of the Southern States, which was little known to scientific men, but a familiar feature of field-life to all rice-growers.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

METALLURGISTS SHOULD NOTE THIS.—Iron is decidedly the most ill-tempered of metals, for it is very often a railing.

CAN the bashful young man, who blushes violently whenever he performs polite offices for the ladies, be called the pink of courtesy?

THE sensitive actor, who couldn't stay in the same room with a tea-urn on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

A HEALTH journal says you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well, also, to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

A RECEIPT is going the rounds of the press for tanning hides with salt and alum; but our schoolmaster taught us years ago that oil of birch was better.

A BACHELOR so greatly admired the way in which the housekeeper prepared coffee that he proposed and was accepted, only to find that the coffee was made by the servant-girl.

"WHERE our storms come from," read Mr. Broughne, in a scientific paper. "Well, I know where a good many come from," he mentally ejaculated, looking up and glancing at his wife.

"YES," said she, with tears in her eyes, "in his qualities of head and heart, dear George is always the same." Then, after a moment's lapse into dreamland, she added: "He is so soft-hearted, dear fellow!"

DR. F. (at the clinic to the students): "Gentlemen, I have to beg your pardon. I've made a slight mistake, and taken off the patient's well leg. However, I'll cure the other, which will make it all right." (Applause.)

"I PRESERVE my equilibrium under all circumstances," she was heard to say in a pause of the music to the tow-headed youth who was her escort. "Do you?" he answered, softly. "Mother cans hers." Then the music resumed.

MERCENARY.—"Clara, I love but thee alone. Indeed, I speak the truth!" He paused—the blush o'erspread her cheek. She let him draw her near; Scarce for emotion could she speak, Yet still she asked, in accents meek, "How much have you a year?"

A LITTLE boy asked his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked. "Don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well, you might say," answered young hopeful, "'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you."

ANY apothecary can tell what you all who are sitting there are made of; you and I; and all of us, are made of carbon, nitrogen, lime and phosphorus, and seventy per cent. or rather more of water; but then, that doesn't tell us what we are, what a child is, or what a boy is—much less what a man is—least of all what supremely inexplicable thing woman is.

SANDY'S EYE FOR EFFECT.—In the garden of a well-known Scotch earl, whose head gardener was a methodical old Scotchman with an eye for effect, there were two summer-houses, resembling each other in dimensions and situation. In one of these the earl during his walks, observed a youth looking out of the window. On approaching the door his lordship found it locked, and also perceived his gardener's son looking out of the window of the corresponding building, which was in like manner locked. "Why are those lads confined?" asked the earl. "My lord," replied the gardener, "I caught that rascal"—pointing to the stranger—"stealing the fruit." "But your son—for what crime is he punished? Surely he is not a thief?" "Oh, no," replied the precise horticulturist. "I put him in, please your lordship, for the sake of symmetry."

WHEN is it particularly unlucky to have thirteen at table? When you have made preparations for only two.

WHAT does the letter *b* do for boys as they advance in years. As they grow older, it makes them bolder.

A MEDICAL student says he has never been enable to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it isn't the jaw-bone.

"YOUR behavior is most singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just stolen a kiss. "If that is all," said he, "I will soon make it plural."

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." *Student:* "What time is it, please?"

"SMALL thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause." "Ah," said the conscious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say!"

THEY were speaking of a certain lady who sings beautifully, and one of the party asked: "Is she a mezzo-soprano?" "No, I think she is a Swede," was the innocent reply.

A VERY easy and effectual preventive of seasickness has just been discovered by a medical gentleman, who has long been a sufferer from this distressing malady. It consists in simply—staying ashore.

AT a meeting of a certain town council an alderman complained of the absence of a brother councilor. "Sir," exclaimed another councilor, indignantly, "how dare you make that complaint behind his back?"

ONE clergyman rebuked another for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed in moderation. "What do you call moderation?" inquired the other. "Why, sir," said the offender, "one cigar at a time!"

A GENTLEMAN at a theatre said to his companion: "Who is that ugly creature who has just entered the box opposite?" "Why, sir, that is *my sister*." "No, no, sir," cried the other; "I mean that shocking monster with her." "That, sir, is *my wife*."

A BARBER who was a terrible gossip was one day about to commence operations on the beard and hair of a customer, and, by way of opening up a new vein of small talk, asked the usual preliminary question—"How shall I cut it?" "In silence!" was the unexpected reply.

"IN my time, miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles!" "Ah, but, my dear aunt," retorted the pretty young lady, "you see that the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be—it looks now more to the understanding."

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS, IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.—"They say wine makes a man truthful," writes Josh Billings; "but, if yu hav got to git a man drunk before he kan tell the truth, I feel sorry for you and all yure relashuns when that man gits sober and settles down to steady bizzness agin."

THE ORIGIN OF FAIRS.—The origin of fairs, says the author of "Fairs Past and Present," like that of many other ancient institutions, is involved in much obscurity. The almost universal belief is that they were associated with religious observance; or, as Mr. Morley poetically puts it, the first fairs.

NOT long ago an English board-school inspector asked the members of a class: "What is the cause of the saltness of the ocean?" Flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind, one little girl raised her hand. "You may tell," said the inspector. "Salt fish, sir!" exclaimed the pupil, triumphantly.

HOW SHE TOLD DAT AR.—"I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the colored nurse. "Wat am dat?" "It is an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold." "I kin tell dat ar widout any instrument. Ef de chile turns blue, den de water am too cold, and, ef he turns red, den I knows dat de water am too hot."

A YOUNG clerk in a Parisian wholesale grocery-house sought to pass his examination for his year's service in the French army. The examiner, after several questions to test the young man's special attainments, asked him: "Where does coffee come from?" "Oh, sir," said he, blushingly, "I cannot reply to that question! That is one of our trade secrets. What would my employer say to me?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

SEND your address on a postal card for 100-page Book on the Liver. DR. SANFORD, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

THE LAST TOUCH.— PAINTED BY GARRIDO.

SPORT FOR PUSSY

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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WHERE COTTAGES ARE PALACES.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

"WE have the climate of the Isle of Wight," exclaims the cottager of Newport, Rhode Island, "filtered through sunshine." The cottagers are the salt of America's earth. They are the upper ten thousand. They represent the wealth, position and culture of the land. They are as exclusive as a first-class club, and to be of them is a

society diploma. They receive none but their own set, or persons so well-accredited as to make the *entrée* a right. They affect the English, and Britons of the Marlborough House coterie are "taken right into camp." A live lord is a roaring lion. He is *fêted*, petted and caressed. He is expected to declare that Newport is a little bit of England, and that, by Jove! he imagines himself in the tight little island during his entire sojourn. It is a paradise for the peerage. Famished younger sons of noble houses should hie to this happy hunting-ground. Here is the lordling nobly lodged, sumptuously fed and delightfully catered for. The "grouse seat" on the four-in-hand is allotted to him, the prettiest girl to flirt with him. He has tennis and polo and all manner of games, and ye gods! oh, Pytchley! oh, Quorn! he hunts the fox with the mercury coquetting among the nineties! Lord Stupidenough is talked horse to, is made free of the Casino Club, is yachted and "hopped"; and be he a wary youth, and mindful of the great No. 1, he carries away one of the sparkling nymphs, whose glitter of conversation is only on a par with the glitter of her parents' shekels.

That Newport is a delightfully attractive place goes without saying. In season or out of season it is charming. The old town, with its quaintly-gabled houses and low-ceilinged shops of the pre-Revolution period, its venerable elms and velvet-like green, its State House and its Liberty Tree! The new town, with its Casino and its saucy plate-glassed stores, its superb cottages and exquisitely-cared for avenues, its patrician loungers and its correct turnouts! Not always quite correct, though, for the liveries are occasionally misfits, and the half-moon collars and pickle-jars not up to the mark. The half-moon and the pickle-jar should, like Cæsar's spouse, be above suspicion. The "fad," to use the English slang this season, is the bulldog and the hall-door knocker. The newest things in cottages are furnished with knockers, and the once familiar rat-tat now resounds on Bellevue Avenue and its supernumeraries. The bulldog is correct form, and the more hideous and vicious-looking, as he trots, his tongue held a yard out of his mouth, beneath the protecting shade of a village cart, driven by a maiden in bullion-decorated costume, the more is the equipage, with its fair occupant, admired. Butchers' assistants, in snow-white aprons and rakish straw hats, are envied mortals, since their "dawgs" bear away the palm for atrocious and "disinheriting" countenances.

Bellevue Avenue is naturally the pride of Newport, and from the Jewish Cemetery to the ocean is lined with trees of rarest growth, serving as screens to cottages, villas, mansions, halls and palaces, situated in lawns verdant as emerald and level as billiard-tables. Here are Dutch houses and early English, and Queen Anne and Georgian, and Norwegian satyrs, and Swiss châlets—ay, and Chinese pagodas. Here have architects reveled and given play to their neatest or most bizarre fancies. We have heroics, and stories and poems in stone; we have cloistered dwellings with open archways, such as the Pilgrims ambled into at Canterbury; we have gloomy yet gorgeous-looking edifices, built to the order of those whose grandeur was thrust upon them by Dame Fortune; we have Elizabethan cottages, with windows such as Will Shakespeare whispered love-words through to the too-willing ear of Anne Hathaway; we have manor-houses demanding broad acres, and their deer-parks; we have Dutch dwellings, all corners and gables, like an old cocked hat; we have the cold and stately Italian, its Campanile towering upward to the keen, full blue sky; and we have gray granite, old-fashioned homesteads, built as though to withstand an earthquake or another invasion by the British.

Five o'clock in Bellevue Avenue in the height of the season! This is, indeed, a brilliant and animated sight!—a sight that those who come across the Slope, or those who come out of the West, should see just for once, in order to behold what their country can do in the way of rank and fashion, breeding and beauty. The avenue is crowded with vehicles, from the lordly four-in-hand, "tooled" by a gentleman in immaculate gray, a white hat, white gaiters and varnished boots, to the cozy and coquettish village cart, bright in varnished ash panels and corduroyed seats, "tooled" by a young lady in a Henri III. hat, and in a suit of blue cloth, fitting like a postage-stamp, and embroidered in bullion, after the fashion of the swells of the British Diplomatic Corps.

The ladies, heaven bless 'em!—that nearer, dearer, clearer heaven of stars—drive everything, from a mail phaeton to the meekest of pony carriages, and while some of them handle the ribbons in a manner worthy of the Row or the Bois de Boulogne, there are not a few who should leave that portion of their Summer day's programme to those "who know, you know." The carriages glow with color, the rainbow-tints of the garments and parasols illuminating the long moving strip between the great hedges of delicious greenery. The men turn out as well as they know how. Some of the equipages are ghastly in their pretentiousness, and would form a complete set of studies for our comic papers, but the large majority are correct form, the horses are admirable, the vehicles well appointed, and the servants—well, that is where we have to "take a back seat." The servants of our swells are soda-water to Dry Monopole when compared with the get-up of the servants in the Row or the Bois de Boulogne. The coats fit, but the pickle-jars fail. The half-moon is just where it ought to be, but the coat-collar eclipses it, and as for the trousers—not the breeches, but the pantaloons—of the coachmen!

Well! I will "tool" slowly up Bellevue Avenue in a ramshackle hack to be glared upon by patrician men, who spin past me burning with a desire to whirl me out of their road; by patrician women, who pose as if to be photographed. Everybody poses on Bellevue Avenue. It is a crucial test. Everybody goes forth to stare, and to be stared at. Alas! for the pariahs who dare sojourn at Newport, and who are not of the chosen circle. They are gazed upon with a coldness that ought to freeze their audacity! Republic, indeed! Bah! Caste is rampant! Caste is triumphant! Caste drives its Juggernaut car over the prostrate forms of the would-be pretentious! Talk of shoddy in Newport with bated breath! Of petroleum—never!

My hack jingles along past Touro Park and the monument to Commodore Perry, and the Old Stone Mill, which I, in common with a well-known writer, "will not undertake to prove it to be either a Viking's watch tower, raised 900 years ago, or simply Governor Arnold's old mill, built by the colonists, according to Mr. Nicholas Easton's memorandum-book, in 1663"; jingles along till we come to a building on our left, known to Newport and to fame, and to a certain number of well set-up-men and a large number of the genus "dude," as the Casino. In order to adequately describe this *chic* and seductive haunt—thanks to ever-spirited James Gordon Bennett, who, *par parenthèse*, is at once the Alpha and Omega of Newport—one is obliged to have recourse to the somewhat prosaic phraseology appertaining to architectural detail, putting a let and hindrance to poesie. In the ancient City of Chester is a row of deliciously quaint old houses, dating

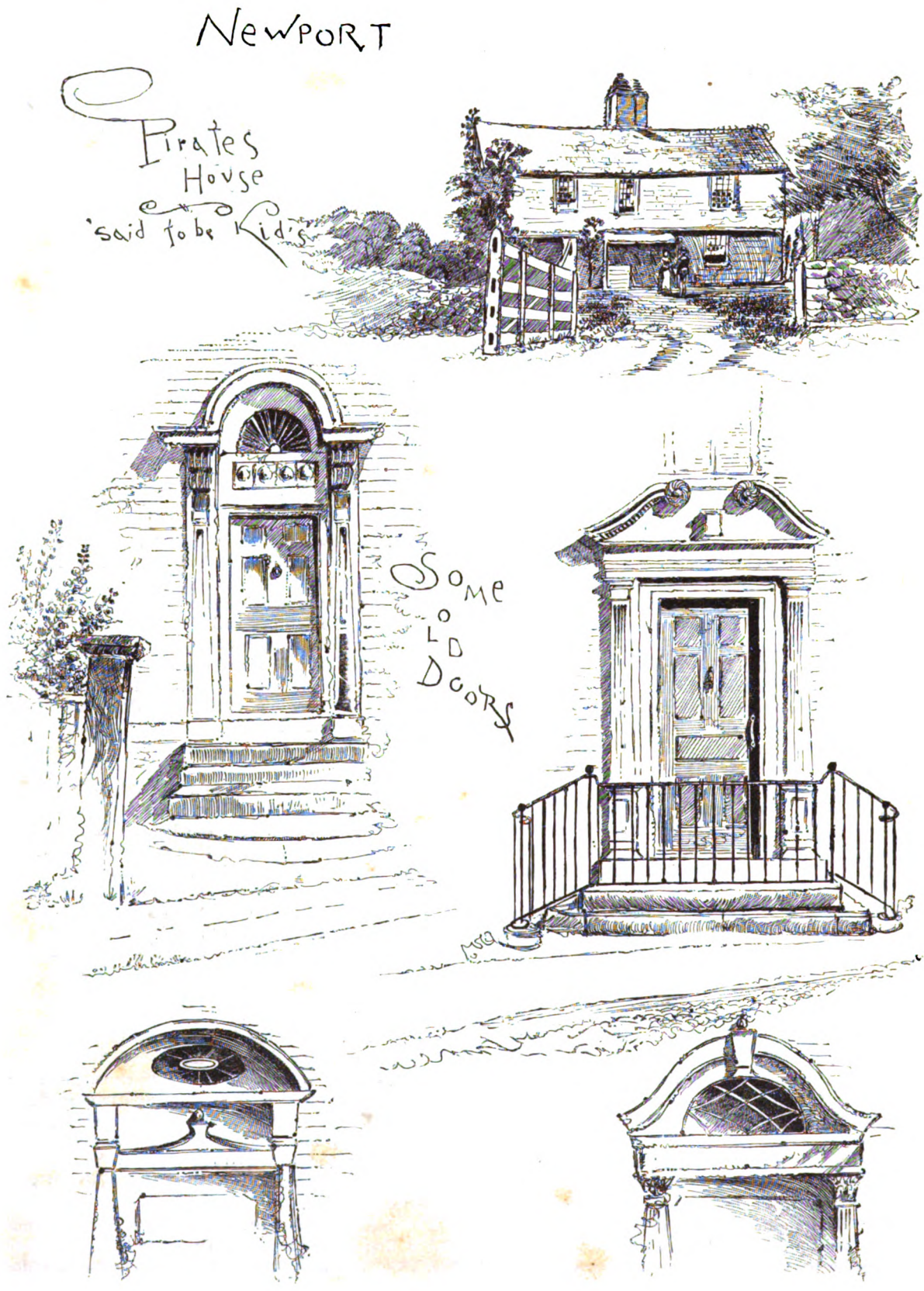
back to the good Queen Bess. After the fashion of these is the Casino. Stores—*shops*, if *you* please; we are in English Newport—support an upper story, that bulges over the sidewalk, with a gallery for the swells of the Casino Club, a coigne of vantage from whence they can espy the very rapid Miss Tottie Powderpuff, as she spins along, tooling a pair of hog-maned ponies, worth $2,000 apiece; or that frisky matron, Mrs. Goasyouplease Reckless, behind the blue roans that Mr. ——. But no scandal against Queen Elizabeth.

The stores—shops, I mean—are rented by æsthetic modistes, who follow their clients to the sad sea-waves, *bric-à-brac* venders, and caterers to aristocratic luxuriousness. In the jutting gallery overhead Mr. Marrowfat De Robbynson and Mr. Sheepshead Baye spend the forenoons of their lives in comparing brands of cigarettes and "ogling the women, by gad!" as the nymphs—be they elderly or be they sweet seventeen—come and go, ebb and flow with the tide into the enticing establishments of Madame Joiefaitpeur and Mademoiselle Jeunepour Jamais. Oho! out of the depths of my jingling hack I caught Sheepshead Baye throwing sheep's-eyes at that widow with $20,000 a year and *such* a cottage, and I beheld De Robbynson making strange signs with his carefully manicured fingers to that larking matron whose husband is still in Wall Street, and still engaged in playing a desperate game to keep up that cottage in the city by the sea. Fain would I have cried from the depths of my soul—not hack, "De Robbynson! De Robbynson! freeze to thy checkbook!"

In order to do the Casino the fullest justice, I must use the verbiage of one learned in architecture and its devious ways. The building, facing the avenue, has a frontage of 186 feet, while the rear is irregularly broken up on account of an angle in the lot. The first floor is used for stores. The upper part is fitted up for bachelors, there being several handsome suites of rooms, large dining-rooms, etc. The first story is built of Philadelphia pressed brick, with bluestone binders. The general roof consists of a gable running the full length of the building, with three gables intersecting from the avenue. There is also a *loggi*, or lookout, on the front. The gables are filled in with shingles, with rough, bold carving and turned spindles framed together at the eaves. Running north and south is a turned balustrade, with posts ending in a carved flame. Below the eaves is a wide *facia*, with carved rosettes every few feet. The sides are covered with shingles, which are cut in several different patterns. The central gable, over the main entrance to the Casino grounds, has a flat bay carved on a succession of moldings projecting from the side of the buildings. The shingles have been stained with a yellowish cast and waxed, and the trimmings are dark. Some of the carving on the front has been bronzed and gilded.

The main entrance to the Casino grounds is through a low, three-centred arch. The hall is wainscoted six feet from the floor, while the floor is of brick and marble. To the right of the entrance is the ticket-office, and to the left the committee-room. Straight ahead, you pass into the court. On the landing of the stairs is a large and elaborate mullioned window. A Dutch tower is on the east side of the building fronting the court, which is provided with a unique clock. The court is a very attractive place, it being beautifully laid out in flower-beds, etc. A fountain is in the centre. To the left of the court is the *café* and restaurant, and in front, and right ahead, are the piazzas, eighteen feet wide. To the left, through semi-circular piazzas, you can enter either the *café* or restaurant. The kitchen and kitchen offices are on the *second* floor, while the private dining-rooms, retiring-rooms, etc., are on the first floor. The rooms on the second floor fall back from the line of the first floor, and the roof is carried on an arcade of posts, with a balcony on the front. From the *café* and restaurant there extends 500 feet of piazza, which forms the remainder of the court. Part of this piazza is a semi-circle, with a radius of about fifty feet. Passing through this court on three-flight steps of granite across the piazzas to the east, you alight on a beautiful lawn, which has been laid out with artistic skill, there being flowers and trees, meandering paths, etc., to attract and please the eye. The east end of the inclosure is bounded by a two-story piazza, twenty feet wide, and extends north and south, taking in the entire width of the lot. Behind this, on the south, is the tennis-court—not lawn-tennis, which is played on the lawns—and on the north the theatre building, which has been elegantly fitted and furnished, and which will seat 500 persons. The gallery of the tennis-court is connected with the piazzas referred to, and from which one can witness the game. The front of the theatre is protected by a handsome *porte cochère*. A kitchen is connected with the theatre, which can be utilized for assemblies, and the arrangements are such that the chairs can be removed at a moment's notice. The dressing-rooms and the quarters for the orchestra are under the stage. The decorations of the theatre are of white and gold, and a number of handsome designs in *papier-maché* have been brought into use. A bowling-alley is also at the end of the lot, which runs from Bellevue Avenue clear to Freebody Street, the land alone being worth $50,000. The interior proportions of the tennis-court correspond to those of the court at the defunct Tuileries. The dimensions are 93x31 feet, and it is surrounded on three sides by a low shed, the wall of which is of brick, 7 feet 4 inches high. This is called the "Pent House," and it is roofed over with plank at an angle of twenty-nine degrees; the walls contain a number of openings called "galleries." The dimensions of the court, including the "Pent House," are 106 feet 10 inches by 37 feet 8 inches. The two end walls are lined with brick to the height of thirty feet, while the two side walls are lined with brick to the height of sixteen feet. All the brickwork is cemented one inch thick, and coated to a smooth surface. The floor is of cement, five inches in thickness, on a gravel and concrete bed; and all the cement-work is permanently colored black, and all "chase" lines are laid in red cement, spaced according to the rules of the game. The side walls, above the level of sixteen feet from the floor, are open nearly their entire length, and the openings are covered with wire netting; this gives light and air, and an opportunity to view the game from the two second-story porches. The roof is supported on seven trusses, the tie beams of which are thirty feet from the floor. Nothing is lacking to make the enterprise a great social and pecuniary success. The furniture, trimmings, etc., are elegant. Plate-glass, small, leaden windows, and, in fact, everything that would make the buildings appear in the old colonial style of architecture, have been adopted. Its colonial features are very interesting, and will attract no little attention.

The Casino was constructed by James Gordon Bennett, and at first was owned exclusively by him. In September, 1880, it was sold to an association incorporated a short time previously under the laws of the State, and known as the Newport Casino. The capital stock at present is $200,000, which is divided into shares of the par value of $500 each. Mr. Bennett is the largest stockholder. Stockholders are members of the association,


Newport
Pirates House
said to be Kid's
Some Old Doors

1638
All there's left of the First Governor's Chair
Newport
Royal
and every to get it nearly life in for it
After the Revolution, the Crown above the Vane was shot at endeavor made down, one man losing his climbing
It still remains
Two Colonial stores in the Corners of the hooses, of the proprietors
TRINITY CHURCH Spire 178 yrs old

and are entitled to all privileges. By compliance with certain conditions, and the payment of certain sums of money, non-stockholders are also admitted to the privileges of the Casino. The greater part of the main building is reserved for the exclusive use of the stockholders and subscribers, while the public is admitted to the grounds during the season, on the occasion of band concerts or other public entertainments, by the payment of twenty-five cents.

The inner grass-quilted courts of the Casino are devoted to lawn-tennis, and here young ladies possessing trig ankles disport themselves in short frocks, black stockings, and the nattiest little canvas shoes, especially constructed to enable the occupier to kick up behind and before. Slim youths in flannels and red-hot gills, bound and frisk and fling themselves about, posing after the fashion deemed by them to be most effective. It is good form to give or to get a dinner at the restaurant. If a male visitor can brag of dining at the club, he is the envy of all outsiders. Some very expensive little revelries are held in this charming building, and one, at which the cost of flowers alone went into four figures, is spoken of with that respect which the rolling away of coin always begets at bewitching Newport.

Directly opposite the Casino is "Jim" Bennett's stone mansion, elevated above the avenue, and approached by a flight of stone steps. This granite fortress is partly vailed by English ivy, and is inclosed by a low wall. There are three sets of gates. On each pier of each gate is a bronze owl, with eyes wide wide open, staring the passers-by fairly out of countenance. At night these birds of Minerva act as lamps, the light coming from out their eyes in a most weird and eerie manner. Fancy the sensations of young Mr. Corrie Yland, as when, having partaken too freely of the forbidden juice, he lurches out of the ponderous door of the Casino, to be confronted by three pairs of demon optics. Why, the effect of the muchly-abused raven of Poe on the bust of Pallas was as nothing compared to the burning glances of "Jim" Bennett's owls.

Onward we jingle, passing that great barrack hotel, the Ocean House, its piazza crowded by people whom the Cottagers so prudently ignore; people who have the hardihood to come to Newport in the ridiculous hope of passing inside the gilded gates. The rapture of a guest at the Ocean House when a Cottager calls! The kissing and hugging, and the *empressement* of the parting, and the triumphant glances at the other guests as the vehicle bearing the sacred personage whirls away! At the hops the Cottagers stroll down to the hotel, form in line, stare and coldly criticise; but like that famous English crack cavalry corps, The Tenth, "don't dawnce."

The first cottage worth noticing is "Snug Harbor," a snug and pretty anchorage, enshrined in evergreens. It is a red brick, cross timbered, with a quaint roof. After this comes a sandstone mansion, built by a Boston man, the conservatory resembling a gigantic glass tube. The half-French, half-English "cottage" of George Peabody Wetmore, with its entrance so gruesomely resembling that to a newly-made graveyard, is a most conspicuous ornament; its lawn being green velvet. *Apropos* of the lawns, at Newport they are kept as dainty as wedding-garments. They are cared for, caressed, trimmed and flattened, and as a rule are dappled with crow-sized blackbirds and Brobdingnagian robins. The Babes in the Wood should have gone to their last sleep here, for in a trice the robins would have covered them with leaves—ay, and have tucked them in.

To mention every villa on Bellevue Avenue is the pleasing duty of the local guide-book; to select, the equally pleasing duty of the writer of this article. A certain monastic-looking institution, half-monastery, half-Noah's ark, is the latest addition to the avenue, and is the "fad" of Mr. Ellis, of New York; while a Dr. Bell, a little further on, and nearly opposite Mr. Havemeyer's half-pagoda, half-chalet villa, indulges in a charming symphony in red brick and terra-cotta.

I paid the tribute of a sigh as I passed the ruins of what had once been the cottage of "Jim" Keene, of Wall Street fame. Fire did its work of wreckage to the tune of $80,000.

George Bancroft the historian's residence, embosomed in tufted trees, is reached through what in Newport is termed a court. The display of roses in the sweetest of all the months is a perfumed chapter in the history of the historian's home. The look out over the deep blue sea inspires meditation. Every tourist is shown the magnificent mansion of William Astor. It is unique, and stands in lordly isolation. The hackmen, in their slumbers, mutter: "That's William Astor's, of Noo York," as they carry their provincial fares to or from the direction of the Ocean Drive. This is what the local scribe says of it, and he says it well: "Now we see a handsome fence, which bounds the property of William Astor, of New York, who has here one of the pleasantest places on the island. The nearest prominent object is his green-house, with its strips of blue glass to please the eye, and possibly to affect the plants favorably. The villa is of brick, with green blinds, and *porte cochère* of freestone, well seconded by the wide and lofty piazza, facing south and east, that lets in plenty of light to the lower rooms. A bright landscape spot in front, composed of five or six golden *retinospora*, a spruce and two dwarf trees, sets off the red villa to much advantage from Bellevue Avenue; while up the piazza pillars run handsome vines, and a trained tamarix, which is always exquisitely delicate in color and foliage. *Juniperus squamata* makes a lovely spreading bed-evergreen, though it needs such Winter protection as is afforded on the Gardner Brewer place—viz.: a complete board fence—to have it appear in perfect beauty during the remainder of the year. On the east, toward the water, runs a straight path, on either side of which is a large bed of closely planted spruce. A brick stable to the north, and a brick lodge in the southwest-gate corner, sum up its conveniences, and confirm us in the impression that it must be altogether a charming place."

What once was the Barreda Palace, the residence of a Hidalgo of *sangre azul* who represented sunny Spain at Washington, is now in the possession of John Jacob Astor. It also gives a chance to the drowsy hackman.

Bailey's Beach is a charming little inlet, boasting about a dozen bathing-boxes, and a strand redolent of an ancient and fish-like smell. Here commences the famous Ocean Drive, to do which daily is the solemn and sacred duty of the conscientious Cottager. To the left, in a bunch of rocks, is the famous Spouting Rock. This natural wonder demands a tearing sou'wester in order to come out at its best. Given the tearing sou'wester, and the water at every wave is driven through the fissure skyward, till the surrounding rocks are hidden in a vail of glittering spray. Out on the Ocean Drive we espy Coggleshall Reef Lightship bobbing up and down, till one fancies the unendurable agony of a person of bilious temperament being condemned to a sojourn on board. In the hazy distance the various headlands seem wrapped in grayish mantles. Along the road is the quaint villa of Professor Agassiz, with its detached laboratory and the tiny harbor

wherein lies the steam-launch on which he hies him a-fishing o' Summer nights: not for bass or porgie, but for "specimens." I have had the pleasure of fishing with him and his assistants. We steamed slowly; each of the learned ones was armed with a gauze net. We had one lantern on board. The fishers gently skimmed the water with their nets, and the haul was gravely and earnestly examined by the aid of the solitary lamp. The capture of a very unpleasant-looking sea-beetle was hailed with rapture. The learned professor and his class had been fishing for this hideous sea-bug for months.

Close to the Professor's lies the cottage of Mr. A. A. Low, the proud parent of Brooklyn's youthful mayor, while Josiah, a brother, holds a fort further down the road. Here is a half-mile trotting-stretch, and the "two-seventeens," tooled by the fancy, flash along in spins that cause the false bangs of the middle-aged ladies driving past to curl in sheer trepidation.

Ha! the roll of a drum. A turn in the road, and Fort Adams looms up. This fort is next in strength to Monroe, but a pinch of dynamite, and——. The regular fort days, during which the officers give tea and cakes—ay, and cakes and ale—are Tuesday and Friday. A band discourses "the usual," and to drive over is the correct thing, the humble tourists taking the Jamestown ferry-boat, and paying a dime for transportation.

The Cliff Walk comes next in importance to the Ocean Drive, and is as charming as it is unique. You strike it by taking Bath Road, which leads direct to the Beach, a rather desolate waste of muddy-looking sand, with the blue-crested breakers booming in from the Atlantic on one side, a sultry-looking lagoon on the other.

A white flag flying from a tall flagstaff indicates to all whom it may concern, that so long as this pennant toys with the breeze, ladies and gentlemen are privileged to bathe in company. This pleasing concession is allowed up to one o'clock P.M., after which the red flag flies to the masthead, when none but the sterner sex are allowed to bathe, two hours being accorded the lords of the creation for Eve-less communion with Mother Ocean. At three o'clock up goes the white flag, and out of bathing-boxes of all sorts, shapes, sizes and dimensions, emerge very unfairy-like, or Mary Walkerish figures, from ten up to 300 pounds. Puritanical bathing-garments are *de rigueur*, albeit some are coquettish enough; but the "bad form" of colored or fancy suits is left for such vulgar places as Coney Island or Long Branch.

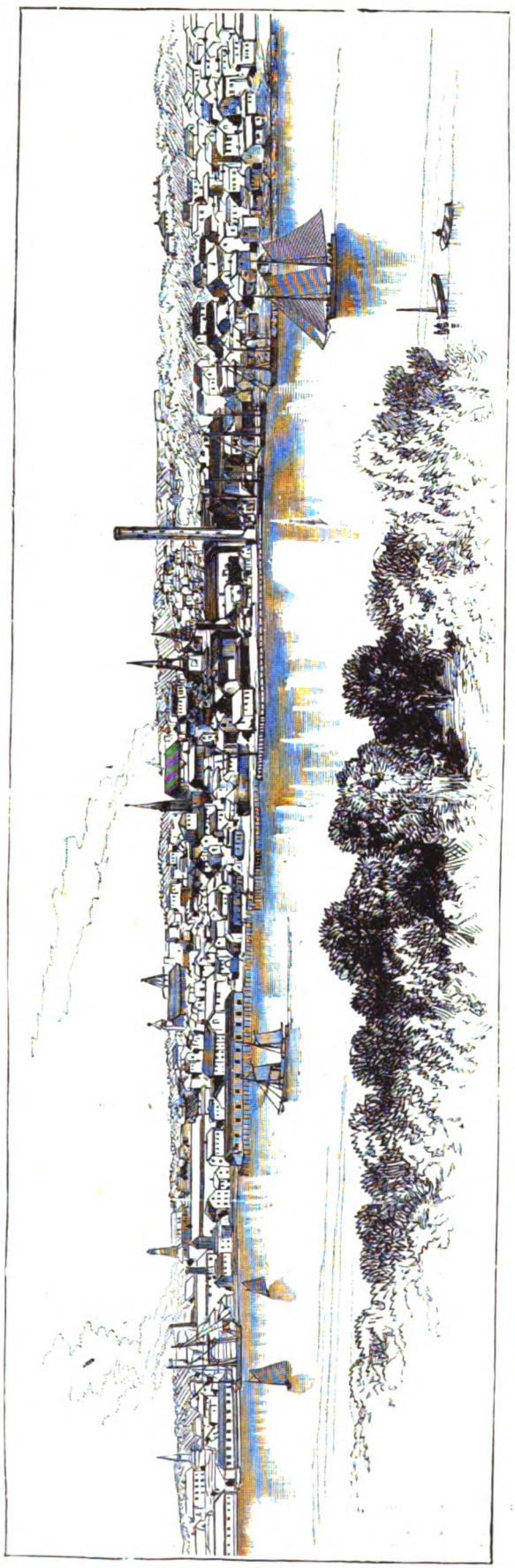
From the Beach, gazing seaward, is a ragged, rugged, verdure-crested wall of rock, a cliff against which the savage waves have been buffeting themselves in impotent fury since the "cooling-off" process so vigorously descanted upon by learned geologists.

The Cliff is rugged and storm-wrenched and indented, its sharp teeth ever ready against its ceaseless assailant. Sloping gently upward from the edge of the gray rock is verdure of the keenest emerald, and smooth as a billiard-table. Dotting this exquisite plateau are cottages of the quaintest and most costly designs, the newest bits of this end of the Nineteenth Century's art caprices. Along the edge of the Cliff for its entire length is a serpentine walk, a common, free to all as God's sunshine. Of this walk Mr. Petroleum Bartender or Mr. Shoddie Clambayke dares not deprive the people. Turnstiles, where Edwin and Angeline listen o' moonlight nights to what the wild waves are saying, or to the beating of their own soft-shell hearts, mark the boundaries of the various demesnes, while the velvet turf is trimmed by cunning gardeners, so as to drape itself like a mantle over the scarred and weather-beaten rocks. To stand on the Beach and watch the sunlight play on blue ocean, gray rock, green grass, and red brick, is a very banquet for the visual senses—a rich and bounteous harvest for the quiet eye. About half-way along the Cliff Walk, which extends from Bath Road to the end of Bellevue Avenue, and at the east end of Narragansett Avenue are the so-called "Forty Steps," in reality but twenty-nine, and rickety at that number. This mode of descent to the rocks below is largely availed of by young ladies of unexceptionable ankles, who, like Miss Arabella Allen, subsequently married to Mr. Winkle of Pickwickian fame, often get "pounded" when half way, stoutly refusing to move either up or down till every male biped within sight is engaged in contemplating the beauties of the deep, visages seaward. Opposite the Forty Steps is the palatial residence of Mr. Goelet, of New York. It is a caprice in architecture, and is most charming to gaze upon.

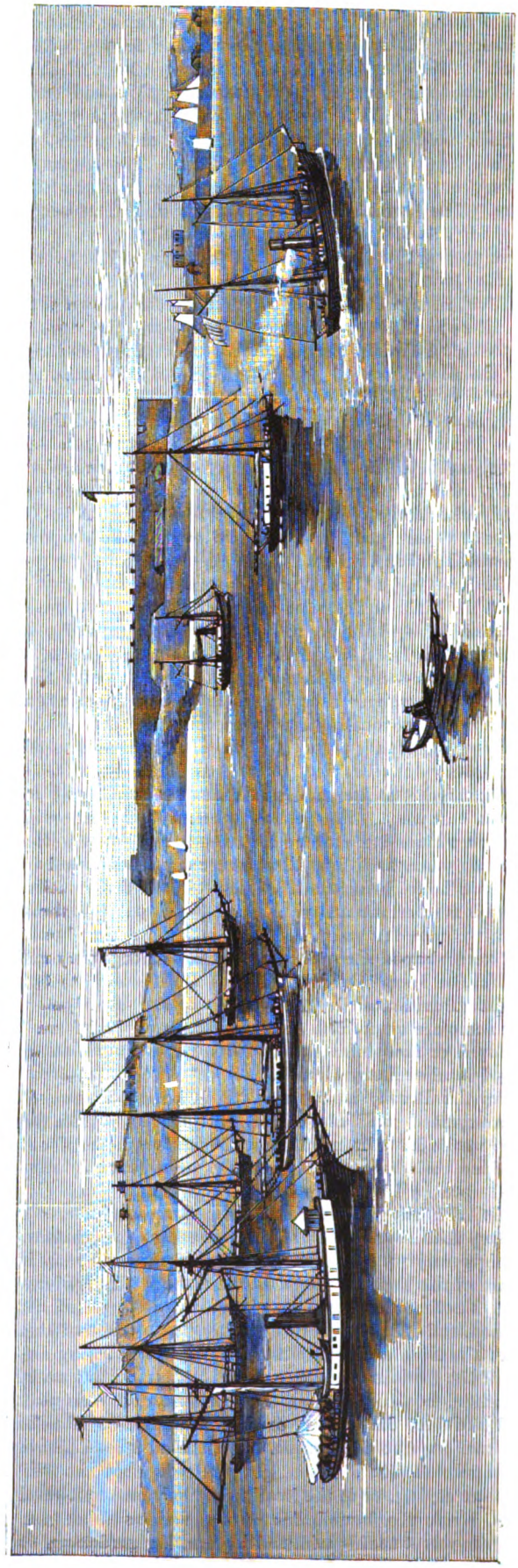
But Mr. Goelet's cottage does not bear away the palm. There is another cottage on the Cliff, and *such* a cottage, wherein a lady named "Kitty" Wolfe, the possessor of a lamp the rubbing of which bringeth forth the all-mighty dollar, dwelleth in "maiden meditation, fancy free." Fain would any one of that numerous and persevering tribe known as fortune-hunters possess himself of Miss Kitty, and go in for love in *this* cottage; but the lady prefers to say the tiny little word "No" in its iciest form, and to live out her Summer life in one of the most delicious specimens of bizarre architecture in the wide world. It is a gem in red sandstone. It is all arches and cloisters, and courts and gateways, and postern-doors and turrets, and bower-windows and coignes of espial. It is solid as a mediæval fortress. It is adapted for lovers, or for old gentlemen and ladies such as Rembrandt loved to paint. It is a place for an author to plot his romance, an artist to dab in his color. I have never seen Miss Kitty Wolfe, probably I never shall; but I tell her, on this bright particular page of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, that she is the possessor of one of the most charming dwellings in the world, and long may she live to feast her eyes on the beauties of so perfect a gem.

Some of the villas east of Bellevue Avenue hold their own—not against Miss Kitty Wolfe's, though. The "Villa Cushman," the cottage of the late Charlotte Cushman, once a show-place, is now rather out of the race. I have already alluded to the craze for knockers that abounds in this city of the sea. Some of the "rappers" on the oaken doors of houses in the old town are as noticeable as the wondrous bolts in the portals of Spanish cathedrals. Another "fad" is the sun-dial, and the newest cottages have this primitive timepiece set into the walls like a panel. "Old" Trinity Church is one of the special monuments of Newport. And here in the season the toilets within and equipages without the said edifice are things to be seen in order to be fully appreciated. Imagine marvels of old—rose-colored Renaissance satin, covered with flounces of Chantilly lace; vapory combinations of batiste and Valenciennes, airy harmonies of silk canvas relieved with bright Indian and Persian stuffs, and with applications of Bulgarian and Smyrnese embroidery; iridescent silks, moiré, batiste glacé, foulardine decorated with the most artistic floral designs, and engarlanded with a profusion of creamy lace. With her high-crowned Pierrot hat, her hair brushed up, leaving only coquettish *frisins* on the nape of her neck, her robe with its graceful folds and artistic *cassures*, the Newportienne of 1884 can be compared with the most elegant figures which Watteau has painted.

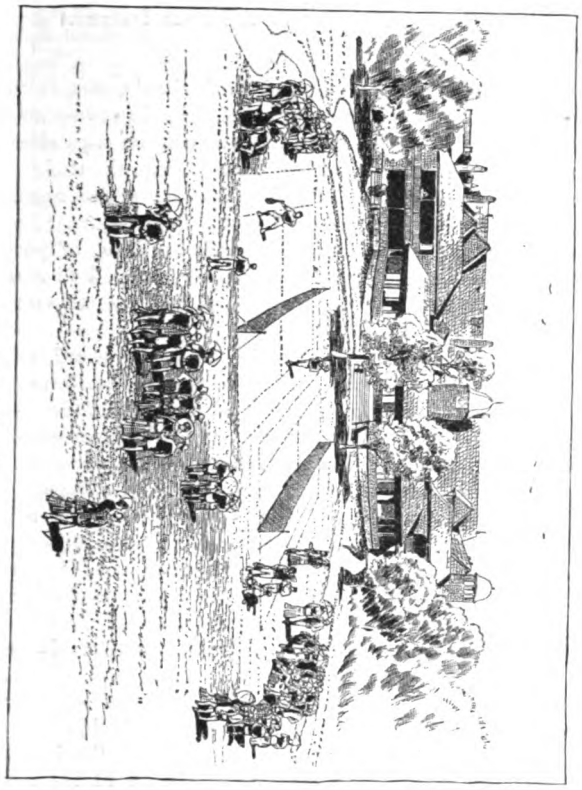
Trinity Church was built in 1726, and on its spire still stands the royal crown of England. The existence in so



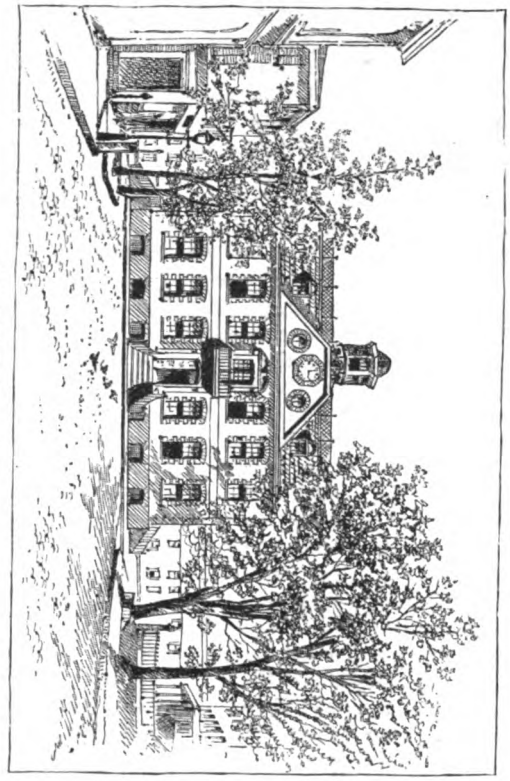
NEWPORT WATER-FRONT, FROM THE ROAD TO FORT ADAMS.



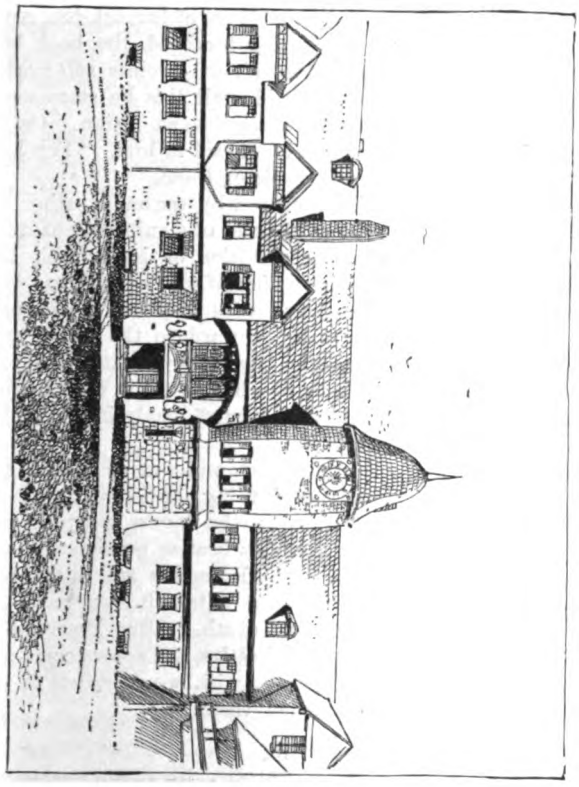
FORT TRUMBULL AND THE YACHT ANCHORAGE.



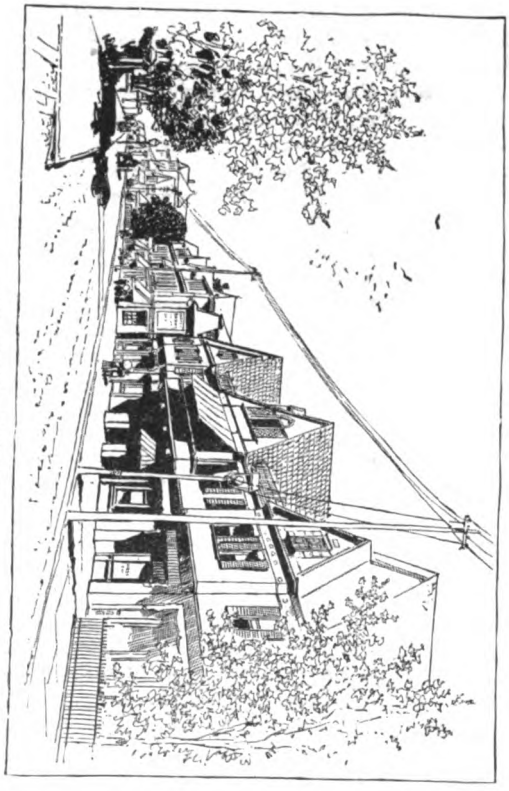
THE TENNIS GROUNDS.



THE STATE HOUSE, NEWPORT.



ENTRANCE TO THE CASINO.



THE CASINO, NEWPORT.

conspicuous a position of the bauble so sorely afflicted the Revolutionists that many attempts were made at shooting it away, while one adventurous fellow who volunteered to climb the pole nearly lost his life in the ardor of his patriotism. The quaint interior of Trinity, with its huge white sounding-board, the square, high-backed pews, many of them still lined—save the mark!—with green and red rep, the brass candelabra, and the general air of Old World solemnity and simplicity, never fail to impress the visitor with respect and reverence. In marked contrast to this—for us—venerable pile, is the Channing Memorial Church, as perfect in its way as Miss Kitty Wolfe's Cottage. It has been erected to the memory of William Ellery Channing, the great apostle of Unitarianism, whose centennial anniversary was celebrated in Newport, April 7th, 1880. The design of the church is the early English gothic, and is, in shape, cruciform. The general dimensions are 65x85 feet, and the building is remarkably well proportioned. It stands almost opposite the Old Stone Mill. There are three entrances to the building, one in front, one at the northwest through the transept, and one through a porch at the northeast corner, which opens into a vestibule. The tower stands at the northwest angle, and is not only graceful, but beautiful in design. It is square at the base, and terminates in an octagonal shaft at the height of about 125 feet. It is well broken up by cornices of band moldings, and is pierced with handsome windows. At the northeast intersection there is an octagonal turret about forty feet high. The ventilation is by an ornamental shaft, of a neat design, in the roof. The transepts are lighted by large stained-glass windows.

A slave-pen still exists in Newport, but is now utilized for other storage than that of "black ebony."

Houses of noted pirates are to be found; ay, and one of them is supposed to have some time been the residence of the notorious Captain Kidd, whose unsatisfactory disposal of treasure still exercises the minds of honest men. Among the houses of the last century are that of Bishop Berkeley, a very dilapidated concern when compared with that of Dr. Potter, of Grace Church. Metcalf Bowier's house dates from 1730, but that of Governor Bickles goes back to 1639. Two colonial stores are still to the fore, with their old-fashioned window-frames and small panes of discolored glass. In the State House is the famous Gilbert painting of Washington, and the remains of the chair of honor of the first Governor.

Fashionable life at Newport commences its daily routine at nine o'clock, when the ladies appear at breakfast in the most bewitching morning-gowns, and the mankind in raiment of light color, made by Smallpage, or some swell London tailor. Breakfast lasts till eleven o'clock.

After breakfast the elderly people read the New York papers on the piazzas, while the girls drive village carts "all over the place," or go a-shopping into the old town. At two o'clock, after the plunge on the beach, comes luncheon, when some one man distinguishes himself in dressing a salad. A little lawn-tennis, if the breeze be favorable, till five o'clock, when Bellevue Avenue and the Ocean Drive have to be done, and calls made. Dinner at half-past seven, and during the evening calls or hops are *de rigueur*; the men repairing to the Casino about eleven o'clock for the "B. and S.," the cigarette, the gossip, and a little touch at "Bac." This is the outline, which is of course filled in by picnics, boating-parties, excursions to Purgatory and Narragansett Pier, tennis at the Casino, and polo at the Westchester Grounds.

Who would not Summer at Newport with the swells?

THE ENSIGN.

(From the French of Alphonse Daudet.)

I.

The regiment was engaged on the banks of a railway, and served as a target to the whole Prussian army massed in an opposite wood. They were firing on each other at a distance of eighty yards. The officers shouted, "Lie down!" but no one would obey, and the proud regiment remained standing, gathered round their colors. In the great horizon of the setting sun, of cornfields, of pasture land, this confused group of men, enveloped in smoke, were like a flock of sheep surprised in the open country by the first whirlwind of a terrific storm.

It rained iron on that slope! nothing was heard but the crackle of the volleys and the prolonged vibration of the balls which flew from one end of the battle-field to the other. From time to time the flag, which waved overhead in the wind of the mitrailleuse, disappeared in the smoke, then a voice, grave and steady, dominating the firing, the struggles of the dying, the oaths of the wounded, would cry: "*Au drapeau, mes enfants, au drapeau!*" Instantly an officer, vague as a shadow in the red mist, would spring forward, and the standard, once more alive as it were, showed again above the battle.

Twenty-two times it fell. Twenty-two times its staff, still warm, slipping from a dying hand, was seized and upheld, and when, at sunset, what remained of the regiment—scarce a handful of men—retreated slowly, firing as they went, the colors were mere rags in the hands of Sergeant Hornus, the twenty-third ensign of the day.

II.

Sergeant Hornus was a crusty old wardog, who could scarcely write his own name, and who had taken twenty years to gain his sergeant's stripes. All the miseries of a foundling, all the brutalizing effects of barrack-life, could be traced in the low projecting forehead, the back bent beneath the knapsack, that air of careless self-neglect acquired in the ranks. Besides all this he stammered, but then eloquence is not essential to an ensign. On the evening of the battle his colonel said to him, "You have the colors, my brave fellow—keep them."

And on his coarse hood, frayed by war and weather, the vivandière stitched the gold band of a sub-lieutenant.

This had been the one ambition of his humble life. From that moment he drew himself up; he who was wont to walk with bent head and eyes fixed on the ground, henceforth looked proudly upward to the bit of stuff which he held very straight, high above death, treachery and defeat. Never was there a happier man than Hornus on days of battle, holding his staff firmly in its leather socket with both hands.

He neither spoke nor moved, and was as serious as a priest guarding some sacred thing. All his life, all his strength, were concentrated in the fingers grasping that gilded rag upon which the balls beat so persistently, and in his defiant eyes looking the Prussians full in the face, as if saying, "Try, if you dare, to take it from me!"

No one did try, not even death. After Borny, after Gravelotte, those murderous battles, the colors came out, tattered, in holes, transparent with wounds, but it was still old Hornus who carried them.

III.

Then came September with the army around Metz, the investment, and that long pause when the cannon rusted in the mud, and the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inaction, want of food and want of news, died of

fever and *ennui* beside their piled arms. No one, neither chief nor soldiers, had faith in the future; Hornus alone was still confident. His ragged *tricolor* was all in all to him, and as long as he could see that, nothing seemed lost. Unfortunately, as there was no more fighting, the colonel kept the colors at his house in one of the suburbs of Metz, and poor Hornus was much like a mother whose child is out to nurse. He thought of it constantly. Then when the yearning was too much for him, he went off to Metz, and, having seen it still in the same place, leaning against the wall, he returned full of courage and patience, bringing back to his dripping tent dreams of battle and of advancing marches, with flying colors floating over the Prussian trenches.

An order of the day from Marshal Bazaine put an end to these illusions. One morning Hornus on awakening found the whole camp clamorous, groups of soldiers in great excitement, uttering cries of rage, all shaking their fists towards one side of the town as though their anger were roused against some criminal. There were shouts of, "Away with him!" "Let him be shot!" And the officers did nothing to prevent them. They kept apart with bent heads as if ashamed of being seen by their men. It was indeed shameful. The Marshal's order had just been read to 150,000 fighting men, well armed and still efficient—an order which surrendered them to the enemy without a struggle!

"And the colors?" asked Hornus, growing pale. The colors were to be given up with the rest, with the arms, with what was left of the munitions of war—everything.

"*To-To-Tonnerre de Dieu!*" stuttered the poor man. "They sha'n't have mine." And he started at a run toward the town.

IV.

HERE also there was a great disturbance: National Guards, civilians, *gardes mobiles*, shouting and excited, deputations on their way to the Marshal; but of this Hornus saw and heard nothing. All the way up the Rue du Faubourg he kept saying to himself:

"Take my flag from me indeed! It is not possible. They have no right to it! Let him give the Prussians what is his own, his gilded carriages, his fine plate brought from Mexico! But that, it is mine. It is my honor. I defy any one to touch it."

These fragments of speech were broken by his rapid pace and by his stammer, but the old fellow had his idea notwithstanding; a very clear and defined idea—to get the standard, carry it to the regiment, and cut his way through the Prussians with all who would follow him.

When he reached his destination he was not even allowed to enter the house. The colonel, furious himself, would see no one; but Hornus was not to be put off thus.

He swore, shouted, hustled the orderly!

"My flag, I want my flag." At last a window opened.

"Is it you, Hornus?"

"Yes, colonel; I——"

"The colors are all at the arsenal—you have only to go there and you will get an acknowledgment."

"An acknowledgment! What for?"

"It is the Marshal's order."

"But, colonel——"

"Leave me alone," and the window was shut.

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken man.

"An acknowledgment, an acknowledgment," he repeated mechanically, moving slowly away.

V.

THE gates of the arsenal were wide open, to allow the passage of the Prussian wagons, which were drawn up in the yard. Hornus shuddered. All the other ensigns were there, fifty or sixty officers silent and sorrowful; those sombre carts in the rain, with the men grouped bareheaded behind them, had all the aspect of a funeral.

In a corner the colors of Bazaine's army lay in a confused heap on the muddy pavement. Nothing could be sadder than these bits of gay-colored silks, these ends of gold fringe and of ornamented hafts, all this glorious paraphernalia thrown on the ground, soiled by rain and mud. An officer took them one by one, and as each regiment was named, its ensign advanced to receive an acknowledgment. Two Prussian officers stiff and unmoved, superintended the ceremony.

And must you go thus, O sacred and glorious flags!—displaying your brave rents, sweeping the ground sadly like broken-winged birds, with the shame of beautiful things sullied? With each of you goes a part of France. The sun of long marches hid in your faded folds. In each mark of a ball you kept the memory of the unknown dead falling at random around the standard, the enemy's mark!

"Hornus, it is your turn, they are calling you; go for your receipt."

What did he care about a receipt!

The flag was there before him. It was his, the most beautiful, the most mutilated of all. And seeing it again, he fancied himself once more on that railway bank. He heard the whistling balls and the colonel's voice: "*Au drapeau, mes enfants!*" He saw his twenty-two comrades lying dead; himself, the twenty-third, rushing forward in his turn to support the poor flag which sank for want of an arm. Ah! that day he had sworn to defend it to the death—and now!

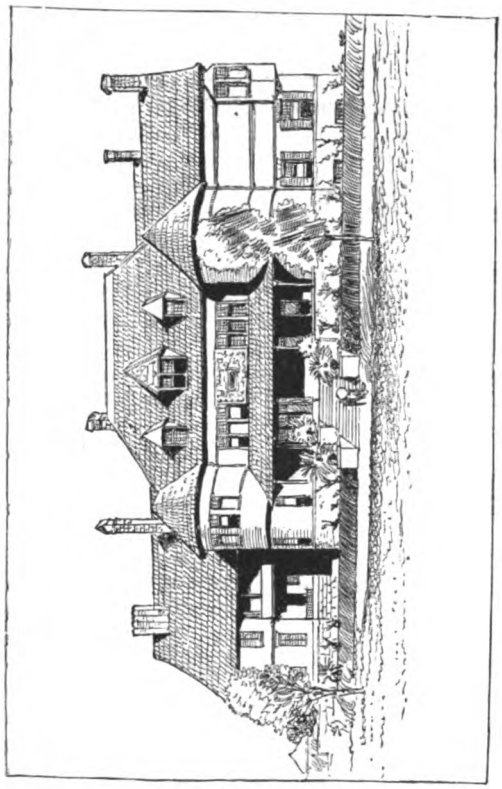
Thinking of all this made his heart's blood rush to his head. Distracted, mad, he sprang on the Prussian officer, tore from him his beloved standard, tried to raise it once more straight and high, crying "*Au dra*——" But the words stuck in his throat—he felt the staff tremble, slip through his hands. In that paralyzing atmosphere, that atmosphere of death which weighs so heavily on capitulated towns, the standard could no longer float. Nothing glorious could live. And old Hornus, too, choked with shame and rage, fell dead.

THAT COCK OSTRICH.

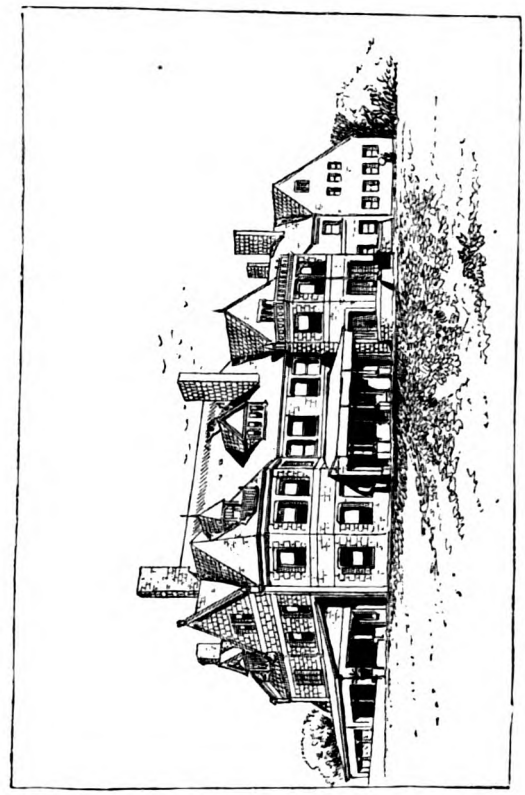
By CHARLES DU VAL.

IT was a brilliant Summer day in Outshoorn—a dreamy little town situated in the Western Province of the Cape of Good Hope—the sun in all the fullness of South African glory was enjoying his evident triumph; a party of hotel occupants lazily sipped their coffee, and whiffed their cigarettes, on the veranda fronting the "Queen's Arms," as the hostelry was named, all more or less thankful to mine host for having rendered the inner man as comfortable by his well-served dinner as he had rendered the outer by the protecting shadow of awning spread overhead, to whose cooling influence might be added the shade produced by some half-dozen waving blue gum trees, and a band of willows springing as it were from the water furrow, running parallel to the sidewalk.

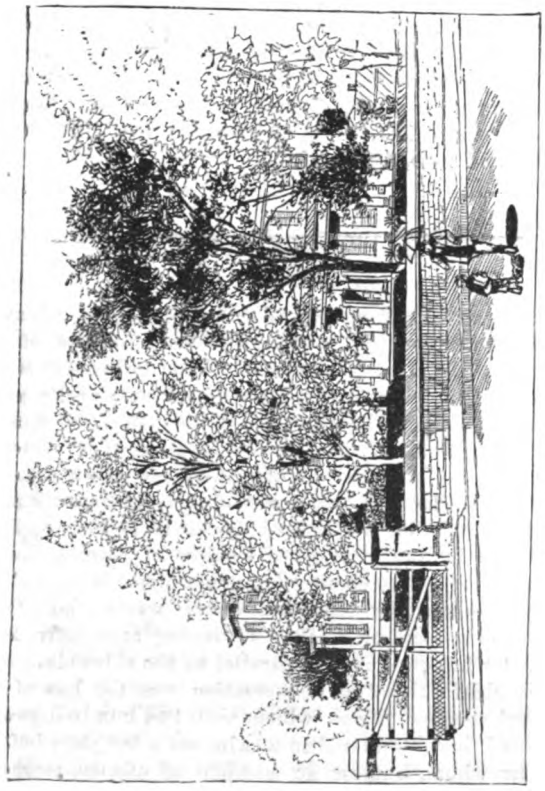
The chief subject of conversation was the loss of the ill-fated steamer *Teuton*, which, with two hundred people on board, had foundered in a calm sea a few days before, and by whom, but for an accident of chance, stroke of luck, or call it what you will, I myself should have been a passenger. Free interchange of ideas with a fellow-traveler or hotel guest rules in most colonies, and in the



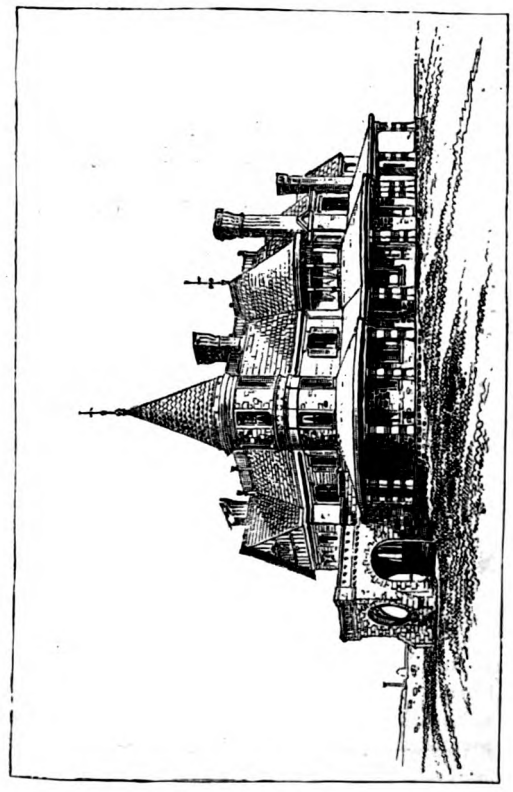
THE GOELET COTTAGE



MISS WOOLFE'S COTTAGE.

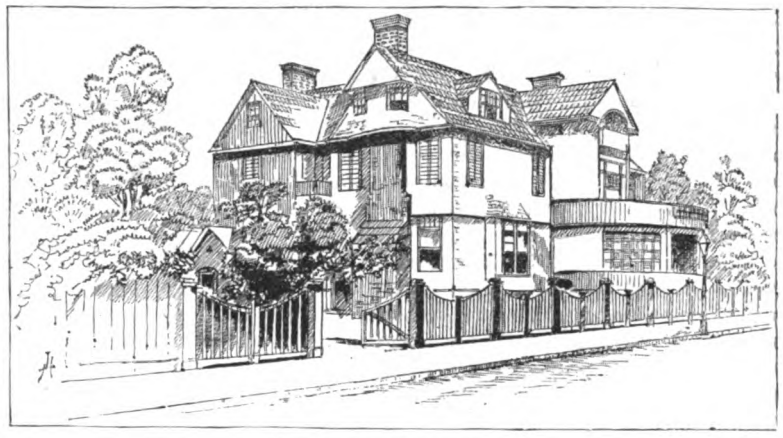


RESIDENCE OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT.



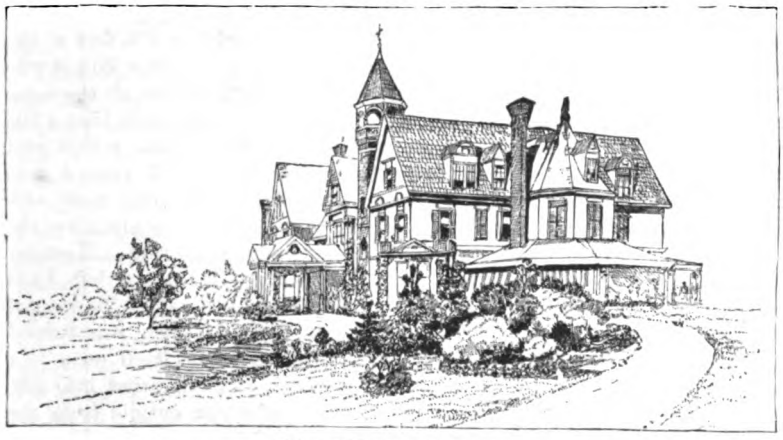
THE DAVIS VILLA.

Western Province of the Cape there is no exception to this rule. Having worn out the subject of the *Teuton's* loss and the horrors attendant on the disaster, conversation lightly veered around to objects which have presented attraction to queens and courts for centuries past, and which at the present time, as an apparently unchangeable article of fashion, continue to constitute in the place where my scene is laid an important export of commerce. Some fair reader is probably curious to learn what I refer to: I will tell her in two words—Ostrich Feathers. Outshoorn was a centre of ostrich-farming districts, and an enterprising batch of Israelites, who are always to be found where an honest penny is to be made, were established as "buyers," and conversation waxed very warm and contentious as to the relative merits of certain bunches of "prime whites," "feminas," "tails," etc., which the Dutch farmers had traded away that day at the morning market.



MRS. BRUEN'S COTTAGE.

Taking at the time but little interest in ostriches, farming, or feathers, I suggested to my *compagnon de voyage*,

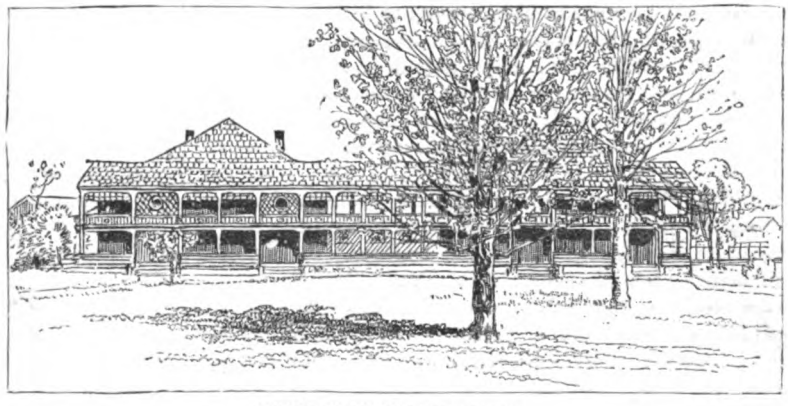


THE LORILLARD COTTAGE.

a young American named Albert Thies, whose brilliant skill as a pianist had attracted my attention, that a fitting way to spend the day would be to pay a visit to the Montagu Pass—a cleft through the Western Province mountain chain, of whose beauty the Cape people are justly proud. In a few minutes we were rattling away, the white hood of our covered Cape cart affording ample protection from the burning sun; while its canvas curtains pulled open created a current of air truly refreshing and banished the lassitude which climatic warmth induces even in the cold-blooded Briton with his unparalleled energy and indomitable perseverance. A splendid bit of scenery is that Montagu Pass. I have never seen its equal in all my wanderings throughout South Africa, though I have descended the Sneuberg, piloted my way through the Hex River Valley, and crossed the lordly Drakensberg chain, into the fair land of Natal beneath.

The road through the Montagu Pass is a good one, and has been cut out of the mountain-side. A steep descent lies on one hand, sweeping precipitately down into the gorge below; the only protection for the traveler, his wagons and horses, being enormous boulder stones, and portions thereof forming an irregular wall, the path having been actually cut through some of these huge geological pages of the history of ages ago. Mountain crags, kloofs, and thick brush, are everywhere visible, and here and there abutting suddenly on the road are fancifully-formed boulders. It requires little effort of imagination to transform these into the resemblance of the rams of fossilized ironclads, which, floating about in an extraordinary era of the Earth's progress, were left high and dry by an internal disturbance, and became assimilated with the beach on which they were permanently stranded.

Alike interesting to geologist, artist, or tourist, the Montagu Pass boasts one more additional attraction. It is free from the harpies who proffer you indifferent photographs of the place of your enjoyment, or specimens of spar, or *reliques*, and last of all, it has no hotel in its vicinity with a *table d'hôte*, bad wine, worse cigars, and the other benefits of civilization which succeed in eradicating any interesting influences the beauty and peculiarity of the surrounding scene may have awakened. But Montagu Pass has its hotel, though, and I will even go down on my knees to the "Baas" of that hostelry, and in sackcloth and ashes implore his



THEATRE AND RACKET-COURT.

pardon, and that of the dark-skinned, rolling-eyed Caffre maiden who acts as his Hebe, if I have by implication animadverted on his Olympian Retreat. After five miles on foot it was more than gratifying on arriving at the summit of the Pass to find mine host's little thatched dwelling, and to be served by Kate Kackleback (in all the simplicity of her native modesty, and such fashionable apparel as a canvas sack and a blanket afforded,) with a glass of Cape sherry, well mixed with an old acquaintance, a bottle of ginger ale. Ginger ale, too, surmounted by a label which recalled "Ireland and the Irish, Dublin," and old acquaintances, Cantrell and Cochrane, for many a time and oft I had met at least one of them, and as the globules sparkled in the glass and the form of the worthy alderman rose in my recollection, it required little persuasion to suggest a toast omnipotent in the Emerald Isle, "Here's may ye never die till I kill you," with which adjuration the contents of the swarthy barmaid's glasses went rippling down our parched throats. A friendly sort of fellow, easy-going, and not to be put out, was the "Baas" of the hotel. We talked of shooting, and he produced a handsome rifle; I took it and tried a few shots at a piece of flat stone standing prominently in a clump of bush. For the third time I raised the rifle, and with settled purpose and well-nerved hand was about to deal death to the boulder when mine host suddenly bethought him that danger might be the result, saying, in the quietest, mildest way possible:

"I think you'd better not fire over there; one of my Hottentots is gathering wood in that clump—and the ostrich-camp is a little beyond with two pair of breeding birds in it; it wouldn't do to hit one of them," from which I inferred that the latter were of considerably more value than the former. It is needless to say that the intimation of a man being in the identical clump into which I had already dispatched two bullets made me feel that I was an accessory to deliberate murder—a sensation not relieved until the Hottentot made his appearance, bearing on his head the fruits of his search in the shape of a huge bundle of rotten branches, and evidently minus any particles of the lead which had been forwarded in his direction.

"What do you say to a look at the ostrich-camp, Thies?" said I to my comrade.

"All right," he said; "they are not musical, but that doesn't matter, I am," with which effort of jocularity he led the way.

A very important industry in South Africa is ostrich-farming. An "ostrich-camp" is a fenced-in area where the male and female birds, in pairs, are confined during the period of incubation. The cock or male bird takes his fair share of the process of hatching, carefully sitting on the eggs whilst his weaker half enjoys a little exercise and recreation, and he guards all approach to his spouse when she is engaged in her part of the duty.

The cock ostrich when thus paired is an excessively fierce bird, and though at other times tractable enough, becomes endowed with a resolute determination and courage that hesitates not to attack any disturber of his peace.

Curious, ungainly-looking creatures, their only claims to beauty consist in a few wing and tail feathers, and a pair of eyes whose clearness and brilliancy is that of a gem, with power of vision almost illimitable. They possess a stomach, too! Many an alderman of city renown would give a considerable portion of the contents of his money-bags for such a digestive apparatus. Many a *bon vivant*, in whose extremities the burning pains of gout show indication of the non-digestion of late suppers, would freely barter a part of his bank credit for the gastric juices of my two-toed acquaintance at whom we were gazing, as he stalked in a discomposed manner around and about his camp. The looker-on feels an inexpressible sensation of relief as, taking a rapid glance of the "kraal," he discovers no interstice in the fence through which the infuriated bird inside can make his escape. He is easy to feed; nothing, in fact, comes to him amiss. You can give him crushed maize, or broken stones, chopped lucerne, or ground bones; he does not disdain a *bonne bouche* of a couple of pocket-knives, whilst a half-dozen tenpenny-nails, a pair of scissors or a few gimlets he looks upon as a positive delicacy. It did not take us long to reach mine host's ostrich-camp, and there, sure enough, was the feathery lord, majestically working himself up into a towering passion, his brilliant eye having "spied strangers" with almost as acute a perception as a member of St. Stephen's.

Being more or less engrossed with the antics of the "Cock of the Walk," who was rolling his body, flapping his wings, gyrating his elongated neck, and giving vent to his feelings by an occasional smothered kind of hiss, I failed to notice that a few yards to the right, a very decided gap in the fence presented no obstacle to his escape, and a moment later he discovered his advantage. Moving slowly up to the broken part of the fence, working up his wrath in his own peculiar fashion, he suddenly turned, and charging through the gap, came rushing furiously in my direction. Eight or ten feet at the most divided us, and knowing that if he got a fair stroke at me with his double toe, well sustained by all the muscular force of his sinewy leg, the chances were that a fair division of my corporeal frame would be the result, and inspired more by instinct than courage, I rushed into close quarters with him, grappling at his long neck with my outstretched hand, in the hope of minimizing the strength of his blow by meeting it half way. More by accident or luck than coolness or design my left hand caught his throat, and the stroke with which he would, in all probability, have torn my body open, was turned aside, and its descending force exercised itself on a pair of pantaloons—one leg of which was converted into ribbons, and with a fair amount of outer cuticle from the limb within, strewed the scene of the combat. The impetuosity of his charge carried him a dozen yards beyond me, and before he could return to the engagement I had succeeded in putting a considerable clump of bush between us, and discovered my heroic comrade lying flat on his face, at the foot of a cluster of pampas grasses, having heard, as he afterward explained, that it was the correct thing to lie down when attacked by an ostrich. This to an extent is true, as the blow of an ostrich is formidable only when delivered by him perpendicularly —"straight out from the shoulder," as the "fancy" style it.

Bustling about, apparently conscious and proud of his victory, my late opponent made no further attempt to renew the combat, and feeling decidedly sore about the left leg, and generally disordered by the fray, I lost no time in ordering the retreat to be sounded, and, a wiser and a wounded man, I hobbled ignominiously over the nearest fence to the adjacent river-bank, where a little cold water to my scratched and bruised limb was decidedly acceptable. Joined here by my comrade, we compared notes on the recent engagement.

"Well!" said Thies, "all that I could see was a magnificent jumble of ostrich-feathers and coat-tails, in which a man and a bird were considerably mixed. I should say, after the brilliant way in which you resisted a charge

made with such *elan* and impetuosity, that you are quite as fairly entitled to the South African war medal as the hundreds of government officials now wearing it, who never left their offices in Natal, and elsewhere, nor saw a shot fired nor an assegai flung—to say nothing of the thousand and one hangers-on to the skirts of the columns, who were conspicuous by their absence when danger was near, and by their presence when decorations or rewards were distributed."

"Come, come, my musical genius," I replied, "don't be sarcastic, but help me to pin together the fragments of my inexpressibles, which, by-the-way, would have delighted the heart of an Irish landlord, the *rents* were so apparent everywhere.

He did so, and with a feeling of greater interest in ostrich-farming than I had previously exhibited, we returned to the thatched roof-tree of the Boniface of Montagu Pass, where some very rough sticking-plaster and a few improvised bandages made my leg as comfortable as could be expected, and the needle and thread of the Caffre barmaid succeeded in rendering my pantaloons a trifle more presentable in appearance.

"It's a good job," said the Baas, "you didn't harm the bird. That pair," he added, "cost me £180."

"Well," thought I, "this is the most Christian-like person I have stumbled against for some time. He doesn't mind my shooting his Hottentot servant, but I mustn't endanger his ostrich, even in defense of my life."

I return, sore, wounded, and bleeding from an encounter with one of his vicious birds, and receive for consolation a general warning that it is rather a good job that I, and not my enemy, his feathered monster, has been injured in the fray.

"I say, old chap," said I, as I painfully clambered into the Cape cart, "I shall get you appointed officer for this district to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and next time I come this way perhaps you will be good enough to summon that cock ostrich of yours for a wanton and provoked assault—and next time you've any Hottentot shooting on hand, just let me know, and I'll bring down a friend or two, better marksmen than I am, who will probably afford you more satisfaction."

Our cart rattled gayly away by the light of the moon—bright as silver—such moonlight as only tropical climes display; and as the various points of interest of the Pass were re-traveled, I had leisure to think over the narrow escape I had experienced. I also dwelt on ingratitude, as a characteristic of the ostrich; for reflection told me that I was a holder of a number of shares in the Grahamstown Ostrich Farming Company, and assisting in keeping in luxury the friends, if not the "sisters, cousins and aunts," of that cock ostrich.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE INDIANS.

One singular fact is the infinite diversity of Indian languages. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect. In all times the Indians have disdained to learn even a few words of an enemy's language. Stranger yet, the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes for three-quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together and making war upon the same enemies at the same time. The children constantly romp and play together in the common camp. Yet no one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other. Unable to speak each other's language, the Indians of the West have constructed a wonderful sign language by which they hold intercourse. Gestures, signs, are more or less natural to every one. Among the Plains Indians alone have they reached their most wonderful development.

So complicated and elaborate is the sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements, the slightest variation in which marks wide differences in meaning, that only a few Indians in a tribe are complete masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly. The signs do not indicate letters, nor words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for Summer, and so on infinitely. Yet an expert sign-talker will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs, following each other with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and while holding the reins with the left hand, will converse for hours with their right, telling stories or relating their experience without a single misunderstanding.

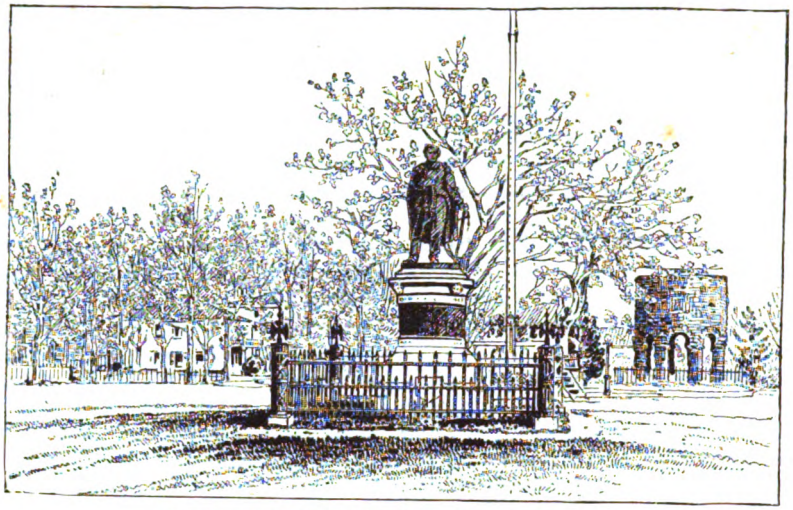
PUGNACITY OF THE QUAIL.

A note on the quail would be incomplete without an allusion to the pugnacity of his disposition. This is unhappily incontestable, and it is probably the chief cause of that speedy dispersal of the "bevies," or broods of young birds, which almost invariably occurs. The cocks are able and willing to fight each other when only two or three weeks old, and in the Spring the contests of the parent males often end in their mutual destruction. The quail possesses no spur—a want, however, which has been supplied by the resources of civilization. Among the Chinese, combats of quails are still as fashionable a pastime as cock-fighting once was in England. The Greeks and Romans were also passionately addicted to these contests, the winners in which have been glorified by the poets of both nations. There is, indeed, a well-known, though, from the modern standpoint, hardly creditable, story of Augustus, who is said to have condemned a prefect to death because he served up at a banquet in the emperor's honor a quail celebrated for its numerous victories.

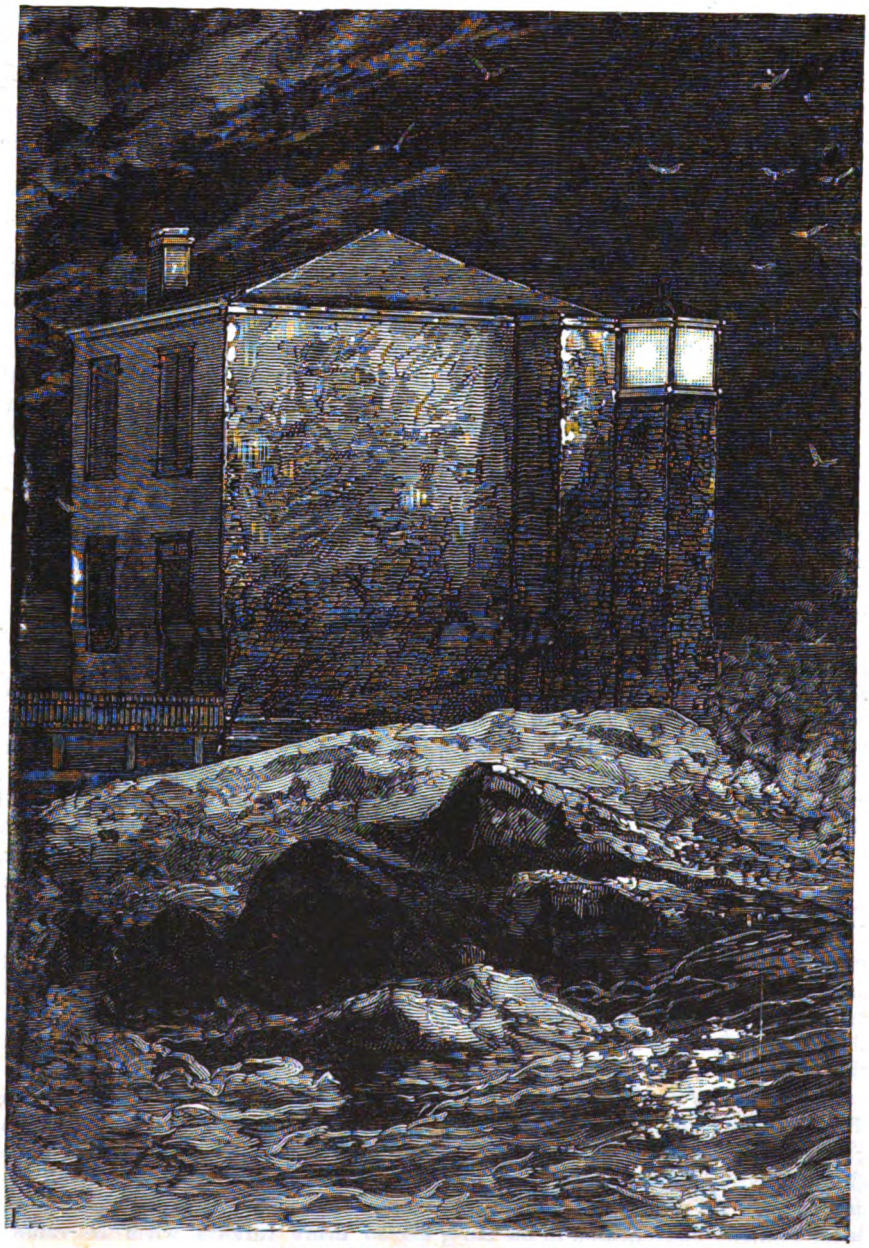
SIOUAN FOLK LORE.

The rabbit has a singed spot on the back of his neck, because when Ma-shchin-ge, the rabbit, caught the Sun in a trap, the latter being scorched the hair on the neck of the former as he stooped to cut the bow-string forming the trap. The buzzard owes his bare head and neck to the behavior of his mythical ancestor, when caught by Ishtinike. Snow was made by U-sni, the Male Winter, who puffed several times into the air when he left his lodge. The Winters are not so cold now, because the Male Winter was killed by the rabbit. Thunders are now found in the sky in warm weather, bacause banished thither by the chief's son (when he sought for the snake woman), who told them to cool the earth (by sending rain) when men needed it. The Sun is now in the sky because he quarreled with the Moon when both were on the earth; so they determined to separate and go to the upper world. The Moon is a good woman, who carries a water-kettle on her left arm. (The Kansas say there is a man in the moon, whose abdomen is so large because he ate so many turkeys when he came down to earth.) Gravel and stone have been found all over the world

since Ties-stones-to-his-ankles pushed over a huge rock which overshadowed a village. Wind was made by large serpents when they opened their mouths. Rain was made by the big turtle, as told in the story of the rabbit and the muskrat, of which I have only the Oto version. Earthquakes were caused by the yelling of the rabbit as he went to deprive the grasshopper of tobacco.



STATUE OF COMMODORE PERRY, AND THE OLD MILL.



LIME ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, NEWPORT.

SOME years ago, in a field beside one of the lakes near Arras, in the Pas de Calais, a horse put out to pasture came to the edge of the water to drink, when his lip was seized by a huge pike. A desperate struggle ensued before the horse could pull out the fish, whose weight was thirty-nine pounds. The most remarkable thing is that the horse was discovered many hours after, enduring great agony, the dead pike still hanging from his lips.

A MONK named Basile Valentin, who dabbled in chemistry, with the hope, perhaps, of discovering the Elixir of Life, tried the effect on pigs of a peculiar preparation of antimony which he had composed. The result was most encouraging. After a preliminary cleansing out of their system, the grunters attained brilliant health and respectable corpulence. Valentin then administered his drug to every one of the monks in his convent, as a remedy for the sick and a prophylactic for the healthy. But all his patients proved that they were not pigs, by falling desperately ill when they did not die. Antimony turned out to be a real monks-bane—a very powerful anti-moine, or anti-monk. Such is the origin assigned to the word—which need not be accepted without reservation. Nowadays we have anti-everything. A pork-butcher has made a fortune by anti-eructative sausages.

A SOUND discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."—"THE GOLDEN-BROWN HEAD LAY ON HIS SHOULDER ONE SECOND, WHEN A RUSTLE STARTLED THEM. THE COUNT STOOD GLOWERING AT THEM WITH GLOOMY EYES."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

DR. JOHNSON AT THE FEET OF MRS. THRALE.

[Poor Walter Thornbury had some charming things in his "Two Centuries of Song." One of these we reproduce—the playful verses addressed to Mrs. Thrale on the completion of her thirty-fifth year. In those days grave lexicographers could throw off a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* when inspired by the charms of beauty and intellect.]

TO MRS. THRALE ON HER COMPLETING HER THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

An Impromptu.

Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five!
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar and deep to dive
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For howe'er we boast and strive
Life declines at thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

"SEE THERE!" exclaimed Mrs. Cadwallader, with a portentous wave of her hand—"one of that objectionable type of American girl who has brought discredit on our good breeding, and given rise to erroneous ideas about our society in the Old World."

The good lady rustled all over with a sort of tremor of indignation. Her companions were a tall, aristocratic young girl, in a severely simple black satin dress, straight in its folds, clinging in its outline as the drapery of a statue, its sombre hue only relieved by three strings of amber beads wound closely about her throat; with a broad, black plush hat, and long black plumes drooping over the pale, fair, high-bred face; and the other a young man, very English in his whiskers and clothes, with handsome dark eyes, a straight, positive-looking nose, a somewhat opinionated mouth, and, over all, that reserved and, at the same time, languid air supposed to be "good form" in exclusive circles.

The young lady slowly lifted her white eyelids, and faintly shrugged her drooping shoulders, as if to say, "Really, mamma, I have no interest in this sort of thing!"

Howard Winthrop, on the contrary, looked with a dawning interest kindling in his dark eyes.

It was a fresh October evening, and Venice was all aglow with light and sparkle. In the Plaza San Marco the white-coated Austrians were making music in their own masterly manner. Never till their enemies had come into possession had such delicious strains ravished the ears of the people, but they listened to it sullenly enough, for it tells of their slavery. Still, the people are gay and careless; only a few of the nobles leave the place at the first crash of the victor's band. Ladies in grand toilets sit and eat ices under the great arches, and street venders of flowers and sweetmeats and lemonade, or the delicate white shell-work, and a hundred other trifles, go about with their wares. Red-sashed gondoliers, swarthy sailors, with great golden hoops in their brown ears, gorgeous Turks, Greek merchants, and the straight-browed Venetian ladies, with their dark, slumberous, melancholy eyes—all make a moving panorama of color and light charming to the eye.

But our friends were not looking at this picture just now, but at a gondola near them, in which stood a young girl, her slight figure thrown out in a cameo-like relief against the sky. The sun has set, but the after-glow is still there; the water beneath is sheeted silver, the breeze has grown fresh, and blows full against the lithe young figure, whose heliotrope silk dress is of the soft, clinging kind, termed "surah" in the fashion journals. It has the beauty of falling in soft folds, and it seems to cling caressingly to the well-rounded, supple limbs of this girl, who stands, with the oar in her hand propelling the gondola herself, while the gondolier looks on, with a surprised grin upon his face. The light upon the flushed face shows intense and vivid coloring, and all the charms of youth and health, added to a sort of radiant independence of everybody and everything. The bronze gold hair that hangs in a bewitching soft, curly fringe almost down to the "wine-dark violet eyes," is carelessly blown by the same wind, and the long old-gold feather that decorates a plush hat of the same color, sweeps out like a meteor upon the breeze.

"I knew I could do it, mamma," she is saying to a pale, delicate-looking woman, whose plain gray dress forms the greatest contrast to her daughter's. "It only needs practice to do anything."

Howard Winthrop could not resist the thrill of admiration that ran like a subtle electric fire through his whole being. The fresh, unconventional attitude, the radiant health and youth, the vigor, the fire, the *verve*.

At that moment, the long feather, having lost its hold in the rude struggle with the wind, fluttered away like some bright-winged bird, and sailing along for a moment with a sort of giddy delight in its freedom, dropped suddenly and softly as a golden shadow at the young man's feet.

He seized it rapturously but tenderly, and hastened nearer the water's edge. The flight had been noticed, and the gondola was turned toward the land.

The young lady looked about her as it stopped, and, having discerned a very handsome young man with her plume in his hand, she smiled a bewitching smile.

"It was carried to my feet," Howard said, bowing.

"She's the worst for losing her things," said the mother, in a plaintive voice, hovering near, like a dim gray moth about a gorgeous butterfly. "Nothing ever stays on her that can get away."

"I would call that an evidence of the depravity of inanimate things," said Howard, with an admiring glance.

The mother looked puzzled. The daughter laughed.

"They come back, you see," she said.

"I should think they would," answered Howard. "I'm sure I wish I might."

He was quite shocked at his own boldness, but perhaps more so at the girl's answer.

"I wish you would; we don't know any one here."

Yet her face was so frank and ingenuous that he could not think evil of her cordiality.

"I should be glad to be of service to you in any way," he answered, cordially. "I know Venice pretty well, as this is my third visit."

"We are not at a hotel, but at a *pension*, and it's very dull," she said. 'We staid one night at a place in the Plaza San Marco, but the people never go to bed there, and mamma could not sleep. We are abroad for her health, and so we had to find a quiet place, and it *is* quiet—oh, deadly quiet!"

Howard suddenly recollected his companions who were waiting for him, and drew out his card. The gray mother produced one of hers, and feebly seconded her daughter's invitation. The whole proceeding struck the young man as curious and unconventional in the extreme, as he walked back to his party. While he had looked at the radiant vision, it seemed correct and proper.

"They don't know me. I might be a blackleg and an

adventurer. I hope they don't admit every one so carelessly. The girl is so beautiful."

And he experienced a sort of pang at the fear that any one else should be taken into their acquaintance in the same unconventional manner.

"I can be of real service to them," he said to himself, as he took out the cards and read, "Mrs. John Stirling." "Miss Dulcie Stirling."

"Dulcie."

What an odd diminutive, yet it had a soft, clinging music about it that thrilled him. It was singing itself over and over again in his brain when he came upon Mrs. Cadwallader, looking very stately and sedate, and Miss Mabel with an additional frosting in her face and manner.

"Really, Howard, that very *outré* and curious person seemed to have something to say to you," said the elder lady.

But Howard did not satisfy the curiosity that was evident. He only bestirred himself to procure a gondola, and in a few moments they were afloat on the smooth, shining water. It is not yet dark, the after-glow has not faded.

The golden lamps shine out like golden flowers against the deep violet shadows. Domes and spires come out distinctly in that light, and all the serried masts of the merchant fleet at the mouth of the Quidecca stand up like lances. So they glide on till the darkness falls, and a pale crescent moon rises "like a silver sickle in a field of stars."

But Howard Winthrop is thinking of none of these things. He sees instead a slight figure in a pale purple gown, with a vivacious, sparkling face and wind-blown bronze hair. "She's deuced pretty, but 'bad form,'" he decides, as he lights his cigarette that night. Yet she had taken possession of his fancy, and seemed quite at home there.

No one could have been more astonished than our hero himself when, a few evenings after this, he found himself drifting over the sheeted silver of those same waters with the enchantress herself. How it had come about was not exactly clear to him; but it seemed as if the invitation had come from Miss Dulcie herself, and that her mother had failed at the last moment.

"We hire the gondola by the week," the young lady had volunteered, "and it's a pity to send it away, with such a moonlight, too."

So Winthrop found himself at her side, feeling as if he were sailing in an enchanted boat on an enchanted sea.

"Mamma gets tired so soon," she says to him, frankly, "that I have to go about alone. One hour in a picture-gallery uses her up, and she don't remember anything about it, poor dear; so what's the use."

"But you are too young, and, excuse me, too pretty, to go around without a chaperon," said Winthrop looking at the effects of moonlight on the glowing face, that bloomed like a flower in that pallid light.

She wore a dress of Vandyke blue velvet, with a cape of white Spanish lace carelessly tied over it. About her neck was a quaint collar of filigree silver, and on her arms bracelets of the same delicate frostwork. A Rembrandt hat of blue plush, with a long blue feather, held in place by a bird's silver claw, shaded but did not conceal the glory of her ruddy hair.

It gave Winthrop a sort of pang that he could not explain to look at her and think of her freedom.

It was not the proper thing at all.

"They have such musty, fusty ideas in this Old World," she said, smiling brightly up in his face, "I rather like to shock them. Perhaps I shock you, too?"

"Would you enjoy that?" the young man asked, evasively.

"Oh, no! I would rather you approved of me; though"—with a mutinous and bewitching smile—"I don't know that I would give up my own way to bring that about. I've been a good deal indulged—you have seen that, I know. The doctors told mamma long ago, when I was a child, that if I was opposed I would burst a blood vessel and die. I'm afraid I've made use of her fear to get my own way. It's an ignoble confession to make, isn't it?"

"Yet you look extremely healthy," he answered, in a skeptical tone. "I own I should be tempted some time to oppose you. It's not healthful for any human soul to meet no crosses."

"Well, mamma consoles herself for her own weakness by thinking I may have a strong hand to rule me one of these days. She takes the most dismal views of matrimony, do you know, and says, 'Poor dear! she will suffer enough one of these days. Let her enjoy life now.'"

"But you? I trust your views are more rose-colored," said Winthrop, feeling his heart beat more rapidly, and half-despising himself for it.

What was this strange, impulsive creature to him?

"I? Oh, yes! I have my own dreams—what girl has not? I do not believe life is so leaden-hued as some say. The poets are particularly to blame for that, I think. They should be crowned with cypress instead of laurel, for all the dismal songs of grief and gloom they have perpetrated. But I have not seen the Fairy Prince yet—at least, I think I have not," with a mischievous look into Winthrop's eyes. "You know I am not eighteen, and not out."

Winthrop thought it would be hard to find a girl more emancipated, although she was not out.

"I predict all bright things for you," he said; "let me look at your hand. I learned palmistry once from an Arab."

The girl frankly held out her hand; it was rosy-white and dimpled. Its soft touch, as it lay in his own, thrilled Winthrop from head to foot.

"The line of life is——"

He hesitated. He knew it was all nonsense, but he felt his heart sink as he saw that mystic line so suddenly broken on the little rose-lined hand.

"Well, what is it? Shall I die soon! That will be when my husband contradicts me, I know."

Winthrop rallied, and spoke gayly:

"You will have a long life, a rich husband, and always have your own way. Here is a dark man who loves you."

It was quite in the approved gypsy style, and Dulcie nodded.

"Oh, yes. I know the dark man."

"What?" exclaimed Winthrop, in surprise, "I thought you knew no one."

"Oh, he is an Italian count we met at Trouville in the Summer—a dark, gloomy fellow, with magnificent eyes. He has a history."

"They all have."

"He is very poor."

"They all are."

"And he talks English in a broken way, and in a low, musical voice. He was teaching me Italian, and I am going on with the lessons when I get to Naples. He lives in Naples."

Winthrop could not account for the jealous pang that stabbed his heart.

"Mamma has been in constant terror lest I should fall in love with him on account of the romance of the thing; but I'm afraid of foreigners. I feel that Count Torriani could do any one of those dark deeds we read about in Italian romances; but there *is* an interest in being with a man who adores you," with a bright glance.

Winthrop winced.

"So he adores you, and tells you so?"

"Oh, yes. He reads me sonnets full of volcanic passion. He accounts for my indifference by believing that I am too young to be fully awakened to the best happiness of my life."

"And you go about with him?" Winthrop asked, in a dumb fury.

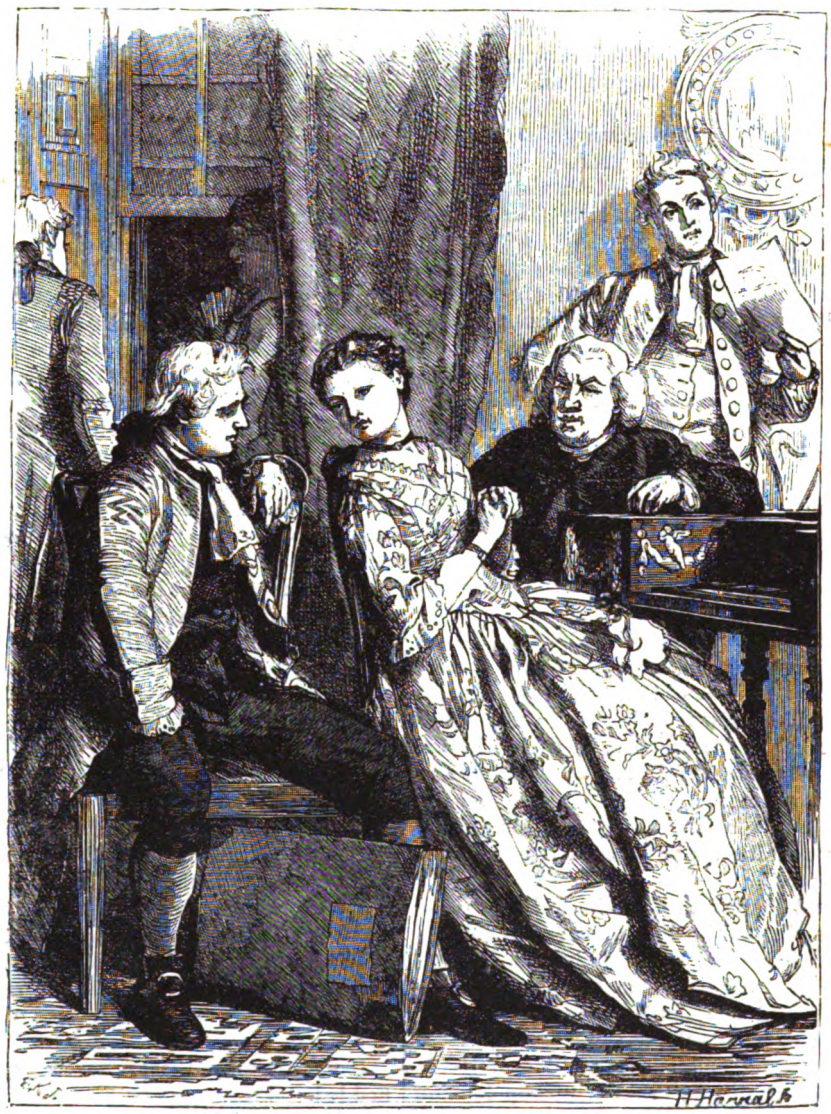
"Certainly. He is splendid-looking and a perfect gentleman. Besides, he knows his country, as a foreigner could not do; and he appears to feel so much, that I cannot crush him at a blow — can I, now?"

Winthrop felt himself growing hard and cold.

"You can only decide that for yourself," he said.

Somehow, the rest of the sail seemed to have lost its enchantment. They landed and climbed the sandy ridges that glisten in the silvery light.

Every pool is a molten mirror. Before them lies the placid lagoon, on one side a line of dark blue, with creamy waves crawling lazily upon the shore. It is the Adriatic.



DR. JOHNSON AT THE FEET OF MRS. THRALE.—SEE PAGE 146.

It was in vain that Winthrop tried to withdraw himself from the subtle charm of Dulcie's society. In vain he repeated to himself that she was too unconventional—too impulsive for that strict and cool Boston circle to which he belonged:

> "Where, in order that things may go 'toujours tranquille,'
> They seldom express themselves *quite* as they feel."

Mrs. Cadwallader shrugged her shoulders at the very mention of the girl, and Mrs. Cadwallader was the autocrat of his society. She had voted Miss Dulcie "crude—crude in the extreme," and there was scarcely a more significant term in that lady's vocabulary.

There was Mabel, a truly high-bred and perfect specimen of conventional breeding—a girl whose voice, musically modulated, was never raised above the regulation tone, whose step, floating and graceful, was never quickened by impulse, whose manner was cool and quiet and charming, but she charmed Winthrop no more.

He found himself longing for Dulcie's changing, ringing tones. There was everything in her voice: appeal, merriment, tenderness — it was as changed as her eyes, her face, her whole manner. She was never the same — a perpetual study, an eternal delight. She was *outré*, perhaps *bizarre;* but she fascinated him.

He spent all the time when he was away from her in steeling his heart against her, but with the first glance into her fearless bright eyes all his panoply fell from him, and he became her slave.

And so at last they find themselves together in Naples, and a new personage appears on the scene.

The tall, dark, melancholy nobleman, who expresses a whole record of past grandeur and fallen fortunes in his sallow pathetic face and sombre dark eyes, is seen everywhere with Dulcie.

Her mother seems to keep in the background as persistently as if she were indeed a gray moth, and shunned the daylight.

When the count saw Winthrop, an antagonism seemed to spring up at once in his breast. He discerned a rival, and hated him from that moment.

As for our hero, he ground his teeth in impotent rage when he saw his charmer leaning upon the count's arm, looking up with a bright smile into his face, and listening to his broken sentences, as if they were the wisdom of the gods. He tried remonstrating with feeble Mrs. Stirling,

who was just at that moment engrossed in a new symptom, and indifferent to everything else.

"It gives rise to remark," he said, "unless a young lady is engaged to the gentleman."

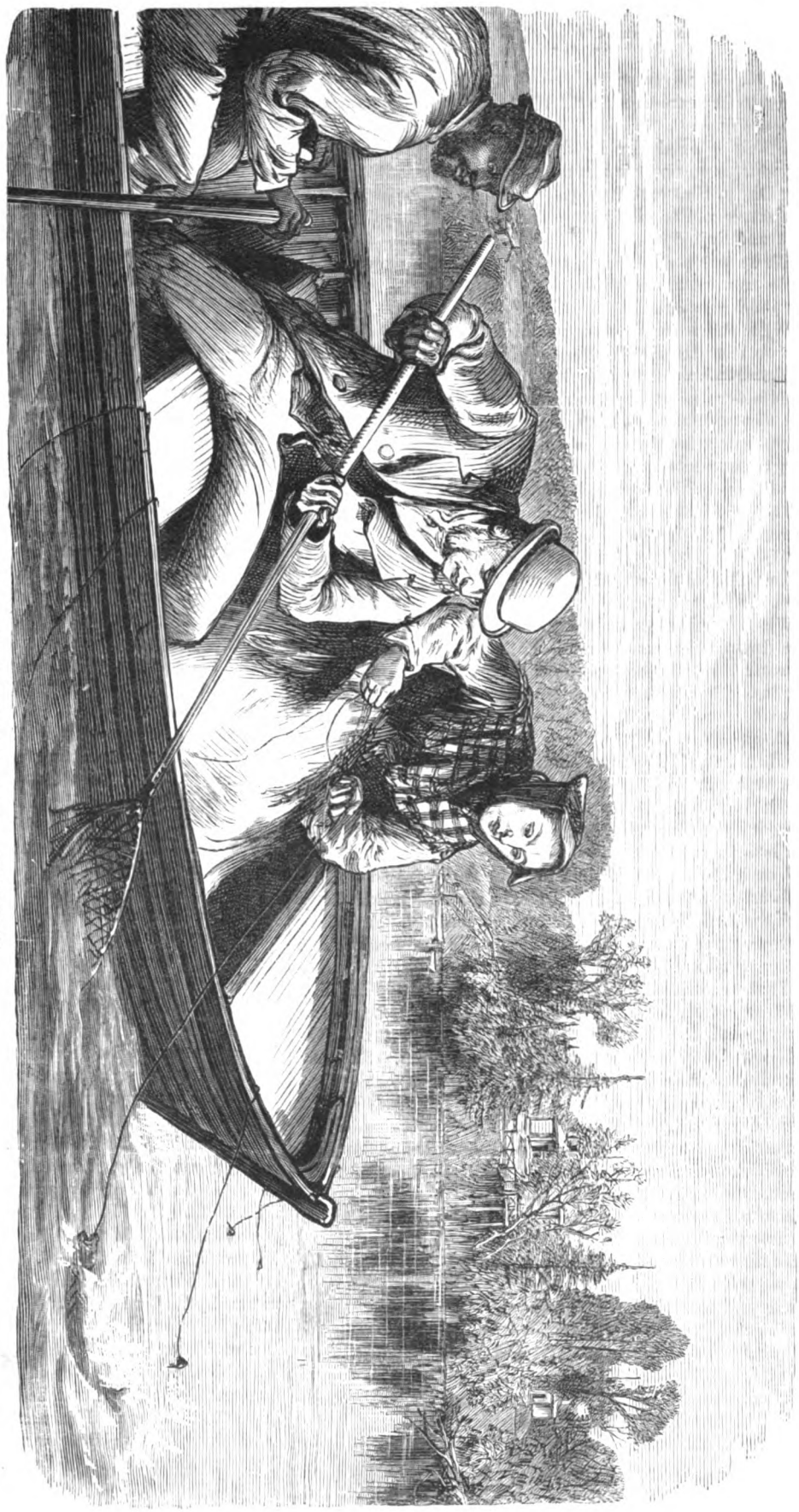
"Oh, dear me!" she wailed; "don't ask me to interfere. Dulcie does as she likes; she always has—she always will; I haven't the nerve to control her—and, after all, I'm sure of her, Mr. Winthrop. She is very independent, but she will do right always — I have that confidence about her. Do you know anything of Edison's remedy for neuralgia? I have heard wonders of it."

Winthrop answered somewhat wildly, and got away in a discouraged mood. He must speak to the young lady herself. Most girls are keenly alive to rumor; and perhaps he might alarm her sufficiently to make her throw aside this languishing count, who infuriated him so with his adoring airs.

It was a lovely sunset. As Winthrop stepped out upon the terrace between the sculptured vases full of trailing flowers, he saw a view which is, perhaps, the most famous in the world. The bay, like a shining crescent, lay before him, purple and emerald in the shadow of rocky headlands.

The fishing-barks, with their white wings, look like birds asleep on the blue waters.

There is a flicker of amber among the trailing ivies beneath him, and he hurries toward it. Dulcie is sitting there, idly picking some flowers to bits, a mosaic of bright leaves lies over her dress.



BASS-FISHING ON SARATOGA LAKE.—SEE PAGE 151.

"So you serve the offerings of your victims?" he said, grimly.

"Oh, they are from the count. I couldn't keep all he gives me."

"Does it never strike you that you might stop it, if you don't care for it?" Winthrop asked somewhat brusquely.

Dulcie opened her lovely eyes.

"But suppose it is not altogether unpleasant?"

"Oh, in that case it is quite correct, otherwise it might be better not to give rise to surmises that may be incorrect and injurious."

There was a slight rigidity about Dulcie's mouth and a little tremor in her voice.

"And why should *you* care?"

With those lovely eyes raised to his, the fresh young lips so near, the slender form within his reach, Winthrop's self-possession deserted him. A thicket of ivy and myrtle screened them from sight. He forgot everything but the rapturous beating of his own heart. In a second he had snatched her to his breast, and pressed a sudden kiss upon the scarlet lips.

"Because I love you, darling!" he murmured.

The golden-bronze head lay on his shoulder one second, while Dulcie said, artlessly:

"Oh, I am glad—glad!" when a sudden rustle startled them. The count stood glowering at them with gloomy eyes.

Winthrop started back, with a sudden impulse to knock him down, there was so much hate in the dark face. But he restrained himself—perhaps the man had done him a service. He had interrupted a passing frenzy; yes, that was what our unworthy hero styled his unpremeditated confession.

"Leave me," Dulcie whispered. "I must speak to him. I can calm the wild beast in him, I am sure."

Winthrop was glad to go away. He felt quite breathless with the plunge he had taken. It was all over now—too late to escape.

Was it too late? He had been betrayed into a sudden declaration and a kiss. Well! Dulcie had heard many such, and had been kissed before, very likely. A girl so very unconventional—no, somehow Winthrop could not wrong her in his mind.

What was a kiss? He felt the touch yet upon his lips light as a rose-leaf, yet glowing as flame. Should he give up all for that kiss? Dulcie was sweet and bewitching, but she was not the wife for him. She was "crude, undeniably crude."

He felt, somehow, all the harder to her that he had been betrayed into that weakness. He had looked upon himself as a self-poised, self-centred fellow, who had himself well in hand; this undisciplined rebound of his nature was owing to her.

Her unfettered nature had worked upon his own to his detriment; he must shake off the fetters.

He nerved himself to the task, and sat down to write. He would not see her again—he dared not. The very memory of her witchery stole to him like a subtle and bewildering perfume. He must write.

Never was task so hard. Over and over again he attempted and tore into bits the unsatisfying result.

Now it was diffuse and kind; now it was too short and cold. At last, he kept one in despair.

It ran as follows:

"My Dear Miss Dulcie—I am called away so suddenly that I fear I shall not have the happiness of seeing you again. Forgive me for the liberty I took this afternoon. I cannot forgive myself. Believe me, the feeling was not feigned; but I scorn myself for the weakness that betrayed me into an expression of interest that I cannot indulge. Circumstances, our own spheres in society and the fitness of things, must all be consulted as well as that treacherous organ—the human heart. Make my adieux kindly to your mother. With best wishes for yourself, I am,

"Yours, very humbly and repentantly,

"Howard Winthrop."

When the young man had dispatched this note, he began to pack hurriedly. He had not the nerve to meet the girl again after having sent it.

He resolved to wait until it was dark, and then to go. He could trump up some reason for the Cadwalladers.

The night was singularly alive and bright. Winthrop noticed that Vesuvius's plume had grown into a column; it grew beneath his eye, piling itself mass on mass. As he gazed, it was no longer a plume, but an arch that spanned half the horizon.

It grew rosy, fire-tipped. The dark billows were rose-crowned, the sombre mountains of smoke were flame-capped. The mountain was in eruption.

He paused to look. The sight charmed him and made him forget his journey for the moment.

There was a trembling in the earth, in the air. Then a volley of black vapor shot up, rent with veins of fire, like a cloud veined with lightning, and streams of lava—seething liquid flame—began crawling down the cone.

Standing so transfixed, Winthrop has forgotten everything. He is not aware of a dark shadow stealing behind him, or of the glitter of steel flashing near. Only when he hears a woman's cry and feels two round, young arms about his neck, does he realize that some one is crashing away through the shrubbery, and that Dulcie has fainted in his arms.

He lifts her to a long rustic seat near, and realizes for the first time that he has stopped near the garden—nay, that they are on the very spot where he had kissed her that very day. She lies there now pale as the stone Niobe that stands near, and he suddenly sees with a cold horror that there is blood streaming over her white dress.

But the lovely eyes are open for a moment, and an arm steals about his neck again.

"I saved you, did I not, darling? You are not hurt?"

"No, no—but you? I do not undertsand."

"It is a scratch. But the count's dagger was aimed for your heart. I have saved you—that is joy enough."

Then she fainted dead away again, and he is aware that the attendants are thronging about them—that the mother is hovering with feeble moans over her daughter—that a medical gentleman is examining the wound. "It is not serious," he says; and then Winthrop gives her up to other hands with a sickening feeling of reluctance, and she is carried into the house.

He paces the garden-walks a long time, but scarcely looks at the wondrous panorama before him. Only he feels as if he, too, had undergone some strange convulsion of nature, as if a torrent of seething lava coursed through his veins instead of blood.

"And I have been ready to cast away such a love!" he groaned—"a love that could fling away life as a worthless thing for my sake. Oh, my darling, forgive me! I know I cannot live without you now."

Suddenly, the memory of the letter stabbed him like a dagger. It had not reached her, evidently, before she had left the house. His messenger had, indeed, stopped on the way to do a little courting on his own account.

"Oh, fool that I have been!" he cried, starting into a hurried walk. "My doom is sure if she sees that. She would never forgive that cursed, cold, heartless letter!—my proud darling!"

He hurried up to the hotel, hoping it might not yet have been delivered. He felt as if he would give ten years of his life to get that scrap of paper in his hand once more. He had some hope as he asked for Mrs. Stirling.

There seemed an unusual bustle about the halls. A flurried look in people's faces. Mrs. Stirling did not come to him. He made his way to their parlor. The door stood open.

"Is she worse?" he asked, as he caught Mrs. Stirling hurrying by. "Is the wound more serious than the doctor thought?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, go away!" moaned the mother. "She has burst a blood-vessel, the doctor says. It is not the wound at all, only he says the excitement may have brought it on. She was quite calm, and was reading a note that some one brought her. She gave a strange cry as she looked at it, and the blood gushed from her mouth. There is no hope. I cannot be calm, and so they will not let me stay with her. O God, have mercy upon me! No—no, you must not go in."

But Howard Winthrop heeded nothing. He strode onward to the couch upon which they had laid the wounded girl. She was ghastly white but conscious, and turned from him with a shudder.

He forgot conventionality then. It mattered not to him that his conduct was "bad form." He dropped on his knees at the bedside and gasped out:

"Forget it, Dulcie; it is not true. I have found out my own heart now, and know that you are my life. I love you—before Heaven I love you!"

She lifted her languid eyes to him, and the shadow of a smile touched her pallid lips.

"I told you that I had never been crossed in my life. You see, when it came I could not bear it. I am going to die, because I cannot have my own way. I am a poor weak creature, after all."

"You are heroic," cried Howard, with a great sob in his throat; "do not slip away from me now, when I know your worth. Oh, darling! God has angels enough without you. Tell me—tell me you forgive."

She held out the crushed slip of paper she still had in her hand.

"Take it," she whispered, faintly. "I forgive—and believe—in spite—of all—that you love me."

A gray pallor settled on her face, and Winthrop was hustled from the room to pace his own floor till the sudden hush that falls on all earthly sounds when one Presence enters settles down over all. He knew he had thrown away the most priceless boon ever offered to man, that he had murdered his own happiness for ever.

"He could hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom years."

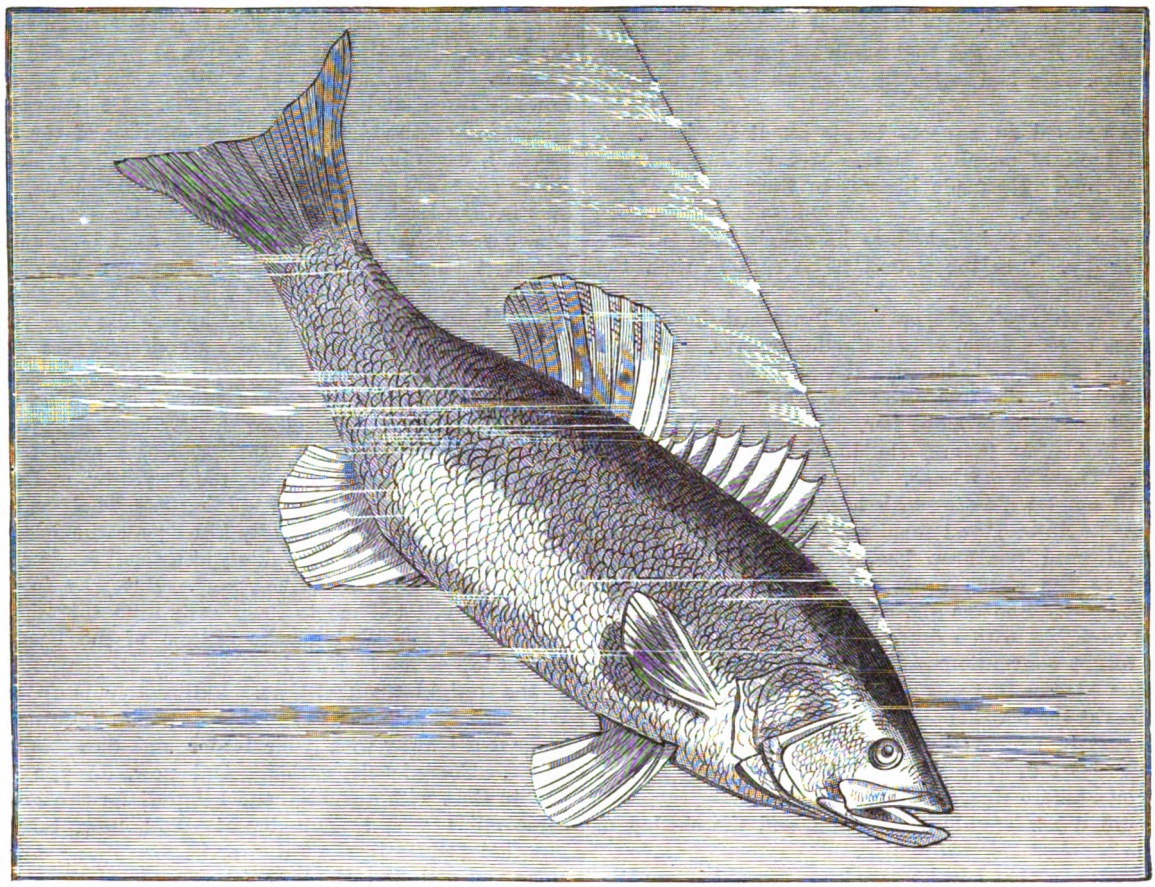
A voice that followed him with a ceaseless cadence of pain, saying always, "It might have been. It might have been."

BLACK BASS FISHING.

By M. Seymour.

In a former paper we said a good word for the trout, and mentioned, incidentally, that from a sportsman's point of view, the black bass was the superior fish. The black bass (*Micropterus pallidus*) is essentially an American fish. As of the trout, so of the bass, there are many varieties—the huge bass of the Florida lakes, running twelve and fourteen pounds, the strawberry bass of the Ohio, etc. The black bass is found from St. Lawrence River to Kentucky, and as far west as Wisconsin, in whose cool, rock-bordered waters it is claimed he reaches his prime, often tipping the scales at seven and eight pounds. In the Eastern and Southern States he rarely exceeds three and one-half pounds. Of course one misses in him the glorious rainbow-coloring of the trout, but still, when fresh from the water, his olive scales and shining eyes are something worthy our admiration. The bass is, like Scott's opinion of the gentler sex, "uncertain, coy and hard to please"; bold as a lion, and yet shy as a "hobbledehoy, neither man nor boy." But what's the use of talking about him? Let's take the boat and pull out on this blue pond, whose white caps yonder tell of a spanking breeze. Here's a rod apiece—a strong rod, for you'll find no child's play when you strike a three-pound fish, or he strikes you. I have a fly-hook, and while the boat drifts along the lily-beds I'll give you these three, the Davis, the Doctor, and a nondescript.

I take a green-drake May-fly, the Professor, and one of Prime's trolls, a small bit of shining metal half as big as your thumb-nail, but a deadly killer; for the bass, you must know, look very admiringly at a small *bonne bouche*. Yes, they're epicures in their way. But why in thunder didn't you tell me to keep away from this old tree-top, before I sprawled on the bottom of the boat, and you on top of me? Now keep your eyes open, and give us the straight tip next time. Pull your pole up, and—What's that?—Oh, pshaw! a lubberly pickerel. Mind him, or he'll get away with your leader and flies—that is a dollar. There! he's settled. And now, do you know how to steer with a paddle, and I'll pull for the ground, three miles away? You don't! Well, now, take and put that paddle in the water, and by turning your wrist alone you will find the boat follow your motions. You see through it? Now practice that art a little, and keep a lively eye on the two rods, if you don't want to lose them. You say they couldn't be pulled out of the boat? I know this much: last July I had a rod, cost $12, lent me by a friend, and a set of flies, and a $4 reel of mine, the whole thing making a hole in $18, and I was out on this mud-puddle. I had splendid luck, and down round that old big rock I struck a two and one-half pound fish. The wind had been brisk all day, and as I crossed the sandy beach I took it in full strength. See that cove yonder? about 7 P. M., homeward bound, I struck there, and the pole started to go over the stern; I jumped, and grabbed it, and a four-pound fish broke water at the end of the line, and then he started for shore. I gave him the butt, and the rod circled, but stood the strain bravely, but being all alone, I was drifting on shore too; so I got the fish to steer for deep water, and put the pole between my legs and pulled for all I was worth, the fish quietly diving under the boat. I glanced over the side, and saw a large rock barely a foot under water, and thought that if I weathered this obstacle I was all right; and as I swung past it, two more bass, one about three and one about two pounds, struck the two remaining flies, and that pole shot out of the boat, and I haven't seen it yet. I looked for it, but you see I had about sixty feet of line out, and that old settler at the end of it, and I suppose they all struck for deep water and got the line hitched round some obstruction. My friend added coals of fire on my head by laughing, and lending me another rod, but I felt awfully ashamed of what I could not help, however. And you remember, when a black bass strikes at anything he means business, every time. Did you see that? Yes, I got him; only a small one, three-quarters of a pound. But didn't he shake that pole lively when he fastened! Reel up your line while I get him in. By



THE BLACK BASS.

Jove! you have a good one, over two pounds? Now keep cool. He's well hooked, or he'd break water. You feel the muscle of this fishing now? Now turn him. Give up? no, sir; they never give up. "*La Garde meurt, elle ne se rend jamais.*" Now he'll keep you busy for a good five minutes, so I will down the anchor and wait for you. I have one again. Here's the net for yours. There, sir, isn't that a beauty? Look at that jaw and head and strength of the shoulder, and no wonder they spring like an arrow from a bow. Now you learned something since we went trouting for the first time, so cast your flies among these lily-beds. Now the evening light fills the hollows of the hills; Jay Peak and Owl's Head Mountains shine through it like an amethyst. Reel up, and I'll pull home. It is not entirely for the sake of *killing* something that I love fishing so much; it is the contentment born of a simple and cheap pleasure among the loveliest nooks that one can find. Now take this sparkling stretch of water, one side bounded by 300 feet of pine and maple crowned rock, whose reflections we are now drifting through. Just look a moment at that marvelous web of intricate color and form blended so exquisitely around the shore. Then the eye is gradually led to the sloping hills of the opposite side, fading away in misty outlines of blue hills to the far horizon of the St. Lawrence Valley. Hark! at yonder loon laughing. What a weird, delightful cry! And as we drift by this moose-misse bush do you hear the hermit-thrush giving the day his vesper song? Is it not a lovely one? Does not the whole scene speak of repose and contentment, and awake the unconscious, unuttered, but heartfelt prayer that life might be composed of just such peaceful glory?

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Let this, my young friend, be your aim: never take life *wantonly*—you cannot *give* it. Take note unceasingly of all the clouds and birds and animals that come in your way, and learn of all things; and the more you learn, the more will you love, not them only, but your fellow-creatures.

Speaking of observation, I think the best anglers I have known were all keen observers. Now, the flies we used this afternoon may be useless to-morrow, for bass is one of the most capricious fish that swims, changing his diet in a very unsatisfactory manner, and without apparent reason. Early morning and late evening I prefer for fly-fishing for trout or bass, and after nine or ten A.M., a live minnow till noon, when a grasshopper, or any prominent beetle found on the shores, may prove attractive till five or six P.M., when flies again come in play.

Now, there are *reasons* for the above change of bait, based on observation of the habits of the fish—observations which, here given in a few lines, took many weary miles of roving to find out.

For instance, when I first made black bass a study, I was perfectly crazy with delight when, after ten days' fruitless fishing, I struck a small yellow fly that proved *the* thing, and that afternoon we made it lively for each other. Next day I never got a strike until I changed for a green fly, and observed that a certain portion of the water afforded large, and another one smaller, fish. Why? Because I think the food of either was somewhat different—the big fish feeding on small minnows and shad-

waiters, and the smaller, on grubs, insects, flies, etc.; but mind, after sundown I couldn't strike a small fish, even in their accustomed haunts, probably because of the invasion of the big ones, feeding.

My next discovery was that flies were only really taken eagerly at certain times. As the weather grew warmer I failed to find them at all in their earlier haunts, and had to prowl round a long time to find out the reason. Most of my wanderings have been alone, and one sultry noon I was perched on a rock overlooking the glassy water, and heard a noise apparently under me. As I supposed the rock to be solid, this was a startler, and I put it down to a mink in his hole; but again I heard something uncommonly like a fish flapping, so I clambered round and found that this rock was fissured, like many others around it, and the water ran under it. The dark, sunless shadows prevented my seeing anything, but continuing my investigations under another rock, a gleam of sunlight shining through a chink showed me five big bass in about eight inches of water, and just a couple of yards beyond the water dropped to thirty inches. Presently one of them shot out like a flash, and in a cove beyond were some minnows, one of whom then paid his debt to nature. There were many springs trickling through the rocks, and here in cool water they congregated, taking a minnow occasionally for an appetizer, and woe to the grasshopper or beetle that dropped overboard. No wonder I had been casting outside for nothing. After this hint I had no trouble in getting something. So much for pond-fishing. Now, in a river it's very different. Here the fish lie in the deep pools and quiet stretches around old logs, canal-boats, or stonework. Under the stones on the banks will be found a most loathsome-appearing creature, a helgramite--a species of marine centipede, with a pair of nippers; these, with addition of crawfish, are admirable baits for bass. The bass and trout swallow or bolt their food directly. The pickerel or maskalonge take the bait (if a fish) crossways, and shutting their iron-like jaws, crush it to a pulp, and then bolt it. By-the-way, do you know the latter have to turn on their back like a shark to seize their prey?

Black bass spawn in May and June. They are in their prime about September, fat and juicy. In the cold Winter they hybernate among the rocks, packed together in vast shoals. This was discovered by an accident on a railroad skirting a lake, where the workmen discovered the fish while removing the *débris*. For bass-fishing is required a strong, pliable rod; a reel and sixty yards of line; and a couple dozen assorted flies, some tied on thin gimp for trolling; this prevents their being bitten off by wretches of pickerel.

For Lake Champlain and adjacent waters, the Davis fly, made by Orvis, of Manchester, Vt., and Silver Doctor, are most reliable and killing flies. Of course, other flies are sometimes desirable, but these from experience are first-rate. For night or late twilight, use a large white miller. Bass-fishers are divided into two classes: fly fishers and minnow fishers. For myself, I prefer the former, but the latter expert attains great skill with a rod made expressly for the purpose, and can cast a minnow fifty feet easily.

In the Potomac, around Harper's Ferry, is a glorious place for the latter sport. For some occult reason they don't care for a fly much, but in this picturesque valley, standing on a rocky boulder with the rushing, swirling eddies around, and a can of good lively minnows, is an experience worthy a more toilsome journey.

Mr. Pangbourne, advertising manager of the B. & O., and author of that charming pamphlet, "B. &. O. Picturesque," is a veteran bass-fisher, and anglers visiting the Potomac River from Washington to Cumberland will meet with every facility and courtesy at the hands of the B. & O. officials and employés, as I know by experience. The bass here frequently reach four and five pounds, and

BLACK BASS FISHING OFF PELHAM BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

take a minnow or helgramite greedily. Speaking of the latter, reminds me that, once being requested to take a gentleman who had been "not very well" for a little excursion on the water, I provided a can of helgramites and we "went a-fishing." We prospered quite fairly, till presently I was horror-stricken to see him grab at his leg, and with a wild yell jump overboard, barely saving the boat from capsizing. I was undecided whether to brain him with a paddle or what to do; finally I let him hold on the paddle and explain. He begged to come in, and kept kicking out like a crazy creature; and, adjuring him to be careful, I let him in, and he proceeded to roll up his pants, and lo! two helgramites had got loose and crawled up his leg and were nipping him, hence those tears and yells.

ON DOGS.

Lest any one should be so misled by the title of this paper as to imagine that he is about to read one of the usual panegyrics on the faithful companions of mankind, I will confess at the outset that I am no lover of dogs. Neither do I write in the capacity of a naturalist seeking to solve the mystery of the canine origin, for it is to me a matter of the most profound indifference whether the wolf or the fox is to be regarded as the progenitor of the dog; it is the present, and not the past, of that animal which excites my liveliest interest and apprehension. I therefore confess that I do not love dogs—nay, more, I make the humiliating admission that I am grievously afraid of dogs. *Cave canem* is to be the sole moral of what I have to say. But first, lest this fear should be attributed to constitutional cowardice, I must, in justice to myself, briefly mention the fact that in the days of infancy I was on this very point singularly fearless and intrepid. I am assured by those who knew me then that it was my childish habit to seize strange dogs by the ears, and to embrace passing mastiffs or bulldogs in the public thoroughfares. Since then I have learnt the caution which is suggested by reason and experience, and, by a strong reaction of feeling, I now shudder to think of the awful perils to which I was exposed by my childish ignorance. I write, therefore, somewhat in the character of *advocatus diaboli;* for, though I must disown any merely malevolent intention of "giving a dog a bad name," yet, having suffered much myself, I am anxious to communicate my reasonable apprehensions to others by pointing out the more formidable characteristics of the canine tribe.

I am aware that mankind has long indulged in a belief, which I can only regard as a most unhappy hallucination, that the dog is the special friend and protector of the human race. Nevertheless, in all stages and periods of history, we find unmistakable traces of a secret recognition of the real fact that the dog is naturally an object of terror and aversion. Else why do we see that among the ancients the dog was ever the emblem of what is hideous and misshapen? What interpretation are we to put on the Egyptian Anubis and the dog-like deities of the Nile? Why was it that the Greeks, when their busy imagination impelled them to create any monster of unusual ferocity, had recourse to this same symbol—as, for instance, in the tremendous conception of the dog Cerberus and the dog-headed Scylla? Why, when they wished to brand a special sect of philosophers as peculiarly coarse and repulsive, did they invest them with the title of Cynic, or dog-like? Again, how are we to account for the still more remarkable fact that in all the pages of the Scriptures the dog is never once mentioned with sympathy or commendation?

When we come to modern times, we find that a contrary fashion has arisen, and that the canine character is praised with most lavish and indiscriminate flattery. "Every dog," saith the proverb, "hath his day," and this certainly appears to be the day for dogs. For a dog-hater like myself, the inconveniences caused by this dog-worship are considerable. If I go for a day's enjoyment to a public resort, the chances are I find myself in the middle of a dog-show. If I visit a seaside place, I fall in with whole troops of dancing dogs. If I wish to purchase a pair of gloves, I am offered dog-skins. Live dogs abound everywhere in our streets, and dead dogs in our pools and rivers; even traveling has become unsafe, for I have heard that our railways are now haunted by a "traveling dog." There is, in fact, no limit to our infatuation. We dwell with delight on the many legends of pious dogs; we shed a tear on the tomb of the martyr hound at Beddgelert; we weep over the sufferings of poor dog Tray; we watch the performances of dog Toby, who is ever with us, with unflagging sympathy and interest.

We make the dog the emblem of sagacity, fidelity, and all that is good and virtuous. We point with pride to the Newfoundland who saves the drowning man, to the St. Bernard who rescues the lost traveler, to the Esquimaux dogs who draw their master's sledge; we praise the intelligence of the sheep-dog, the watchfulness of the house-dog, and the usefulness of the humble turnspit. Even the fine arts are enlisted in the same cause, and we are never weary of gazing at the masterpieces of Landseer.

And yet—and yet—if the truth must be spoken, there is also a dark side to the picture. Infatuated as we are, we cannot entirely shut our eyes to the true facts of the case. Poets and novelists may do their utmost to exalt the character of their favorites, but where is an historical dog who has a real and lasting claim on our admiration? Was it the vigilance of the watch-dogs that saved the Roman Capitol from the nocturnal attack of the Gauls? On this point the testimony of Livy is explicit: "Tanto silentio in summum evasere, ut non custodes solum fallerent, sed ne canes quidem excitarent. Anseres non fefellere."

Again, take the case of Newton's dog, Diamond, as a specimen of the assistance given by the canine race to science and philosophy. I fear that, in our admiration of the patience of the philosopher, we are in danger of forgetting or palliating the mischievous guilt of the dog. But there is no need to multiply instances of individual misdemeanor, for we have a sure index to the real opinion of mankind if we will but observe in what connection the word "dog" is used. "Sly dog," "dirty dog," "surly dog," "sad dog," "idle dog," "greedy dog"—all these, and other proverbial epithets, point to a practical insight into the canine character which contrasts strangely with the high opinion which we theoretically entertain. The same moral is pointed by various significant expressions. If we wish to hint that a person is conceited, we have but to call him a "puppy"; if cowardly, a "cur"; if we wish to charge him with selfishness, it is sufficient to refer to the notorious fable of the dog in the manger. The very word "dog" is itself a term of contemptuous reproach, and when used as a prefix to other words it conveys a sense of marked inferiority or worthlessness. Of all the finny tribes, the dog-fish is held in lowest esteem by fishermen; of all the seasons of the year, the dog-days are the least agreeable and salubrious; even among flowers we see that the baser and more degenerate kinds are distinguished by the same appellation, as in the

case of dog-roses and dog-violets. To dog-ear one's books is not the characteristic of a good librarian. To be brief, one can find no stronger expression to denote utter ruin and demoralization than "going to the dogs."

Why, then, need I be ashamed to confess that I am afraid of dogs, and that I regard the dog as one of the most formidable of animals? Dr. Watts himself has borne indisputable testimony to the natural savagery of the canine race; while, as to the consolatory proverb that the bark is worse than the bite, I have never been able to believe it.

What animal is more terrible than a bloodhound? The very name has a startling significance, and has aptly given rise to the metaphorical expression of "the dogs of war." Then, as regards the much-praised fidelity of the dog, it is doubtless true that dogs are generally faithful to their own masters, but on this very account they are more to be dreaded by other people, and as one cannot own all the dogs in the world, it is obvious that the race must, as a whole, be the cause of decidedly more apprehension than security. For this reason the fallacy of the proverb, "Love me, love my dog," was long ago exposed by Charles Lamb. Moreover, the fact that dogs are not invariably to be trusted by their own masters is shown by the fate of Actæon, and similar legends; while the impressive story of the contest between Shirley and her dog Tartar proves that the uncertain temper of bulldogs may cause anxiety even to those who know them best.

What, then, is to be done when one is attacked by other people's dogs?—an untoward emergency which we cannot affect to think improbable, when we consider the number and nature of the animals in question. It is a wise saying that warns us to "let sleeping dogs lie"; but what if they lie, as they are wont to do, precisely in the path by which we are compelled to go, or on the door-step of the house which we wish to enter? There is a piece of advice for people in this predicament, given by Aristotle in his dissertation on "humility," "to sit down, for dogs never bite those who are seated." I mention this advice, as it may be unknown to some of my readers, but I confess it seems to me to be somewhat foolhardy, and almost realizing that mysterious operation commonly described as "tempting Providence." Of one thing only am I quite sure, and this is but a negative kind of expedient. It is supremely useless to call aloud for protection to the owner of the dog, if he happen to be present, for he will infallibly have the impudence to assure you—yes, even when you are in the very jaws of the animal—"that he does not bite." And, strange to say, the difficulty of such a position is even greater in the case of a small dog than of a large one; for while the master of a bloodhound will, for his own sake, prevent him from going to the extreme length of taking you by the throat, a bull-terrier will generally be allowed the minor privilege of taking you by the trousers. In dealing with pugs, poodles and lap-dogs of all kinds, though the actual danger is less, the embarrassment and humiliation are proportionately greater; for by a cruel etiquette, the victim of such small assailants is prevented from taking vigorous measures of self-defense, and is compelled to assume a feigned air of indifference and cheerfulness; even as the Spartan boy, when the stolen fox concealed under his cloak was gnawing into his vitals, was forbidden by his national code of honor from betraying his anguish by a cry.

And now I come to a subject so terrible that I can only briefly allude to it—the subject of Mad Dogs. We have all read the story told in "Golden Deeds" of the heroic owner of a mad dog; how he pursued the furious creature for miles along the road, and finally deposited him in a place of safety in the house nearest at hand. I confess, however, that the feeling uppermost in my mind when I read the story, is profound pity for the unfortunate person who chanced to open the door of the house, and, on innocently asking what was the matter, received the astounding and positively life-shortening answer: "I have brought you a mad dog!" It opens out on a new vista of hitherto unimagined dangers, if a sudden rap on one's hall-door may be the prelude of the entrance of a mad dog carried in by the neck and hind-legs. There is some comfort, however, in reading of such perilous adventures being brought to a harmless termination; though in the most notable and consolatory instance of this kind, to wit, Goldsmith's poem on "The Mad Dog," there is a certain improbability and levity of tone, of which I cannot wholly approve on so serious a subject.

Such are some of the perils to which men have made themselves liable, through their infatuated belief in the harmlessness of their canine friends. I protest that the world is now so environed and overrun with dogs that it is no easy matter for one who dreads them as I do, to find a secure habitation; indeed, I long sought in vain for a refuge from the all-pervading pest. If I turned toward the East, I saw a visage of the savage dogs of Constantinople, the pariah dog of India, and the vicious curs that infest all Oriental towns. If I sought relief in the West, I was equally unsuccessful, for there I saw in imagination the illimitable plains of America teeming with countless packs of wild prairie-dogs. I could not seek the ice-fields of the Northern seas, for even there I should meet the sledge-drawing dogs of the Esquimaux, and I should hesitate to take the word of an Esquimaux that they do not bite. And, lastly, if I fled Southward, I should but come to the fierce heat of the Tropics, where the cruel dog-star is for ever in the ascendant, and where madness must surely be rife among the race of dogs. After long perplexity and hesitation, I was at last fortunate enough to discern an isle of refuge in one of the wildest of the Hebrides, where, thanks to the unselfish and patriarchal government of a sporting land-owner, no dog, except a few of his own, are suffered to exist. It is my intention to retire at the earliest possible date to this island of the blest, and there to spend the rest of my existence in a safe and blissful seclusion.

As a sop to Cerberus, and also as an instance of the drastic system of government that prevails in my adopted home, I will conclude with a brief but touching anecdote which was told to me by one of the native islanders. Some years age this poor peasant surreptitiously maintained a dog—"an awful kind dog" was his own expression—whose existence was by some means or other long concealed from the knowledge of the dreaded gamekeeper. But at last the fatal hour arrived; the secret had leaked out, and the immediate execution of the unfortunate stowaway was peremptorily demanded. His reluctant master had no choice but to "make him away," so the "awful kind dog," after receiving a good breakfast, was led down to the shore, and soon the waters of the loch had closed over his head, and the island was restored to its normal and dog-less condition.

In spite of my antipathy to dogs, I could not but shed a tear when I heard this woful story. But, though I do not advocate the general application of such severe measures to the whole canine race, yet I cannot but think that all wise governments should make some attempt to protect loyal subjects from a danger that is ever on the increase. The tax on dogs should at once be doubled or trebled, and at the same time a large scheme of emigration

A PINCH FROM GRANDMOTHER'S SNUFF-BOX.

should be organized, by which dogs might be conveyed on advantageous terms to the Far West, and there turned out to run wild and fraternize with their kindred tribes on the boundless prairie plains.

ON SNEEZING.

SNEEZING has been defined as "a convulsive motion of the expiratory muscles, by which the air is driven rapidly, and rushes sonorously, through the nasal fossæ, carrying with it the mucus which adheres to the pituitary membrane." It has also been called more plainly, "an emission of wind through the nose." It can scarcely, however, be said to need description. We have all of us, probably, had that happy experience of the thing itself, which is better than a hundred definitions. There is, perhaps, no individual who does not now enjoy the luxury of a sneeze daily. We say "now" advisedly, for from the beginning, if we may believe those who ought to know, it was not always so. According to the learned Rabbi, Eliezer, it was originally intended that men should sneeze once, and only once. When man's first disobedience brought death into the world, it was ordained that sneezing should be the means and agent of dissolution. When a man's time came he was to sneeze, and, in sneezing, yield up the ghost. And this was the happy and easy mode of exit from this world for many generations. The patriarch Jacob, however, reflecting that so summary a call afforded no time either for spiritual preparation, or the settlement of worldly affairs, besought the Lord that he might be exempted from this law. After long supplication and "wrestling" with the Almighty, his prayers were heard. He sneezed and did *not* die.

It may be questioned whether Jacob acted wisely in thus bringing about so important a change, for if life ended with a sneeze, what an amount of pain and suffering might be spared us, and what a simple remedy would be ready to hand to all who think "life not worth living." A pinch of snuff would do the business. Jacob's contemporaries did not take this view of things. They regarded the change as a decided benefit, and "all the princes of the universe, when they heard of it, ordered that for the future sneezing should be accompanied with thanksgiving for the preservation of life and earnest wishes for its prolongation."

Such is the Rabbinical theory of the origin of sneezing, and of the singular custom that has prevailed among all nations of uttering some form of salutation on the occur-

rence of the act. There is, it need scarcely be said, no foundation for the story in the canonical Scriptures. On the contrary, the only Biblical reference to sneezing treats it, not as the signal of death, but as a sign of returning life. The son of the Shunamite, at the prayer of Elisha, sneezed seven times, and then revived.

The Greeks connect the origin of sneezing with the Promethean fable. Prometheus, having created a man out of earth and water, in order to give life to his creation, stole fire from heaven, bringing it to earth in a reed. Applying this to the nostrils of the yet inanimate figure, the statue sneezed, and soon appeared instinct with life—a living thing. Prometheus, delighted at his success, uttered fervent prayers and wishes for the creature of his hands; and so, ever after, when any one sneezed, it became the custom to pray for blessings on the sneezer.

The Siamese, and some Eastern nations, explain the matter differently. They believe that a register of men's lives, and their duration, is kept by one of the judges in hell, and that when any particular leaf is turned over and inspected, all those whose names are written thereon immediately sneeze, on some such principle as we Westerns shudder when "the goose walks over our grave." It is but natural that the friends of the sneezers should wish them well through the inspection.

The custom of invoking a blessing upon the sneezer being thus, according to Hebrew, Greek and Eastern tradition, as old as sneezing itself, it is evident that they are not to be heard who would assign to it a later origin. Yet there are some who would connect it with so recent a date as A.D. 595. In that year, according to these, there was a great plague throughout Italy, and the air was filled with such a pestiferous vapor that most who breathed it sneezed, and those who sneezed for the most part died; whereupon the Pope, Gregory the Great, appointed a form of prayer for persons sneezing, to avert from them its fatal effects.

In the great plague at Athens, recorded by Thucydides, the occurrence of sneezing was accounted, as in the instance of the Shunamite, a sign of returning convalescence. The above mediæval account, therefore, not only offends against the best traditions of the custom in this respect, but is an attempt to modernize and make pious capital out of an honest social custom as old as mankind, that is quite unwarrantable. A hundred generations before the sneezing Litany of Gregory, the custom had been universal. As early at least as the time of Homer the Greek had his "Jove preserve thee!" for the sneezer, and the Roman considered it a breach of good manners not to salute him with a *Salve*. In every country, too, of the Old World, from the Ganges to the Shannon, the custom in some form prevailed, and what is still more remarkable, on the discovery of the New World, it was found to be in existence there. When Hernando de Soto, in 1542, had an interview with the Mexican Cacique Guachoya, the latter sneezed; whereupon, we are told, his followers arose, and, raising their arms in the air, exclaimed, "May the sun guard you!" and the like; and travelers tell of a similar observance amongst the natives of the Polynesian Isles.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

Few attempts have been made to account philosophically for this singular custom. Aristotle, indeed, and Pliny discuss it amongst their Problems, but the ancient philosophers generally fight shy of it. Nor has the treatment it has received amongst the moderns been very satisfactory.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has a somewhat labored argument to show that sneezing, like the more violent actions of the body in epilepsy and hysteria, was regarded by primitive races as the result of demoniacal possession, and that the

exclamation it almost invariably called forth may have been originally a kind of exorcism. But, surely, we need not go so far as this for an explanation. It may seem very presumptuous for a novice to rush in where so many doctors have feared to tread, or, at least, gone in doubt and trembling, yet we cannot forbear risking the possible consequences on this occasion.

It is very evident that a custom so universal must be founded upon some emotion or sentiment common to the human race. We find its origin in the strongest of all sentiments—the parent's love for its offspring. We believe we are right in saying (at least we have the words of many doctors and nurses for it) that one of the first things every human being born into this world does is to sneeze. It is, according to some authorities at least, the first and surest sign of complete vitality. On this account the anxious mother listens for it, and, hearing it, blesses the little sneezer. Sneezing and blessing coming thus into the world together, it is easy to conceive that they should never be separated.

On the subject of sneezing regarded as an omen, there is much to be said. Speaking generally, it may be regarded as of favorable augury. "Two or three sneezes be wholesome," says an old author, and "He that hath sneezed thrice, turn him out of the hospital," says the proverb.

Of sneezing, however, as of other good things, it is possible to have too much. Famianus Strada, the author of a grave historical work, has a learned digression on the subject of sneezing, and mentions one Pistor Suburranus, who died of a fit of it, expiring at the twenty-fourth sneeze. In Aristotle's time, men generally sneezed twice, but since then the art of sneezing, like other arts, appears to have advanced, and a triple sneeze is now, we believe, considered the correct thing. The virtue of sneezing, however, depends much upon circumstances of time and place. Sneezing from noon to midnight is good, according to Aristotle, and from night to noon the reverse, and we learn from another source that "if any one sneeze for three nights in succession, it may be taken as a sign that some one will die in the house," or that some other calamity will occur. According to Lancashire Folk Lore, a good deal depends upon the day of the week in the matter of sneezing:

"Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter,
Sneeze on a Thursday for something better.
Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The Devil will have you the rest of the week!"

Sneezing, as observed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, is considered by Homer a good sign. In the Odyssey Telemachus is represented as sneezing when his mother is denouncing the suitors, and this was taken as a happy confirmation of her words. "Thus she spoke, and Telemachus sneezed loudly, and the house resounded and Penelope laughed [and said]—Do you not see that my son has sneezed at my words? Therefore shall death come upon the suitors," etc.

Xenophon tells of a sneeze which may be said to have decided his own fate and that of the whole Greek army. Whilst delivering the address in which he exhorted his companions to firmness and resolution, and while their minds wavered between resistance and surrender to the enemy, a soldier sneezed. The whole army accepted the omen, burnt their carriages and tents, and determined to face the dangers of the celebrated Return.

If the sneeze of a simple soldier could have such momentous consequences, it is but natural that the sternutations of kings and emperors should be regarded as of prodigious significance. Accordingly, when the King of Monotapha sneezed, we are informed, that acclamations passed through the city, and when his majesty of Ethiopia did the like the whole empire was *en fête*.

St. Augustine asserts that if on getting up in the morning any of the ancients happened to sneeze, while putting on their shoes, they immediately went to bed again in order that they might get up again more auspiciously, and avoid the misfortunes that might occur on that day—a wholesome example that might be followed advantageously by many persons who in these days are apt to "get up the wrong side the bed," or "get into their clothes the wrong way." The Hindoo performing his morning ablutions in the Ganges, uses the same precaution, for should he sneeze before finishing his devotions, he immediately begins his prayers over again, and repeats them *de novo* as often as they are interrupted by a cachinnation.

It is too much to expect that so inviting a subject as sneezing should escape the notice of ancient wits and jokers. It is introduced as an incident in several broad stories told at the expense of that legitimate butt of ancient comedy—the injured husband, who is made under circumstances which we must leave the reader to imagine, to "bless" his betrayer. In the Greek Anthology there is a comical epigram on one Proclus, whose nose was so long that he could not hear himself sneeze, and who, therefore, never said to himself "God bless you," and there is a pretty story, quoted in Brand from the French, which may thus be told in English:

"A luckless gambler, issuing forth from play,
Snuffbox in hand, stood musing by the way;
A passing beggar, seeing one well dressed,
Instant to him his urgent need expressed;
As face to face they stood 'twas hard to tell
Which needed most, the beggar or the swell.
At length the latter, offering the snuff,
Exclaimed, 'Take, friend; of this I have enough,
But it is all they've left me—every rap!'
To whom the other, fingering his cap,
Replied, 'Kind sir, great thanks, but little need
Have I of snuff to make me sneeze, indeed,
For without that, I get from high and low
Kind wishes plenty, everywhere I go.'"

There is, too, a comical story of a schoolmaster, we remember somewhere to have read, which is *apropos* of sneezing. We think it hails from the East. This dominie, keeping a school where "manners" formed an important part of the curriculum, was particular to teach his pupils the ceremonies appropriate to all occasions, and, amongst others, to that of sneezing. Hence, whenever he himself sneezed, he insisted upon their holding up their hands and exclaiming, "God save our worthy master!" Now it chanced that on a certain day, the good pedagogue and his pupils being out walking, grew thirsty, and coming to a well, they found the bucket at the bottom. The schoolmaster volunteered to bring it up. Descending, he reached the bucket, and the boys pulled him up with the rope. No sooner, however, had his head appeared above the well than the poor man sneezed. Up unconsciously went the hands of the boys, with the exclamation; "God save our worthy master!" and down went the unfortunate dominie to the bottom of the well.

Sneezing is said to be produced by heat—by looking at the sun, or the fire, or by staying in a warm room. This would seem to bear out the Promethean theory of its origin. We have heard it affirmed that it may be brought

about still more readily be a gentle titillation of the point of the nose with the finger-nail. The reader may easily test these statements for himself.

It is somewhat remarkable that the English-speaking nations should be those who have paid least regard to sneezing traditions, and have been the first to abandon its customs. Abroad the German peasant has his "gesundheit," and the Frenchman his "Bonne santée," ready for us on every occasion, and even Paddy salutes us with a hearty "Save your honor"; but in this country one may sneeze oneself breathless unnoticed. Whether this proceeds from the stolidity, or the *mauvaise honte*, which our enemies credit us with, or from the practical character on which we pride ourselves, or whether the custom was, as some say, abolished in Puritan times, we cannot now stop to inquire. We can but notice the fact and express regret at the apparent tendency of our race to see nothing more in a sneeze than an indication of cold in the head or incipient catarrh. In this we may be showing our superiority to prejudice, but we are at the same time placing ourselves in opposition to the general feeling of mankind, and the general feeling of mankind on any subject is a matter not to be "sneezed at."

PRONUNCIATION OF SOME ENGLISH NAMES.

CHOLMONDELEY is pronounced Chumley; Majoribanks, Marshbanks; Cockburn, Coburn; Cowper, Cooper; Mainwaring, Mannering. In Elgin and Gillott the "g" is hard; in Gifford and Nigel it is soft; in Johnston the "t" should not be sounded. In Molyneux the "x" is sounded, and the name is pronounced Molinoox, with a very slight accent on the last syllable. In Vaux the "x" is sounded, but is mute in Des Vaux, and likewise in Devereux. In Ker, Berkeley and Derby the "e" has the sound of "a" in "far." In Waldegrave the second syllable, "de," should be dropped, and so should the "th" in Blyth. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillun. In Conyngham, Monson, Monkton and Ponsonby the "o" takes the sound of "u"; and Blount should be pronounced as Blunt, the "o" being mute. Buchan should be pronounced Buckan; and Beauclerk, or Beauclerc, is Boclare, the accent being on the first syllable. Wemyss should be pronounced Weems. In Hertford the "t" is elided, and the "e" has the sound of "a" in "far." Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Colquehoun is Koohoon, the accent being on the last syllable; Beauchamp is Beacham, and Coutts is Koots. Another formidable name to the uninitiated is Duchesnes, which should be pronounced Dukarn. Bethune should be Beeton; and in Abergavenny the "av" is not sounded. Menzies is pronounced Mynges, Knollys as Knowles, Syndys as Sands, Gower as Gorr, Milnes as Mills. Finally, Dalziel should be pronounced Dael, Chartres as Charters, Glamis as Glarms, Geoghegan as Gaygan, and Ruthven as Riven.

BATTLE BETWEEN A PIKE AND A FROG.—The Bishop of Bohemia and Bishop Thurzo are said to have witnessed a really desperate encounter between a frog (of a kind known in that locality as the water devil) and a pike in a large pond. The latter was sleeping at rest near the surface of the water, close beside the shore, when the frog leaped at and embraced the head of the fish, attacking his eyes with terrible ferocity and anger. The pike plunged and thrust itself into the rushes and weeds in vain attempts to dislodge its enemy, and was at last killed.

LOUD THOUGHTS.

LORD ALBEMARLE, in his amusing work, "Fifty Years of My Life," mentions the late Lord Dudley's eccentric habit of giving vent to his thoughts aloud. He was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling off in the royal *cuisine* since the decease of George IV. Sitting next King William, he exclaimed, in his deep bass: "What a change, to be sure—cold *pâtés* and hot champagne!"

The King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed her Royal Highness into dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquize aloud: "What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman?" And in the same tone, continued, "May I have the honor of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?" Towards the end of dinner, he asked her again. "With great pleasure, my lord," she replied smiling; "but I have had one glass with you already." "The brute! and so she has!" was the rejoinder.

SONTAG vs. MOZART.

AN admirable cantatrice, Sontag, at the end of the trio of the masks in "Don Duan," invented a musical phrase which she substituted for the original. The example was too tempting not to be followed. Every singer in Europe who sang *Donna Anna* adopted Madame Sontag's alteration of the text.

One day, at a general rehearsal in London, the *chef d'orchestre*, a friend of Berlioz, on hearing this audacious substitution at the end of the trio, at once stopped the orchestra and asked the prima donna, "Pray what is all this? Have you forgotten your part, madame?"

"No, monsieur, but I give Sontag's version."

"Ah, very well; but might I take the liberty of inquiring why you prefer Sontag's version to Mozart's version, which, after all, is the only one we have to do with here?"

"Because it produces a better effect!"

PLANT CULTURE IN MOSS.

CAPTAIN HALFORD THOMPSON claims to have discovered a new method of thus growing plants. Some time ago a Frenchman of the name of Dumesnil patented a kind of fertilizing moss for the purpose of growing plants without soil. With this production of M. Dumesnil Captain Thompson states that he made several experiments, which resulted in his considering it open to serious objections, and was by no means certain of its results. These defects Captain Thompson has endeavored to remedy in a new preparation with which he has experimented, and by means of which he states he produced the luxuriant plants which he exhibited recently. Having found that by Dumesnil's moss it was quite possible to grow plants without soil, he set to work to prepare a fertilizing substance which would enable plants to be grown in it without the precautions necessary in using Dumesnil's moss, and he thinks that he has been perfectly successful in his endeavors. He states that "plants in full bloom can be taken out of the ground or out of pots, and, after all the earth has been carefully washed off, planted in moss which has been previously prepared with fertilizing fibre."

DR. DIBDIN, THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

In Hornton Street, Kensington, England, for some years lived Thomas F. Dibdin, the lively bibliomaniac; for in the big books which he wrote he mixed up with antiquarianism many passages amusing for the reader's animal spirits and enjoyment. The doctor traveled much on the European Continent in his pursuit of visiting libraries, when he dined with the monks and others who possessed them, and made a feast-day of it with the gayety of his company. When he assembled his friends over a new publication, or for the purpose of inspecting old books, the meeting was what he delighted to call a "symposium"—that is to say, they ate as well as drank, and were very merry over old books, old words, and what they persuaded themselves was old wine. There would have been a great deal of reason in it all if the books had been worth as much inside as out; but in a question between the finest of writers, in plain calf, and one of the fourth or fifth rate, old and rare, and bound by Charles Lewis, the old gentleman would have carried it hollow; he would even have been read with the greater devotion. However, the mania was harmless, and helped to maintain a proper curiosity into past ages. Tom (for, though a reverend and a doctor, we can scarcely think of him seriously) was a good-natured fellow, and had the rare merit of being candid. A moderate sum of money was bequeathed to him by Douce, and he said he thought he deserved it, from the "respectful attention" he had always paid to that not very agreeable gentleman. Tom was by no means ill-looking, yet he tells us that being in company, when he was young, with an elderly gentleman who knew his father, and the gentleman being asked by somebody whether the son resembled him—"Not at all," was the answer; "Captain Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow." This same father was the real glory of Tom; for Captain Dibdin was no less a person than the "Tom Bowling" of the famous sea-song—

"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew."

Captain Thomas Dibdin was the brother of Charles Dibdin, the songster of seamen; and an admirable songster was Charles, and a fine fellow in every respect was the brother thus fondly recorded by him. "No more," continues the song—for the reader will not grudge us the pleasure of calling it to mind—

"No more he'll hear the tempest howling
For death hath broach'd him too.

"His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

Dr. Dibdin was thus the nephew of a man of genius, and the son of one of the best specimens of an Englishman. His memory may be content.

ON SNEEZING.—THE CONSEQUENCE.—SEE PAGE 155.

The doctor relates an anecdote of the house opposite him which he considers equal to any "romance of real life." This comes of the antiquarian habit of speaking in superlatives and expressing amazement at every little thing. As the circumstance, however, is complete of its kind, and the kind, though not so rare, we suspect, as may be imagined, is not one of everyday occurrence, it may be worth repeating: A handsome widow, it seems, in the prime of life, but in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several children, had been left in possession of the house, and desired to let it. On a certain occasion a retired merchant of sixty, who was looking out for a house in Kensington, came to see it. He fell in love with the widow, paid his addresses to her on the spot, in a respectful version of the old question put to the fair showers of such houses, "Are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?" and, after a courtship of six months, was wedded to the extemporaneous object of his affections at Kensington Church, the doctor himself joyfully officiating as clergyman; for the parties were amiable, the bridegroom was a collector of books, and the books were accompanied by a cellar-full of burgundy and champagne.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

EARL ORME'S FAIRE WIFE.—"SHE PASSED FROM PICTURE TO PICTURE BEGGING, WITH THE TAMBOURINE OUTSTRETCHED AS SHE HAD HELD IT FOR ALMS ON THE STREETS OF THE ITALIAN TOWN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

MY WASTED YOUTH.

By E. R. Chapman.

"Que vous ai-je donc fait, O mes jeunes années!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the days when the orchard was white and white
As the driven snow, and I did not go, as I might,
To let the blossoms fall and cover me o'er,
And take the heart of the Spring to my own heart's core.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the starlight nights that I did not see,
And the starlike eyes that never lit up for me,
The moons that on rippling waters have glanced and shone,
And the tender faces I have not looked upon.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the merry dances I could not tread,
And the tears of happiness that I did not shed,
The feverish joy, and dumb, delicious pain,
And the lost, lost moments that will not come again.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am praying for those who have seen their youth go by,
With half its sweets untasted, unknown, as I,
That God—forasmuch as He left the first bright page
Of their life a blank—would send them love in their age.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

EARL ORME'S FAIRE WIFE.

Chapter I.

"I DID not know that earth held such a face!" The speaker paused and gazed.

She at whom he gazed stood in the full flood of sunlight, bareheaded, ragged, shoeless—for she was a beggar—yet from crown to heel there was no flaw in that perfection.

The rabble of Genoa—though among them there were some who turned—might press on, not comprehending the revelation before them; but what poet, what artist—who that had knowledge of the beautiful—who that could worship alike the embodied beauty and the beautiful embodiment, could pass her by?

The vulgar gaze is caught by color—the artist demands loveliness of form. The sensualist asks for rounded outlines, the poet can tell what *frame* is beautiful. The frivolous seek only the eyes that lure without depth beneath; the thinker looks for Psyche, *the soul*.

The beggar begged.

One arm held out a tambourine, with worn and battered edges, but grasped by a matchless though sun-embrowned hand. The naked feet were small—Greek art might have chiseled them. The ragged garments clung to outlines so perfect that their grace *spoke*. But ah! the face!

Great eyes were the soul of it—eyes that would have been wild but for the purity of the soul that lit them. They would have seemed enormous, but for the dense shadows cast by the close lashes that, like reeds upon the margin of a crystal like, swept above and softened their lustre. The features had that symmetry which, though dream-faces possess it, and sculptors give it to their art-works, startle when seen in breathing being. Earl Orme, called by his friends "The Dreamer," lingered still, mutely gazing at Catarina, the beggar.

This was what he had sought for years, and never found—he was thirty now—and was still seeking. Beauty innocently unconscious of itself—*prideless loveliness*.

He followed the beggar to her home.

A month later the Italian town rang with the news, startling even in those olden days—and two of the earl's friends, to whom he told his secret, gave him a new name, that, though they may not have meant it so, was one of mockery. They called him "King Cophetua," for the last heir of many proud nights and noble ladies had married the beggar-girl.

* * * * * *

Time sped.

The earl had brought home his bride. Many marveled at her loveliness, but none knew from whence she came.

Who would have recognized in the richly-clad "ladye," as brightly jeweled as any at the King's court—the Eighth Henry held the throne—the girl that had asked alms in the streets of Genoa? Her superhuman beauty remained the same, though saddened; but its lustre had grown starlike. A certain majesty marked her motion, but it was only that of melancholy, not of courtly grace; and her voice—merry once as the carol of the birdling—had grown plaintive; her words few and slow.

They were not happy, Earl Orme and "faire" Catarina.

The nobleman who had married beauty had given no thought to its accompaniments—the street-beggar's ignorance, her strange and restless ways, the thousand things that betrayed her low origin. What did she know? How to imitate the songster of the forest trilling its wild song, how to dance the dances that the gypsies who sometimes wandered into Genoa had taught her, and how to speak those rude words by which the "people" express their untutored thought. This was all. Of noble aspirations, of the high aims of being, of the grand traditions of the family whose heir and last descendant had made this lovely ignoramus his wife—to the sad despite of one great lady, the daughter of another most noble house—of court ways and town manners she knew less than nothing. Lady Isobel had the wisdom of the serpent—Catarina, the innocence of the dove.

The earl had summoned many masters to teach her languages, music other than that the birds made, and the slow pacings of the court dances; but, except a few words of French or German, a song or two, and a most comical caricature of the drawings laid before her, as well as a broad *travestie* of the court "mincing and prancing dances," as she called them, she had acquired nothing. She would toy with a guitar, feed her ugly Barcelona monkey, chat with or playfully chide her maid, feed her swans, or gather flowers. But *think*—oh, no!

Yes, she thought one thought; and when, like an angry cloud, it overcame her, the dark blue eyes would gather tears, the fair breast heave, and the lips—the childlike lips—quiver piteously. She saw that the earl's heart was turning from her!

Lady Isobel was fair. If not so beautiful—the countesses's mirror told her that she was not—as herself, yet—and there the mirror spoke again—what imperial grace had

"The daughter of a hundred earls!"

How queenly her gait—her tread! With what an air she grasped her sweeping train! The very pearls that held back her tresses of midnight blackness, which seemed to Catarina so much more beautiful than her own golden

locks, were eloquent of the court—the very motion of her fan was haughty, and the turn of her head like that of the stately swans in the earl's gardens. Had not Lord Egbert said so?

One cause of the coldness between Lord Egbert and his beautiful wife was a habit which, for the entire time of their wedded life, had been hers. At eleven every night he had observed that she would leave her chamber, and for one hour absent herself. It had been in vain that he had endeavored to discover in what manner that time was passed. Certain it was that no inhabitant of the castle knew in what part of it that hour was spent, nor had Lord Egbert ever been able, at that time, to find his wife in the castle grounds. It may be imagined, too, with what perseverance he had tried to learn her secret, when, after three years, he still sought and had never yet fathomed it.

At last, one night, just as the chapel-bell tolled eleven strokes, and the bats whirred thick against the panes, darkening the gothic arches as they clung to them—and for a moment even obscuring the silvery shimmer of the vague, pale moon—the earl saw Catarina, clad in her sweeping robes of velvet, pass with furtive step along the corridor. This done, she began to mount the stairs, and, still evidently deeming herself unobserved—for, though she paused to listen, shading her taper, which shook in its tall silver candlestick, she did not see the earl—she passed on, on to the picture-gallery, where hung, in their majesty of armor and gorgeous draperies, the whole array of her proud husband's haughty ancestors.

At the door she paused. No sound, except the distant "tu-whit! tu-whoo!" of the owl, and the dolorous cicadas, ever complaining, broke the night's peacefulness.

Suddenly the earl remembered!

There was another, a secret, entrance to the portrait gallery—one known only to himself. Over it hung a curtain that in a hundred years had never been swept aside. He would seek that entrance, and from behind that curtain observe his wife!

As she entered one door Egbert slid back the bolt of another; and when her foot paused as she stood within the threshold, and she again, with startled eyes like the fawn's—for she deemed she had heard some faint sound—paused and listened, he parted the velvet folds of the gold-fringed curtain, just where its wealth of embroidery was heavy with the heraldic honors of his house—and hidden safely, he gazed forth and saw Lady Catarina's every motion.

She listened a moment longer, then the earl saw her pass to where a superb full-length portrait of her fair self was hung, representing her in the magnificent court-dress, heavy with many jewels, which she had worn when presented to the land's sovereign. She gazed at it a moment, raising the taper in her hand high above her head, displaying as she did so the statuesque beauty of her rounded arm.

Then, upon the silence of the gallery, there broke a sigh, deep, tremulous, heart-broken, a shuddering sigh—as if from a weariness of spirit so great that life itself was a burden almost too heavy to be borne.

Then, turning away, she passed to another part of the gallery, and slid aside a panel.

"What could be hidden there?" the earl asked himself. "How had she discovered it?"

Again his eager eyes fixed themselves upon Catarina.

She knelt. Then taking from the hidden partition in the wall a large bundle, she laid it upon the floor, first frantically pressing it to her bosom and kissing it. Then, unfastening a ribbon that bound it, she took out a faded gown, a tarnished tambourine, a tattered shawl and a colored kerchief.

The earl's eyes blazed with anger.

Then she stood up, still thinking that no human eye dwelt upon her, and, loosening her rich hair from its golden ribbons, suffering to fall about her the superb vesture of her state—the garb of the earl's "ladye"—she assumed—and she breathed fast as she did so, as the slave breathes who frees himself from his fetters—the beggar's garb, in which her beauty first brought Earl Orme to play—for so he now deemed he had done—the madman and the fool.

The earl had started with new anger as Catarina's rich garments rustled to her feet,

"Drowned gold and purple and royal rings,"

but his whole face flooded with indignant crimson, and his frame shook, as he watched his wife once more.

What saw he?

She had taken from the floor where it lay the tarnished tambourine; and, shaking it each time she paused, while she held her beautiful head to one side in arch entreaty, she passed from picture to picture of all the noble knights and courtly ladies in the grand train of Earl Orme's great ancestry, begging, with the tambourine outstretched as she had held it for alms in the streets of the Italian town, of one, of another, of each and all!

The secret was out at last! The beggar was to the very core of her heart one of the "people"! The earl's wife was a beggar still!

Chapter II.

In a moment more the earl stood before his wife.

He paused not to think of aught save his wounded dignity—of the degrading discovery he had made. Anger possessed him.

It matters not in what furious words he upbraided the Lady Catarina; with what scorn he reproached her. It was the ending that did more than all to crush the loving if erring heart.

"We part," said the Earl Egbert, in conclusion. "You at your heart can never sympathize with me; your blood is not fit to mingle with mine in the veins of an heir to my house and its honors. At heart you are still the Beggar of Genoa! I am the Earl of Orme!"

Catarina made a gesture of entreaty.

"But you shall not depart portionless," added he; "though I repudiate you, I still suffer you to retain all I have ever bestowed upon you. You can never know want while you retain the jewels and the gold with which it has been my pride to enrich you; but, after this night we meet no more!"

His wife stared wildly at her infuriated lord, as if failing to comprehend his words; and, as the fiat fell from his lips, she sank at his feet, and with a piteous cry extended her hands to grasp his arm and stay him. But in vain. Earl Egbert had descended the stairs, and in a moment more the clang of his horse's feet rang through the courtyard, the drawbridge fell, and the baying of the dogs about the castle told that its lord had ridden away.

Catarina uttered one wild, sobbing cry, and fell to the floor in a deadly swoon.

It was no hard task to win of that monarch, so ready to avail himself of divorce, the permission to repudiate the beggar wife.

One day, a month later, a letter came to the castle, borne by a court-page, and telling the Lady Catarina that the love "ruined at the root" was dead indeed. She was Earl Orme's wife no more!

LEBANON AND ITS INHABITANTS.— GROUP OF DRUSE WOMEN.—SEE PAGE 167.

"Had he but known," she murmured, as the cruel missive fell from her hand, "that beneath my heart there stirs his child—— But, no! that would avail me nothing. Did he not say to me that my blood is not fit to mingle with his own? My child would still be less his than that of the Beggar of Genoa! I will do his will. I will depart. He shall see me no more! Never! never again!"

Janet and Alice, her tiring-maids, who had taken pride and pleasure so great in the peerless beauty of their ever kind, ever gentle mistress, knew not why she had wept so much of late, nor why neither the flowers, the birds, nor her neglected lute, could win a moment's notice. They did not know at what hour, clad in sombre robes, and with slow, reluctant footsteps, there passed away from the castle that beautiful being whose presence had lit it with a light almost celestial, the radiance of a pure, meek spirit, whose price is "above rubies"—ay, better "than much fine gold."

Chapter III.

Ten years had flown by, and during eight of these the Lady Isobel Shaftonsbury had held Catarina's place as wife to the Earl of Orme.

He could not complain now of lack of dignity, nor, sooth to say, of pride in his lady wife. A haughtier woman than Isobel, Countess of Orme, never trod even *his* ancestral halls. Of her predecessor, his beggar wife, she would never suffer word to be spoken, and it was her fiercest joy—and hers was in all things a fierce and fiery nature—to cast bitter disparagement upon her name, her memory, her very beauty. She had banished from its place the portrait of Catarina—and if she spoke of her, it was but tauntingly.

"She was glad, forsooth, to return to her shameful freedom. No doubt, amid the beggars from whom she sprung"—Isobel's heart had long ago won from the earl

MOUNT LEBANON.—SEE PAGE 167.

the truth as to Catarina's origin—"she is happy. I fancy she is a queen among them, for my lord had given her, so my maids tell me, many jewels and much gold. It were no hard task, I ween, to find some clown with close-kempt locks to spend it with her!"

But the maids Alice and Janet would often sigh as they thought of the lost mistress, and marked the fierce temper of the high-born dame. They had worshiped Lady Catarina; they hated Lady Isobel.

At last an heir was born.

But, ere this, a bitterer sorrow than even that of the past had fallen upon the earl's proud heart. It was whispered that a court gallant, no less a noble than Surrey himself, had hung too oft about the Lady Isobel, and that it might be this heir was no lawful one. It needed not jealous eyes to see that the boy's face held no resemblance to that of its assumed father. The earl's heart was heavy. Bitter indeed to have reached forty years childless but to become the mock of a dissolute court—for such he believed himself to be.

But he took no action upon his suspicions. Why, it was never known.

It might be that he would not again repudiate a wife; and to leave again, as he had done for two years after the departure of Catarina, his home in England, was what he could not bring himself to do. In the prime of life the earl seemed aged. *His heart had grown old.*

And, from the hour of the birth of the heir, it was a sealed book to the Lady Isobel.

He withdrew himself, like a wounded stag parted from the herd, leaving his lady at court, and sought the solitude of his castle.

It was here that there reached him rumors of a wonderful poetess who made the deeds of lofty chivalry and the tales of romance her theme; and whose sweet verse in the rhythms of that choice Italian, so dear to the Earl of Orme, had won much fame among the learned of her country, and great honors abroad. It was said that King Henry had invited her to court, had caused her poems to be transcribed upon vellum, and bound in embossed gold; and that, at a festival soon to be given in honor of his approaching nuptials with Anne Boleyn, the poetess would send her son to recite some verses of her composition—lines, it was said, of wonderful harmony and beauty.

None spoke of the lady's face—for none had seen it—but it was rumored that she was a widow; and that the son—a boy of marvelous beauty—inherited the poetic talent of her mother.

Why, Earl Orme could not have said, but he had yearned, from the first moment of hearing of this wonderful songstress, to listen to the recitation of some poem from her pen. The few lines he had gathered at court spoke to something that lay in the most secret depths of his being; their sadness mated with his own.

The court had all assembled. Earl Egbert had not acquainted his wife with his intent to appear there; and it was with an angry start that, on entering, he marked her seated in a place of honor, with the light-minded Surrey beside her, glittering, like Isobel herself, with jewels.

Too easy was it to read their secret—he that "ran might read"! Easy and bitter indeed! Catarina's secret had been a slight thing and innocent compared to this!

At last the moment came for the reading of the poem. It was a sweet story of the love of an humble maiden for a lordly knight, and told how, in her hope to win his love, she had followed him to war, garbed as a page, till, at last, after all hope had failed her that her heart's prayer would be granted, she had sought the battle-field, and—in this the poetess called her "most happy"—saved the life of the noble knight by receiving into her own breast the lance aimed at his heart.

But what had startled the court, and held it entranced more perhaps than even the harmonious verse of the "matchless poetess Florinda"—so they called her—was the noble beauty of her son, who, garbed like the god Apollo, and bearing in his hand a silver lyre, recited in dulcet tones the wondrous rhythms of the "piteous storie of Isolinde and the Knight Rupert."

The earl's eyes stared at the youth.

"By my faith," murmured he, "the lad is like Brian, my brother, dead these fifteen years past! Not Brian even bore himself more nobly!"

The poem ended. The King rose.

"Noble words," said King Henry, "and nobly uttered. Approach, and receive of us the fitting guerdon for thy sweet gift of song."

And the King placed upon the brow of the boy a wreath of laurel-leaves wrought in the purest gold.

But, though the youth knelt to receive the wreath, it no sooner touched his brow than he removed it.

"Not to me, most noble monarch, this wreath of fame. The verses are my mother's; hers is the 'sweet gift of song.'"

And, though some lordlings made a movement to detain him, after bowing low the youth departed.

* * * * * *

It was not many days after the court *fête* that the Lady Isobel completed the sum of her evil deeds by disappearing from her post as attendant upon the new-made Queen.

She had fled; not, indeed, with Surrey, but with a foreign nobleman of infamous character, though of singular beauty.

The cruel mother, true to an utterly heartless nature, left behind her the son she had borne. The lad, a puny, sickly boy, grew daily punier and sicklier, till at last, in but a few short months after his mother's desertion of the earl, of her son and her duty, he fell into a malady of languor that ended in death.

For the Lady Isobel—from the hour of her departure from England she was doomed. The gallant with whom she had fled became, after being deperately enamored, desperately jealous, and—this was the last intelligence that ever reached the earl concerning her—in his fury, it was said, poured poison into wine, of which the lady drank, and expired in agony.

* * * * * * *

One year later—and by this time, shame, sorrow, and, it may be, *remorse*, when he thought of Catarina—had made Earl Orme's hair white as the Winter's snows—a boy, the same beautiful youth whom we have seen at court reciting the sad "Storie of Isolinde and the Knight Rupert," rode up to the castle-gate. He bore a letter signed "Florinda"; and, when admitted to the presence of the earl, stated that the poetess, his mother, had bade him hand to the Earl of Orme the missive bearing her name.

It had required some courage to undertake the errand, young Lorenzo admitted to himself—for the earl was known to be a grave recluse; and, it was said, loved no society, especially that of women.

But the earl seemed glad to see the beautiful youth, and—strange for so stern a man—passed his arm about his waist, and led him to the portrait gallery, where, upon the wall, hung the painting representing Brian of Orme, his dead brother.

"Strange! strange!" murmured the earl; "the boy

is liker to my house than the dead heir who bore my name! I will follow you," added he, "though it is now one year since my footsteps have passed beyond yon drawbridge. Come! mount your horse—let us away. My steed stands beside your own. I will go whither you may lead me."

And the earl and the beautiful youth went forth together.

Chapter IV.

The earl followed his guide.

At last they reached the city.

It was in an humble dwelling in the outskirts that the youth dwelt with his mother.

There were a few flowers about the door, and the vines clustering over it formed a cool, delicious shade; but there were no signs of luxury.

The youth led the earl to a room—not spacious, but tasteful—where, on a low couch, reclined a female form. The boy knelt, removing his cap, kissed his mother's brow; and, rising in obedience to a sign from her, made obeisance to the earl, and left the apartment.

But as he did so a low, agonized cry broke from the lips of the earl.

For, on the lowly couch, lying prostrate, and—or the sunken eyes, pale cheeks and emaciated form spoke falsely—*dying*, lay his lost Catarina!

Was it for this that he had hoped for eleven years—he *had* hoped—that she would return to him, that they should be happy again?

The dying poetess raised herself.

There had been a world of sorrow and despairing wretchedness in Earl Egbert's heart-cry, and it had been balm to her crushed spirit. It gave her strength to speak those words he must hear, ere her waning life departed.

"Yes, it is I, Egbert, my husband! After many years! And now we meet but to part again; the death-dews stand upon my brow. But do not sob so! The earl had sunk weeping upon his knees at the bedside. "It is best thus—though now, I think, my lord and liege, you will not blush to have wedded poor Catarina, the Beggar of Genoa! No," added she, "when we parted, when you cast me forth out of your heart, away from your arms, and into that cold world which, even in childhood, had never to me been kind, I felt that I had failed to satisfy your great heart"—here Egbert clasped her cold hand, and pressed it humbly to his lips—"I saw that my ignorance was a crime; my untutored mind unfit to mate with yours; and that she whose intincts still yearned for an unfettered and informal life, was, as you said, *not fit to be the mother of another earl.*"

A sudden light broke upon the husband.

"The boy! the boy!" exclaimed he, springing wildly to his feet.

"Listen! I have more to say. Listen, ere my voice is for ever silent," urged Catarina. "After I left you, I felt that, to be truly a mother to the child I was about to bear, I must learn the wondrous lore of your great country and of my own—*for even the beggar*," added she, proudly, "*has a country.* I sold the jewels you had bestowed upon me in the days when your love was mine"—here the earl's sobs burst forth afresh—"and a learned sage gave me in exchange those treasures of learning that have made me what I am; not 'Florinda,' but Catarina Pessali, the poetess. My countrymen know my name, and Italy has pride in me!"

A pause; the dying woman's strength seemed failing fast.

"But it has cost me my life. I have lost my body's strength in the fierce ardor of study by which I hoped at last to win, as I *have* won, fame you need not blush to hear of. And the boy—my countrymen call him Lorenzo, but *I* call him Egbert—you need not blush for him. He has acquired, besides many of the secrets of science and the sweet art of poesy, that noble art of war in which those of his blood won fame, even in the Holy Land. Believe me, he will not dishonor you!"

"Call him hither. Let me embrace my child!"

"A moment," resumed the dying Catarina, and her voice sank to a whisper; "let me tell you also that I have taught him whose son he is; and yet, believe me, Lord Egbert does not blush to call Catarina, the Beggar of Genoa, his mother."

"Pardon! pardon!" cried the earl.

"It remains to me only to bid your son embrace his father, and to depart in peace," murmured the mother, as the beautiful youth entered the room, and knelt at his father's feet.

A glorious smile played upon the face of Catarina Pessali, the last waning light of a life ever sad. She raised her hands, and laid one upon the head of the father—the other upon that of the son.

"Be worthy of the House of Orme," murmured she; "*the noble House of Orme.*"

And as she spoke, looking up thus, she died.

But her memory died not. It lived, while they lived, in the heart of Egbert her husband, and of Egbert the heir, her son. The name of Lady Isobel Shaftonsbury and of her offspring is blotted out of the annals of the house—into which she came but to disgrace it. Across the false heir's name lies the "*bar sinister.*" But in undying lustre lives upon its pages the "historie of the most virtuous, the most 'faire,' and"—so stands the archive—"the most noble Ladye Catarina Pessali, Countess of Orme."

LEBANON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

By Oscanyan.

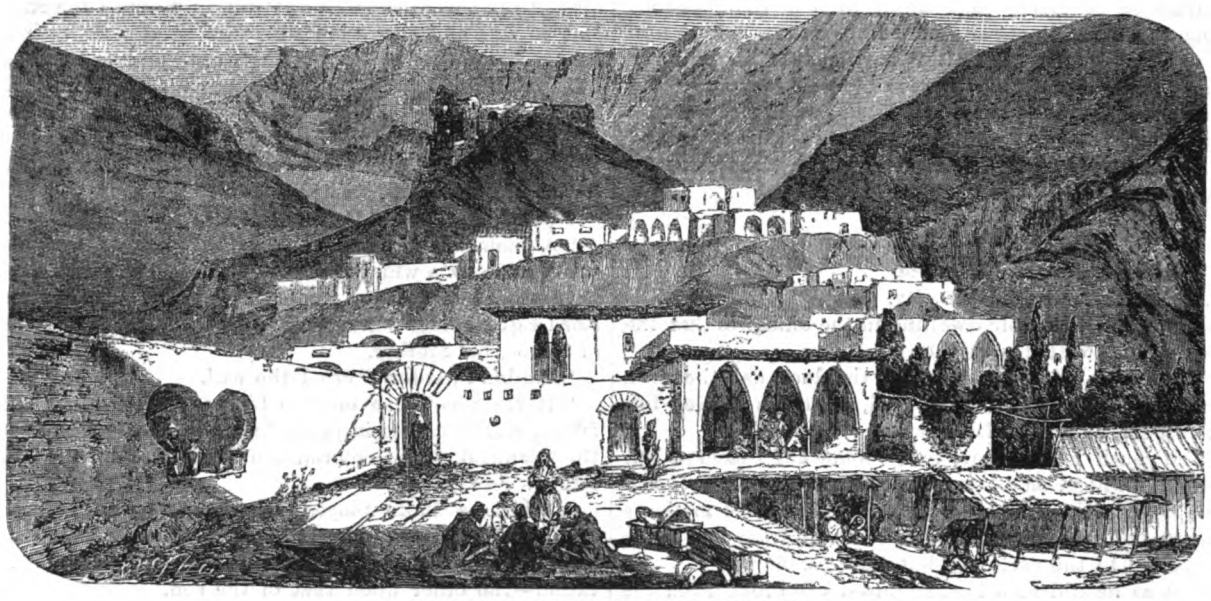
Mussulman fanaticism, that Asiatic plague, which has devastated some of the fairest portions of the globe, has again made its appearance, this time in the Soudan, but it will not be long before its malarial influence will be felt in other parts of the Mussulman world.

Ever dominant, it has, for a long while, been kept in check through the progress of civilization, but has not been entirely eradicated; the germ, ever existing, is ready to break forth at any time and place on the least provocation.

This pernicious malady, which, at present, is in an epidemic form, being confined to Egypt, may become pandemic throughout Mussulman territories. Whether the next eruption may occur in India, Armenia or Syria, no one can tell; but its recurrence is beyond a doubt.

It is not likely, however, that it will first show itself in India, where there are 40,000,000 of Mohammedans. It is true that Moslem fanaticism will find as ready an echo and sympathy there as elsewhere; but it must be remembered that human actions are not so much governed by sympathy as by interest. It is not for the advantage of the governing classes of the Mohammedans of India to yield readily to the infection; because, having on former occasions received severe lessons, they are not likely to be easily inoculated.

Nor is it probable that it will break out in Armenia, because this malady has become endemic in that most unfortunate country without any apparent remedy to



KAB ELIAS, A DRUSE TOWN IN THE LEBANON.

check its progress, unless it should suit the policy of Russia to interfere.

It is therefore more than probable that the next demonstration of this scourge will show itself in Syria—because Mussulman fanaticism is not only more rampant and malignant there than elsewhere, but other circumstances intervening will tend greatly to develop it.

France and Russia are already in the field, struggling for supremacy; the first through the Maronites and the second through the Greeks.

The French regard Syria as their natural share in the inheritance from the "Sick Man," and have grown nervously anxious since England's recent acquisition of Cyprus, and especially when that country is being drifted into annexation of Egypt.

Russia is already evincing symptoms of uneasiness, and is ready to revive her traditional claim to the protectorate of the Christians of the East and to the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre.

And England, notwithstanding she has her hands full, will not certainly remain idle, or a passive spectator, but step in for her share, and make use of the Druses, as her ancient allies.

LEBANON MOUNTAINEER.

It was in this way, by the combination of conflicting interests, that the Crimean War, in 1854, and the dreadful massacre of the Maronites, in 1860, were brought about. The recurrence, therefore, of the same catastrophe is self-evident, for history repeats itself. The political *pot-pourri* is already set on the fire, and may soon boil over. For the Turk, when cornered, will naturally resort to that dreadful weapon which is most effective in the hands of the Mussulman populace—the *Jehad*, or religious war, which means war to the knife against all Christians.

In view, then, of coming events, which seem to cast their shadows before them, a brief sketch of the Lebanon, where the next scene will be enacted, will not prove devoid of interest to the general reader, as an anticipatory preparation for a just and sensible comprehension of things that are to occur there.

Lebanon, or Jebel-Libnan, the White Mountain, is a mountain range in Syria, a spur of the Taurus, extending from northeast to southwest, almost parallel to the coast. It is nearly 100 miles long, and from ten to twenty miles wide. It has an elevation of about 7,000 feet, with a culminating point, Jebel-Makkel, of 12,000 feet. To the east of this mountain is another, called Anti-Lebanon, running parallel to it. It is not as high as Lebanon, nor as long. Between these two is a valley, called El-Bukaa. It is not properly a valley, because of its undulation, varying from 2,000 to 3,000 feet. The width of this valley varies also from twelve to twenty miles. The ancient Orontes runs through it, and the River Jordan takes its rise there.

The peak of Lebanon is snow-capped, imparting refreshing coolness during

WOMAN OF MOUNT LEBANON.

the Summer months. Its general climate is delightful. In the Winter heavy rains fall, but the cold is not severe. The views enjoyed from the mountain heights, especially from the western slopes, are highly picturesque. The surface of both the Lebanons is very rugged, forming in many parts ravines and dangerous precipices. But in the lower regions of the range vegetation abounds, they being well watered and extensively cultivated. The numerous springs that gush from the rocks are icy cold, a luxury greatly enjoyed in a climate like Syria.

A MARONITE MONK PREACHING.

Extensive groves of olive, mulberry, orange, lemon, citron and fig trees are to be met with everywhere, as well as vineyards and grain fields. The cedars of Lebanon are of historic fame. There is a grove of several hundred of them, eight of which are most conspicuous, being very large and old.

Numerous towns and villages dot these two mountains, and they are inhabited by two distinct races, known respectively as the Maronites and the Druses. There are also Turks, Greeks, and even Jews, but they are few, and do not form an important part of the inhabitants.

The Maronites are the direct descendants of the ancient Phœnicians, consequently identified with the Greeks. In their adoption of Christianity they became victims of Mussulman persecution, to escape which they fled to Mount Lebanon, under the leadership of a certain Mar-Maron, or Father Maron. This prelate having built there, on an eligible spot, a convent, as strong and impregnable as a fort, people flocked thither for protection. From necessity other convents were erected, and these establishments multiplied, to afford shelter to those who sought in them a refuge. In course of time these people were known as the Maronites, in contradistinction to those who remained in the low lands. The Maronites are, therefore, the first settlers of Lebanon. During the invasion of the Crusaders they became converted to Roman Catholicism, through sympathy with the champions of the Cross, and through the material support which they received from them. Hence the Maronites are the Greek Catholics of Syria, acknowledging the Pope as the head of the Church, instead of the Patriarch, but retaining their native language, the Arabic, in the ritual of church service—a privilege accorded only to this community and to a few Catholic Armenians, Syrians, Chaldeans, Copts and Slavs.

When the Saracens invaded Syria the use of the Greek language was forbidden, and the schools were closed; so that the Greeks of Syria soon forgot their mother tongue, and, through force of circumstances, adopted a foreign dialect, so that the prevailing language of Syria is the Arabic.

They are very zealous in their faith, and are often seen engaged in their devotions under the shade of the historic cedars, constituting a sort of camp-meeting.

In physique they are noble specimens of humanity and manly bearing. Having in their mountain fastnesses long breathed the air of independence, they have become more brave and valiant than the rest of their compatriots.

We will now proceed to describe the Druses, who differ from the Maronites only in religion; so that any further description of the manners and customs of the one will apply as well to the other. Besides, there is a sort of mystery which envelops the character and being of the Druses which is worth developing.

The Druses are the remnants of the ancient Egyptians.

It is a well known fact that the prevailing religion in Egypt, in ancient times, was a belief in metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. When Christianity was introduced into the land of the Pharaohs those who embraced the new faith through the instrumentality of a certain divine, Khupt by name, were designated Khupties or Copts, and those who remained in their original faith through the advocacy of another zealot called Dürz, were known as Dürzies, or Druses.

The invasion of Mohammedanism into Egypt, sword in hand, brought about an entire change. It tolerated no creed, and had for a rule of action, either to embrace Islamism or become abject slaves to the "true believers." Many, of course, became Mohammedans, to evade persecution and spoliation. The Copts preferred to remain in their faith, and resigned themselves to their fate and ignominy. Not so with the Druses. Proud by nature, and strong in their moral convictions, almost as fanatical as the Mussulmans themselves, they could not brook dictation or abject submission, so they concluded to emigrate. In the tenth century they left their homes in a body, under the leadership of a certain Fakhr-ed-Din, and took an easterly direction, as did the Israelites of yore under Moses.

Their sufferings during their journey were naturally very great, owing to hardships and privations, as they had to traverse deserts and desolations, many perishing on the way. On reaching Syria they were glad to meet with habitable lands, and the emigrants evinced a strong disinclination to proceed any further. But as the land into which they emigrated proved to be as strongly Mohammedan as the one they had left, the leaders were perplexed as to what to do, and in their ignorance of geography, not knowing how far they still had to go before they could get out of the clutches of the detested Islamites, the chiefs held a conference, in which they decided to resort to diplomacy. They concluded to remain where they were and conform to the requirements of Mohammedanism outwardly, but in secret to practice their own favorite dogma unknown to the outside world. This they could easily do, because their sect was already a secret society and a close corporation.

The Druses are divided religiously into two classes: the *Akals*, the knowing ones, or the learned in the law; and the *Djehals*, the ignorant, or the mass. None but the *Akals* can be present at their *Halwés*, or meeting-houses. They are very strict in this observance, and more consistent than the Freemasons in their selection of members. None are admitted into the rank of *Akal* without strict trial and severe probation. Even princes are excluded. The *Akals*, being looked upon as men of probity and the custodians of their faith, exercise a sort of mysterious influence over the rest of their community.

Then, again, their moral code was also of a nature to greatly facilitate their plan. Hypocrisy being a part of their creed, they hold that it is lawful to speak falsehood to men of another creed in defense of their religion, and to keep aloof from the world; not outwardly, but in heart. Simulation, then, being a principle with them, it was not a difficult matter for them to assume the garb and character of the Mohammedans. But that they are not such at heart their acts and conduct plainly indicate.

Although they occasionally go to mosque and indulge in Mussulman worship, they have their own *Halwés*. These are built on prominent places, and away from towns and villages. The approach to these *Halwés* is strictly guarded by sentinels, so as to keep their deliberations perfectly secret and free from intrusion. These are immediately advised of the approach of strangers, who are received into them, but their proceedings are stopped, and, if the intruder be a Mussulman, the Koran is produced; if Christian, the Bible.

Contrary to Mohammedan tenets, their women are not excluded from their *Halwés*, nor seclusion in private life practiced, except when Mohammedans are present, or when they may expect to come in contact with them.

It is for that reason that the women are closely vailed when out of doors, flourishing that singular headgear called *tantour*. It is the scriptural horn, worn by the ancient Assyrian ladies of yore, which the Druse women have adopted. Independent of that feminine propensity which dictates a desire to shine above others, the Druse

women, being gifted with an extra modicum of vanity, have improved this ornament in size and material. It is a straight tube made of either pasteboard, wood, tin or silver, varying in length from six to twenty inches, its size increasing and its costliness depending upon the social standing of the wearer. Some are even adorned with jewelry. It supports the white vail, which, when at home, is left pending behind in graceful folds ready for an emergency, and when abroad serves to envelop their features, leaving only one eye to guide their path.

It is the insignia of married life, the young ladies not being privileged to don it. The women are so proud of it that they are not content to carry this cumbersome apparatus all day long, but they go to bed with it on their heads for fear of losing their rank, or matronly condition, for an instant.

Neither do they conform to the Mussulman requirements of prayer five times a day, nor of keeping the Fast of Ramazan. The only thing they have in common with the Mussulmans is a hatred toward all infidels.

Having resolved to remain in Syria, the next point for the chiefs was to decide on the selection of a suitable locality. Lebanon presented many advantages. The climate was good, and, its situation being difficult of access, exempted them from molestation, as was proved by the isolation of the Maronites. They, therefore, courted the latter to become cohabitants with them on the mountain.

The Maronites, unaware of the secret principles which actuated and guided these people, and judging from their outward conduct, which evinced a decided antipathy to Islamism, and their valiant nature eliciting a sympathy in their favor, thought they would prove important auxiliaries for themselves. So they were permitted not only to settle upon a portion of the mountain without molestation, but, relying upon their valor and integrity, they were assigned to occupy the passes as guards of honor.

The Turkish Government favored also this project. They, the Government, knew very well that their pretensions to Islamism did not amount to a great deal; but even that nominal avowal was sufficient to be made use of to the advantage of the state, as, through them, they might hold some power over the Maronites, who were becoming formidable in their mountain fastnesses, and were gaining aid and support from their co-religionists in Europe.

Mutual interest, which was to oppose the aggressions of the Turkish Government, induced both Maronites and Druses to live peaceably together, yet they lived apart from each other as much as possible. They had their villages separate, and when in the same town they occupied separate quarters. Unlike the Mussulmans, the Druses had free intercourse with the Maronites, yet they did not intermarry.

Even in externals they showed a characteristic appearance different from the Maronites. Contrary to the gay and flashy habiliments of the Maronites, the Druses are modest in externals, excepting their emirs, or princes, who are fond of display. Their ample trousers are of the ordinary blue twill worn by the peasantry, a sash round their waist, buttoned-up vest, a tarboosh on the head, surrounded with a *baffé* or turban, or with a silken *keffié*. This costume is surmounted with a gayly striped *abaya*, made of woolen cloth, which is worn even in the hottest weather. The *Akals* are distinguished from the mass by the still greater simplicity in their apparel, they wearing neither silk nor gold about them, and their headgear being always white. Their women also present a distinctive appearance in public, with the tantour on their heads, which supports the white vail whether on horseback or on foot, and which gives them a weird yet picturesque appearance.

The general form of their dwellings is that principally adapted for the usages of people inhabiting a hot and sultry country. Those of the well-to-do are large, rectangular buildings, inclosing an extensive square yard, round which are the apartments. They are built on solid foundations, and of solid materials, mainly of square stones, and furnished with doors and windows roughly finished.

The roof is supported upon unplaned pine trees, and composed of branches, briers, odds and ends of planks, etc., over which is a heavy pile of earth, well rolled in and covered over with mortar, making, as it were, a terrace on top of the house. On many houses the grass grows luxuriously over the ledges.

In the Summer months it is much the practice to sleep upon the terraces, where they spread their mattresses. Sometimes the night dew is exceedingly heavy, but this is guarded against by temporary canopies or tents erected on the terraces.

The entrance to these dwellings is low and insignificant, so as to be easily blocked up in case of assault or invasion. The doors of the apartments are also low, and the whole building constitutes a species of fortification, within which, the main entrance being secured, the inmates of the house live in perfect security. Barred in with all his family one solitary inhabitant might defy many invaders by retreating, first from the courtyard into one of the chambers, and then from chamber to chamber.

The houses of the peasants are, of course, small, nor have they any courtyard inclosure, yet they are as strongly constructed as those of the upper classes. Their interior division is odd and peculiar; the whole of the interior is divided into four compartments by means of rude mats. Of these the largest is the reception or common sitting room, destitute of what is called furniture, save a divan in the further corner. It is remarkable for the manifold purposes which it is made to serve; it is the dining-room of the family, the bedroom of the servants and occasional guests; even the cattle there sometimes find shelter. In the centre of this room is a species of primitive oven, common throughout Turkey, in which all the bread of the family is baked, and which also serves the purposes of a stove to heat the apartment during Winter. It consists of a hole dug in the ground, about two feet deep and eighteen inches in diameter, in the form of a jar, and plastered. In it a wood fire is lighted, the embers of which, having heated the cavity to a proper degree, are raked into the centre. The prepared dough being rolled out into thin sheets, is stretched across the opening, when the heat within bakes the bread with great rapidity. This is called *lavash*, and, when hot and crisp, is quite palatable, and is a good substitute for the real article.

In the centre of the roof is a smoke hole, a species of primitive chimney, made of two stones, covered over with a third.

Of the three other compartments, one serves as a general store-room, and the other two as dormitories for the family.

Deprived of a courtyard, they have in front of their houses an even piece of ground, which is prepared and hardened, kept clean and pure by frequent sprinklings of water and sweepings. Here the family usually congregate in the cool of the evening, and the *paterfamilias* smokes his long *chibouk*, or gurgles his favorite *narghilé*

(the water-pipe), whilst his wife and children jabber and chatter like true Arabs. On many such occasions the hand-mill of Scriptural fame is brought forth, and the women are seen assiduously engaged in grinding the grain into *boulgour*, or grits, evincing a happy disposition and a contented character.

Their household is unlike that of a Mussulman. They are not polygamists. They have but one wife, and usually marry soon after arriving at manhood.

The *fiançailles* are effected by the parents, and so sacred does a young Druse, like all other Orientals, consider the duty of obedience to the wishes of his parents, that he never dreams of disobeying them, even though he may have his fancy for another more beautiful, more comely, and better adapted to make his future life happy. Yet these matches have very rarely an unhappy ending, as is unfortunately too frequently the case with man and wife in more civilized and more enlightened lands. Nor are they given to that arbitrary practice, as is the custom among the Mohammedans, of abruptly dismissing the wife at will by merely pronouncing the ominous word *bosh* ("null and void").

A MARONITE MURDERED BY THE DRUSES.

Generally, when the subject of marriage is brought upon the *tapis*, the young man whom it most concerns is usually consulted, in an indirect manner, by his parents, with the view to ascertain his preferences, and to know where to look for a bride for their son. Of course there are instances in which the girl may have been bespoken, and the fond youth is destined to disappointment, for even among the Druses the course of true love does not always run smoothly; but when this is the case, the matter is handed over entirely to the mother to repair damages, on condition that the girl to be selected should be young and beautiful.

When the preliminaries have been arranged, three days before the time fixed for the celebration of the wedding, the young man assembles all the youths of the town, and picking out of these the finest and handsomest, makes them arm themselves *cap-à-pie*, and converting himself also into a walking arsenal, leads the procession, which marches to the house of the father of his future bride, who, on his side, having duly received intimation of the coming, arms himself and his household also, and stands at the threshold of the door to receive him. Here in the presence of the assembled friends, and after loud discussion, the final articles of the marriage-contract are settled upon and agreed to.

This point adjusted, the young man solemnly declares and promises to the family to protect and love his wife. The betrothed girl, vailed from head to foot, and accompanied by her nearest female relatives, is brought to the door, and her lover asks her in a distinct voice that all-important question which settles the destinies of so many poor mortals on earth. As a matter of course the girl replies in the affirmative, and at the same time she presents him with a dagger, carefully sewn up in a woolen scarf of her own manufacture, to be used only for her protection, as a token of implicit obedience and reliance.

This much having been accomplished, the father invites the future bridegroom and all his friends to enter into his house and pass the remainder of the day in joyful celebration of the happy event. Accordingly the musicians are brought in, and the young men, seating themselves in a circle, commence the proceedings of the day by a boisterous outburst of mirth and revelry. Some sing, some dance, and others, who are good horsemen, caper on horseback by tearing up and down at the utmost speed, interchanging *djirids* (javelins), or suddenly throwing their horses upon their haunches whilst galloping furiously.

MASSACRE OF MARONITES IN THE CONSULAR COURTYARD AT DAMASCUS.

Meanwhile the bride, immediately after her public interview with her future husband, disappears. She is taken away by her female relatives to the nearest bath, and there they pass the remainder of the day in the fish-like sport of splashing each other with water, and subjecting the bride to the process of purification.

The festivities continue for three days, and at last the auspicious evening for the celebration of the marriage arrives.

The bride, enveloped in an impenetrable vail, concealed beneath shawls and tinsel, and mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, is led off, surrounded by numerous cavaliers and duennas. The drum leads, of course, the procession, and their path is lighted by many torches. This procession is met by another, similar in character, from the house of the bridegroom. The two parties meet at the outskirts of the village, shouts and vociferations of gladness rending the air. Merging into one party, they proceed to the house. The bride is taken charge of by the women, and the bridegroom by the young men, and the torches stuck in the ground in front of the festive abode.

No sooner has the crowd entered the house, scarcely are they seated, when the orator of the occasion makes his appearance. Taking his stand in the centre of the room, he delivers himself, in rotund sentences, of a spread-eagle oration, worthy of a Western stump speaker, extolling the virtues of the happy pair soon to be united, and the bliss that attends a married life, etc.

This over, they all join in a repast, for which extensive preparations have been made all day long. Like all Oriental dinners, everybody thinks of eating, and nobody of talking, so that the business of that meal is speedily dispatched, and the tables and fragments are cleared away, and the guests are bountifully sprinkled with rose-water by a young man, who is the best-man of the bridegroom.

The evening is passed with alternate music, dancing, and general jollification, not only within the house, but outside also, for the crowd is so great that all cannot be accommodated.

About midnight a temporary lull overtakes the assembly by the rising of the *paterfamilias*, when the company follow his example and form a procession, leading the bridegroom to the door of the women's apartment. At the threshold he is met by an old lady, who, taking him by the hand, leads him to the door of the nuptial chamber. As he passes along he walks through a perfect wall of human beings on either side, each striving to follow nearest upon his heels to get a fair sight of the bride.

The bride is seen standing in the centre of the apartment, covered with a red vail, worked with gold tinsel and spangles. She is supported by two of the nearest female relatives of the bridegroom. The mother, who is standing by, now places in the hands of her son that indispensable instrument, the *tantour*, the emblem of womanhood; and he, on his part, on receiving it, advances close to his bride, and removes with his left hand the vail, and almost simultaneously places the horn with his right hand upon her head, disclosing to the anxious crowd a charming face, blooming with the roses of youth; for, be it said that the young ladies of Lebanon, Maronite and Druse, are very pretty.

The crowd now retires, and the happy pair are left alone.

No religious ceremony is performed, no prayer offered, the whole town being a witness to the fact; yet no tie is more binding among them than this simple process.

The guests do not, however, disperse, but keep up their festivities and sing, in Arabic rhythm: "We won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear."

The Druses have many other social peculiarities which merit description, but want of space forbids us to expatiate further; enough, however, has been said to show them to be a very interesting and peculiar people.

The mystery which surrounded this people, and the singularity of their character, so different from the Mussulmans in general, soon attracted the attention of the civilized world, and they became a subject of study to the curious. Amongst others, Lady Hester Stanhope was undoubtedly the most noted.

This eccentric lady, it is well known, was the niece of William Pitt, the famous British statesman, and his private secretary. Through this position, and her shrewd ability, she wielded great power in political circles, and had much influence in English society. At the death of her uncle this was, of course, all gone, and she had to retire into private life and obscurity on a pension of £1,200 a year from the Government. It was a very mortifying circumstance to an ambitious spirit. She took to traveling in the East. Lebanon presented many charms to her fancy, and the Druses were an interesting people. So, resolving to live among them, she chose, in 1813, a desolated convent near the village of Iun as her residence. Converting this ruined monastery into a habitable castle, almost as impregnable as a fortress, and garrisoning it with a numerous retinue of Albanians, she lived there like a royal princess.

Her income, which would have proved insignificant elsewhere, was enough to sustain her in a land where frugality reigned supreme.

Brought up in court, thoroughly versed in diplomacy, with an extensive knowledge of human nature, and a queenly presence, she soon gained the respect and affection of the simple mountaineers, who dubbed her at once a "Sidi"—a princess.

She identified herself with the people in every respect, adopting their costume and habits of life. Disdaining, however, the ridiculous attire of the females, she donned the flowing robes of an Emir—tarbouch and keffié on the head, sword at her side, and handled the pipe with a grace and nonchalance worthy of a native-born prince. Whenever she appeared in public she was always on horseback, *en cavalier*, which is the style adopted by women all over the East, attended by her Albanian guards in their snow-white *fustanels*, or kilts, and armed from head to foot. Thus mounted and surrounded, her parade was always imposing and grand.

She kept open house, whither people flocked, either to partake of her hospitality or for advice or protection; for she often administered justice, and her decisions were respected because of their impartiality.

The style in which she lived was, notwithstanding the economic nature of the people of that country, beyond the means she enjoyed. Her debts began to accumulate, and she was pestered by her creditors. Not seeing any prospective relief, she resolved, one day, upon a singular method of liquidation. She ordered the door of her boudoir to be walled up, which was done; for to hear her was to obey; she ruled everybody with a despotic will.

Thus immured and deprived of nourishment, it was not long before death overtook her ladyship. She was buried in 1839, in a garden adjoining her residence.

The people of Lebanon have long enjoyed an autonomy, under the rule of a prince called "Emir," who resides at Deir-el-Kamer, which is the capital, in the central part of the mountain, and distant from Beiroot about ten miles. Their government is purely patriarchal,

consequently depotic. The Emir is absolute, and has the power of life and death over the people under his rule.

Socially they are divided into three classes : the Emirs, or the princes ; the Sheikhs, or chiefs ; and the Zulmat, or the plebs.

The rank of Emir is not confined to the Druses, but also extends to the Maronites. The towns are governed by the Emirs and the villages by the Sheikhs, with a supreme Emir over the whole.

This principal Emir, or Governor, has, with few exceptions, usually been chosen from among the Maronites ; because they were not only the most numerous, there being even at the present time 140,000 Maronites to 70,000 Druses, but the Maronites were the original occupants of Lebanon.

Lady Stanhope's long residence among them, her intimate relations with the people, and her high connections in England, brought the Druses into closer connections with the English than any other circumstance. The Druses began to look upon the English as being mortals of a higher order than the rest of mankind. The intimacy between the two peoples grew stronger day by day, until the one looked upon the other as their protectors, and the English considered the Druses their natural allies. So that, in 1840, when Ibrahim Pasha conquered Syria, the Druses, by the advice of the English, sided with the Porte, whilst the Maronites and the Greeks, from instinctive hatred of the Turks and the Turkish Government, affiliated with the invader, encouraged as they were by fair promises, based upon a prestige of liberal ideas held by Mehmed-Ali of Egypt.

This was the occasion of the first political dissension among the inhabitants of Lebanon.

The case became aggravated when Emir Bishir, the ruling Maronite Prince, through a partisan spirit, forced a conscription to be levied from among the Druses. The Druses naturally opposed it, and the strife waxed hot and bitter.

When Syria was recovered from the grasp of Ibrahim and given back to the Sultan by the united action of the Great Powers, tranquillity was restored in the Lebanon, and once more peace was re-established ; but not harmony ; for they lived ever after like cats and dogs, owing to the re-instatement of Emir Bishir, who had rendered himself odious to them, and to their disappointment in not having a Druse governor appointed.

Nevertheless matters went on as quietly as possible, until a trifling circumstance, a mere spark, set the whole fabric in a blaze, through the intrigues of the Porte and the instigations of the Damascenes.

Damascus, the hotbed of Islamism, is beautifully situated on a plain east of the Anti-Lebanon range, about forty-eight miles from Deir-el-Kamer. It is supposed to be the most ancient city in the world, and the cradle of the Mohammedan rule in Turkey ; they, the Mussulmans, having the traditional faith, "Eveli-sham ; Akheri sham"—Damascus first, Damascus last, meaning, "As there we had our birth, there shall we be found at the last."

The plain on which it stands is of great extent and extraordinary fertility, covered with the most beautiful gardens and orchards, irrigated by the limpid waters of the Barrada, forming a waving grove of more than fifty miles in circuit, rich in the most luxuriant foliage and luscious fruit.

Mohammed, when he first saw it, declared it to be a paradise on earth. It is regarded by the Mohammedans as a holy city, "Sham-esh-Sherif"; and here the pilgrims assemble annually, on their journey to, and separate on their return from, Mecca. It has a population of 120,000, 12,000 of whom are Christians, and 5,000 Jews.

Notwithstanding that the Mohammedans of this city enjoy the sobriquet of "Tcheleby," polite gentlemen, they are as bigoted and fanatical as the natives of Arabia ; and their hatred of Christians as intense.

These Damascenes have ever exercised a secret influence over the mass of the Druses, irritating them constantly against the Maronites, by taunts and jeers, so that the slightest wrong or injury committed by the one was at once resented and revenged by the other. For the Maronites, being no less proud and valorous, could ill brook any insolence from the Druses, whom they considered their *protégés*. Hence, occasions were never wanting to bring about a conflict.

It so happened that a peasant, whether a Druse or a Maronite it is not known, had emptied a basketful of rubbish over the wall, and into the property of his neighbor. This ridiculous circumstance was the occasion which gave rise, in 1860, to that dreadful catastrophe which horrified all civilized Europe. Partisans multiplied, murder upon murder was committed : a spirit of retaliation was everywhere dominant, until it ended in a general civil war.

Verily big oaks from little acorns grow !

Foreign interference became a necessity. But while the Great Powers were trying to arrange matters, the Druses laid their plot to massacre the Maronites.

Magnanimity is not a constituent element in the composition of an Oriental, especially of a Mohammedan ; vindictiveness is a trait, and treachery a principle. To forgive and forget, he knows nothing about ; vengeance first, vengeance last ; if overpowered, he abides his time and watches the opportunity. Accordingly, the Maronites were induced to enter the courtyard of one of the Druse chiefs and give up their arms, under pretense of peace and conciliation ; and these poor wretches, the Maronites, not suspecting any treachery, having complied with the request, for the sake of peace, were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, and in a most cowardly manner—2,000 men, women and children being massacred.

The intelligence of this massacre having reached Damascus, the Mohammedans there, as everywhere, watchful and ready to avail themselves of any pretext of venting their rage against the Christians, commenced at once to open fire upon them. Five hundred Christians were murdered there, among whom was the Dutch Consul ; the American Consul being severely wounded.

The Foreign Powers now took the matter in hand in earnest, put down the insurrection, chastised, in a measure, the guilty, and finally restored order and tranquillity.

With the idea of giving neither the Maronites nor Druses cause for future dissension, it was there and then determined to have an outsider for Governor of Lebanon, with the proviso that he should be a Roman Catholic.

This arrangement was a compromise, since it satisfied both parties. The Maronites, seeing that they could not have one of their princes, as formerly, were appeased by the fact that the appointee was to be a Roman Catholic ; and the Druses were reconciled to it because no more Maronite rulers were to be set over them.

This Governor is an appointee of the Porte by the approval of the Foreign Powers.

The first of these rulers was Franco Pasha, a native of Aleppo, and an Armenian Catholic. He was an illiterate man, and in humble circumstances, having for many years been a mere collector in a French mercantile house in Constantinople. He was, by an extraordinary freak of fortune, suddenly raised to this position with the rank of

a *Müshir!* Uneducated as he was, and unskilled in diplomacy, he managed, through native intelligence and innate sense of human nature, derived from practical life, to give satisfaction to all concerned. On his death he was succeeded by Davoud Pasha, another Armenian Catholic, and a native of Constantinople. He was for many years in the diplomatic service of the Porte, and at one time was its Turkish Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin.

After several years' service on the mountain he was replaced by Rustem Pasha, an Italian by birth, Conte Marini, and, of course, a Roman Catholic. He had been for a long while in the service of the Sultan, and was for several years the Turkish Ambassador at St. Petersburg. His European education, and experience in diplomatic service, eminently qualified him for the post of Governorship of Lebanon. But having incurred the displeasure of

DON'T ASK FOR THE TOLL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 178.

A QUARREL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—"YOU SHOULD HAVE WITNESSED THE EMBRACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, WHEN GEORGE ARRIVED ON THE SPOT, AND RECEIVED INTO HIS WILLING ARMS HIS POOR, SORRY, TIRED LITTLE WIFE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

the French, at the expiration of his term, seven years, he was replaced by one of whom very little is known.

Wassa Pasha, the actual ruler of Lebanon, is an Albanian Prince, of the sect known as the Miridites, who are the Roman Catholics of Albania. Untrammeled with any knowledge of the world, nor versed in the wiles of diplomacy, but a mere creature of the French, when the next outbreak takes place he will certainly not be the man to cope with it, and it is feared his administration will rather hasten the catastrophe.

DON'T ASK FOR THE TOLL.

THE breeze on the river fell light as a feather,
Just curling the water to catch the sun's beam,
When Sir Rowland and Mysie both came down together,
But each on an opposite side of the stream.
He came with his rod for the trout and the grayling,
She was going with her rake to help in the hay.
It was only a footbridge without any railing,
And Sir Rowland and Mysie met on it half way.
He smiled in her face as a blush o'er it stole,
"I can't let you pass,"
He cried, "pretty lass,
Unless you are willing to pay me the toll."

"The toll!" she exclaimed. "I have never paid any;
Scores of times upon scores I have passed over free,
Please, sir, let me by! I haven't a penny;
The hay is all cut, and they're waiting for me."
"I am Lord of the Manor," he answered, "so, honey,
My manorial rights I don't mean to miss.
You haven't your purse; well, I don't want your money;
The toll that I ask for is only a kiss;
But till I get one, the bridge I'll patrol;
I won't let you pass,
No! I won't pretty lass,
Till you've paid me a kiss by way of the toll."

Down under the bridge the sly trout were rushing,
The clouds they were sailing along in the sky,
Mysie said not a word, but her cheeks they were flushing,
Her bosom heaved fast, fire gleamed in her eye.
She looked in her anger the queen of haymakers,
As with her rake sceptre she dealt him a blow,
And the owner of river and bridge and broad acres
Went down with a splash to the fishes below.
"It is lucky," she cried, "that the water is shoal.
Next time a poor lass
Wishes by you to pass,
My lord of bad manners, don't ask for the toll!"

A QUARREL AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By MARIE HAZEN.

CHAPTER I.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE STANLEY had had a quarrel—a quarrel of the short, sharp order commonly known as a *spat*. Mr. Stanley had retired from the breakfast-table in some haste, and was cooling his heels—and temper, too—in the small reception-room at the end of the hall.

Mrs. Stanley still sat behind the urn, with flashing eyes and frowning brow, tapping the spoon she held in her fingers against the side of her teacup in a nervous, irritated sort of manner.

The fact was, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley had been married but a short time, and this was their first real difficulty, and began in this way:

Mr. S. had, after a few moments' devotion to the fragrant coffee and delicate rolls, signified his intention to absent himself from the domestic dinner-table, dine with Tom Clifford at the club, and "drop in" at the theatre during the evening.

Mrs. S. took exceptions instantly, and intimated the possession of a secret opinion in regard to gentlemen who left their wives to solitude and dullness, to find pleasure by themselves.

Mr. S. elevated his eyebrows and pursed out his lips in a highly exasperating manner, and committed the unpardonable offense of saying nothing.

Thereupon Mrs. S. lost control of that exceedingly useful but somewhat unruly member—her tongue—and made clear as sunlight the aforesaid secret opinion, which, strange to say, failed to reflect credit on the purposed course of her lord and master.

George was not the man to take an imputation against his honor calmly, and he informed Mrs. S., in exceedingly terse style, that whatever plans he chose to adopt were in no way a matter for her approval or disapproval, and hinted that he had advanced sufficiently on the highway of life to be able to discriminate between an inclination to remain at home and a desire to go out, without the assistance of any one.

Then Mrs. Stanley assured Mr. S., with great politeness, that she should be charmed to have him go—indeed, looked forward with great eagerness to the moment when the hall-door should close behind him for the day, and she be at liberty to amuse herself without sacrificing every thought to an unworthy subject—name not mentioned.

Mr. S. returned the courtesy by begging permission to retire from the table; which being granted, he left the room with an elaborate bow and exaggerated show of careless ease.

For full ten minutes he stood before the window in the little reception-room, with hands thrust deep into pockets, and eyes staring vacantly out of the window, secretly expecting a repentant little wife to steal in upon him. But as the little wife was by no means repentant, and was herself waiting in secret hope of *his* return, feeling terribly aggrieved all the time, Mr. S. was allowed to continue his survey of the street in uninterrupted solitude.

Becoming weary of this, after fifteen minutes spent in gnawing his mustache, that gentleman pounded out into the hall, whipped on his overcoat, thrust his hat on his head, and left the house with a slam, muttering to himself as he went a remark not altogether complimentary to the sulky little woman at the breakfast-table, or worthy of a husband of three months' standing.

Mrs. Stanley heard the door slam behind her angry spouse, and instantly burst into a flood of tears, partly of disappointment, partly of temper.

Novelists are fond of asserting that the rivers of tears which their heroines constantly weep make them look still more beautiful; but Mrs. Stanley's tears, I am sorry to say, only had the ordinary effect—they made her head ache and gave her a red nose. Consequently, as there was no one present to pet her, or be harrowed into abject contrition at sight of them, she wisely concluded to reserve the supply, and turn her attention to concocting some plan of revenge.

Was she to be treated in this style, and tamely submit? Certainly not! But what was to be done? That was the question which caused the little lady to knit her white brow and tap her dainty slippered foot.

George must be brought to book shortly and severely; that was clear as daylight. But how?

Several plans suggested themselves, but as all of them entailed more or less suffering upon herself, she abandoned them, and still continued to think with perplexed face. Just then, as she began to despair of hitting upon the right thing, her friend and confidant, Miss Fortescue, came rushing in.

Miss Fortescue was sympathetic and inquisitive, and before many minutes had heard the whole story of Mrs. Stanley's wrongs and her desire for revenge.

"I'll tell you what to do," said she, suddenly, after a few moments' reflection. "Mrs. Dodge gives a yachting-party to-day. You have an invitation—so have I. Let's go. Afterward do you come home to dinner with me, and in the evening we will make brother Ned take us out to the theatre! It's just the thing!" she cried, clapping her hands and waltzing around the room. "We will take good care not to get home till after Mr. Stanley does; and won't he be frightened!"

Mrs. Stanley laughed and agreed to the plan; and Miss Fortescue departed to don her coquettish yachting-suit, while Mrs. Stanley hastened to replace her pretty wrapper for a no less captivating boating-dress.

By eleven o'clock our two friends, together with twenty more ladies and gentlemen, were safely embarked on Mrs. Dodge's trim little yacht, the *Gypsy*, and merrily sailing up the Sound.

A gay party! Ribbons were fluttering, plumes nodding, and laugh and song ringing loud and clear over the rippling water.

Mrs. Stanley's face was wreathed in smiles, and being really bright and charming, and decidedly pretty, she did not lack for either attention or admiration.

The pretty, albeit somewhat fantastic, dress of dark-blue and scarlet, with saucy hat and feather, suited admirably the *petite* figure and piquant face.

In fact, they proved too fascinating for the wisdom of Mr. Gilbert Hunter—commonly called "Gill"—and caused him to be guilty of the indiscretion of hovering too long in the light of the little lady's presence, just a *trifle* to the neglect, and *largely* to the irritation, of his *fiancée*, Miss Fortescue.

Mrs. Stanley was utterly innocent of the slightest intention to offend her friend by absorbing any undue amount of her lover's attention. The truth was, that as her temper cooled her heart weakened, and it became necessary to fortify resolution by an exaggerated show of fine spirits, and a piquant mental repetition—"What fun this is! and how nicely I'm paying George off!"—which, after all, did not entirely satisfy her.

In short, Mrs. Stanley was nervous and unhappy, and her pink cheeks, bright eyes and over-gay laugh were due to this cause, and not to the pleasure she took in Mr. Hunter's society.

So the morning passed, and lunch was served and eaten amidst noise and fun—a somewhat lengthy performance, prolonged by song and story. In fact, so gay and joyous was the party, that they failed to observe an ominous cloud in the southwest.

The sea seemed provoked at the cloud, and began to show its discontent. Gayety began to fade. Mrs. Stanley, who had just exchanged a sharp word or two with Miss Fortescue, was soon too ill to do more than give a reproachful look to her friend as she made a hasty retreat for the cabin and some place whereupon to lie. As she turned to go, a short, sharp puff of wind lifted the smart little hat from its place and blew it far to leeward; but little heeded she! Hats and feathers dwindled into utter insignificance—admirers, friends, life itself, was but as dust and ashes. One thing only was to be desired—total annihilation!

The wind blew a gale, darkness settled down, and that fiendish little *Gypsy* pitched and tossed on the rough waters in a manner sorry to behold and diabolical to endure.

Poor Mrs. Stanley lay groaning on the cushioned benches that ran round the cabin, almost as heart-sick as she was sea-sick.

"Oh, George!" she moaned, "how wrong and foolish I was! I am so sorry! Oh-o-o-o! I wish I was home—*how* I wish I was home! Oh-o-o! Oh, my!"

Repentance was of little use. The *Gypsy* still rose in short jerks and fell with long swoops, which made the "unseasoned" feel that hanging would be actual luxury compared with it.

Gradually the storm subsided and a calm fell upon them. The wind died away with a low moan, and naught but the patter of the raindrops, as they fell into the bosom of the Sound, remained to tell of the storm which had passed on.

An hour more and this, too, ceased, and the sun came forth to take a parting peep before going comfortably to bed among his rosy blankets in the west.

Mrs. Stanley crept wearily on deck and sought her friend. Contrite and humble, she was willing to forgive every one, to be herself forgiven.

Poor little woman!—jaunty hat and feather gone, gay little dress wrinkled and disarranged, hair out of crimp and falling down—she certainly was a figure to awaken compassion in the heart of any one.

But Miss Fortescue was proof against the appeal. Being jealous, she was pitiless; and being tired and uncomfortable, she was cross. Afraid to vent her ill-nature on "Gill," the real offender, she poured out the vials of her wrath on poor little Gussie's head.

Her first salutation was: "My goodness! How you do look!"

"I don't care how I look," was the piteous reply, "if I could only get home. How long will it be, do you think, Mollie?"

"Oh, not for hours," responded Miss Mollie, with cool indifference. "There isn't a breath of wind, and we may have to stay here all night."

Foolish tears gathered in Mrs. Stanley's great brown eyes and rolled down her pale cheeks.

"For goodness' sake," said Miss Fortescue, sharply, "don't be such a baby! You look ugly enough now, without crying. Your hair will be quite down, if you don't put your handkerchief over it."

"But, Mollie," remonstrated Gussie, with a suspicious choke in her voice, as she meekly obeyed and enveloped the dispersed crimps and puffs in her scarf, "I'm so worried about George—and so sorry, too!"

"You're a goose!" was the polite rejoinder. "What a fuss you do make! Don't you suppose any one is uncomfortable but yourself? *I* didn't tell you to quarrel with your husband, nor advise you to 'pay him off.' It was all your own fault. I'm sure you enjoyed yourself without the *slightest regard to appearances*, till you grew too sick to sit up."

"What do you mean, Mary Fortescue?" demanded Mrs. Stanley, staring at her in horrified amazement.

"*I* don't mean anything; but *everybody* has been talking about you all day?"

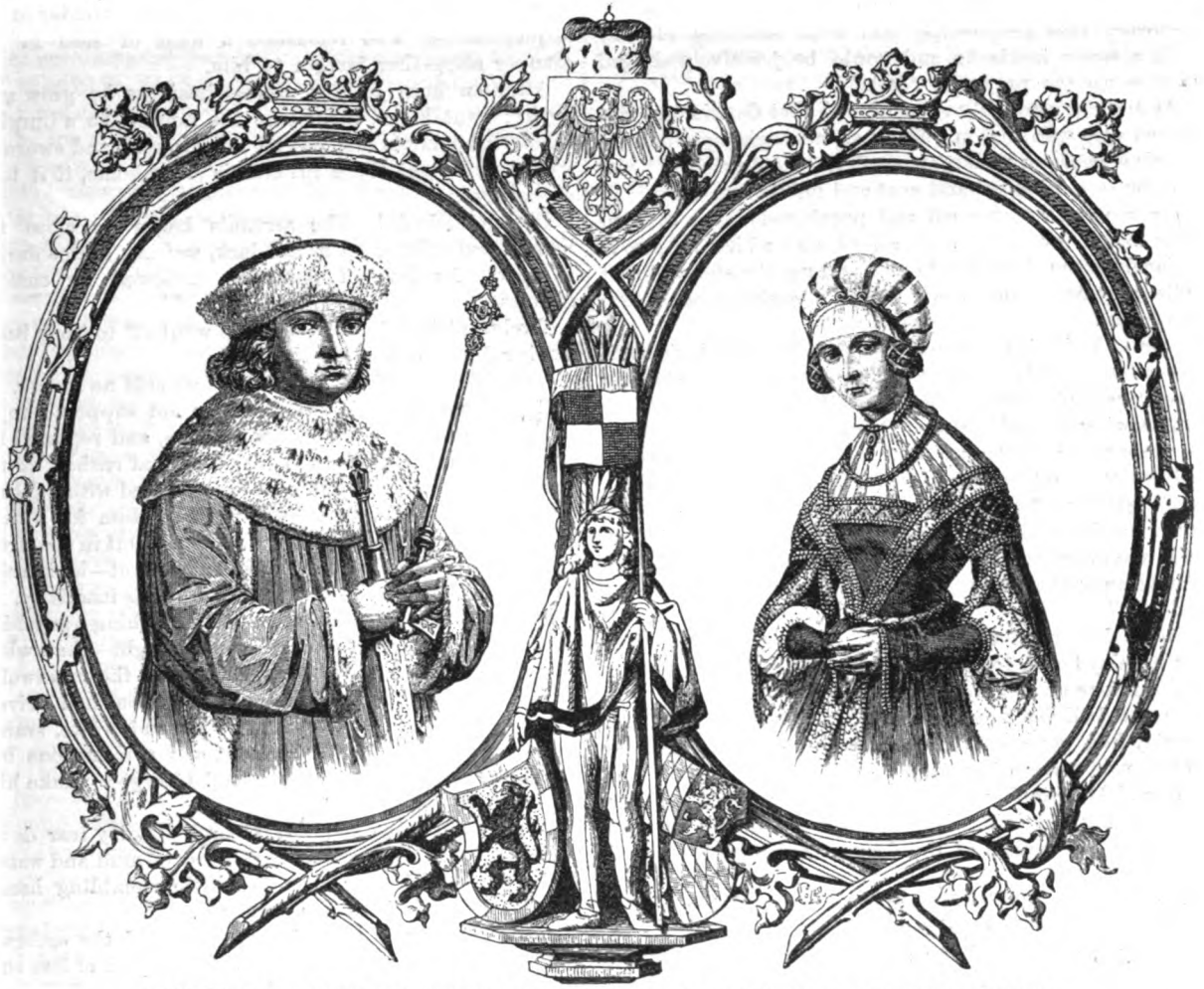
"About me? For what?"

"How innocent we are!" sneered Miss Fortescue, "I suppose you think it looks very proper for a lady, only just married, to publicly advertise her quarrels with her husband, and then flirt shamefully with almost a stranger for an entire day. *You* may think it all very nice, but others don't—that is all."

"I never thought of flirting," gasped Gussie, too much confounded to be angry.

"Oh, indeed!—didn't you? Perhaps you were *really* in love with Mr. Hunter, instead of *pretending* you were!"

THE POST.— BY KAFFSACK.



THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.—FREDERICK VI. AND HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH OF BAVARIA.

retorted Miss Fortescue, with a scornful curl of her lip. "It's a pity you did not complete your conquest while you had the chance, for I assure you no man living would admire you now, my dear."

This was more than even Gussie could endure. Stepping close up to Miss Fortescue, and looking her haughtily and calmly in the face, she said, quietly:

"I would not have believed you capable of so much baseness, Mary; but as long as I live I never willingly shall speak to you again!"

Then she walked away, and sat down and looked at the water, and thought of George, and repented bitterly.

Chapter II.

When Mr. Stanley left the house he was in a towering rage — in a state of mind which might be denominated savage.

DEATH OF ALBERT THE MINSTREL.

At first he recited quite a number of short, disconnected, but exceedingly *pithy* words, under his breath, and told himself that "Gussie" was entirely to blame, and indulged himself in calling her a "goose!" "a nuisance," and "a provoking simpleton" also, under his breath.

Considering the firmness of his conviction, it was just a little strange how many times, during the morning, he found it necessary to remind himself of his unalterable decision regarding the affair.

By noon he began to entertain doubts about the wisdom of his course. Certainly Gussie was to blame, entirely to blame, only perhaps *he* had been a *trifle* too hasty in leaving the house.

On mature consideration, he was willing to admit that he ought not to have *slammed* the door, and *might* have waited at least five minutes longer down-stairs.

At 3 P.M. Tom Clifford called, and George made the discovery that he (George) had been suffering all day with a *severe* headache, and would be positively obliged to give up the proposed "lark."

At 3:30 he suddenly remembered that Gussie had not looked very well that morning; so, apologizing to himself for his *brutishness* in forgetting that "the dear child" was sick, he seized his hat and coat and hurried up-town.

On the way he stopped and purchased a box of bonbons and a lovely bouquet, armed with which he strode valiantly home, into the house, and up the stairs to that little cozy nest, known as "Gussie's sewing-room." No one there!

A mild irritation began to pervade Mr. Stanley's soul, but never doubting she was in the parlor, entertaining some "caller," he composed himself to wait.

Throwing himself in an easy-chair, he stared lazily at an impossible sunflower that was straggling across an ugly-colored tablecover—the latest form of art needlework, greatly affected by Gussie.

"I wonder who it is?" he muttered, gazing at the cover with one eye closed, to see if by any chance it might look like a flower that way. "I don't hear any one. I'll go and see."

So he descended to the parlor. Vacancy saluted him. Mr. Stanley began to frown darkly, and bestowed the flattering information upon himself that he was an ass.

In the hall he met the maid, and was told that Mrs. Stanley had gone out in the morning, but had left no message or order of any kind.

Would Mr. Stanley dine? Mr. Stanley would *not* dine —was going out immediately. And out he did go, with almost as loud a slam of the door as heralded his morning's departure.

He dined at a restaurant, and pronounced the dinner "villainous"; took a walk up Broadway, and called it "beastly"; spent an hour at the theatre, and voted it "outrageously stupid." Then Mr. Stanley repented once more.

Of course Gussie went out. Any woman with any spirit would have gone. And a woman without spirit was no woman for George Stanley.

Certainly she went out, but just as certainly she would come home again at a proper time. It was now close upon ten o'clock, consequently she was undoubtedly at home now.

Mr. Stanley turned homeward once more, not, perhaps, with the tender feelings of the afternoon, but with an air of quiet dignity, flavored with gentleness. This time he rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Stanley up-stairs?" he asked of the man servant.

"No, sor; she's not to home," was the startling reply.

Mr. Stanley shuddered to the tips of his handsome boots, and grew pale with dread and horror.

Could Gussie have left him for ever? Or had she, in a moment of frenzy, committed suicide?

Clearing the steps at one bound, Mr. Stanley dashed wildly down the street, all kinds of wild plans running riot in his brain. After a little he grew calmer, and tried to imagine what *he* should have done had he been in Gussie's place.

Then he remembered that she was quite intimate with Mary Fortescue; possibly she might be there. So he called, but was met by the information that both Mrs. and Miss Fortescue were out.

Too proud to confess to a servant that he did not know the whereabouts of his own wife, he refrained from asking a question that might have given him a clew.

He called at several places, rather to the wonder of his acquaintances, who remarked a want of ease in his manner altogether foreign to him.

After an hour of this useless business he grew mad again; went home, crept into the house like a burglar, removed his boots and put on his slippers, and swore he would wait right there till Gussie came home, if it took a century.

Eleven o'clock! The servants began to close the house; but still he sat in the dark, waiting, scarce daring to move, for fear of detection, followed by curious glances.

Twelve o'clock! The servants went off to their beds, leaving John to doze and wait.

One o'clock! Mr. Stanley could sit still no longer.

Regardless of the fact that he was not supposed to be in the house, he kicked off his slippers, and replaced his boots with much noise and dispatch, and rushed downstairs, only to be confronted by John, armed with a gigantic poker, who barely missed braining him for a thief before he discovered he was his master. Out in the street once more—scarce knowing whither he went—he hurried on; better fruitless action than maddening inactivity.

So fierce was his desire to do something—anything rather than give one instant more to thought—that, when a carriage passing made him pause upon the crosswalk, he lifted up his voice and swore at the astonished driver.

Instantly a bare and frowsy head and white, scared face were thrust from the window, and a tremulous but well-known voice cried: "George! George! Make him stop! Make him stop!"

You should have seen Mr. George Stanley tear down the street after the carriage, regardless of mud and water. And you should have seen the little trembling hands tugging desperately at the bell-pull.

Furthermore, you should have witnessed the embrace in the middle of the street, when Gussie had at last succeeded in stopping the carriage, and burst wildly out, and George had arrived on the spot breathless and muddy, but happy, and received into his willing arms his poor, tired, sorry little wife.

You should have seen all this, and George's fierce determination to pull the driver from his seat and trample him in the mire, under the impression that he (the driver) was in the act of abducting his (George's) wife. But it was all explained at last, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were carried in safety to their door.

There was a little embarrassment in entering, it is true, for to arrive at one's house at 1:30 A.M., minus a hat, and in a very shaken condition, is not exactly agreeable for a lady, whatever a gentleman may consider it for himself; but George was too glad to get his wife safely back, and Gussie was too much ashamed and sorry to heed much the figure they cut. But when the gas was well turned up, and Mrs. Gussie stood revealed in all the shortcomings of her toilet, George burst into a fit of laughter.

"I don't see what you are laughing at," said Gussie, in a very injured tone.

"Don't you, dear!" gasped her husband, between the peals. "Of all the *shows* I ever saw, you are the greatest!"

"Am I! Perhaps you fancy *you* look exceedingly well," said Gussie, looking up through the tangled and windtossed hair which hung over her eyes, trying to look dignified, and failing utterly.

"Me!" exclaimed George, with a sublime indifference to grammar. "What is wrong about me?"

"Come and see," said his wife, leading him before the mirror, and lighting the side burners.

It would be difficult to say which one of the two was most astonished at the mirror's reflection.

For one moment they gazed at themselves in helpless and speechless dismay, then turned horrified eyes each upon the other, but the absurdity of their appearance proved too much for their gravity, and both burst into a hearty laugh.

George saw, in the place of the elegant *comme il fait* gentleman, who was accustomed to respond to his frequent demand if all was right, a face and *get up* hitherto unknown to him.

This man, who was masquerading in his dress and burlesquing his face, was a shabby-looking man, with a limp wreck of a collar, hair wet and straggling, a shirt-front blistered by penitent tears and ornamented with breast-pins of mud, and a generally "gone-to-seed" appearance.

Standing beside this travesty of Mr. Stanley was a little woman, with a fearfully dirty face, through which salt tears had washed white furrows; hair torn ruthlessly down by unfeeling and riotous breezes; white face, red nose and owlish eyes, arrayed in dress of scarlet and blue, whose smartness tried to apologize for its disorder.

"I don't see," said Gussie, at last, with a slight toss of the tumbled head, "that I look so *very* much worse than you do, George Stanley!"

"I am forced to admit the truth of your assertion, madam," responded George, with mock solemnity. "But, in the language of my old colored nurse, I must say we both look *powerful homely*. Let's adjourn."

So George retreated to the armchair, and Gussie, looking like an ill-treated doll-baby, perched herself upon his knee and related the adventures of her day.

Like the honest little woman that she was, she told the whole truth, without trying to make herself one whit better than she was; and George forgot his little resentment altogether in the warmth of his indignation toward Mary Fortescue.

So he petted his little tired wife, and smoothed the rough but pretty hair gently, while he, too, confessed, rather shamefacedly, more by inference than by direct accusation, his own repentance and unhappiness.

The east was growing red ere the mutual confession was ended, and the loving seal of a better understanding pressed upon lips that promised better sentinelship in the future over sharp and angry words.

And the sun, as he rose, peeped in and glorified that resolution with the golden warmth of his touch, and promised a brighter day than the last—a day in which no storms of rain or wind should fall—let us hope, a day also in which no tempest of anger or rain of repentant tears should fall.

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

The German nation has a better right than any other in Christendom to take pride in its reigning House. For nine centuries the Hohenzollerns—as successively Counts (*Grafen*) of Zollern, Burggraves of Nuremberg, Prince-Electors of Brandenburg, and Kings of Prussia—have borne a prominent and ever-increasing part in German history; and in our own days the head of the family has become hereditary head of the newly-created Empire of Germany. Counting from Frederick I., who eight centuries ago became Burggrave of Nuremburg, down to Kaiser William, we find some five-and-twenty names, mostly in direct succession from father to son. Among these are many able men, only a few weak ones, and not a single absolute blockhead or scoundrel. All of them are of pure German blood, for scarcely a Hohenzollern has taken any other than a German wife.

Legend, of more than dubious authority, ascribes the origin of the family to a mythical Count (*Comes*) Thassilo, a contemporary of Charlemagne, who is said to have built, in about the year 800, high up the Swabian Alps, the *Zoller*, which became the family-seat, and from which it derives its name. *Zoll*, in German, means "toll" or "impost"; hence it is held by some that *Hohenzoller* signifies the "High-Tollery," or lofty place where traders had to pay for the right of passing by with their wares. The position of the place was indeed well suited for such a purpose; but this derivation of the name seems to us wholly fanciful. More probably the word is the same as *Söller*, a "story" of a building, equivalent to any lofty structure—a "tower" or "keep."

Leaving out of view Thassilo—if there ever was such a man—and his descendants during two centuries, we come to the first really historical fact in the year 1027, when a certain Frederick, "Graf in the Sülichgau," and his neighbor, Anselm von Tübingen, made their appearance at Ulm, some fifty miles away, upon some business or other. "Probably," says our best authority on the subject,* "this Frederick was the original builder of the Burg of Zolr." The Burg was pretty well destroyed early in the fifteenth century. Some five-and-thirty years ago a small piece of the surrounding territory was made over to the King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany, who erected the present strong fortress and castle of Hohenzollern. The only ancient part of the structure is the Chapel of St. Michael, containing some votive carvings, in stone, of considerable artistic merit, which are unquestionably eight hundred years old.

The Castle of Hohenzollern stands far south in the Swabian country near the borders of Switzerland, on a sunny slope of the Rauhe Alps, not far from the sources of the Danube on the one hand, and twenty miles from the Lake of Constance on the other. It is perched upon the summit of a steep table-rock 2,800 feet above the level of the sea, only overtopped by a neighboring "horn" 200 feet higher. It commands an extensive view in every direction, being itself clearly visible from many points at a distance of a dozen miles. A branch of the Tübingen Railway runs past the foot of the cliff, up the steep side of which a good carriage-road has been constructed in zigzags. It is a brisk hour's walk from the neat little station to the fortress and castle. The fortress is constructed upon the best modern plans, the castle itself being five stories high, with five lofty turrets. It is a quite noted show-place, visitors being conducted, for a "consideration," through the various apartments.

Frederick, our first Hohenzollern, had apparently two sons, of whom we read in an old Swabian chronicle that, in 1061, "*Burcardus et Wecilo de Zolorin occiduntur*"—"Bunkard and Werner of Zolorin were slain"—probably in battle. Burkard had two sons, Frederick, *Comes de Zolra*, and Adalbert *de Zolro, Comes de Huigerloh*. "Zolorin," "Zolra" and "Zolro" are only Latinized forms for the German "Zollern," the title borne by successive *Grafen*, or Counts, and which in time came to be used as the family name, with the addition of the prefix *Hohen* (High), referring to the lofty cliff upon which the ancestral castle stood. These Zollerns flourished in their

* *Die Hohenzollern und das Deutsche Vaterland:* Von Dr. R. Graf Stillfried-Alcantara und Professor Dr. Bernhard Kugler: Munchen. 1881. 4to.

native district. Besides their chief Burg, they had castles, residences and estates in the plains of the Upper Neckar and on the plateau of the Swabian Alps, southward to the shores of Lake Constance and westward to the elevated valleys of the Black Forest. Thanks both to their wealth and to their ancient lineage, they ranked high among their contemporaries. They bestowed much wealth upon the Church, and founded the beautiful convent of Alpirsbach among the pines of the neighboring wooded hills.

About 1170 two cousins, Burkard and Frederick, became conspicuous. From Burkard sprung the line of Counts of Hohenberg, who took their title from their Castle of Hohenberg, upon the Neckar. Fourth in descent was Albert, the "Minstrel," whose sister was the wife of that Rudolf of Habsburg who became Emperor of Germany. Albert was a zealous adherent of the Habsburgs; a stout warrior withal, who fell in a fight near Leinstten in April, 1298. An old illuminated manuscript describes and rudely portrays his death. The fight is a fierce *mêlée* at the foot of a tower built of squared stones. At the top of the tower is a covered balcony, from which three women are looking out, weeping and wringing their hands. Horsemen and footmen are mingled together in inextricable confusion, their huge two-edged swords, a hand's-breadth broad, dripping with gore, or buried deep in the breasts of an enemy. The Hohenberg line became extinct in 1486.

From Frederick, the other cousin, sprang the Swabian and Franconian lines of Hohenzollern. He left his native hills, went northward and won for wife the Countess Sophia, daughter and sole heiress of Conrad von Raabs, Burggraf of Nuremberg.

Nuremberg, even thus early, was one of the most important cities in Germany, noted for the industry and enterprise of its citizens, and its famous tournaments. The Burggrafship had come to be virtually hereditary in certain noble families who had sons worthy of it. Conrad von Raabs dying, left to his son-in-law large estates in both Franconia and Austria, together with good claims upon the Burggrafship of Nuremberg. Kaiser Henry VI., upon acceding to the imperial crown in 1192, invested Frederick with the succession to this dignity, because "he and his forefathers had done zealous and faithful service to the House of Hohenstaufen." Frederick continued to be among the foremost partisans of the imperial House, and his power was sufficient to enable him to lay a firm foundation for the further aggrandization of the House of Hohenzollern. He is known in history as Frederick I., Burggraf of Nuremberg. He died in 1201, and was buried by the side of his father-in-law in the old Doppelkapelle at Nuremberg.

OLDEST MEMORIALS IN THE CASTLE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

His two sons, Frederick II. and Conrad, at first held in common the estates which had fallen to them from the paternal and maternal sides. Before long, however, they made an amicable division. Frederick, the elder, received the family castle of Hohenzollern and all the ancestral possessions in Swabia. He is the ancestor of the later Swabian Hohenzollerns, who, notwithstanding occasional misfortunes, have ever since maintained a high place among the nobles of Southwestern Germany, were in 1623 made Princes of the Empire, and have kept

IN THE BURGGARTEN AT NUREMBERG, A. D. 1200.

up an unbroken succession to the present time. Conrad, the younger brother, received the Franconian estates which had come through the mother, together with the Burggrafship of Nuremberg, which had hitherto been held by his brother. He is thus, in a special sense, the ancestor of the Hohenzollerns of Franconia, of whom is the royal House of Prussia, with whom as Burggraves of Nuremberg, Electors of Brandenburg, and Kings of Prussia, we shall have mainly to do.

Carlyle, in his "History of Frederick the Great"—following what authorities, or how carelessly following them, we know not—has made utter confusion in respect to this Conrad. He represents Conrad as a younger son of the House of Hohenzollern, who some years previous to 1170 set out to seek his fortune under the great Kaiser Frederick, styled Barbarossa ("Redbeard"), with whom he rose into favor, was made by him Burggraf of Nuremberg, and much else. Barbarossa set out upon his fatal crusade in 1189. Mr. Carlyle conjectures that Conrad did not accompany him, perhaps for the reason that he had sons old enough for such work, and better fitted for it. Now Conrad was not even born until some years later than 1170, and, instead of having grown-up sons, must have been a mere lad when Barbarossa disappeared from mortal eye in the icy waters of the Saleph. Moreover, he inherited his estates and the Burggraviate from his father, who received the position not from Barbarossa himself, but from his son, Henry VI. Carlyle (or, perhaps, his authorities,) seems to have confounded Conrad with his father, Frederick I.

Conrad, Graf von Zollern and Burggraf von Nuremberg, was evidently a man of mark in his day. "In his long life," we are told, "he found many occasions to distinguish himself both as a warrior and a statesman." He died in 1261, at the age of more than three score and ten, and was buried in the convent at Heilbronn, which for several centuries served as the family burying-place for most of the Burggraves and Markgraves of the line of Hohenzollern.

Conrad was succeeded by his son, Frederick III., who, as well as his successors, appears to have tacitly dropped the title of "Graf von Zollern," retaining the more important one of Burggraf von Nuremberg, which was also dropped when they became, in 1415, Electors of Brandenburg. The foundations of the prosperity of the Hohenzollerns had been laid by the marriage of his grandfather with one heiress. Frederick III. found occasion to add to this prosperity in a like manner. In 1248 died the last male of the ducal House of Meran, whose possessions extended far and wide through Southern Germany. These now fell to his sisters, one of whom became the wife of Frederick. It cost him much effort to make good the claims which he set up to these possessions in the right of his consort; but in the end a long series of lordships were thus brought into the family of Hohenzollern, making Burggrave Frederick III. one of the richest nobles of his day. Many of the best years of his life lay in that "Kaiserless and wretched time" which ensued after the judicial murder of the young Conradin, the grandson of Barbarossa, and the last of the line of Hohenstaufen, in whom were bound up the hopes for the revival of the royal power in Germany. Three candidates presented themselves for the crown and sceptre of the Holy Roman Empire. William of Holland received the powerful support of Pope Innocent IV., and was declared to have been elected in 1247, and was crowned by the Archbishop of Cologne. He made several attempts to take possession, but in 1256 he lost his life; swallowed up in a Frisian peat-bog, over which he with his horsemen was incautiously pursuing the flying enemy. A second claimant was Alfonso of Castile, styled the Wise. He, indeed, never set foot in Germany, but contented himself with asserting his claim, while waiting at Toledo for something to turn up in his favor—which never came to pass. His remark concerning the scheme of the universe, as laid down by Ptolemy, is shrewd enough: "A very awkward sort of machine, it seems to me; pity it is that the Creator had not taken some good advice about it." The third claimant was Richard, Duke of Cornwall, a rich, hare-brained son of King John of England. He went twice to Germany, where he spent much money and two or three years of time; but finding that the prize was not attainable, he went home, poorer and sadder, but not much wiser than he came.

This period of anarchy, historically known as the "Interregnum," began in 1254, and lasted a score of years, growing worse year by year. The Holy Roman Empire seemed fast rushing down to ruin. No real Kaiser there, only three, and finally two, shadowy claimants, each with partisans enough to harry his neighbors; "there was no king in the land, and every man did what was right in his own eyes." The nobles, great and small, were fast transforming themselves into mere robber barons, every one fiercely clutching at whatever came nearest to hand. A deep, inarticulate moan went up from the common people, finding now and then articulate expression in some snatch of song, a few of which have come down to us: "To thee, O Lord," exclaims one Minnesänger, in rude verse, "do we poor people make moan. Thy hand created law for the safeguard of Thy children. But where now is law? Widows and orphans weep because the Princes will not unite to have a Kaiser." Another sings: "The Princes grind in the Kaiser's mill. To the Reich they fling the bran, but keep the meal to themselves. Not much in haste are they to give us a Kaiser." And still another, yet more pointedly: "See them coming up, like the plague of frogs, defiling the honor of the Reich! O Stork, when wilt thou appear, and give them a touch of thy beak?"

Here and there were wiser nobles, who began to cast about to pitch upon some man fit to wear the imperial crown. Notablest amongst these was Burggraf Frederick III., who fixed upon Rudolf of Habsburg, an energetic man, and a cousin of his by marriage, his wife being Gertrude, the sister of that Albert the Minstrel, of whom mention has already been made. The imperial House of Habsburg is thus in origin half Hohenzollern. Frederick won over to his views the Elector of Brandenburg, and the Archbishop-Elector of Mainz, the latter of whom was the "Convener" and President of the Electoral College. A majority of votes was announced for Rudolf, and Burggraf Frederick III. was deputed to bear the tidings to the Habsburger, who happened at that time to be besieging Basle, having had some quarrel with the Bishop. So speedily had the matter been carried through, that this seems to have been the first intimation which Rudolf had of what was going on. He accepted the unexpected dignity; but it cost him a sharp struggle to retain possession of the imperial crown. Ottocar, King of Bohemia, a truculent fellow, and enormously rich, had expected to be chosen. He had lately become Archduke of Austria, and held great possessions within the Empire, and Rudolf had in early years been an equerry, or something of the sort, in Ottocar's household. "Chosen that menial of mine as Kaiser instead of me, have they!" exclaimed the irate Bohemian; "I will never recognize the election, or do homage to him for my lands in the Reich!"

Rudolf was equal to the emergency. He put the re-

cusant under the ban of the Empire, and before Ottocar fairly knew what he was about, he took Vienna and overran the Austrian lands. Ottocar sent a message begging for pardon and peace. "First of all," answered Rudolf, "let him do homage for these German lands of his. No talk of peace until that has been done!" Ottocar prevailed so far as to have it agreed that the ceremony should be performed in private. A tent was pitched in the middle of a temporary encampment on an island in the Danube, not far from Vienna. Here, shut out from all eyes but a few, stood Rudolf, in a buff jerkin and iron corselet; before him knelt Ottocar, bravely attired. Just as he had raised Rudolf's hand to his lips the canvas walls fell flat to the ground, and the private spectacle became an undisputably public one. "A pure accident," said Rudolf. "Done on purpose, and to degrade me!" muttered Rudolf, as he hurried back to Prague, only to encounter the sharp reproaches of his wife. He resolved to try again the fortunes of war, and gathering all his forces, marched against Rudolf. The decisive conflict took place, in August, 1278, upon that Marchfield, hard by Vienna, famous for so many battles, the last and most notable being Napoleon's hard-won fight of Wagram. Ottocar was killed in this battle, his forces were routed, and Austria fell into the hands of Rudolf, whose posterity have ruled it ever since. Throughout all these transactions Frederick III. was Rudolf's right hand. He bore the imperial standard into the heart of the hostile ranks at the decisive battle on the Marchfield. He did faithful service to Rudolf so long as he lived, and to his son after him; "laboring ever to secure the tranquillity of the Fatherland, and to strengthen its domestic institutions. He lived till 1297, held in highest esteem by all the princes and nobles of Germany." He left two sons, born in his old age, and by a second wife, a young Saxon princess, for Elizabeth of Meran bore him no children to inherit the possessions which she had brought to him.

His eldest son, John I., followed in the Burggrafship, but died within three years, and was succeeded by his brother, Frederick IV. His lot was cast in troublous times; and he had to steer his way cautiously among the parties who contended for possession of the imperial dignity. His governing policy was to hold to the side which seemed at the time to promise best for the security of the state, and he eventually found that his side was the winning one. A decisive issue was reached by the fight at Mühldorf, September, 1322, where Frederick of Austria was outgeneraled and beaten by Louis of Bavaria. Burggraf Frederick IV. bore the brunt in this sharp conflict, received the surrender of his vanquished namesake, and was hailed as the "Savior of the Kingdom." He, moreover, distinguished himself by a wise rule over his own broad estates. Industry and trade were earnestly fostered; and in spite of the hindrance opposed by the civil wars of the time, his domains flourished, and were left by him much more extensive than he found them. He died in 1332, at the age of forty-five, leaving five sons and as many daughters. Two of the sons entered the Church; one died soon after his father. The two remaining ones were John II., who succeeded as Burggraf, and Albert, styled the Handsome. The first years of the new Burggraf had an unpromising outlook. Kaiser Ludwig showed little gratitude to the son of the man whom he had owned to be his "savior" in the hour of sorest need, and drove him into avowed hostility for ten years. But at last he saw his error, made ample amends to Frederick, and ever afterward received his most zealous support, especially in the North of Germany, where Frederick was appointed to govern the Brandenburg country, which had fallen into sad confusion. Partisan discord was rife throughout Germany; a majority of the princes rose against the Bavarian, and set up a counter-king in the person of Charles of Luxemburg. The sudden uprising spread so rapidly that those who remained true to Ludwig were in imminent peril of being overpowered; and when the Kaiser died suddenly, in 1347, sure destruction seemed to await his friends, of whom Burggraf John II. was most imperiled. But the Hohenzollerns were too powerful to be readily disposed of; and Charles IV., now undisputed Kaiser, made overtures to the Burggraf, which were accepted. His rights and possessions were secured to him, and even considerably augmented. The House of Hohenzollern came out gainers from the long struggle which had threatened to ruin it. John II. died in 1357, having more than maintained his high place among the German magnates, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick V.

Albert the Handsome, younger brother of John II., had in the meanwhile led an adventurous life. Unlike all others of his race, he had taken service from time to time under various foreign princes. He had fought in England and Italy, in Russia and Hungary; had undertaken a crusade against the heathens in Prussia, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The romantic glamour attached to his name gave support to a strange story which was told and believed throughout all the towns and castles in Europe. About 1340—so runs the legend—the widowed Countess Kunigunde of Orlamünde became madly enamored with the handsome young Albert, and endeavored to win him to her arms. He told her in jest, "Four little eyes are all that stand in our way." She understood him to mean that these four eyes were those of the two boys whom she had borne to her former husband, and she offered to remove this obstacle by putting the lads to death. Albert turned from her in horror. "It is not the eyes of the boys, but your eyes and mine, which stand in the way. Nevermore can there be anything between us two." These words crushed the heart of Kunigunde. She went to Rome, to beg for absolution for the sin which she had committed in her heart. The Holy Father directed her to build a cloister and pass therein the remainder of her days in the practice of the severest penance. She returned to Germany, and in 1343 founded the Cistercensian Convent of Himmelthrone, of which she was the first Abbess. Seven years afterward—the legend goes on to say—she died in the odor of sanctity. She penitently recalled to mind the unholy infatuation which had led her to the brink of such a fearful crime. But now, if God would vouchsafe such grace, the ambiguous words of the man whom she had idolized, and which had so sorely tempted her, should be repaid to him and to every branch of his house by a warning which might save their souls. To each one of the race should be given, by divine power, and before it was too late, a monition when his last hour should come, so that he might in due time renounce all earthly things, set his house in order, and prepare himself to appear before his Eternal Judge. This legend has at least much of historical basis: There was, as her tombstone shows, a Kunigunde, Gräfin von Orlamünde, who died Abbess of the Cistercensian Convent of the Heavenly Throne; and the whole legend is characteristic of the pure morals of the Hohenzollerns of the time.

Burggraf John II. was succeeded in 1357 by his son Frederick V. Many circumstances combined to enable him to augment the wealth and importance of his house. The old Kaiser Charles IV. was eager to add to his paternal territory of Bohemia, which formed the core of his

dominions. Elizabeth of Thuringia, the wife of Frederick, after twenty years of wedlock, had borne him no son, but daughters only, of whom there were nine, as we count them in the mural painting in the Stiftskirche at Heilbronn. The Burggraviate, which bordered upon Bohemia, would most likely fall to them, and to the men who should become their husbands. Kaiser Charles betrothed his two sons, Wenzel and Sigismund, to the two elder of these daughters. But this marriage contract was soon broken off. Contrary to all probabilities, two sons were born to the Burggraf, and Wenzel and Sigismund found better matches than with women whose inheritances were thus cut off, and the young countesses retired to a convent. This misadventure did not interrupt the amity between the Kaiser and the powerful Burggraf, each of whom could do much for the other. Frederick was richly rewarded for the services which he rendered to Charles, from whom he received, among other things, the Administration (*Vogtei*) of Upper Swabia, Franconia, and that of Elsatz—that Alsace which, after so many changes in rule, has been reclaimed from France, and brought back to Germany. In 1363 the Kaiser ordained that the Burggraves of Nuremberg, who had heretofore been treated as only *Fürstengenossen* (Associate Princes), should henceforth be recognized by every one as *Reichsfürsten* (Princes of the Empire); and that the Burggraviate of Nuremberg, "as a noble and honorable member of the Holy Roman Empire," should enjoy all those privileges which had heretofore been the prerogative of only the greater exclusive principalities. Frederick's wise economy enabled him also greatly to enlarge the possessions of his house. He was, for his times, a well-instructed man, not shrinking from contest, though always inclined to peace, zealously promoting the welfare of his immediate subjects, as well as peace and prosperity in every part of the German Empire. He made it the business of his life to compose the quarrels which continually broke out between the Imperial House of Luxemburg and the so-called "Bavarian Party," and the still more perilous disputes between the free Imperial towns on the one hand, and princes, counts and knights on the other. His labors were not in vain. Nobles and cities besought his intervention, and he ruled as an acknowledged umpire among the wild turmoils of the time. He died in 1398, at a good old age, and was interred in the cloister at Heilbronn, where a statuette and a mural painting perpetuate his features to this day.

SIEGE OF THE BURG OF QUETZKOW.

Frederick V. left two sons, John III. and Frederick VI., the elder of whom was married to a daughter of Kaiser Charles IV.; the younger, as yet unmarried, subsequently wedded Elizabeth of Bavaria — graceful form, great blue eyes and profuse golden hair won for her the appellation of the "Beautiful Elsie." The two sons had already during the lifetime of their father distinguished themselves on the battle-field, fighting with Sigismund of Hungary against the Turks upon the Danube. After the death of their father, John was content with the position which had fallen to his lot, while Frederick longed for a wider sphere of action. They divided the paternal inheritance between them. This, which seemed at first an irremediable evil, proved in the end a great advantage to the House of Hohenzollern. Wenzel had

FREDERICK III. AT THE BATTLE OF MARCHFIELD, 1278.

been chosen Kaiser after the death of his father, Charles IV. His feeble reign aroused many of the princes against him, and they chose a new Kaiser, Rupert, Elector of the Palatinate, who had married a sister of the two Burggraves. John held fast to the cause of Wenzel, while Frederick went over to that of Rupert, whom he served zealously, and from whom he received a most ungrateful return. He then attached himself to Sigismund, the younger son of Charles IV., who had, upon the death of his father-in-law, the King of Hungary, succeeded to him. Kaiser Rupert died just then, and a new Kaiser was to be chosen. Wenzel, who was King of Bohemia, demanded to be reinstated, and was opposed by his own brother Sigismund, who received the majority of the electoral vote. "The reason of Sigismund's success—and indeed of his having any party at all," says Köhler, "was owing to the unwearied exertions of Frederick of Nuremberg, who urged that Wenzel and Sigismund would get along very peaceably, and that Sigismund was already so rich by inheritance that he would not need to be very severe in exacting the Reich-tolls and other Imperial revenues."

Kaiser Sigismund is best known to us by his connection with the famous Council of Constance, which put an end to the great schism in the Church, with its rival Popes and anti-Popes. Few men have led lives as adventurous as his had been. Receiving the crown of Hungary by bequest of his father-in-law, he was engaged in wars with Poles, Hungarians and Turks; was routed in 1396 near Nicopolis, on the Danube, and was rescued from that

ENTRY OF FREDERICK VI. INTO THE MARK OF BRANDENBURG.

horrible slaughter by the valor of the young Frederick of Nuremberg. For two years he wandered about from place to place, and upon his return to Hungary was thrown into prison by his nobles, who placed the crown upon the head of Ladislaus of Naples. Sigismund was restored to his sovereignty in 1403, and now, in 1410, his election as Kaiser had placed him nominally at the head of all the potentates of Christendom; and it was not long before the death of his elder brother Wenzel made him King of Bohemia also. The loom upon which he was to weave was surely large enough, but warp and woof of the web were sadly entangled, and Sigismund was not the man to unravel the complicated snarl. A special entanglement was that of the Hussite schism in Bohemia, and in his opening speech at the Council of Constance, Sigismund urged upon the right reverend fathers: "*Date operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur*," thus making *schisma* of the feminine gender. "*Domine*," interrupted a learned Cardinal, "*schisma est generis neutrius*"—"My lord, *schisma* is of the neuter gender." Sigismund made lofty reply: "*Ego sum Rex Romanus, et super grammaticum*"—"I am King of the Romans, and above grammar." Whence this Kaiser has come down to us as "Sigismund Super-Grammaticam."

The thing concerning Sigismund which specially concerns this history is that he was terribly in want of ready money, and deeply in debt. From Frederick of Nuremberg he had from time to time borrowed sums amounting in all to 100,000 crowns, for which he had given his bonds, secured by a pledge of the revenues and estates of the Electorate of Brandenburg. This region, the core of Prussia, had been occupied by the Vandals for more than five centuries, when in about the year 800 it was conquered by Charlemagne. A century or so later it was constituted a Margraviate by Henry the Fowler, the first Kaiser of the German kings; and in 1356 Kaiser Charles IV. raised the Margraviate into an Electorate. The Elector, in 1373, was the drunken Otto of Bavaria, who sold all his rights and estates to Charles for 200,000 *gulden*, equivalent, perhaps, to four times as many dollars in our day; not a dear purchase even had all the money, instead of only half of it, been paid over.

In the Spring of 1412 Frederick made his appearance in Brandenburg, at the head of a strong force, to assume the government. The towns, and some of the nobles, were well disposed toward him, but the Quitzkow knightly family were ill-pleased, and avowed that, should the rule of the Burggraf last a whole year, they would hold their castles against him. They were no contemptible opponents in themselves, and counted upon aid from others. Frederick moved upon them, and early in 1414 laid siege to their principal Burg. The walls were strong, but the assailant was provided with artillery, among which was one cannon larger than had ever been seen in those regions—a twenty-four-pounder, in fact. The walls were soon breached; stout Hans von Quitzkow was made prisoner, his brother Dietrich forced to flight, and the authority of the new lord of the land firmly established, much to the satisfaction of Sigismund. In the Autumn of the next year, Frederick repaired to Berlin, where he received the formal homage of all the States of the Mark of Brandenburg, for before that time Sigismund's urgent need of money had induced him to take a still further step.

The Kaiser by this time owed 150,000 ducats to Frederick, and was in need of 250,000 more to carry on the undertakings which he had in hand, not the least important of which was a journey to Spain in order to win over a still reluctant Pope or counter-Pope. "These Brandenburg estates," he said, "are now in pledge to the Burggraf, and bring no revenue to me. Why not sell them out and out to him, instead of pawning them for less than half which they would bring?" His proposal to Frederick was to this purport: "I owe you now 150,000 ducats; give me 250,000 more—making 400,000 in all—and take Brandenburg, estates, Electoral dignity and all for your own." The offer was accepted; the bargain was duly ratified, signed, and sealed, on April 30th, 1415. The Burggrafship of the Hohenzollerns in Nuremberg came to an end after a flourishing period of some two hundred and fifty years. The House of Hohenzollern rose to rank with the highest in the Reich, when Burggraf Frederick VI. of Nuremberg became Elector Frederick I. of Brandenburg. This transaction was a pure matter of bargain and sale. The coin value of a golden crown or ducat is about $2.50; multiply this by six, in order to approximate to the relative purchasing value of money then and now, and we find that Frederick paid about $6,000,000 for the Electorate, as reckoned in our day. That he was able to lay down such an amount in gold is sure evidence of the thrift and economy of the Burggraf and his predecessors.

One thing was still required to make the transaction complete. This was the formal investiture of the Elector of Brandenburg in his new dignity. For sundry reasons this did not take place until two years later, upon the 18th of April, 1417. The scene was in the City of Constance. A lofty platform was erected in the market-place of the ancient episcopal town, upon which was seated Sigismund, surrounded by numerous civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Electors of Saxony and of the Palatinate bore the Imperial sword, sceptre, and globe, while a crowd of 100,000 men and women looked on from the surrounding streets, roofs and windows. The Elector Frederick mounted the steps of the platform, followed by two knights, bearing the banners of Nuremberg and Brandenburg. The Chancellor of the Empire read a document reciting the rights of the new dignity with which Frederick was invested, and the duties which devolved upon him. "My Lord Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, and dear uncle," asked Sigismund, "wilt thou swear to this?" "With all my heart, most mighty King," answered Frederick, and took the oath. Sigismund took the sceptre and the golden globe from the hands of the two Electors who carried them, and placed them in the hands of Frederick. The Burggraf of Nuremberg thus became formally Frederick I. Elector of Brandenburg. "A most memorable moment," says one enthusiastic historian "A Prince of the Empire, who, by faithful and wise service to his lord, and for the common weal, had deserved so much; and a most liberal King, who, at a great sacrifice of his own advantage, has willingly repaid these services." With the accession of Frederick to the Electorate of Brandenburg opens a new chapter in the history of the House of Hohenzollern.

THE practice of carrying off the heads from monuments in Westminster Abbey began early, and even kings were not spared. The solid silver head of Henry V. was wrenched off and stolen in 1546, on the 30th of January. "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," said Sir Roger de Coverley, during his famous walk round the Abbey; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they'll carry off the body, too, if you don't take care." The heads of both Washington and Major André have been repeatedly carried off. The Abbey is a large place, and every kind of mutilation might be perpetrated successfully.

"TOGETHER."

BY WILLIAM BOOSEY.

We were girl and boy together,
Gathering wild-flowers day by day,
Laughing and singing the hours away,
In the sunny Summer weather;
And we played to-day and to-morrow
Under the yew in the churchyard green,
He was my hero, I was his queen,
We knew not a thought of sorrow.

And the years went onward flying,
Till one bright day when the Spring was born,
And the scented may awoke with the morn,
To the church we two were hying;
And he vowed we never should sever,
And I was blushing, all white and red,
So he held my hand to still my dread,
And we were made one for ever.

And the old yew-tree is sighing,
As I kneel by a grassy green mound,
And the wild-flowers blossom around,
Where my lover, my life, is lying;
But a perfect peace shall be given,
When my body is sleeping at last
In the silent churchyard of the past,
And our souls find rest in heaven.

TO STAND GODFATHER.

THERE are everywhere social customs which may be regarded as so many snares laid for the incautious inhabitant or the ignorant foreigner; but no country is so rich in this respect as *la belle France*. Having been lately the victim of one of these traditional traps, I will describe it here, in order to warn others against it.

Being a bachelor of a certain age, I occupied a snug little apartment on the third floor of a nice house or *hôtel*, as the *concierge* used to call it, in the Faubourg St. Honoré. The first floor, a very splendid suite of rooms, was occupied by M. and Madame de Poupart, an interesting young couple, whose acquaintance I had the honor of making through a common female friend, Madame de Grandville. Having once or twice dined at their table, madame was thereupon kind enough to bestow on me the agreeable title of an *ami de la maison;* and I was at the time rather proud of this circumstance, little thinking how much the distinction would cost me.

One evening I was comfortably seated in my *fauteuil à la Voltaire*, perusing one of those papers which are read with as little attention as they are written by the journalists themselves, and which Lamartine has described as *cet écho du matin que le soir on oublie*, when the bell rang at my door. On opening, I recognized my first-floor neighbor, the amiable M. de Poupart; and after the usual salutations, the following conversation took place between us:

"Excuse me, sir," said M. de Poupart, "for interrupting you at so late an hour; and an apology is the more necessary, because I am about to commit an indiscretion."

"I am glad to hear it," said I; "for I was afraid at first some misfortune might have happened to madame."

"Oh, no, thank you; she is as well as can be expected in her situation; for I have come to say that since the afternoon I have had the good fortune to become the father of a most beautiful baby—a chubby, rosy little fellow."

"I am glad to hear it: pray accept for both madame and you my best congratulations and most sincere good wishes."

"A thousand thanks," said my obliging neighbor; "and in connection with that happy event, I have just something very trifling to ask of you. My good wife, as you must be aware, is a little inclined to superstition, and the convent education she received has not done much toward lessening that disposition. You may imagine with what anxiety she pondered over the future destinies of our expected first-born, and touching them she consulted a famous somnambulist, who predicted that the baby would be very fortunate if it had a happy godfather. We have been on the lookout ever since among our friends and acquaintances for the most prosperous. But this is difficult: one has too many children; another none at all; a third has a cross wife; a fourth has speculated in the funds; in short, there is not one in the whole circle who would exclaim, with Candide's metaphysical pedagogue, that all is for the best in this best of worlds. At length it struck Madame Poupart that you are a true child of fortune—a thoroughly lucky man."—I acknowledged the compliment by bowing in silence.—"Yes, you—a bachelor, without cares or anxieties of any kind, enjoying good health and a fine independence—you stand in the very sunshine of fortune; and, therefore, I ask you, in my own name and that of my wife, to stand godfather to our child."

At first I declined politely, thinking the request a little curious; but M. de Poupart called it a trifle—although he should feel much obliged; and there is always something so touching even in maternal weakness and superstition, that I assented at last. As Roman Catholics are accustomed to baptize their children as soon as possible, the ceremony was fixed for the next day but one, and was to take place at the venerable church of St. Roch. There was no time to be lost, and, being altogether ignorant of French manners and usages, I applied the next morning to Madame de Grandville, and begged her to tell me what I was to do. She was exceedingly kind; assured me that the invitation was a token of high consideration on the part of M. and Madame de Poupart, and said there was nothing at all to do but to make a few trifling presents. Besides, I was to enjoy the good fortune of having one of the most elegant and beautiful young ladies of Paris—that is to say, her own dear niece—as partner in the ceremony, for she was to stand godmother. The obliging lady immediately wrote a memorandum of what was wanted, addressed to the director of La Belle Jardinière, a very fashionable establishment of *nouveautés*, as the Parisians call it. She would look after the rest herself. I returned thanks, took the *billet*, and drove hastily to the elegant shop.

A very engaging *demoiselle de boutique* (at home we call her a shopwoman) read the letter, and showed me at once a charming godchild's basket. It was lovely indeed, but it cost 100 francs. Nothing else would do, said the pretty demoiselle, and so I took it. Then she herself chose a beautiful box, the perfume of which was exquisite, and filled it gracefully with two dozen pairs of fine gloves, two fans—one a precious antique, and the other an artistic modern one—several vials of essences, and a necklace of Turkish pearls. She handed me at the same a handsome bill—written on glazed paper, adorned with an engraving in gold—and the different items, amounting to 400 francs. I did not dare to raise an objection, as this pretty box was destined for my elegant partner, and I took, reluctantly, I must confess, twenty-one napoleons out of my purse.

I thought this was behaving pretty well, and went triumphantly to Madame de Grandville, who did not look absolutely delighted.

"The box," she remarked, "though not at all rich, is handsome, and I hope your fair lady will receive it with pleasure. But see, here are the beautiful little presents I have bought for you to give the *accouchée:* fifty francs worth of *bonbons* and sweets of the best description, to fill the basket and divide among the guests; a bronze night-lamp by Cain, and a silver bowl engraved by Froment-Meurice—the two for twenty louis: you could not offer less to a lady of fifty thousand francs a year; for the nurse, a cap of real lace, five louis — a mere nothing; for the nursery-maid, this French shawl —that is enough for her. I should have liked to buy something besides for the baby, but we must do things as simply as possible."

I stood amazed. It cost me more than five hundred dollars that Madame de Poupart had consulted a somnambulist, and thought me a lucky fellow. And, besides, there lay before me a frightful series of *étrennes*, to be given every year to my blessed godchild. But what could I do? The pill was bitter indeed, but I was obliged to swallow it with the best grace I could. I had pledged my word and fallen into the snare.

The happy day arrived, and in the morning I received a beautiful bouquet from Madame de Grandville's elegant niece. I thought it ugly, for it cost too much. I had the honor of fetching the blooming lady in a carriage, and we drove to the church; the godmother having put my necklace of Turkish pearls round her fair neck, and I holding her flowers in my hand. My costly presents had been thankfully received by the young mother, the nurse and the nurserymaid, and my good taste was much applauded. In the church, a new series began. Before the child was christened I had to give a wax-taper to the *curé*, an offering to the *vicaire*, *pour-boires* to the sexton, the choristers, the *suisse*, the sacristan, the door-keeper, the giver of holy-water; besides alms for the poor of the parish, the wants of the church, the missions, the convents, etc. I thought it would never come to an end. At last the baby was duly received into the Christian community, and we went away, the *suisse* preceding us with great pomp, and striking his cane against the pavement of the holy building in a masterly way. I hung my head, for my purse was empty; and, besides, I had the mortification to see that another name than mine was entered in the parish register, because I did not belong to the Catholic persuasion, and to hear that my godchild did not even bear my name: for who in France would consent to have a son called Peter? Désiré-Eugène is much prettier and more modern.

So I had spent about seven hundred dollars for a compliment from Madame de Poupart, a courtesy from the nurse, a nosegay from the godmother, and a flourish from a *suisse* with a cocked hat. I found these rather expensive honors, and declared inwardly, like the poor raven in La Fontaine's fable, *Mais un peu tard, qu'on ne m'y prendrait plus.*

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.—INVESTITURE OF FREDERICK VI. AS ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG.—SEE PAGE 183.

A SINGULAR fish is found in great numbers in the coast rivers of Alaska. It is about eight inches long, transparent, and the most fat of all the finny tribes. This fat, however, has not the oily, rancid taste of other fish, but is like fresh lard. When these fish are dried, the Indians often turn them to a novel and practical account—burn them in place of candles. They give a clear, brilliant light, and are not liable to be blown out by the wind. The tail should be lighted instead of the head, and each fish will burn about fifteen minutes.

CHEERFULNESS is an offshoot of goodness and wisdom.

A GIRL OF THE BLACK FOREST.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXVIII.—In the Church.

It was the morning of Ethel Greylock's wedding—crisp December weather, full of mingled frost and sunshine—of leafless trees hung with crystals; of great miles of marshes sparkling as if sown with jewels; of a wintry sea pulsing loudly up on its cold, windy beaches.

In her chamber at Cats' Tavern, Polly, the nameless, stood arrayed in the dress which Miss Greylock had sent her—a garnet silk that fitted the girl's slight figure to perfection. Plenty of fine lace decked the corsage, and a bunch of yellow Maréchal Niel roses drooped at the

round throat. Long gloves concealed the imperfections of Polly's slight hands, and her sleek, well-shaped head was crowned with a mass of silky braids black as a crow's wing. She had never worn a becoming dress before in all her life, and it was small wonder that she now stared at herself in amazement—that she scarcely recognized her own image, as it looked back at her from the mirror on the wall.

Mercy Poole opened the door, and surveyed the girl for a moment in utter silence, then she said, dryly:

"Fine feathers make fine birds, Polly. The Greylocks have sent a carriage te take you to the church—it's waiting at the door. Dr. Vandine begs to see you before you go. He's in a high fever this morning. A doctor, I notice, has no more patience in affliction than other folks. Poor fellow! It's pretty well known that he loved Miss Greylock."

Polly's face fell.

"Yes," she faltered, and went down to the chamber below, where Vandine lay, with his broken leg and haggard face, a helpless, irritable prisoner, upon this, Ethel Greylock's wedding morn. Heaven only knows what battle he was silently waging now with himself. At sight of Polly, however, his eyes brightened,

"Marvel of marvels!" he cried out; "what metamorphosis is this? A new version of Cinderella! 'Pon my soul, Polly, you had a very narrow escape from being positively handsome. I can scarcely believe my own eyes!"

She had never been admired before. A sudden great embarrassment fell upon her.

"Do you like the—the dress?" she faltered, smoothing down the shining folds with her gloved hands. He looked at her as at some new revelation—which thing, in truth, she was to him. For the first time he saw that her eyes were grandly cut, and like darkest velvet—that she had the skin of a Spanish girl, and that her crown of hair was such as a princess might envy.

"The dress?" he echoed. "Yes, of course. It is a wonderful tone to so transmogrify you that you seem no longer to be Polly. Or have I been blind all along? And so you are going to Miss Greylock's wedding? Ah," and he writhed, "how this wretched limb pains me today! Well, go, child, and get your first look at grandeur. And," with a groan, "take my congratulations to the bride. I wish her unlimited happiness. Sir Gervase is a downright good fellow, with no nonsense about him—yes, by Jove! he is as worthy of her as—ah—as she is of him!"

Polly put on the hat and wrap, which completed her pretty costume, and entered the Greylock carriage, feeling, indeed, like Cinderella on her way to the ball.

The church, a quiet, gray edifice, stood but a few blocks distant on the main street of Blackport. A most unusual stir and bustle pervaded the sacred building this morning. Splendid equipages dashed up to its open doors. Rich carpets stretched from the entrance down to the shabby sidewalk. Within, costly flowers made a mass of splendor all about the chancel, hung from the roof, and filled the baptismal font—orchids, myrtles, orange-blossoms, jasmine and waxy camellias, tube-roses, with their overpowering odor, and the uplifted cups of royal lilies.

Crowds of elegant people occupied the pews—invited guests. The purple and fine linen, the wave of gorgeous fans, the flash of jewels, the smart ushers flying up and down, with wedding favors in their buttonholes, frightened and bewildered poor Polly. She was glad to creep into a seat far back near the entrance, whence she could see and not be seen. In the midst of such a gathering, the nameless girl felt like some humble wayside weed cast among hothouse exotics.

Ah, the appointed hour was striking at last! The white-robed rector stood ready to perform his office. Sir Gervase and his best man were already in their place; but the bride's party had not yet appeared. All necks were being craned toward the door, and all ears were on the *qui vive* for its approach.

Polly bowed her devout head, and whispered one prayer for the future happiness of the girl whom she dared call sister *only* in her prayers. While thus absorbed, somebody crowded into the pew, and sat down by her side. As Polly lifted her eyes again, they encountered the stout figure and swarthy, scarred face of Hannah Johnson.

She recoiled in sudden aversion. What chance had brought that creature to sit by her through this ceremony? The two looked hard at each other for one instant—the next, a breathless expectation fell on everybody in the church—the bride's party had entered the porch—it was at the door—it was sweeping up the aisle toward the chancel.

The hot tears rushed to Polly's eyes.

There was Miss Pamela, in gray satin and a bonnet of gray ostrich feathers. There was Godfrey Greylock, proud, triumphant, his cold face softened now with his great happiness. There was Mrs. Iris, limping along, in a dress of Lyons velvet, with diamonds and point-lace for ornaments, her faded face powdered and rouged, as usual—that woman who represented to Polly all that was false and unscrupulous in the world. There were the pretty, smiling bridesmaids, in cream-color; and, chiefest of all—the crowning splendor of all, there was Ethel Greylock, in a magnificent bridal robe of *duchesse* satin, overlaid with a mist of *Venise* point, diamond stars fastening the cobweb vail to her hair, orange-blossoms drooping on her corsage—Ethel Greylock, almost unearthly in her glory of yellow tresses and dazzling snow-tints—the sister who had, as a little child, lived, loved and suffered with Polly in Harmony Alley, and for whose loss the elder girl had mourned long weary years. Alas! Polly knew only too well that the life-paths which had run parallel in the old tenement-house would never cross again, when this day was past. She was looking for the last time upon her darling. Nan would go her own way to new splendor, new happiness across the sea; and she—Polly—well, she would faithfully keep her sister's secret, and she would accept Vandine's bounty, and go to school, and do her best to worthily fill some humble niche in life.

They were at the altar now—they had taken their places before the white-robed rector. Godfrey Greylock was to give the bride away. Through the stained glass of a chancel window the morning sunshine poured in upon the company, like a heavenly blessing. Then the deep voice of the clergyman began:

"We are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony. . . . If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

Hannah Johnson started up from the side of Polly, and flew down the aisle. In her face the sinister hatred of years was mingled with a sort of dark triumph. Verily, her hour had come at last.

"Stop!" she cried, in a loud voice; "stop! I forbid the bans!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen in the church, the amazement could scarcely have been greater. Iris Greylock alone uttered a wild scream.

"Don't speak!" she implored, throwing out her hands, as if to hold back the waiting-woman's words. "For God's sake, don't speak, Hannah!"

"I've minded your voice for the last time, ma'am," answered Hannah Johnson, insolently. "I *will* speak, and all these fine folks shall hear me! The truth ought to have been told long ago. This man and woman shall *not* be joined in matrimony, at least till Sir Gervase Greylock knows who it is he's marrying. The girl by his side —I can swear it before God!—hasn't a shadow of right to the name she bears. Robert Greylock's daughter died when a baby, and this creature was taken from a vile city slum—from the very gutter—and palmed off on Godfrey Greylock as his grandchild. I know of what I speak, for I was the person who bought her from the drunken hag that owned her—a matter of twelve years, or so, ago!"

She had been planning this revenge for weeks. She rolled the fatal words upon her tongue, as if their taste was sweet, and dropped them, like bombs, into the midst of the flowers, the sunshine, the rich fabrics, the joyful company. Every living creature in the church, even to the rector, stood as if petrified.

Polly, indeed, started up in her seat, but paused again, irresolute, her scared face gray with consternation.

"If you'd but listened to me that night on the terrace, sir," went on Hannah Johnson, turning to the bridegroom, "you might have known these facts before. It's your own fault that two or three women have made you their easy prey. To secure the Greylock money, Robert's widow was forced to find a child to take the place of her own dead one. It was about the time she wrote *you* the letters, ma'am," looking now to Miss Pamela, who might have posed for a statue of horror. "We were next door to utter want. We found this little girl begging on the street. She had fair hair and blue eyes, like Robert Greylock himself, and prettiness enough to meet any number of hard old grandfathers. I tracked her to a den, where she lived with a sister, and an old beldam, who owned the two children. I gave the crone a hundred dollars of *your* money," with a nod to Miss Pam, "and took the child away.

"At first she made us no end of trouble, crying day and night for her sister. We beat her, and stupefied her with drugs. Then she fell sick, and we thought she'd die on our hands; but she was too tough for that, and, luckily for us, as she got well she seemed to forget her old life. To be sure, now and then she'd fall into a tantrum about her sister Polly, but I soon whipped the last of that safely out of her.

"We found her very quick and bright. She easily learned the part she had to play, and then Mrs. Iris took her to the Woods and presented her to Godfrey Greylock as his heiress—the child of his dead son—ha, ha!"

Godfrey Greylock staggered, and clutched the chancel-rail. No eyes had ever seen upon his face such a look as blanched and convulsed it now.

"It's a lie!" he shouted, hoarsely. "The woman is mad!"

"Ask your daughter-in-law if it's a lie," sneered Hannah Johnson, pointing to Mrs. Iris, who was cowering in helpless terror, her face hidden in her lace handkerchief. "Does she *look* as if 'twas a lie, Godfrey Greylock?"

He grasped Mrs. Iris wildly.

"Speak!" he cried. "Have I been your dupe all these years—*I?* Speak! Is this story true or false?"

She saw that the game was up—that the end of all her fraudulent scheming, her lies, her utter falsity, had come. Finding herself thus face to face with hopeless ruin, she grew defiant, reckless.

"It is true!" she answered. "Why should I attempt to deny it? *You* only are to blame, Godfrey Greylock. You drove me to it. I was perishing with want, and without a child, how could I hope to wring anything from you? Unfortunately for me, my own daughter had died years before."

"Yes, she left it to die when she ran away with her lover, Arthur Kenyon," explained Hannah Johnson, spitefully. "As soon as the pair heard of Robert Greylock's suicide, they married. I took service with Mrs. Kenyon soon after. A cat-and-dog's life she lived with her second husband. Together they squandered all his fortune, and her own earnings besides. Then they were divorced in some Western city, where my lady was then dancing, and the man went his way and the woman hers."

"Traitress!" shrieked Mrs. Iris. "Now you have told everything. There is nothing more to be hidden from any one!"

Godfrey Greylock stood for an instant, as if struggling to gather the resources of his strong nature to meet this blow—this utter destruction of all his household gods; then they saw him sway slightly, and throw out a helpless hand—one fearful shriek escaped the bride—the first sound that her lips had uttered, and then—*then* the old master of the Woods fell, without word or sign, face downward to the floor of the chancel!

Sir Gervase dropped the hand of his bride, and with the rector, sprang to lift the fallen man. Never again would the proud eyes flash in anger, never again would the stern lips open in wrath. Across his ghastly face and iron-gray hair the light from the stained-glass window slanted mockingly. No voice was needed to proclaim the terrible truth, it could be seen at a glance. Apoplexy, that foe which leaps like lightning on its victims, had done its swift and fatal work. All was over. Godfrey Greylock lay in the arms that supported him, motionless, voiceless, stone-dead!

Wild confusion followed. From a place of flowers and sunshine and bridal rejoicing, the church was now turned into the solemn temple of death.

Iris Greylock went off into violent hysterics, and screamed and clung to Sir Gervase, crying:

"Oh, surely *you* will befriend me—*you* will see that I am not driven into the street to starve!"

Miss Pam's cries rose to the very roof. Involuntarily the white, stricken bride, started toward her with arms outstretched; but Miss Pam, half beside herself, waved her back with a gesture of aversion.

"No, no!" she shuddered, "don't come near me—don't touch me. You have killed him, you have killed him!"

Ethel Greylock staggered, as if from a blow. She stared piteously at Aunt Pam for an instant—Aunt Pam, whose idol she had been for years and years—then, swift as thought, she turned from the altar, where no marriage vows of hers would be heard this day—turned from the dead and the living alike, and with her face frozen in a sort of white horror, and eyes set like a sleep-walker's, she flashed straight through the crowd, and down the aisle to the church-door. Before she reached it, however, Polly had darted out of her pew, and thrust forth two intercepting arms.

"Oh, I never meant to speak," she sobbed, "I never meant to claim you, though I knew you all the time. Nan, darling, do you know *me*—your sister?"

In the supreme agony of the moment Ethel Greylock

did not see the extended arms, she did not even recognize the girl who had once saved her life, and the name of her childhood was now a strange sound in her ears. Past Polly's tears, and wistful loving face, she looked straight into blank, cold space.

"No, I do not know you," she answered, hoarsely; "and I have no sister!"

And she pushed Polly aside and darted—a startling vision, indeed—out of the church-door, into the open day—into view of all the curious, gaping people gathered about the entrance.

Nearest to the gate waited a carriage from the Woods, with a servant of the Greylock household on the driver's seat. Ethel, alone, unattended, in her bridal white, made a quick sign to the man. He leaped promptly down and opened his vehicle.

"Drive with all possible speed to the villa," she ordered, hoarsely, and sprang in, and drew the silken shade over the carriage-window. By the time Polly reached the gate the horses were flying up the street.

Jostling and pushing her aside, the guests now came pouring out of the church. Consternation was in every face. No one seemed to think of the bride—the false creature who had been picked from the gutter by an unprincipled woman, and shamelessly foisted upon the old, aristocratic Greylocks as their rightful heiress. They tumbled into their carriages, eager to escape from the place where they had met death at the altar, instead of bridal joy; eager, also, to carry the fearful news to those who, as yet, knew it not.

Polly made her way out of the rush as best she could. She had heard Ethel's order to the coachman, and she started at a rapid pace for the villa.

Nan was hers now—hers again, in spite of the gulf of years, and the widely different experiences which divided them!—all her fine friends had turned away from her, even the baronet had made no attempt to detain her, as she escaped from the church. Indeed, between the living Mrs. Iris and the dead Godfrey Greylock he had not seemed to see the flight of his bride. She, Polly, must hasten now to Nan, she must comfort her in this hour of anguish and despair.

She took the short way across the frozen marshes. Never had the distance seemed so interminable. She appeared not to move, while in reality she was skimming the slippery ground like a bird. At last, at last the brown tower arose before her eyes! She rushed into the great house, where the servants were already huddling together, and whispering in corners, as if conscious that evil was at hand. Hopkins ran to meet her.

"Is she here?" gasped Polly.

"Yes, she is here—if you mean Miss Fairy," answered Hopkins, bewildered and incoherent. "What has happened, do you know? Can you tell us? She came rushing in a few minutes ago like a ghost, no bridegroom, no grandpa, nobody with her, and looking dreadful, and would not answer a question, but goes flying up the stair, and locks herself in her own chamber, and I pounding on the door ever since and coaxing and praying to know what the matter can be, and not a word in reply. Lor'! lor'! Is the baronet dead or run away, and has there been a wedding or not?"

"There has been no wedding," answered Polly, wildly; "and some dreadful things have happened, Hopkins—the worst that you can think. Come with me—come! She must open the door, she must speak to us—she is desperate, she will do herself some injury."

"Heavens above! *What* has really happened?" insisted Hopkins.

"There was an interruption in the ceremony. Godfrey Greylock fell dead. Tell the servants to put the wedding-breakfast out of sight, and prepare the house to receive the corpse of its master."

With that she flew to Ethel's door, and rapped gently on the panel.

"Open, Miss Greylock, to a friend," she implored, in a trembling voice. She would not again venture to call her "sister."

There was no sound from within. Weeping bitterly, Polly entreated:

"Courage, dear Miss Greylock! You will not be cast off or forsaken. It is no fault of yours—you, at least, are innocent. Open the door to one who loves you."

"Oh, can she have destroyed herself?" cried Hopkins, in alarm. "I've heard of such things. Miss Fairy, I'm holding a glass of wine for you—you must be ready to sink, my dear. Open the door to poor old Hopkins."

They listened, but there was no movement, no answer. They prayed and entreated, but no voice replied. The door was fast, and a deathly silence reigned inside the chamber.

Suddenly a step echoed on the landing. Polly turned, and saw Sir Gervase Greylock. As he approached she looked at him resentfully, but his face was as unreadable as stone.

"Where is she?" he asked of the two women.

Hopkins pointed to the chamber.

"In yonder, sir. But she will not answer, nor open to us. I'm afraid she's done harm to herself."

He grasped the door and shook it violently.

"Open, Ethel!" he cried.

But she was as deaf to this voice as she had been to the others.

"Your friends are here, Ethel—come out to them!" he called.

But she came not, neither replied.

"There is something wrong in this," said the baronet. "Stand aside."

And as the two women obeyed he set his shoulder to the door and forced it from its hinges. The three rushed together into Ethel's chamber.

The wintry sunshine was streaming in through the drapery of the windows. On the floor lay the dress of *duchesse* satin, the cobweb vail, the orange-flowers—all the mocking beauty of the bridal toilet, just as it had been torn from the wearer, and flung down in a confused heap. But the room itself was empty. Another door, communicating with a dressing-room and Miss Pam's apartments, stood wide open, as if to indicate the way which the fugitive had taken. They ran hither and thither, they called her name, but Ethel was gone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

POLLY SPEAKS.

We looked at each other blankly. She had escaped from the church in advance of all others, thrown off her bridal garments at the villa, and gone—whither? I wrung my hands.

"She's fled without a word. Oh, whatever will become of her, cast out in the world like this, and she bred to do nothing—to be nothing but a helpless lady!" I cried.

"Did no one see her leave the house?" demanded Sir Gervase of Hopkins.

"No," gasped the housekeeper; "we were not watching for that. Of course, we hadn't heard of the doings at the church, and couldn't be supposed to know there were any reasons for her going away."

THE LADIES' TOWER AT GRANADA. — FROM A PAINTING BY LHARDY.

"She may still be in the villa," said Sir Gervase; "it is scarcely possible that she can have fled with no word to any one."

We searched the house from roof to foundation, but found no Ethel. Woful confusion reigned everywhere. In his sumptuous library Godfrey Greylock lay stark and voiceless—no more the autocrat of his own dominions. A few of the wedding guests had accompanied the body to the villa, but they soon departed. Miss Pamela was shut in her own chamber—a distracted, heart-broken woman. The servants reminded me of a flock of frightened sheep. Sir Gervase alone was quiet and composed.

"Remain here with Hopkins for the present," he said to me; "she will need you. I myself am going to the town to search for Miss Greylock—perhaps to bring her back with me."

He called Nan by her old name—I thought it a good omen.

"She must be found," he added, firmly; "and at once—at once!"

"God bless him for saying that!" whispered Hopkins in my ear.

He went away alone. With the help of the servants, Hopkins and I swept out of sight the wedding breakfast which no one had tasted, and closed and darkened the whole house. As the undertaker and his assistants were holding possession of the place, I retired to the housekeeper's room to await the baronet's return.

An hour passed. The silence and gloom which had fallen over the villa pressed like lead on my heart. Whither could she, who was still called Ethel Greylock, have gone? Would the baronet find her? If he did not, one thing was certain: I must go in search of her myself—I must renew the old, old quest. Surely I seemed fated to be always, always looking for poor Nan!

Whatever pity Sir Gervase might feel for the girl who had been in a moment bereft of name, kin and fortune, it was preposterous to imagine that the two could longer be as they had been, or that such a thing as marriage was now possible between them. He was English, he was a Greylock, he had all the prejudices peculiar to his own rank and condition. No! Nan had surely lost her titled lover for ever.

"And yet so far as her future happiness is concerned," I sighed to myself, "it was better that Hannah Johnson should speak five minutes before, rather than five minutes after, the ceremony."

A door opened behind my chair, and looking up, I saw Hannah Johnson herself peering, like a ghoul, into the room.

She had expected to find Hopkins, and seeing me, a stranger, in the housekeeper's place, she drew back a step and her face changed.

"Who are you?" she asked.

I arose.

"That's of no consequence;" and, then, as my eyes flashed over the traveling-shawl on her arm, the traveling-bag in her hand, I added: "So Mrs. Iris Greylock has turned you out at last? Having betrayed your mistress, you are sent to shift for yourself? Of course you expected that."

She seemed confounded.

"How do you know me?" she said, stepping boldly into the room. "Let me look at you! You are the girl who sat in the same pew with me at the church."

I gazed straight into her wicked eyes.

"Think further back than that," I said; "there were two children begging together, Hannah Johnson, at the door of that Boston shop—two children living with Granny Scrag in Harmony Alley—sisters—though very unlike each other. That 'black wretch,' the elder, had a more tenacious memory than the younger. I am she."

She stared.

"Eh? I remember the little brat—Polly, she called herself, and she *was* a keen one. Once, two or three years after, Mrs. Greylock went up to town with Fairy, and that same limb gave chase to their carriage, and got run over for her pains. We were hoping she was killed. Well, miss, have you claimed kinship with your sister yet? and is Sir Gervase Greylock going to marry her now, and make her My Lady? This day I've wiped out some old scores with Miss Fairy! I stand even with her at last, and with all the Greylock brood. 'Twas pure rage that killed the Great Mogul—who's to have his money now, I wonder——"

She stopped at sound of the opening door. The next moment Sir Gervase entered.

"What brings you here, woman?" he said to Hannah Johnson.

She started back a step, as she might well do, for his look was formidable.

"I came in for a few last words with that creature Hopkins," she stammered. "I'm going to leave Rose Cottage for good, and I wanted," with a grin, "to say good-by to some of my friends here. You owe me thanks, Sir Gervase, for saving you from such a marriage as you were on the point of making to-day, but grand folks are an ungrateful lot the world over."

"Go!" he said, briefly, pointing to the door.

She turned to me with this parting shot:

"Good-by, Polly. You can carry your sister back now to her precious grandmother. We made a lady of the brat—she fared as sumptuously as Dives himself here at the Woods. Now let her return to her native gutter. With all her fine airs and good looks, that's where she belongs. She's served her purpose with the Greylocks—take her now," with a malignant laugh, "to that gin-soaked hag who must need her, by this time, to comfort her last years."

Then she went, and I ran to Sir Gervase Greylock.

"What news?" I gasped.

"I have heard of her at the Blackport Station," he answered, gravely; "a lady, vailed and muffled, purchased a ticket there for Boston, and left by the noon express. She spoke to no one—she was alone and without luggage—the station-master thought her a stranger." Then he fixed his gray eyes on me, in a peculiarly searching way. "What did that woman mean by calling you the sister of Miss Greylock? Is it true? Do you indeed sustain such a relation to her?"

I felt that the wisest thing I could now do was to tell Nan's story and mine to this man. I wasted no words. I said as little as possible about myself.

He listened silently. Alas! if he had been secretly cherishing any doubt concerning the truth of Hannah Johnson's disclosures, this narrative of mine must have destroyed it then and there. Presently, in a low voice, he said:

"Then you are not certain that Granny Scrag *was* your grandmother?"

"No. She called us her grandchildren—Nan and I—we had no other proof."

"You even feared at times that Nan was not your sister?"

"Yes," I sighed. "You who have seen us both—you who know what she is, cannot wonder at that."

He took a turn across the floor.

"The first thing to be done, Polly, is to find Granny

Scrag—if that beldam is still above ground. Strange that you never thought of returning to her, if only to discover her actual relations to you and Nan."

"My horror of gran and the alley was such," I answered, "that no ordinary consideration could have induced me to go back to them. Moreover, gran would not have told *me* the truth if I had begged it on my knees—she always hated me far, far more than she hated Nan."

"A bribe might open her lips."

"Yes; she was always greedy for money."

He drew out his watch. I could see that he was much agitated.

"It is more than likely that the hag is not akin to either you or Nan. A train leaves Blackport in half an hour. Make ready, and we will start immediately for Harmony Alley—every moment is precious. I only fear that granny may have gone the way of all flesh—you thought her very old ten years ago?"

"Yes," I answered, "but she was probably not more than sixty or thereabouts, though she seemed ancient indeed to me."

The carriage still stood at the door. Sir Gervase called Hopkins, and told her of the errand which called us up to town.

Before it everything else, even the dead man in the library, seemed to sink into insignificance. I cared for nothing now but to discover the truth concerning Nan—her birth, her parentage. About myself I never thought. It was not of the slightest consequence whether *I* was of Granny Scrag's blood or not, but my beautiful, fugitive Nan!—how fervently I prayed that some happier revelation might await us regarding *her!*

Twenty minutes later Sir Gervase Greylock and I were at Blackport Station, and the train was puffing in to meet us across the frozen marshes. It was a consolation to find myself following Nan's footsteps so soon. She had fled to the city—by some kind chance we might encounter her there—perhaps she, too, had gone to search for Harmony Alley and Granny Scrag.

"But, no," I said to myself, despondently; "she does not remember the place—she was such a baby when she was taken away! and Hannah Johnson told us of the shameful means employed to make her forget everything."

In the cold, dull December afternoon, we alighted at the city depot. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of either of us. Hopkins had tied a thick vail over my hat, and thrown a comfortable wrap of her own about my shoulders. Sir Gervase wore a long gray overcoat, buttoned to his ears, and was commonplace enough to look upon. Certainly no one would have suspected him of being a gentleman of birth and title.

On descending to the platform he rushed to the officials of the place, and assailed them with questions, but alas! hundreds of ladies had come and gone there since noon—handsome ladies, muffled ladies. It was like seeking for the lost needle in the mow of hay. No information concerning Nan could be obtained at the depot.

"I really had no right to hope for anything *here*," said Sir Gervase, gloomily, and he called a carriage, and we started for Harmony Alley.

My heart beat violently, as we turned into the disreputable quarter where the tenement-house had stood long years before. Old landmarks began to arise on all sides. Few changes had taken place in the locality. At the entrance to the alley the carriage stopped, and Sir Gervase and I alighted. I glanced around.

"Yes," I said, "this is the place. And the tenement-house is here, and it is still a tenement-house. Will you wait at the entrance, sir, or will you come with me? It used to be a terrible den in the old days."

"I will go with you," he answered; "lead on."

I went down the familiar alley, reeking with dirt, and swarming, as it seemed, with the very gamins that used to wage war with me in my childhood.

Sir Gervase and I stepped into a dark hallway, where two vixenish women, with unkempt heads and drink-flushed faces, stood hurling all sorts of invectives at each other.

"Madam," said Sir Gervase, politely addressing the fiercer of the two, "I beg leave to ask if there is an old woman called Scrag living anywhere in this house?"

The pair stopped their battle to stare at us. A person of respectable appearance was rarely seen in Harmony Alley. I held my breath for the woman's answer. It came at last, mingled with two or three oaths.

"Granny Scrag? That's the witch in the attic. She gits the brass by begging on the streets. Yes, young man; follow your nose up the stair yonder, till you can't follow it further, and you'll find yourself there."

I glided ahead of Sir Gervase, he came after with mighty strides.

Yes, the same old rickety stairs, down which I had more than once been kicked by Granny Scrag; it seemed as if I must meet Pietro, and the organ-grinder and the monkey, as I flew up. The same dark, reeking landings, and lo! the same garret-door, sagging on its hinges, at the head of the last flight, and beyond it the purgatory of my childhood—the attic where I had lived and suffered with Nan!

I pushed back the door, which could never be locked. The dirty skylight, the cupboard in the wall, the bed of rags, the broken stove—all were there; but the place had no human occupant.

"This is the room," I said, to Sir Gervase, "but granny is not here."

"We must wait for her," he answered.

There was no fire in the stove, and the garret was bitterly cold. He set a broken chair for me, and began himself to walk about under the skylight.

"Look at this room!" I burst out, in uncontrollable bitterness, "and then think of Greylock Woods, and the life which Nan has led there!—think of the luxury, the refinement, the unlimited affection, that have surrounded her for years—yes, ever since she could clearly remember anything. You say, doubtless, that Godfrey Greylock and his sister were cruelly deceived—that you also suffered; but I tell you my poor sister has sustained the most grievous wrong of all! To be thrust in a moment out of her Eden, back to such a place as this—to be left without even a name—oh!"—I struck my hands sharply together, for *I* knew, if he did not, what it was to be hopeless and friendless and poor—"God keep her!"

He opened his lips to answer, but just at that moment we heard a labored step and a wheezy breath on the stair, the door swung back, and a woman, bent nearly double, and holding a staff in one hand and an old basket in the other, tottered into the chamber. Granny Scrag!

It seemed to me that her ragged gown and shawl were the same she had worn in my childhood; at any rate, they exhaled the old familiar odor of gin. Her ugly, mummy-like face, her stiff gray hair, her obtrusive bones, were quite unchanged. She stopped short at sight of two strangers in possession of the attic, and dropped her basket—granny was pursuing the occupation of street-beggar, which I had relinquished so abruptly long years before.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" she

snarled, looking from me to the baronet, and from the baronet back to me.

Sir Gervase advanced briskly.

"We have business of importance with you, madam," he answered. "Who we are is of no consequence just now. What we want," dashing recklessly into the heart of the matter, "is information concerning two children who once lived in this place with you—two little girls, named Nan and Polly. You called them your granddaughters."

The wretched old creature dropped upon a broken chair. I could not but pity her in her destitution, her forsaken and wicked old age. She clutched at the ragged shawl crossed on her bosom.

"So!" she answered, shaking either with age or agitation; "them brats! What do ye want to know about 'em?" with a gleam of cunning in her sunken eyes.

I had told him her weak point. He drew a roll of banknotes from his pocket.

"Many things—yes, all that you can tell us," he replied. "Do you see this money? It shall be yours, if you will answer my questions regarding those children."

She eyed the notes greedily.

"Oh, that I will, sir!" she whined. "It is little money I ever see nowadays. Times is hard, and begging ain't what it used to be. Seems as if people's hearts got harder every year. I'm poor, sir, and I'm old, and I'm alone in the world, and it all comes of them two young 'uns! I ought," resentfully—"I ought to have had more for Nan. A hundred dollars wasn't worth taking, and she as pretty as a pictur. It ruined me, that bargain did!"

I could keep silent no longer. I cried out in spite of myself:

"Tell the truth, now, granny—you *must* tell the truth! Were those children your own flesh and blood—had you any right to have and to hold them, to call yourself their grandmother? It is Nan that we most care to know about, the child you sold to a strange servant-woman in this very attic. She was no more like you than day is like night. She could *not* have been of your blood—it is monstrous to believe it! Tell the truth, the truth! What was her real name? How did you get possession of her?"

She turned, as if startled by something in my voice, and gave me a piercing look. I think she recognized me at that very moment.

"How did I git possession of Nan?—I don't mind telling you the story. I had a daughter-in-law once, the widow of my one only son, who was a sailor, and was lost at sea the first v'yage arter his marriage. Judith lived with me—she was a good girl, kind and dutiful. Well, by-and-by, she married again, being but young, and her second choice was a wild blade of a fellow—a clog-dancer in a variety theatre. He came to a sudden end in some kind of a drunken frolic, and when her baby was born, Judith died, too, and left the child to my care. That brat was Nan. She was like her father, Jack Harkness—he was called Handsome Jack and Lightfooted Jack, among sporting folks—he had a comely face, as well as a pair of wonderful heels. Now I ask ye, was Nan mine or not? Had I any claim to her or not? And," with sharp suspicion, "what's all this to *ye* anyway, and how'd ye ever know there was a Nan and a Poll here?"

"Thank God!" I burst out; "she was *not* of your blood, then!—she was in no way related to you!"

"I'm thinking Jack Harkness's blood was no better than mine," sneered Granny Scrag. "Nan was the child of my daughter-in-law's second marriage. There wasn't one of her own kin left on earth when her mother died—I was her nearest, so I say again, Nan belonged to me."

From poverty and obscurity—from common, not to say disreputable, people, Nan, the queenly, the beautiful, had sprung! I could think of nothing but a lily growing out of turbid waters.

The baronet spoke not a word. His face was like carven stone.

"Many's the time," whined the old woman, "I've been sorry I parted with Nan. The price I got was too little—too little—and I need her now to work for me, and take care of me, like as Judith, her mother, would do this day, if she were a-living. Ye two must be friends of hers, or ye wouldn't be here asking about her. Where is she?" starting suddenly up on her shaky old legs. "I'm going to have her back. She must be a fine grown woman by this time."

The baronet made a gesture.

"Sit down, Mrs.—— Pardon, you have not mentioned your own name."

"It's Black, young gentleman, but I haven't been called by it for twenty year."

"Sit down again, Mrs. Black. At present Nan's friends do not know where she is—she has left them under peculiar circumstances. Let me remind you that you have told but half of your story. There were two children. Only one belonged to your son's widow. Now, what of the other—who was *she?*"

Granny Scrag looked at him askance.

"You mean black Poll?—oh, that's another matter!"

"Explain. The children could not have been sisters?"

She turned sharply to me.

"No, they wasn't sisters. Perhaps *ye'd* like to hear something about Polly, miss?" she grinned.

Not till that moment had I thought of myself. Now my dormant curiosity awoke.

"Yes," I answered, eagerly; "indeed I would!"

"I'm a poor, forsaken old woman," whined Granny Scrag, "that begs her bread from door to door, and hasn't a decent rag to her back. Don't ye see I'm a-shaking with the cold in this garret? Throw that fine wrap of yours over my poor old shoulders, miss."

I obeyed. It was Hopkins's mantle, but I did not think of that. She gathered her new garment around her with lively satisfaction.

"There was something queer about Polly," she began, "and the way I had her left to me. I don't rightly know who she was—I've never knowed. Afore Judith up and married Handsome Jack, she and I—both decent widows—lived at the west end of the city, and got our living doing fine laundry-work, and boarding babies of the poor sort. One Winter night—'twas years and years and years ago!—a man, handsome and young, and with the air of a gentleman, came to our door, bringing in his arms a sick baby. 'Twas a miserable little atom, with the skin jest drawn over its bones, and the look of death on its face. Both Judith and I thought it wouldn't last till morning. The young man was in trouble of some kind—we didn't make out what. He give no account of hisself, but said he'd got to leave the city that night, and couldn't take the baby with him, and he asked to leave it till the next day. He said 'twas his own daughter, and he gave us her name and his own, honest and prompt enough. Judith promised to take care of the brat, and he left a banknote, and a ring, marked with some letters, and then went away, and neither of us ever laid eyes on him afterward.

"Judith took the sick baby in hand, and nursed and tended it, as if 'twas her own, and all of a sudden it

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—AUGUST.—BY MONTBARD.

began to pick up and mend, and finally it got well. When we found the father wasn't coming back, I told Judith to fling it into the street, but she wouldn't, and she didn't. She held on to it, always vowing the father was honest, and would come some time, and pay us for our trouble. The young 'un's name was marked on all its little clothes, and Judith took great care of the duds, and put them by, as if they was gold, because, she said, they might help the child to claim her own father, if so be she should grow too big to be known of him when he put in his appearance.

"From the first I hated the young 'un as much as Judith liked it. 'Twas a thin, brown little scrap, with black eyes, like beads, and an ugly red patch, like a hand, covering one of its skinny shoulders—a sort of birth-mark; but Judith petted it, and declared she'd keep it always, pay or no pay.

"When we'd had the castaway a year or so, Judith married Jack Harkness, and give up the baby boarders, but not black Poll—her she wouldn't part with; and when we'd kept her another year, and not a cent for it, Judith died, and left her own young 'un to me, and about the last thing she made me do was to swear I'd never part with Poll till her own kin claimed her, but take care of her with little Nan, and let no harm come to the baby-clothes and the ring; and to ease her mind I swore it, for she seemed to feel as bad to leave one child as the other; and that's how I got myself saddled with Poll."

She had probably never told the story before in her life, and suddenly throwing the end of Hopkins's mantle over her head, she began to rock back and forth, and to groan dismally.

"I was heartbroke after Judith died," she said, "and what with trouble, and the bother of finding bread for two brats that wasn't worth the raising, I took to gin, and things went wrong, and I drifted down here to the alley, and sent the young 'uns on to the streets to beg."

The baronet cried out, quickly, sharply: "Where are the things of which you speak?—the clothing—the ring? Did you keep them, as you promised?"

Granny Scrag nodded.

"Yes; I kept 'em. I've wanted to sell 'em often enough, sometimes for bread, sometimes for gin; then I'd think the man might turn up unexpected like, and ask for 'em—so I held on."

"Bring them to me!" commanded Sir Gervase.

She arose with difficulty, and hobbled to a corner of the attic—to the cupboard which I remembered as a receptacle for broken victuals and the never-failing bottle. There she fumbled about for a long time, while the baronet and I watched her silently. After awhile she raised a broken board, and drew out a parcel, wrapped in moldy brown paper, and tied about with common twine. This she opened, and a little roll of clothing, yellow with age, dropped out—also a man's ring, set with a big red stone—a ruby.

The baronet picked up the latter. I ran and snatched the tiny, time-stained garments. They were fine and delicate in texture, and on their discolored bands a name, still legible, was written. I spelled it out slowly—the light was waning in the room—then stared, then spelled it again, then turned and looked wildly at Sir Gervase.

He was holding out to me the ruby ring. On its inner surface I saw a crest and two letters "R. G." cut in the tarnished gold.

I pointed to the mark on the clothing.

"Read!" I gasped, "and tell me if I am going mad?"

Sir Gervase read the name aloud in that miserable attic—"*Ethel Greylock!*"

"Yes," said Granny Scrag, "that's what the young gentleman called his baby, but 'twas too grand for Judith and me, so we just christened her Polly. His own name, he said, was Robert Greylock."

In spite of the look on the baronet's face, I could not, at first, grasp the truth.

"This is astounding!" he cried.

"Can you understand it—can you believe it?" I muttered feebly, as, clutching the bits of worn and yellow linen, I gazed helplessly from him to Granny Scrag.

"Yes, I understand it, and I believe it!" answered Sir Gervase. "This very day, on her way from the church, Mrs. Iris confessed to me that her husband carried away the sick child when she abandoned it—that he stole it from a sleeping servant who had it in charge. She also acknowledged that positive proof of its death had been lacking from the first, as nobody living knew where Robert left the infant."

I held my breath.

"Here is the Greylock crest engraved on this ring," continued the baronet. "Robert never came for his daughter, because death overtook him on the night when he consigned her to the Black women. Polly, it is all so plain that he who runs can read. The position which Nan left vacant to-day, you are called at once to fill. It is yours by divine right, for"—very solemnly—"as sure as we two stand in this attic together, you are Robert Greylock's daughter!"

CHAPTER XXX.

POLLY SPEAKS.

I DID not scream or faint, or do anything in fact, but drop the tiny garments, and sob out, "It's not possible! It's not possible!"

Granny Scrag hobbled up to me, and peered into my face.

"I knew ye, Poll, the minute I set eyes on ye," she said; "yes, yer father's name was Robert Greylock—I can take my oath on that, and if anybody goes to doubt it," with a grin, "ye can show 'em yer shoulder—the mother that bore ye can't deny the mark she'll find there. I remember the young gentleman's very words, 'The child is my daughter,' says he; 'her name is Ethel Greylock.' Ye're dressed like a lady—have ye got the brass at last? Oh!" with a dolorous whine, "ye *was* an ongrateful baggage, Poll, to run off and leave me to shift for myself! Ye never cared for nothing but Nan. Says Robert Greylock, says he, 'To-morrow I'll come for the child, and pay ye liberal.' That was years and years ago, and not a cent have I had for ye from that hour to this!"

Sir Gervase was a tower of strength at that moment. He immediately consigned the infant's clothing and the ring to his own pocket.

"These things belong now to Miss Greylock," he said to granny. "Have no fears—I give you my word that you shall be amply repaid for all that was done for her in her childhood."

I seized Granny Scrag suddenly by her two bent shoulders, and looked into her ugly old face.

"Are you sure—*sure*," I entreated, wildly, "that you've made no mistake?—are you sure that it was not Nan who was brought to your door in Robert Greylock's arms—Nan, instead of me!"

The old creature knew no more of the Greylocks, their wealth and social position, than of the planets, consequently she could feel no temptation to depart from the truth.

"Nan wasn't born into the world till two years after that night," she answered. "Can't ye remember how I

always liked her the best? And why shouldn't I? She was Judith's child. I'm sorry, I say, that ever I sold her. Who's going to take care of me in my old age? Have I got to beg in the streets till I die? Polly! Polly!" and she began to wring her skinny hands, "I know by yer looks that ye've fallen into some good place. Now, it's no more than fair for ye to do something for me—me that brought ye up, and slaved for ye, when yer own kin deserted ye."

Sir Gervase made the old woman rehearse every detail of the long-past interview betwixt Judith Black and my father, and having placed in her greedy hand the money which he had promised her, and given her the assurance of his future protection, he departed with me from Harmony Alley.

I went forth from the evil place like a person in a dream. The whole world had suddenly changed for me—the baronet's manner had changed. He drew my hand through his arm with a deferential air. Ah, I was no longer his inferior, but his kinswoman—his equal!

"How strange it all seems—I cannot comprehend it!" I sighed, when we had taken our places again in the Blackport train, "and I do not know whether I am glad or sorry. You saw how Nan filled her position at Greylock Woods. Could any born Greylock have done better? Was she not as grand as the grandest, as fair as the fairest? How can I take her place? I feel like a usurper. Look at me, and think of the difference betwixt the spurious Ethel and the true one."

"I look at you," he answered, quietly, "and I see a person who has, on more than one occasion, proved herself noble, heroic, worthy of all confidence—a person full of great possibilities. Justice must be done, and your wrongs made right immediately—no one would wish this with more fervor than Nan herself. Consider me entirely at your service, cousin—it will be both my duty and pleasure to help you establish your just and lawful claims."

"I have found a name and kindred," I half sobbed, "but not Nan! Where is she to-night? Friendless, fugitive, heart-broken—in what place has she taken refuge? It drives me wild to think of her!"

Did my words move him? His grave, brown face was turned from me—he answered nothing. Ah, he pitied Nan—he wanted to find her—to bring her back to the villa, but did he love her still? Could the daughter of Judith Black and the clog-dancer of a variety theatre keep for one hour that place in his heart which the high-bred heiress of Greylock Woods had won? Alas! I could not tell.

We found the carriage waiting at the station when we arrived at Blackport. Strange were the feelings that mastered me as we drove up the avenue to the villa. I was not the same person who had left the place a few hours before. No! Polly the nameless, Mercy Poole's servant, the girl to whom Dr. Vandine, in his kindly compassion, had meant to give a chance in the world, was no more. I must now think of myself as Robert Greylock's daughter, and the grandchild of that proud old man who lay in awful solemn state there in the great house among the knolls and evergreens.

Sir Gervase conducted me into the hall. As we were passing the door of the library I paused involuntarily. He gave me a look, a slight bow, and went on, leaving me with my hand on the knob, and my face bowed against the panel.

The very sight of the dead man within had always filled me with terror. If he were living, what would he say to the strange things that had transpired this day? Not for worlds would I have opened the door, or looked upon him, in his white and dreadful dignity; but I whispered through the keyhole:

"Grandfather! I do not like to call you by that name, but I must—I must, because it is my right. I am not like Nan, and you loved Nan—the knowledge that she was not of your blood killed you. Perhaps your cold, stern eyes would slay me, if they could, for daring to enter here, to take the place left vacant by her flight. Forgive me, grandfather, for I am Robert's daughter."

And then I pressed my face closer to the carved panel, and wept bitterly.

Presently a hand touched my arm. Sir Gervase had come back to find me.

"Go to the drawing-room," he said; "your mother is there. I have told her your story. I am glad she chanced to be in the house. She pretends to be skeptical concerning your identity, but you will readily see that she is deeply agitated. It is best that you should meet her alone."

My mother! I started at the words—and shuddered, also. He led me to the threshold of the drawing-room, and there left me. It was no easy thing for me, under these changed circumstances, to enter the presence of Mrs. Iris Greylock. For years and years the very thought of her had been detestable to me. There was horror in my heart, and an uncontrollable aversion, as I opened the door and stepped reluctantly into the room beyond.

She stood under a gas-jet, scrutinizing the yellow little garments which Sir Gervase had brought from Harmony Alley. Her face was pale, and she seemed trembling in every limb. At sight of me her excitement increased—she limped forward a step to meet me.

"I came here," she burst out, "to see what terms I could make with Sir Gervase—he being now the heir; and lo! he meets me with a story too absurd for belief. I recognize these clothes—yes, for I embroidered them myself—I marked my baby's name upon them with my own hands, and this ring—this, too, was the property of poor Robert; but *you*"—she gave me a withering look—"the servant-girl from Cats' Tavern, you, my daughter, found after all these years?—never, never will I believe such ridiculous nonsense! You are an impostor, even as poor Fairy was one! The whole matter is a shameless invention, of which you and Sir Gervase are undoubtedly the authors, though why *he* should lend himself to such a plot, I'm sure I cannot tell."

I made no attempt to refute the charge—only stood and looked her in the face.

"You find me objectionable as a daughter," I answered; "I am no more pleased to be told that you are my mother."

She colored, angrily.

"You are insolent! I always knew that Robert carried away the child—you have fitted the lost link in the chain of evidence very well—too well, in fact, for the effect is painfully dramatic. I tell you I have no daughter—she died long ago!" But even as she spoke she limped nearer, and stared with mingled fascination and terror in my face. "Oh, why couldn't they have left Fairy to me?" she cried out, wildly. "Fairy was exactly my style, my ideal of all that a daughter should be—she suited me perfectly! Could it matter where I found her, when she was so like the Greylock family that not even the keenest of them ever suspected her blood was not blue? Sir Gervase would never have dreamed of such a thing, if that wretched Johnson woman had not betrayed me!"

She felt not the slightest remorse for what she had done. She had no thought for the old man lying dead in

the library, nor the misery which she had brought upon Nan herself. Advancing still nearer, as if drawn to me against her own will, Mrs. Greylock twitched at my mantle, and said, sulkily, "Take off these. I want to see you as you are."

Mechanically I removed my outer garments. She breathed hard—her jeweled hands worked nervously together. She seemed fighting against an unwelcome but overwhelming truth.

"You remind me of my own self—or, rather, of what I was ten, twenty years ago," she half sobbed; "not that you are one-half as pretty—no, your eyes are the only decent feature in your face. But there's something about you that brings it all back—my lost youth, I mean. However," fretfully, resentfully, "you are *not* my child. Why don't you speak? Are you dumb? Do you *believe* that you belong to me?"

"Yes," I answered; "and you believe it, too!"

"No, not yet!" she cried out, feverishly. "There was a mark upon my baby, by which I could have distinguished her from all the children in the universe—a brand that I now see was providentially placed upon her to help me in a moment like this. Be so good as to slip off your dress, and I will tell you what I mean."

"I know already," I answered, and I unfastened my gown and allowed it to drop away from my neck and shoulders.

She uttered a sharp scream, and reeled away from me. The brand was there, ugly and red, like the print of a hand. All my life I had looked upon it as one of my many physical blemishes—one more or less could not matter.

"How well I remember that mark!" she gasped. "I always blamed poor Robert for it. Often, in our many quarrels, he would take me by the shoulder, and compel me to listen when I was more than unwilling." Her frivolous little face changed in a minute. "It is impossible for me to disbelieve longer!" she cried. "I am saved, I am saved! Little did I expect such good fortune. You are not what I desire, but you are Godfrey Greylock's granddaughter, and his heiress, of course, and that is all that is really needed! I am a lucky creature, after all. Fortune never plays me a shabby trick, but that she immediately hastens to make me some recompense. Of course *you* alter everything here; Sir Gervase is no longer of importance. Ethel—I suppose I must call you that—you may kiss my hand; altogether I have reason to rejoice in your discovery. I dare say that in time we may learn to like each other, especially if I find you as docile and manageable as poor Fairy was."

I did not kiss her hand; I made no promises for the future. She had acknowledged herself to be my mother, but I felt that I could neither trust nor respect her, and to love her—no, that was impossible. In me she would never find the docility which she had commended in Fairy.

Sir Gervase carried the news to Miss Pam's chamber. Directly I was summoned thither, and folded to the old woman's heart.

"You poor wronged child!" she said, and wept over me with maternal tenderness. "What a dreadful lot you have had in life! You may thank your mother for it. Look at the ruin and grief which she has brought on this house to-day! Now, what is to be done about Fairy? Ah, I am filled with remorse when I remember how I repulsed her at the church. You see, I was so shocked and horrified that I knew not what I did. I shall never forgive myself. Poor child! her wrongs seem to be scarcely less than your own."

"Fairy is to be found," I answered, "and brought back to her old place at Greylock Woods."

"You noble, generous girl!" cried Aunt Pam, and she kissed me fervently.

Alas! Advertisements, begging Fairy to return immediately to the friends who were anxiously waiting for her, were dispatched to all the prominent newspapers in the country; private detectives, stimulated by offers of reward, also went forth to search for the missing girl; but neither to the printed entreaties, nor to the efforts of men versed in all the arts of their profession, did any response come. Nan returned no more, and not the faintest clew could I, by any means, obtain to her whereabouts.

Godfrey Greylock was carried to his grave one dreary December day. Miss Pam, the baronet and I followed him as his only mourners. Then we went back to the villa to listen to the reading of the will.

It was a brief document. With the exception of an annuity to Miss Pamela, all the dead man's earthly possessions—houses, lands and money—were bequeathed unconditionally to his granddaughter, Ethel, the child of his dead son, Robert Greylock, and to her heirs for ever.

The family lawyer congratulated me kindly. Aunt Pam held me to her heart, and whispered: "It is all as it should be"; and Sir Gervase pressed my hand and said, quietly: "You are now the undisputed mistress of the Greylock fortune, and I hope you may find in it some recompense for your past hardships and privations. What do you, in your new position, first wish to do, cousin?"

"Find Nan, and divide my possessions with her."

He smiled sadly.

"Faithful and loyal as ever! And next?"

My esteem for the baronet was growing hour by hour. He was noble, generous, good. I could speak to him more frankly than to anybody else in the world.

"Next I must go to school," I answered; "I am ashamed now of my utter ignorance. I know absolutely nothing."

He looked at me, in my deep mourning, with kind, compassionate eyes.

"You are still young enough to spare a year or two, cousin, for the acquisition of such knowledge as you need."

I had an interview with Iris Greylock in the darkened drawing-room, after everybody else had left it. Miss Pamela had fled from her presence in utter horror, and with a derisive little laugh my mother seized my mourning-dress and drew me down to a sofa by her side.

"I believe that dreadful old spinster would have been better pleased if I had not appeared at this funeral at all," she began, vivaciously. "She thinks only of my little errors, not of the combination of circumstances that forced me into them. Now, my child, you and I must understand each other! You find yourself in possession of a superb fortune, and you actually know nothing about the proper management of it. Think of what you have been—a servant, a menial, a beggar of the street—bah! it is too disgusting to talk about. Think of your utter lack of education—you surely need some competent person to guide and direct you now. In *me*, Ethel, you find the want supplied. I am your natural counselor and guardian. I will assume the whole charge of your future and your fortune. You shall not be troubled in any way with stupid money matters. You are too young, by far! *I* am a born financier. You must turn all your affairs over to me at once. As mother and daughter, our interests, of course, are one; our possessions should be one, also. You have all that *you* can do at present to learn your alphabet."

Before I could answer a word she burst out again :

"You are not, after all, bad-looking. Style can be acquired, and dress always works wonders for a woman. Your eyes are good, and you have a Spanish type of feature, that in a rich heiress will be considered quite the thing. Now listen ! I have made up my mind that you shall marry Sir Gervase Greylock. Ah, you start—you change color. I am a wonderful match-maker, *ma chère*. Did not the baronet come to America to wed the heiress of the Woods ? Why should he not do so still ? You must

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MERLE.

console him for his recent disappointment. Courage, child—you can do it, even though you have not Fairy's beauty."

In my mingled wrath, shame, and amazement, I could only spring to my feet, and ejaculate, "Mother, mother!"

She laughed, lightly.

"How shocked you look, simpleton! Now don't be absurd, but leave me to manage everything. Sir Gervase——"

It seemed as if another word would kill me.

"Stop!—stop!" I interrupted. "I will not listen! Oh, this is frightful!"

And thrusting my fingers into my ears, I fled, like a wild creature, from the funereal drawing-room.

In a few days the inevitable crisis came. She left Rose Cottage altogether, and took up her abode at the villa. Confusion followed. Hopkins and the servants refused to receive orders from her, and Miss Pam fled to her own apartments, and declared she would not leave them while her nephew's widow remained in the house.

Sir Gervase looked grave. I myself said nothing—did nothing. She was my mother—what *could* I do?

One morning Sir Gervase and I sat in the warm bright breakfast-room, in council over the utter failure of all my efforts to discover Nan. Valuable assistance he had certainly rendered in the matter, but whether for Nan's sake, or simply to gratify me, I could not determine. His reserve was impenetrable. I was as far as ever from discovering whether or not his love for Nan still lived. He had but just returned to the Woods, after an absence of two days, the cause of which he did not explain, but as I watched him I fancied he looked worn and out of spirits.

"How strange," I cried out, feverishly, "how very strange that I hear nothing of Nan! I have pressed everybody into my service, I have set skilled persons searching here, there and everywhere, and the result is—total failure! If I could secure but the smallest clew to guide me, I would take scrip and staff, and set forth on a pilgrimage of discovery myself."

"I think," said Sir Gervase, deliberately, "that she has gone upon the stage."

I stared.

"What more likely?" he queried. "You may not know it, but she was a wonderful dancer—a talent inherited, doubtless, from her father. She was aware of its possession—she would soon discover its market value. Thoroughly blameless and refined women are sometimes by necessity driven into the ballet."

"The ballet!" I echoed, in utter horror. "Nan in spangles and tights, and rouge! No, you cannot imagine it, Sir Gervase—no more can I! She would never, never stoop to that! You are on the wrong track."

"I think not," he answered, stubbornly.

"If you have a clew, why do you not tell me?"

"I have none," he answered; "but being in town yesterday and the day previous, I took the opportunity to make some inquiries among professional people—some personal search about the city theatres. No such person as Nan had been seen there, yet all the same, as I remember her wonderful dancing, my belief remains unshaken."

The children of want cannot choose their calling. How could I tell what Nan might be forced to do, turned out poor and alone upon the world?

"Then send messengers to other cities, to other theatres!" I cried out, wildly; "we must search the whole world over. Do you think I will leave her to such a life?"

"No," he replied, "I am sure you will not. And I have anticipated your wishes in the matter, cousin, and already dispatched a trusty person to prosecute the very search of which you speak."

"A thousand thanks——" I began, gratefully; but the opening of the breakfast-room door interrupted me. My mother entered.

She was charmingly dressed, and in her bosom glowed a cluster of jacqueminot-roses. At sight of Sir Gervase *tête-à-tête* with me, her eyes began to sparkle. She noticed at once my ruffled demeanor.

"Now, whatever is the matter with you two?" she said, lightly, as she limped up to us in her graceful, breezy way. "Quarreling? Fie! fie!" And then, with sudden alarm: "Ah, Sir Gervase, do not, I beg of you—*do* not tell me that you are going back to England!"

"Not at present," he answered; "I have a work to accomplish here before I return to my own land."

"So glad! Ethel," tapping my shoulder, "seems to depend altogether upon your counsel and assistance now. I am sure she would not know how to get on in her new position without you. Oh, I understand," and with a piercing glance at us both, "you were talking about Fairy! Has anything yet been heard of her?"

"No," I answered.

She drew a letter suddenly from her pocket. The air seemed charged with electricity. My heart gave a great apprehensive bound.

"Prepare yourselves for a great shock," said my mother with her sweetest smile. "I have just received these lines from poor Fairy. *You* know her handwriting, Sir Gervase, if Ethel does not. Look—read! The dear, sly, artful creature has actually married—whom do you think?—Why, that mad lover, who tried to kill her out on the marshes! Romantic women, you know, are prone to forgive such things, seeing in them only a proof of love."

I was looking straight at Sir Gervase. His brown face, of a sudden, grew as stern and white as death. He seized the letter which my mother held out to him—I fancied his hand trembled.

"Yes," he said, in a strange tone, "this is her handwriting."

"Read, I tell you!" urged my mother, with a triumphant glance at me.

He almost shouted these words from the paper:

"DEAR MAMMA—Let me call you that for the last time—I am now the wife of Arthur Regnault Kenyon—the man I loved so passionately at school—the man I *still* love, in spite of his many faults. I have been driven to take this step, partly by stress of circumstances, partly by the urgency of his great passion for me. Give me no further thought, and do not seek to find me. I am well and happy—let that satisfy you. FAIRY."

I listened to the last word. I did not cry out nor interrupt, but when Sir Gervase dashed down the sheet I picked it up, examined it closely, then gave it back to my mother, whose smiling face at that moment was an offense to my eyes.

"A clumsy falsehood, without date or postmark," I said, dryly. "Nan never wrote that letter—not a line, not a word of it is genuine! You may have copied her handwriting with tolerable accuracy, but there your skill ended."

She grew red, then pale.

"Ethel, how dare you accuse me of such a thing—me, your mother?"

"Shame! shame!" I went on, furiously; "to strike such blows at her when she cannot defend herself! Has she not suffered enough? Has she not been wronged enough? Cannot you spare her now—the girl you called your own for so many years, and through whose influ-

ence you reaped such a harvest of benefits? Shame, mamma! I say shame!"

Then I cast a withering look at Sir Gervase.

"How could *you* believe it, even for a moment? Plainly, Nan has not a friend left among the hundreds that she once fancied she possessed!"

"I deserve your rebuke, cousin," he muttered, under his breath.

My boldness overpowered Mrs. Greylock. She uttered no word, either in denial or defense, but burst into tears.

"Harmony Alley has left its mark upon you, Ethel!" she gasped, at last. "I wanted to make a suitable match for you. I saw my opportunity, and would have seized it, if you had permitted me. But now, simpleton," viciously, "I wash my hands of all further match-making in your behalf. One thing, however, I insist upon knowing—when do you mean to place your fortune in my care? I am tired of this long delay. Give over the management of your affairs to me at once!"

"That I cannot do, mamma," I answered.

"What! would you dare to thrust me aside, after all, wretched girl?"

"I must keep full control of my own possessions, mamma. I must take care of them without your help."

"Ungrateful creature! Then I refuse to live under the same roof with you! What better things could I expect of a child reared in Harmony Alley? Robert Greylock's child, too! You have his temper exactly. I understand you intend to give part of your money to Fairy, if you ever find her. I hope you never may—never! I knew, the moment I saw you, that you would be like a mule to manage. Very well! you shall settle upon me a handsome income, and I will go abroad to dear, delightful Paris, and pass the rest of my days in peace. To live under the same roof with you longer would be unbearable."

I had no objections to offer to the plan. It was speedily arranged. Just a week later, without a solitary regret, we parted, to meet no more on this side of the grave.

Meanwhile, in no theatre, no ballet, near or far, could any trace of Nan be discovered.

Granny Scrag was removed from Harmony Alley to a decent habitation, and placed in the care of honest and kindly people. I meant that comfort and plenty should surround her in her last days; but the change from privation to abundance was too much for the old creature. A month after her departure from the alley she was dead. Dr. Vandine sent a congratulatory note to me at Greylock Woods; a very polite and formal note, which seemed to me like a final farewell. I had passed into another sphere, beyond the need of his compassion and kindness.

No further word reached me from Cats' Tavern; but one day, as I was riding with Aunt Pam through the narrow streets of Blackport, the doctor's buggy flashed by my carriage—he was once more abroad among his patients.

For one instant our eyes met. I sat beside Aunt Pam, dressed all in solemn black, and wrapped about in heavy furs, presenting, no doubt, a strange appearance to his sight. I bowed formally. He lifted his hat. A hot thrill of exultation and pride—the first that I had experienced in my new life—flashed over me, and was succeeded immediately by a miserable depression and pain.

"You are pale, my dear," said Aunt Pam, anxiously; "and you tremble."

"With the cold," I faltered, as I drew the fox-fur robes closer about myself.

The next day I took leave of Greylock Woods and went away to school. (*To be continued.*)

WHEN LOVELY MARY.

When lovely Mary gave her word
To meet me by the walnut-tree,
Unless the rain at midnight poured,
Unless "Mamma" awake should be,

My heart with pleasure melted o'er,
And every pleasing sense was moved,
I felt I never knew before
How much I loved and was beloved.

When lovely Mary kept her word
And met me by the walnut-tree,
The clouds were gone, the moonlight poured
Its favoring smile on her and me.

And when I kissed her o'er and o'er,
And every bar from bliss removed,
I knew I never felt before
How much I loved and was beloved.

THE BLACK DECOY; Or, MAJOR MAXWELL'S DIVIDEND.

"I GUESS I never told you about that horse; did I?" asked Major Maxwell, an old veteran of the last war, as he pointed out a large black horse that was quietly feeding in the pasture just across the road. "That is the famous Black Decoy; and he cost me an even thousand dollars, to say nothing of the vexation and the peril attending his purchase.

"I bought him out in the mountains. It was before the war. I had two good arms then, and this leg wasn't a stick. I was on escort duty. Something had happened to some of the wagons, and the train lay in camp a day for repairs. Nearly all the boys went out after buffaloes, but my horse was lame, so I remained in camp.

"There was only one companionable person left with me, and that was old Jacob Stockton. He was going out to Montana to meet his daughter. He had been in Montana for years, leaving his child with friends in the East, and early in the Spring he went to visit her. He found, however, that she had gone to visit him, so he hurried back, and, by chance, joined the train I was escorting.

"We had become very good friends; and at every opportunity I sought his company, and was always well repaid.

"On that day I found him stretched at full length under a tree, pulling away at his old black pipe. I followed his example, excepting the pipe, and was soon an interesting listener to the old gentleman's tales of travel and adventure.

"In the midst of one of his most exciting narrations he started unexpectedly to his feet, exclaiming:

"'The Black Decoy, as sure as I live! I wonder what ill-luck is coming to us now!'

"I quickly changed my recumbent posture for one better suited for observation, and saw, coming toward camp, a stranger riding one horse and leading another.

"There was nothing remarkable about the stranger, nor the animal he rode; but the led horse was the most perfect thing in the way of horseflesh I ever saw. I was smitten at once. My poor bay, though he had served me faithfully for a year or more, looked like an old cart-horse by the side of this splendid black; and I decided at once that if this animal could be bought for money, I would buy him.

"'Don't do it, major!' said old Jacob, although I had not spoken a word. 'I had rather see you astride a Bengal tiger than that horse, with all his beauty.'

WHEN LOVELY MARY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 207.

"'Beauty!' I exclaimed. 'Why, Mr. Stockton, that word does not half express it. He is absolutely incomparable! I will give a round thousand for just that black horse, and consider it cheap, too!'

"'Don't think of it, major!' cried the old man, grasping my arm as I rose to my feet. 'I wouldn't ride nor own that horse for the whole of Montana! no, not if every stone were pure gold!'

"'Pooh! my friend; you are wild. *I'll* ride him, and buy him, too, if I can.'

"The old man shook his head.

"'Major, if you know when you are well off, you'll not go nigh him.'

"'Your reasons?' said I, half vexed at his superstitions.

"'I have but one,' he replied, solemnly. 'If you mount that horse you are no better than a dead man."

"I laughed outright.

"'You have forgotten the text, Jacob—Death comes on a pale horse.'

"'Black or white, you will find it as I say, major.'

"By this time the newcomer was within speaking distance. I hailed him, and went out to where he stopped. It was no hard matter to trade with him, and in less than ten minutes I was leading the horse away, and the seller was riding off with a thousand dollars added to his pocket-money.'

"Anxious to try my new purchase, I saddled and bridled him, and mounted.

"'Major! major! don't do it!'

"I had forgotten old Jacob; but there he stood, holding the horse by the bridle.

"'Major, you will certainly ride to your death.'

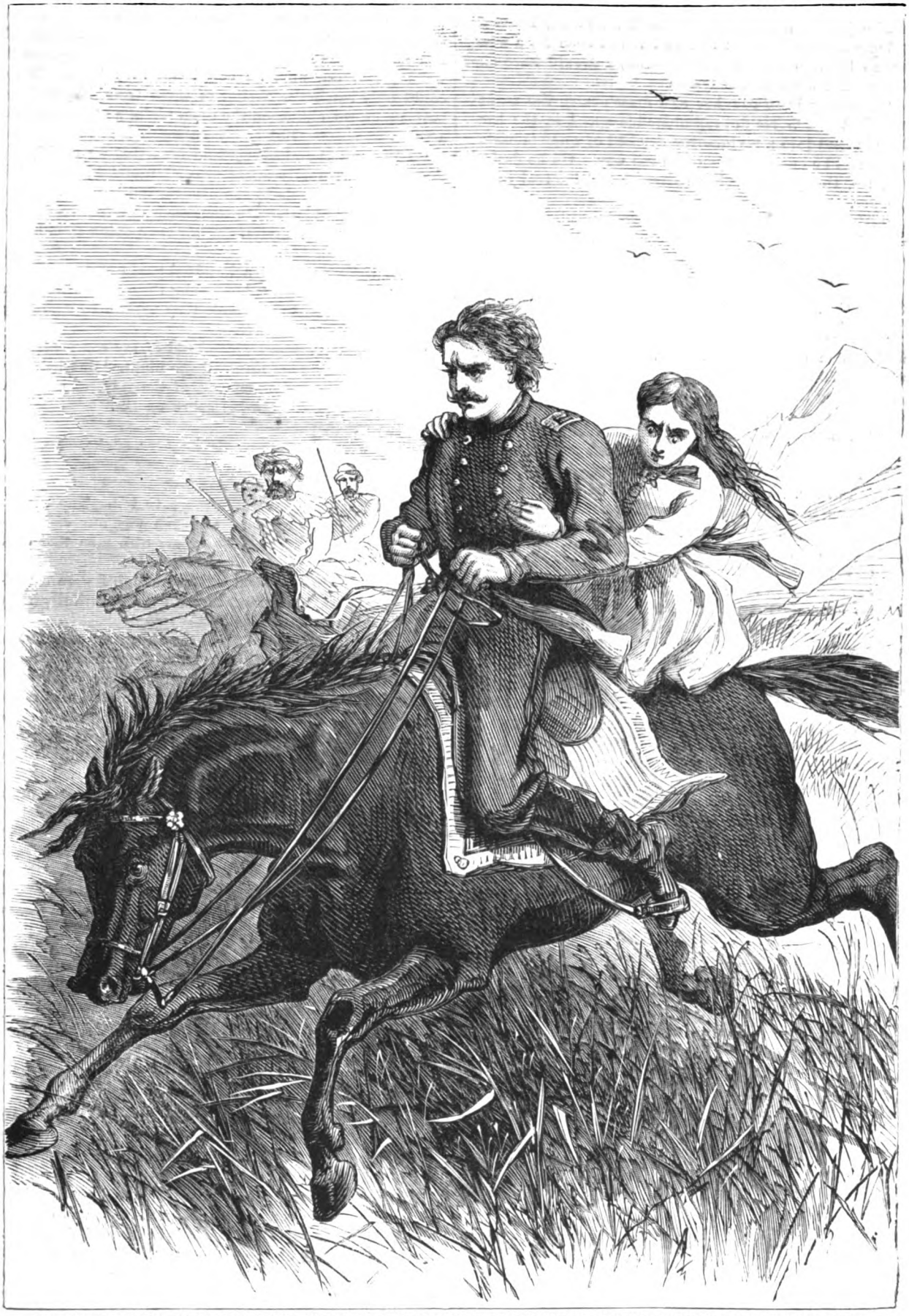
"I was too much excited to pay any attention to his words, and touching the horse lightly with my sharp Mexican spurs, I left the old man still talking to me.

"My beautiful black rode charmingly. I never had an easier seat; and I never saw a horse that could get over the ground with less exertion. Twice one thousand dollars would not have taken him from me.

"At the start I gave the horse free rein, and he took a northerly course toward the mountains. In this way I rode several miles, but the nearness of the sun to the zenith, and the admonition of my inner-man, reminded me that it was time to return. I accordingly drew rein; but instead of wheeling about, the horse broke into a gallop, nearly unseating me.

"I had hitherto prided myself on my command over anything of the horse kind, but that magnificent black took the conceit out of me. All that I could do or say made no impression on him, and I was forced at last to give up and admit that I had found my match. It was very humiliating, I assure you; and there was Jacob Stockton's warning to think about. I was not alarmed, however; but I did find myself wondering whether the old man had not some good reasons for his belief. And I was vexed, too. I could ride as far as the horse could carry me, but I felt that I had the right to choose the direction. There was my dinner, too—

LA PENSEROSA.



THE BLACK DECOY.—"OUR PURSUERS WERE FAST GAINING ON US, BUT WE COULD ONLY URGE THE POOR TIRED HORSE, AND PRAY FOR DELIVERANCE."—SEE PAGE 207.

a nice juicy buffalo-steak. Take it all in all, I was decidedly uncomfortable; and had it not been for a weary tramp back to our camping-ground, I should have shot the animal dead in his tracks.

"The way grew rougher as I drew nearer the mountains, but the horse did not abate his speed in the least. He plunged into a ravine—the dry bed of some mountain stream—like one accustomed to the way. On he dashed, and up, the path growing narrower and the rocky sides steeper.

"Higher and higher were the rocky walls as we advanced, until they closed over our heads, shutting us into midnight gloom. Ten minutes of this darkness, and the horse emerged into an open space, lighted by the noonday sun. There he stopped as suddenly as he had started, and neighed loudly.

"Before I recovered from my surprise, a quick, sharp, well-known sound struck upon my ear, and looking in the direction from whence it appeared to come, I saw two men staring down at me—two as rough, villainous-looking creatures as ever encumbered the earth.

"Ah, my friend, I knew my peril then; and my thoughts went through my brain with wonderful rapidity. I had not a second to lose. Already two rifles were pointed at me. Whatever I did must be done instantly. There was but one chance—to stake a dumb brute's life against my own.

"I drew my revolver and placed the cold muzzle to the ear of my treacherous captor.

"'My release, or the black imp's death!' I shouted.

"So soon as they comprehended my intentions they disappeared; but I knew that it was only to gain some more advantageous position.

"I dared not leave the horse, however, for on him depended my safety; so I sat there, still holding my revolver ready for any emergency, and watching all points. Vigilant as I was, however, I was surprised. Without any warning, a light form leaped upon the saddle behind me, and a human voice uttered some strange word—some magical word, it seemed, for the horse, so motionless before, wheeled on the instant, and went dashing back through the path we had come.

"Then and there was a ride for life. The rocks seemed swarming with men; bullets flew about us like hail; and the clatter of hoofs over the hard stones came distinctly to our ears. I spared neither whip nor spur; and by strange good fortune we escaped the bullets and reached the open plain. Then, for the first time, I ventured to look behind, and I saw a woman's face—a face more beautiful than my wildest dreams had ever pictured.

"Our pursuers were gaining on us. But we could only urge on the poor tired horse, and pray for deliverance. A mile or two ahead of us was a belt of timber. I had no recollections of passing it in the morning, but if we *had* lost our way, we could not turn back. If we could only reach the shelter of those trees, it would be better than remaining on the open plain, a target for half a score of rifles. But could we reach it?

"I had not the shadow of an idea that we could, for the horse was nearly spent. Yet I urged him on. He strained every muscle to the utmost, but those sinews of steel gave way at last. He staggered and fell, and I was just in time to save myself and my companion from being crushed beneath him.

"The timber was yet a hundred yards away, and the ruffians scarcely fifty behind. Why they didn't fire upon us I never knew, but I think they wished to spare my beautiful companion's life.

"I grasped the small white hand of my companion in peril, and together we resumed the flight. But half the distance was covered when one of the robbers galloped up to my side and drew his sabre on me.

"'Take that, you——'

"They were the last words he ever spoke. Puffs of white smoke appeared suddenly among the trees, and of the ten outlaws but three escaped.

"Well, there is but little more to tell. The timber which I had tried so hard to reach was our camping-ground, and it was the rifles of my own men that sent death and defeat into the robber ranks.

"Mr. Stockton stared at me as though I were a veritable ghost; but when I led forward the beautiful girl, it was my turn to be amazed.

"'Minnie, my darling!' cried the old man; and I knew then who had shared my ride from the outlaws' stronghold. She had been taken prisoner only the day before. Failing to find her father, she was on the return, and the stage fell into the hands of the robbers. By chance she saw me, and conceived the bold plan for escape; but what magic word she used to induced the obdurate horse to turn back with us I never knew, and she cannot tell.

"We resumed our way the next morning, Minnie accompanying us. The horse, too, I took along, although it seemed utterly useless. He grew better, however, and there you see him now, pretty well along in years, it is true, but still the cheapest horse ever bought. Smile away, if you like. I do not allude to the original investment—I paid enough for a share in the concern—but to the dividend received. Only one has been declared; yet I would not sell for $10,000. Let me show you. Minnie! Minnie! Oh, here you are! My wife, Minnie Stockton Maxwell—My Dividend."

NEW YORK DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.

The new year brought with it the prospect of stirring times for the city. Sir Henry Clinton was fitting out an expedition at Boston, the object of which was supposed to be New York. General Charles Lee, eager for the service, confident of raising a force in Connecticut, was commissioned by Washington for its defense. He passed the month of January in recruiting, and on Sunday, the 4th of February, simultaneously with the appearance of Clinton with his squadron in the harbor, arrived at the city. The people, fearing an immediate bombardment, were much agitated. Many fled with their effects into the country. "All that day and all night," says a contemporary letter-writer, "were there carts going and boats loading, and women and children crying, and distressed voices heard in the roads in the dead of the night."*

New York, it must be confessed, was ill prepared for war. Even Lee's coming for its protection was dreaded by the Committee of Safety, lest he should draw upon the town the fire of the ships in the harbor. "If the ships-of-war are quiet," was Lee's reply, in his usual vigorous phraseology, "I shall be quiet; but I declare

* Irving's "Washington," II., 167.

solemnly, that if they make a pretext of my presence to fire upon the town, the first house set in flames by their guns shall be the funeral-pile of some of their best friends," and he reiterated the threat when the fleet lay before the town.

Clinton, however, had not come to destroy the city; but, as he took pains to inform the Mayor, only to visit his friend Tryon, while, with expressions of affection, he recalled his residence in the city in his youth when his father, the Admiral, was Governor. At the end of the week he departed for the South; and the day that he sailed, the artillery and military stores in Fort George were removed without opposition from Captain Parker's ships in the East River.

Lee had now taken up his headquarters at the house No. 1 Broadway, built by Captain Kennedy, of the Royal Navy—a memorable historical building, one of the few that survived to our day in the city of the Revolutionary era. Here he engaged vigorously in plans for the defense of the island and the passes of the Hudson, Parker, meanwhile, having withdrawn with the ships to the lower bay. The *Asia*, with Governor Tryon on board, was stationed at the entrance to the North River. Lee cut off all provisions and intercourse from the city—"A measure," he writes to Washington, "which has thrown the Mayor, Council, and Tories, into agonies. The propensity, or rather rage, for paying court to this great man, is inconceivable. We must put wormwood on his paps, or they will cry to suck, as they are in their second childhood." On the 7th of March Lee departed for the Southern Department to meet his enemy Clinton at Charleston, leaving Lord Stirling in command at New York.

In the evacuation of Boston, on the 17th, Washington read the signal for the British occupation of New York. It was supposed that General Sir William Howe would proceed thither at once, but his destination was Halifax, where he passed some time previous to the execution of the concerted movement on the devoted city with his brother, Admiral Lord Howe. Washington acted with his usual promptness, forwarding detachments of his army to New York under Heath and Sullivan, and assigning the command to Putnam. He himself arrived on the 13th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Washington, whose presence in the camp at Cambridge had graced the closing scenes of the campaign. She had witnessed the departure of the enemy from Boston; but at New York she was entering a beleaguered city, with scant room at this time for social congratulations or festivity. All was care and anxiety, and preparation for a future near at hand.

The fortifications planned by Lee were vigorously prosecuted. The Highlands were defended; Kingsbridge, at the extremity of the island, was protected by breastworks. Fort Independence was built at this spot, and a few miles below, on the heights guarding the Hudson, Fort Washington. Fort George was again manned, and batteries rose at commanding points of the city. Stringent efforts were made to repress Toryism and check treasonable correspondence with the enemy. About 10,000 troops were distributed in the city and the vicinity. General Greene was placed in command at Brooklyn.

An incident which occurred at this time connected with old Trinity is worthy of mention. In the absence of the rector, Auchmuty, Dr. Inglis was officiating. One of the American officers waited upon him, with a request that he would dispense with the customary loyal prayers for the King and Royal Family. They were, however, read as usual. This independent course gave rise to much unfriendly comment. On one occasion, as he was officiating, the congregation was greatly agitated by the appearance of about 150 armed men, who marched into the church with drums beating and fifes playing, their guns loaded and bayonets fixed. Several women fainted, and it was generally expected that when the Collects for the King and Royal Family should be read the minister would be fired at, as menaces to that purpose had frequently been made. Mr. Inglis, however, went on with the service, and the matter passed over without any accident.*

A notice was at this time served by the Committee of Safety, requiring the Governors of King's College to vacate the building, that it might be used for the reception of troops. The students were, in consequence, dispersed, and the library and apparatus removed to the City Hall and elsewhere, the greater part never to be restored to the institution. The college was converted into a military hospital.†

A month was passed by Washington in placing the city in a state of defense, when he was called to Philadelphia. Mrs. Washington left with him, to resume her residence at Mount Vernon. The pressing military necessity was felt to be at New York, and large reinforcements from the militia of the Eastern and Middle States were ordered for its defense. Washington returned to the city early in June, to confront a new danger in the machinations of the Tories, who, at the instigation of Tryon, had entered into a conspiracy with the design of aiding Howe on his arrival, and securing possession of the city. A main feature of the plot was the capture of Washington, who was at this time quartered at Richmond Hill, a mansion surrounded by trees, in a remote part of the city, near the Lispenard Meadows, subsequently memorable as the residence of Aaron Burr. The affair was investigated by a Committee of Congress.

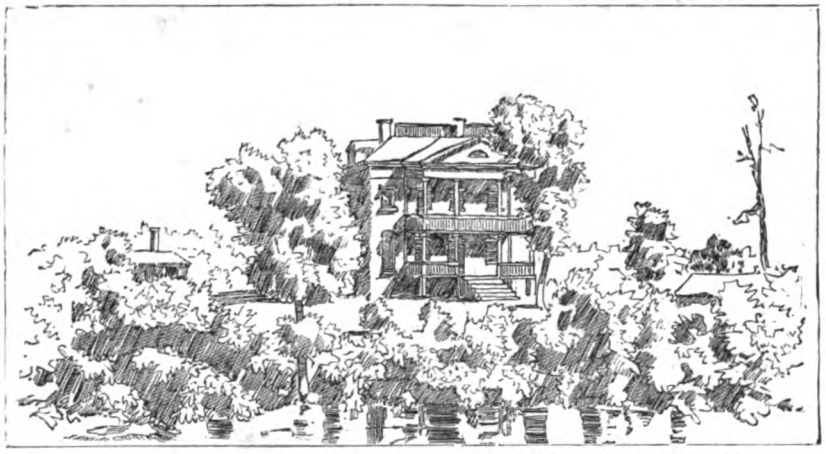
The new Mayor of the city, David Matthews, was arrested as the agent of Tryon in corrupting the soldiery, through negotiations carried on at various petty taverns. Numerous persons were implicated; several members of Washington's bodyguard were found to have been tampered with, and one of them, Thomas Hickey, after trial by court-martial, was, on the 28th of June, hanged in the presence of a vast concourse of the military and people of the city. It was proved that he had sought to assassinate Washington by poisoning a dish of green peas for his table. Washington's housekeeper, the daughter of Sam Fraunces, the innkeeper, whom Hickey had endeavored to make an accomplice in this affair, disclosed his intention.‡

Though enlistments had been made, "no regular plan," wrote Washington to the President of Congress, "seems to have been digested. The matter, I am in hopes, by a timely discovery, will be suppressed, and put a stop to."

There was little time left, indeed, for the hatching of plots in the city. The enemy was at the gates. The day following the execution the lower bay was alive with ships and transports bringing the vanguard of Howe's army from Halifax. Howe himself had arrived, was in conference with Tryon and his Tory confederates, and was landing his troops on Staten Island. It was while the country was agitated by the first intelligence of this movement that Congress sent forth to the world the Declaration of Independence. In no place throughout the land could its promulgation have been attended with deeper emotion than at New York, when, by order of Washington, it was read on the evening of the 9th of June, at the

* Dr. Berrian's "Trinity Church," p. 143. † Dr. Moore's "Historical Sketch," p. 61-2.

‡ "American Archives," Fourth Series, Vol. VI, p. 1,084.

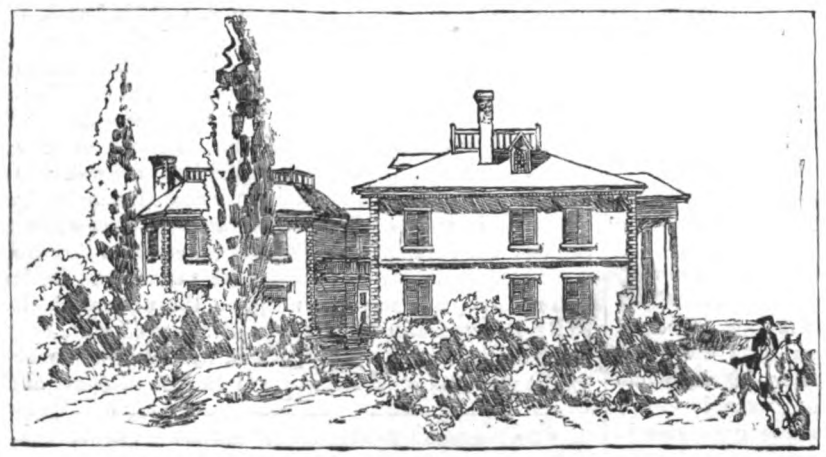


RICHMOND HILL MANSION, VARICK AND CHARLTON STREETS—WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS FROM MAY TO JUNE, 1776.

head of each of the six brigades composing the army. Washington himself was present on horseback, within the hollow square formed by one of these divisions on the Common, while it was recited by one of his aides at his side.

The city bells were rung. Warm with the excitement of the hour, the populace fell upon the gilded equestrian statue of George III., in the Bowling Green, tore it from its pedestal, and broke up its heavy leaden bulk in fragments, to be converted into bullets for use against the enemy.

A portion of the statue was conveyed to Litchfield, Connecticut, where the ladies of Governor Wolcot's family employed themselves in casting it in bullets. Another part, which formed the saddle, was taken to Norwalk, and subsequently, on the approach of Tryon in one of his marauding expeditions, was removed to Wilton, and there, to preserve it from the enemy, thrown into a swamp. It lay there some fifty years, when it was discovered, and being recognized by a Revolutionary pensioner who had taken part in its destruction, was kept in the town as a relic. It was subsequently brought back to New York and graced the curious collection of historical antiquities formed by Thomas Riley at his Fifth Ward Hotel, at the corner of Franklin Street and West Broadway.



MORRIS HOUSE, WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, SEPTEMBER, 1775; AFTERWARD MADAME JUMEL'S RESIDENCE.

The Declaration was afterward read at the City Hall, the British arms were taken from the Court-room, the picture of the King from the Council Chamber, and the arms carved in stone from the front, and all were consigned to the flames in the street. The tocsin of liberty reached the imprisoned debtors, who were liberated in honor of the event.*

The Provincial Congress had now adjourned its sessions to White Plains, and taken the name of Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York. Meanwhile the storm was gathering in the harbor. On the 12th of July two ships, the *Phœnix* and the *Rose*, of forty and twenty guns, passed up the North River, replying to the city batteries on the way with their broadsides. The sound of the cannon sent terror to the inhabitants of the city,

THE MOB DEMOLISHING THE GILT STATUE OF GEORGE III.

who feared the worst. The shrieks and cries of women, children and the infirm attracted the attention and engaged the sympathy of Washington. It was, not unnaturally, a season of peculiar alarm. On one side, the people were threatened by a thickening enemy and the guns of the fleet; on the other, they were harassed by intimations which had been thrown out as a last defense—of the burning of the city. The ships passed on to meet with a stubborn and effectual resistance as they approached the Highlands. Scarcely had the echoes of their cannon before the city died away, when another and more permanent cause of excitement arose in the arrival of Admiral Lord Howe, the intelligence of whose coming

* Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," II., p. 801.

was conveyed to the town at evening by the loud salvos of the guns of the many war vessels at the Narrows. Following the admiral came the Hessians in transports, with other mercenaries whom England had bought of the impoverished petty German princes; and finally, early in August, came Sir Henry Clinton, on his return from Charleston, with Lord Cornwallis and 3,000 men. The British force in the field, as it was now completed, is estimated by Irving at about 30,000, and that of the Americans, in and about New York, at 20,000—raw troops for the most part, and one-fourth suffering from fevers and other diseases of the camp. Yet Washington, in the face of this odds, "bated not a jot of heart or hope." His measures for the defense of the city went on as if it were to be securely defended against the double host of army and navy which beleaguered it. Aiders and abetters of the enemy in that Tory stronghold, King's County,

Washington reconnoitred the position on the 24th, urged attention to the passes of the hills, and in the absence of Greene appointed Putnam to the command. The enemy, meantime, had increased their force, and, on the night of the 26th, the attack was made, Clinton adroitly turning the left of the outer American line at its weakest point, while Stirling was confronted by General Grant, and Sullivan by De Heister and his Hessians. The success of Clinton's movement determined the others. Stirling and Sullivan were taken prisoners and their forces defeated.

Washington with great anxiety witnessed the closing scenes of these engagements on the morning of the 27th. Howe might boldly have assaulted the entrenchments; fortunately for the defenders, he preferred the more cautious method of a regular approach. The next day was spent in skirmishes. The following, the 29th, disclosed

"THE BLACK HORSE TAVERN," A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC NEAR INWOOD.

were weeded out and sent to a distance; a place of safety was sought to be provided for the weak and helpless; fireships were projected for the injury of the fleet; works were thrown up for the protection of that vantage-ground, Brooklyn Heights.

Greene had drawn a line of entrenchment from Gowanus Cove to the Wallabout, and would doubtless have adequately fortified the passes of the outlying hills beyond had he not been stricken down by a violent fever.

Washington, who anticipated an attack from this quarter, did all in his power to reinforce the garrison and expedite the works. On the 22d of August, Sir Henry Clinton, with the advance of the enemy's forces, landed at Gravesend Bay. The open plains were around them for encampment. In front rose the range of hills, guarded at the passes nearest the river by the corps of Lord Stirling and of General Sullivan; the third, leading to Jamaica, being less effectively protected.

a movement in the fleet. The situation was growing desperate. The only safety for the army was in a timely retreat. The accomplishment of this, under cover of a fog, on the ensuing night, will ever rank as one of the triumphs of Washington's military career. Transports were provided, boats and sailing vessels from the wharfs and shores, during the day; the orders were given and their execution personally superintended by Washington; with such energy, discretion and secrecy was the whole carried out, that he crossed with the last of the entire army of 9,000, their artillery, equipments and provisions, before the movement was noticed by the enemy lying in immediate proximity to the abandoned works. New York, in all her history, has never looked upon a nobler exertion of physical force and moral energy than the endurance and heroism shown by Washington in the sleepless days and nights of this memorable battle and retreat.

General Howe now concentrated the greater part of his forces on Long Island, while his brother, the admiral, brought up the fleet before the town. The military advantages of the enemy, however, were not immediately pushed against the city. Lord Howe was anxious to play the pacificator. He had, on his arrival, sought to open negotiations with Washington, but had failed to obtain a hearing from his unwillingness to recognize the military authority of the commander-in-chief. He now, through the agency of Sullivan, made another attempt to induce Congress to appoint a committee, of which Franklin and John Adams were members, to gain information of his designs. An interview with Howe was accordingly held at his headquarters on Staten Island, on the 11th of September. It was unnecessary, except as a matter of civility, for the Declaration of Independence had settled the question of submission to the mother country, which, with whatever fair words it might be covered, was in the end what Howe had to propose. In the meantime Washington was anxiously considering the course to be pursued respecting the city. It was at the outset his intention to defend it, but the insufficiency and withdrawal of large numbers of the raw militia levies soon brought him to the conclusion that he had not a sufficient body of troops on which he could rely; and it became apparent that if the army continued in its present position it would be hemmed in by water and land, and at the mercy of the enemy. The question, the thought of which had so distressed the inhabitants, remained—whether the city should be burned in accordance with military policy or necessity? Greene was decidedly for its destruction. Washington delicately submitted the matter to Congress, and Congress was for its preservation. Nothing now remained but a timely retreat. On the 14th, Washington, leaving Putnam in command of the rear-guard of the city, removed his headquarters toward King's Bridge. The next day the British were in motion. Under cover of the fleet two divisions of British and Hessians, led by Clinton and Donop, issuing from Newtown Creek, effected a landing on the shore of the East River between Turtle and Kip's Bays. The breastworks at these points were abandoned immediately, and so great was the panic, that two brigades of Connecticut troops which had been sent to their support fled in disorder on the first advance of a handful of the enemy. Washington, who was in the vicinity, spurred to the spot, and was moved to violent rage at beholding the dastardly flight. Dashing his hat to the ground, he is said to have exclaimed, "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?" Regardless of his own life, he would have been in the midst of the enemy, had not an aide seized the bridle of his horse and hurried him from the spot. Putnam was now ordered in hot haste to effect his retreat. Obliged to abandon a large portion of the heavy cannon and military stores, with his bustling zeal he urged forward the long procession of soldiers and flying inhabitants through the sultry day over the dusty Bloomingdale Road, till at night he reached the remainder of the army on the heights stretching to Kingsbridge. It is said that he owed his safety to a hospitable diversion of the energies of the British commanders—Howe, Clinton and the rest—in an entertainment given to them by the wife of Robert Murray at his mansion on Murray Hill. In the heat of the day they had called for refreshments; in shelter and cool repose, beguiled by the good cheer, engaged in playful conversation with the hostess, they suffered the hours to pass, in the improvement of which the toiling and panting Putnam made good his escape. According to a tradition cited by Irving, it was "a common saying among the American officers that Mrs. Murray saved Putnam's division of the army."

The next day, under Washington's immediate supervision, there was an engagement with the enemy, in the conflict known as the battle of Harlem Heights, in which the reputation of the army, impaired by the disreputable conduct of the troops at Kip's Bay, was fully redeemed. The British forces following on the heels of Putnam's hasty march, were now extended across the island in a line with the upper extremity of the present Central Park, while the army of Washington held the heights from Manhattanville to the end o the island. Between the high grounds on which the combatants were planted was an open plain. The action began early in the morning of the 16th with an attack on an advanced outpost of the American line, the onset of which was gallantly met by Lieutenant-colonel Knowlton, in command of a company of Connecticut Rangers. He was then compelled to retire. Washington, summoned to the spot, saw the opportun ty of striking a blow, now much needed for the encouragement of the army, and as the enemy were sounding from their bugles an insulting note of triumph, devised a concerted attack upon their rear, to be supported by a feignod attack in front. Major Leitch, with three companies of Virginians, was sent by the concealed road at the foot of the cliff on the Hudson to the enemy's left, and Knowlton and his Rangers by a roundabout way to their right, while George Clinton advanced in front. The British troops in the action were commanded by General Leslie. The movement in front was successful—the troops were skillfully handled and gave effective employment to the foe. While this was going on, Knowlton and Leitch, falling short of the enemy's rear, came upon their flanks, when a spirited engagement took place, in which both the American commanders fell mortally wounded. Notwithstanding this serious discouragement, the action was continued with great gallantry. Reinforcements were sent by Washington to the field, and the British troops were pushed with great loss from point to point. The action, if continued, would have become general. Washington, contented with gaining the object he had proposed, now withdrew his troops, leaving the enemy with a loss of 74 killed and 274 wounded, while that of his own side was about 60 killed and wounded.* But in the death of Knowlton, who had begun his career at Bunker Hill, and of Leitch, an officer of great merit, the success was dearly paid for. At this time the headquarters of Washington were at the house belonging to Colonel Roger Morris, on the heights above Harlem River. Morris had been an old associate of Washington in Braddock's campaign, and was his successful rival in securing the hand of the heiress Mary Philipse. Having abandoned his residence, he was now a refugee loyalist at the Beverley House in the Highlands.

Four days after this engagement occurred the first incident of consequence in the British possession of New York, when the vague fears of its inhabitants were realized in the burning of a large portion of the city. The fire began about midnight at a low tavern at Whitehall Stairs, facing the eastward extremity of the Battery, adjoining the Fort. The weather was very dry and a fresh wind was blowing from the southwest, which, if it had continued, would have carried the flames into the business portion of the city and toward the shipping. Soon changing to the southeast, the conflagration took an opposite

* "The Battle on Harlem Heights," by H. B. Dawson. "Corporation Manual," 1868. Bancroft, IX. 126-7.

direction, extending over the area between Broad Street and the line of the Fort, thence onward in solid mass, crossing Broadway, beyond the Bowling Green, at the present Morris Street, sweeping on by the North River, widening in its course till it reached its termination at Barclay Street, where it was checked by the College grounds. The fire lasted about ten hours, being extinguished in the forenoon of the next day. With the exception of the houses on the western side of Broadway, above Wall Street, everything in its path was burned. The Lutheran Church, adjoining Trinity, Trinity itself, with its costly organ, the Rectory, Charity School, and library belonging to the church, all perished in the flames. St. Paul's and the College were saved by extraordinary exertions. The shingle roofs which covered these and the other buildings greatly facilitated the progress of the flames.

There was much also that was unfavorable in the disorganized condition of the city. The pumps and fire-engines were out of order, the population was very much reduced, and many of the citizens who were left kept at home lest they should be suspected of complicity in a plot to destroy the town.

Important assistance is said to have been rendered by the officers of the army and navy with the soldiers and seamen at hand; but it is evident from a glance at the map that the safety of the greater part of the city was due to the favorable direction the wind had taken. The conflagration had exhausted the buildings in its course. Nearly 500 houses were burned, about one-eighth of the buildings of the city.

General Howe, in his dispatch to Lord George Germain, attributed the conflagration to the attempt of a number of wretches provided with "matches and combustibles that had been prepared with great art and ingenuity," adding that "many were detected in the fact, and some killed upon the spot by the enraged troops in garrison."

Governor Tryon told the same story, confining the number of victims to "two or three, who were killed as they were detected in their hellish design." The manner in which he attempted to fasten the disaster upon Washington exhibits a deplorable credulity in a person of the Governor's standing and experience. "Many circumstances," says he, "lead to conjecture that Mr. Washington was privy to this villainous act, as he sent all the bells of the churches out of town, under pretense of casting them into cannon; whereas, it is much more probable to prevent the alarm being given by ringing of the bells before the fire should get ahead beyond the reach of the engines and buckets; besides, some officers of his army were found concealed in the city, supposed for this devilish purpose."

On the other hand, we find John Sloss Hobart writing from Kingsbridge to the New York Convention, communicating a report that the British commander-in-chief himself was the author of the calamity. "General Howe," he writes, "disclaims any knowledge of the matter till the city was in flames; and in order to evince his sincerity, we are told he threw several persons suspected of being concerned into the flames; several others were hung up by their heels, and afterward had their throats cut. This, we suppose, has been done in order to take the odium of such a crime from the army." In truth, the wildest reports prevailed; no conjectures appeared too absurd for belief. The fire evidently originated in accident or carelessness, and its progress was sufficiently explained by the force of the wind and the combustible nature of the materials.

Of the cruelties practiced on the spot there can be little doubt. One of the most interesting notices of this event is from the pen of one of the greatest sufferers by it, the Rev. Charles Inglis, who with the other Episcopal clergy of Trinity had been driven from the city. This account is given in a letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

He tells of his return to the city on Monday, the day succeeding the landing of the British, notes its "melancholy appearance, being deserted and pillaged, his own house plundered of everything by the rebels." "On Wednesday," he continues, "I opened one of the churches and solemnized divine services, when all the inhabitants gladly attended, and joy was lighted up in every countenance on the restoration of our public worship; for very few remained but such as were members of our church." He charges the conflagration upon the rebels, and estimates the loss of the Corporation of Trinity at not less than £25,000. In a subsequent report of the Vestry, the loss is put at £536 per annum, the annual rent of 246 lots of ground, the tenants' buildings being all consumed by the fire. The burnt ground, with the smoldering ruins, gave an air of desolation to the city while the British remained in it.

In the description of Dunlap, who witnessed the scene, "the ruins on the southeast side of the town were converted into dwelling-places by using the chimneys and parts of walls which were firm, and adding pieces of spars with old canvas from the ships, forming hovels—part hut and part tent. This was called 'Canvas Town,' and was the receptacle and resort of the vilest dregs brought by the army and navy of Britain, with the filthiest of those who fled to them for refuge—the Wapping, the St. Giles's and the Five Points of the desolated garrisoned city.' *

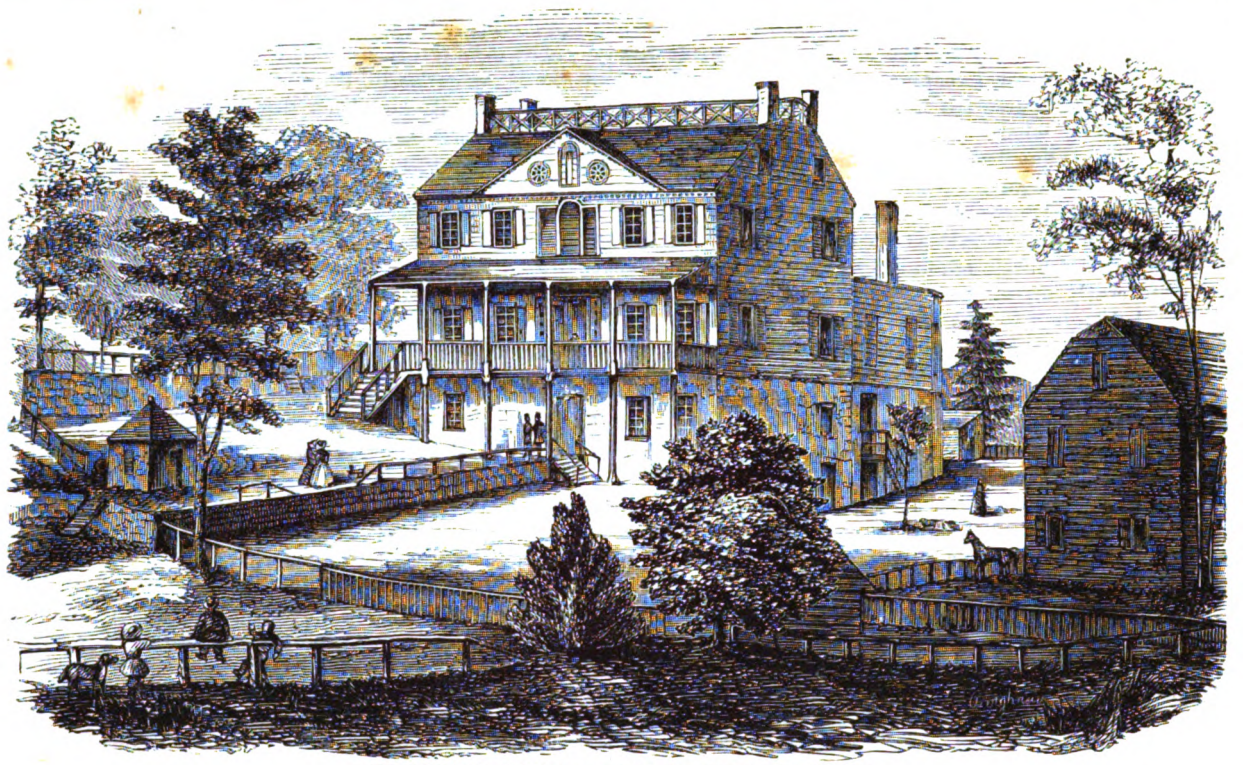
The wealthy mansions of the city were occupied by the leading British officers. The Kennedy House, No. 1 Broadway, became the residence of Sir Henry Clinton, as it had been recently of Washington, and was subsequently of General Carleton.

Howe immediately occupied the fine country-seat of James Beekman, rising conspicuously above the river on the high ground overlooking Turtle Bay, a building which, though greatly altered in conformity with the level streets of the city, long remained in the family of its original owner, one of the most interesting memorials of the Revolutionary era. Its cheerful Summer aspect was early to be darkened by one of the saddest events of the war.

Immediately after the battle of Long Island, Washington, anxious to obtain accurate knowledge of the British movements, applied to Colonel Knowlton for a suitable person in his regiment, of ability and acquaintance with military affairs, to enter the enemy's lines and acquire the necessary information. Knowlton summoned several of his officers, stated the nature of the duty, and left the matter for their consideration. Captain Nathan Hale, a native of Coventry, Connecticut, a recent graduate of Yale College, at the age of twenty-one, of rare mental endowments and of the most endearing moral qualities, volunteered for the service. He was fully conscious of the perilous work before him, in which success could bring no proportionate honor, and failure was death and ignominy. He went avowedly from a sense of duty.

Crossing the Sound above the city, he traveled to Brooklyn, observed the enemy's camp, and returning by

* David Grim's "Account of the Fire in 1776, with other Notices," "New York Corporation Manual," 1866. Dunlap's History, II., 79. "American Theatre," 42.



THE BEEKMAN MANSION, RESIDENCE OF GENERAL HOWE.

the road he had taken, was arrested on his arrival at Huntington. He was quickly conveyed to the headquarters of General Howe, which he reached on the 21st of September. The plans and notes which he had made were found on his person, and he frankly avowed the object of his journey. Without further trial he was ordered for execution the following morning. That night he was confined in the greenhouse attached to the Beekman mansion. He was not permitted to see a clergyman, and the use of the Bible was denied him. The letters which he had been permitted by Howe to write to his mother and sisters were destroyed by the brutal provost-marshal who was charged with his execution. This was no other than the notorious bully Cunningham, now elevated to office, bent upon revenging the chastisement which, it will be remembered, he had received at the foot of the liberty-pole. In pursuance of the sentence, Hale was hanged upon an apple-tree in Rutgers Orchard, near the present intersection of East Broadway and Market Street. "I only regret," were his last words, "that I have but one life to give my country."

We may pause in the midst of these details of the British occupation of the city to note the passing away of the venerable Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Cadwallader Colden. He died at Flushing, L. I., on the 21st of September, in his eighty-ninth year—essentially a man of the eighteenth century, an acute and original investigator in science, skilled in philosophy, addicted to literature, a shrewd and caustic observer of his fellow-men, but ignorant of the coming time. He had devoted the best energies of a long career to the interests of New York, and must ever be remembered as a true and honorable representative of her provincial life. The losses and indignities which he had suffered at the hands of the people in the Stamp Act riots were not calculated to endear to him the new order of things. Yet he showed on that and other occasions great moderation. In one of his last dispatches to the Earl of Dartmouth in June, shortly before the return of Tryon finally relieved him of the cares of government, he expresses his sense of pain and anxiety at the prospect before him of "a people calmly determining to involve their country in dreadful war and desolation," and, eager for reconciliation, counsels the Minister, "Any measures, my lord, are to be preferred to those of hostility."* He lived to witness the opening scenes of the struggle—his part was with the Crown in the few months left him of retirement at Long Island—and he may well have thought as he expired, with the exhibition, of British power around him, that there was yet a future in America to the kingly authority he had so faithfully served.

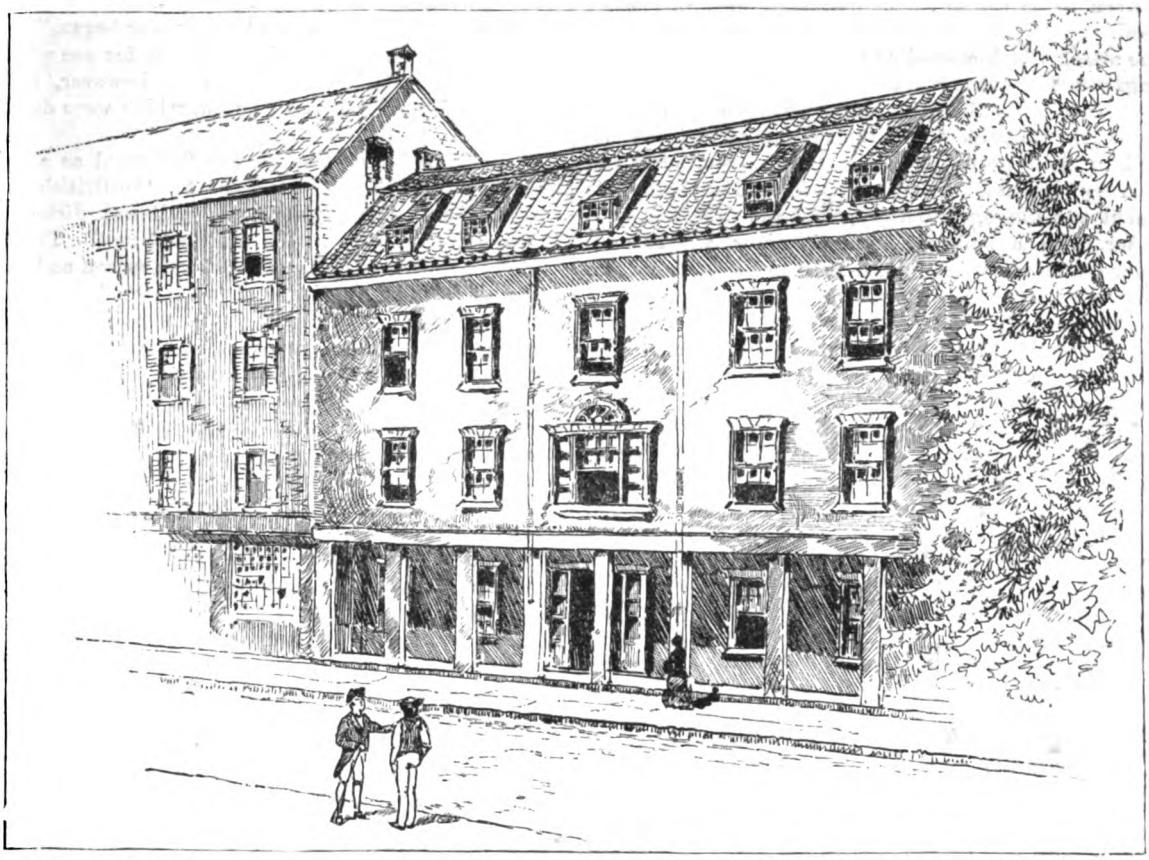
THE ROBINSON HOUSE.

Governor Tryon announced Colden's death to Lord George Germain, and with the intelligence sent a memorandum of the shrunken Council of the Province: "Mr. Chief-

* Lieutenant-governor Colden to the Earl of Dartmouth, 7th of June, 1775. Col. Doc. VIII. 580.

Justice Horsemanden (very old and feeble), Mr. Oliver Delancey, Mr. Charles Ward Apthorp, Mr. Axtell and Mr. Henry Cruger, had liberty to attend the summons of Government. Mr. William Smith, withdrawn to his plantation up the North River, and not been heard of these five months; Mr. Hugh Wallace and Mr. James Jauncey, prisoners with the rebels; Mr. John Watts, Colonel Morris and Mr. Henry White in England."* There was probably little need of a quorum of these civilians in the presence of the high military officers who had now possession of New York. Tryon felt the diminished importance of the Governor's chair. In November we find him speaking of "such regulations of police as are left me in my restricted sphere of executive power, arising from the present necessity of the times," as he transmits to Lord George Germain the important intelligence that "the liberty-pole erected some years ago in this city, and which remained as a monument of insult to the Government and of licentiousness to the people, was last month, by my recommendation to the inhabitants, very properly and very quietly taken down and removed by them."† After all, there is something satisfactory in this final disposition of the old liberty-pole—removed with order and propriety by a royal governor, and the intelligence promptly transmitted to the British Cabinet. Tryon's governorship was, in fact, a trifling appendage to the military rule. Under these circumstances he naturally availed himself of the military rank which he already held, and offered his services to General Howe to command the loyal American levies. In 1777 he was raised to the rank of major-general. The several military expeditions to Connecticut which he conducted, the fruits of this promotion, exhibited the innate cruelty of his disposition beyond the usual severity of war. In 1780 he resigned his governorship, and passed the few remaining years of his life in England. Even at this late period of his retirement he had a successor in his title of Governor of New York. The appointment was conferred on Major-general James Robertson, a soldier of the Old French War, who had accompanied Howe to Staten Island and taken part in the engagements which gave possession of the city to the British.

A month was suffered to pass by Howe after the battle of Harlem Heights, before his next military demonstration was made, Washington all the while holding in



RESIDENCE OF SIR HENRY CLINTON.

security his strong position on the hills, extending to Kingsbridge. On the 12th of October the plans of the British general were indicated by the landing of a force at Throgg's Neck, on the Sound, evidently with a view of cutting off the American army. Heath, by his activity in seizing the passes to the mainland, defeated the movement at this point; but another landing in the vicinity was soon effected by Howe's troops, followed by a march into the interior. Washington, meanwhile, was withdrawing his forces from the island, occupying the line of the Bronx, and taking position on the advantageous heights at White Plains. Fort Independence was abandoned, but the garrison at Fort Washington was suffered to remain. Howe, gathering his forces, advanced from New Rochelle toward the American camp.

On the 28th an engagement began with an attack upon an outpost at Chatterton Hill, possession of which was gained by the British only after a costly struggle.

* Governor Tryon to Lord George Germain, 24th September, 1776.

† Governor Tryon to Lord George Germain, 26th of November, 1776. Col. Doc. VIII., 691.

Washington now made his dispositions so skillfully that Howe, hesitating to resume the conflict, presently withdrew his force, leaving Washington free to visit the posts at the Highlands, transport his troops across the Hudson, and pursue his march into New Jersey.

He arrived at Fort Lee, where Greene was stationed, on the 13th of November. The safety of Fort Washington, where there were now concentrated nearly 3,000 men, afforded him an instant subject of anxiety. Washington would, doubtless, have withdrawn the garrison before, but Congress earnestly desiring the post should be retained to the last, he had left its maintenance to the discretion of Greene, who was sanguine of holding it. The enemy was now at hand. Howe was at Fordham Heights collecting transports for crossing the river. On the 15th he summoned Colonel Magaw, the commander of the fort, to surrender, threatening extremities if he should be driven to an assault. The demand was, of course, refused.

The attack which ensued on the 16th involved a series of engagements, extending over much of the ground recently occupied by the American army. The line of the river needed no protection; the heights were to be defended at their northern extremity, and southern and eastern approaches. Rawlings, with a Maryland rifle regiment and three-gun battery, held the first, and Cadwallader, with a body of Pennsylvanians, the second. Colonel Baxter occupied Laurel Hill, to the eastward, on the Harlem River. Knyphausen and Rahl, in command of the Hessians and Germans, led the attack on the north by the Kingsbridge Road with great gallantry; scaling the rough wooded ascent, encumbered by fallen trees, raked by the American musketry, and plunging fire of the battery. Cornwallis, crossing the river, under like difficulties, gained possession of Laurel Hill, where Baxter fell in its defense. Percy, who held the British line at McGowan's Pass, advanced on the south, established himself on the heights, and was presently assisted by a large reinforcement of Highlanders, under Stirling, sent across the river by Howe Their landing was resisted by detachments from the fort and the command of Cadwallader; they ascended the heights under fire with heavy loss, but they gained the summit. An overwhelming force was now advancing from all sides to the fort. A surrender was again demanded, and but a scant half-hour given for deliberation. The garrison was entirely at the mercy of the enemy. Washington, who watched the battle from the high grounds on the opposite shore, would, if opportunity had been allowed, have endeavored to bring off the troops at night. But at the instant there was only one course left. The fort was surrendered to Knyphausen. The British loss, chiefly on the part of the Hessians, was over 500; that of the Americans in the conflict, less than a third of that number, but more than 2,600 became prisoners of war.* Henceforth, till the struggle was ended, the entire island was in the hands of the British.

The surrender of Fort Washington, following upon the battle of Long Island, filled to overflowing the prisons of New York. Buildings of various descriptions were pressed into this service. The College was hastily filled with the captive soldiery. The new jail in the Commons became the provost's prison, for the confinement of officers and leading Whigs, under the guardianship of the ruthless Cunningham, and his deputy, Sergeant Keefe, his equal in cruelty; while the Bridewell, in its vicinity, an imposing building which had been erected only the year before, was crowded with military captives. Eight hundred of the prisoners taken at Fort Washington were marched to this building. The windows, defended by iron bars, were unglazed, causing the inmates, in addition to their other privations, to suffer severely from the cold. The huge sugar-houses supplied another ready resource, rising to the height of many stories, and presenting in their thick stone walls and narrow apertures every appearance of a prison. Three were occupied in this way—Van Cortlandt's, in the rear of Trinity Churchyard, which, though in its track, had escaped the great fire; Rhinelander's, on the corner of William and Duane Streets; and the more famous building in Liberty, then Crown Street, adjoining the Middle Dutch Church. The churches came next in order, suffering grievously from this military occupation, the calamity generally falling heaviest on those whose attendance had been least in sympathy with the claims of royalty. "Of nineteen places of public worship in the city when the war began," records Dr. Rodgers, "there were but nine fit for use when the British left it." This enumeration, however, includes Trinity and the Lutheran Church, which were destroyed in the fire of 1776.

The Middle Dutch Church was first used as a prison, and afterward as a riding-school for the British officers and soldiers. Pews, pulpit and galleries disappeared. It was stripped bare to the walls and roof. The North Dutch Church was employed first as a prison and then as a hospital. The furniture of the ground floor was removed; the floor was carried from gallery to gallery. Some years after the war was ended a New Yorker traveling in England discovered the familiar pulpit in a country church, in which he was worshiping, and was told that it had been brought over from America during the Revolutionary War in a British ship.*

The old Dutch Reformed Church in Garden Street was occupied as a hospital, and afterward, in 1780, restored to the congregation, which had been meanwhile accommodated by Trinity Vestry with the temporary use of St. George's Chapel.† The Presbyterian churches fared badly; that in Wall Street was converted into barracks; its whole interior was destroyed; the recently built Brick Church, in Beekman Street, was used as a hospital. The old Huguenot Church in Pine Street was first a prison, then a hospital. The Lutheran Church, which many of our citizens remember, at the corner of William and Frankfort Streets, was employed as a hospital for the Hessians. The Baptist church was turned into a stable, and the Quaker meeting-house into a hospital. The clergy of these denominations generally had left the city, with most of the leading Whig inhabitants. The Episcopal and Methodist services only appear at this time to have been regularly maintained. Dr. Auchmuty, the rector of Trinity, who had retired from the city in consequence of the popular commotions at the opening of the war, returned when the British came, and officiated at St. Paul's until his death, in the Spring of 1777, when he was succeeded in the rectorship of Trinity by his coadjutor in the ministry, the Rev. Dr. Inglis. The usual proceedings were held at the institution of the latter, with one variation—at the induction he was led within the ruins of Trinity, and his hand placed by a vestryman upon the vacant wall.‡

The Methodist church in John Street was not only kept open, but liberally maintained, during this period.

* Bancroft's History, IX., 193.

* Dr. De Witt's "Historical Discourse," 41. † Berrian's "Trinity Church," p. 171-2.

‡ Dr. Berrian's "Trinity Church."

Its relation to the Church of England, with which its members were then in communion, may have served for its protection; while the loyal part taken by Wesley, and urged by him upon the colonists, doubtless had its influence. The services at Wesley's Chapel were conducted by Samuel Scraggs, who, subsequent to the Revolution, left the Methodists and became rector of the old Episcopal church in Elizabethtown.*

While the churches were being converted into prisons and hospitals for army captives, the prisoners taken at sea were confined on board various hulks in the harbor. At the outset some of these vessels were used for the confinement of soldiers. There was quite a number of them —mostly old transports—the *Whitley*, *Good Hope*, *Scorpion*, *Prince of Wales*, *John*, *Falmouth*, *Hunter*, *Stromboli*, and the *Old Jersey*, employed as prison-ships or hospitals. Of these ill-famed vessels the last mentioned is, perhaps, the best remembered, though the others were stamped with the cruelty which marked the whole. The *Jersey* was originally a sixty-four gun ship, but being condemned as unseaworthy, her entire armament was removed, with all her equipment. Divested of spars and rigging, deprived of the ornament of her figure-head, her ports closed and replaced by a few small apertures, she lay, a dark, unsightly mass, at the Wallabout, where, long after the war was over, the timbers were lazily rotting, until she sank at the spot which had resounded with the cries of her unhappy victims. Presiding over this naval department was David Sproat, Commissary of Prisoners, worthy of ranking with the hated Cunningham.

We would willingly pass over the story of the cruelties inflicted on the American prisoners of sea and land in these places of confinement in the city and its harbor. It is to be hoped, for the honor of human nature, that some of their complaints may have been exaggerated; but they come from too many sources, and are supported by too exact evidence, to be discredited. The prison and prison-ships, it must be admitted, were fearfully overcrowded, ill-ventilated, badly provisioned, early infected with contagious diseases, mere feeders of the hospitals, to enter one of which was generally to receive a certificate of death.

The reader of the "Columbiad" will not fail to recall the fine engraving designed by Smirke, at the suggestion of Fulton, in which the artist has represented the Genius of Cruelty presiding over the Prison-ship. Aloft sits, in inexorable firmness, clasping the "Register of Death," the Angel of Darkness, who casts a stony look, forbidding all hope to the imploring captives, as they thrust their arms in supplication through the iron grating covering the hatchway. The poet's text, which is but an echo of the reports of the sufferers, shows that the artist, in this fearful picture, has not transcended the reality. Joel Barlow, the author, was informed by Elias Boudinot, the American Commissary of Prisoners at the time, that in the *Jersey* alone 11,000 American prisoners died in eighteen months; "almost the whole of them from the barbarous treatment of being stifled in a crowded hold with infected air, and poisoned with unwholesome food."

In the apartment of the City Jail appropriated to officers and persons of rank and distinction, which hence received the name of Congress Hall, we are told by that estimable chronicler of old New York, John Pintard: "So closely were the prisoners packed, that when they lay down at night to rest, when their bones ached on the hard oak planks, and they wished to turn, it was altogether by word of command, "Right—left," being so wedged and compact as to form almost a solid mass of human bodies."*

Andros, of New London, in after life a Presbyterian clergyman, was taken a captured privateer's-man to the *Old Jersey*. His published narrative tells of the suffering and mortality, aggravated by inhuman cruelty, inflicted on the crowded prisoners. Fever raged in the vessel, daily contributing its quota of corpses to the frequent careless burials on the shore. "Doubtless," says this writer, with a fine irony, "no other ship in the British navy ever proved the means of the destruction of so many human beings."†

Dring's narrative repeats the story in terms which recall the most appalling horrors of the slave trade, and others echo the accusation. The poet Freneau, captured as a passenger in a merchant-vessel sailing out of Philadelphia, was confined at first in the *Scorpion*, where, being thrown into a fever, he was transferred to the hospital-ship *Hunter*. He found both alike intolerable. In his poem, of several cantos, "The British Prison-ship," he has left a description of the appearance of these vessels, and of the sufferings of their inmates, not the less vivid that the grim narrative is relieved by quaint touches of humor:

> "In vain for water and in vain we call'd—
> No drop was granted to the midnight prayer,
> To *rebels* in these regions of despair!
> The loathsome cask a deadly dose contains,
> Its poison circling through the languid veins;
> 'Here, *generous* Briton, generous, as you say,
> To my parch'd tongue one cooling drop convey:—
> Hell has no mischief like a thirsty throat,
> Nor one tormentor like your *David Sproat*.'"

The subject of these complaints was early brought to the attention of Washington, who, in firm but courteous words, addressed Lord Howe in relation to the naval prisoners, requiring from him that "the unhappy persons whose lot is captivity may not in future have the miseries of cold, disease and famine added to their other misfortunes," and at the same time addressing Lieutenant-general Howe, he brings to his notice the ill-treatment of the prisoners in New York. "Those who have been lately sent out," he writes, "give the most shocking account of their barbarous usage, which their miserable, emaciated countenances confirm. How very different was their appearance from that of your soldiers, who had been lately returned to you, after a captivity of twelve months; and whether this difference in appearance was owing to a difference of treatment, I leave it to you, or any impartial person, to determine."

Both Lord Howe and his brother, in the usual terms of official denial, represented that the prisoners were in all repects well taken care of, "in the most airy buildings and on board the largest transports in the fleet, which were the very healthiest places of reception that could possibly be provided for them." These distinguished personages, willfully blind, may not have been acquainted with the details of maladministration, but the sufferers knew, and their evidence has fixed a lasting stigma on the humanity of the British at New York and their conduct of the war. A fearful testimony survived the actors in the many thronged, shallow graves on the shores of the Wallabout, frequently exposing the relics of the dead as they were washed by the tides. At length, in 1808, the remains were gathered up, and carried in an imposing funeral procession to a burial-place provided

* Wakeley's "Methodism in New York," 267-290.

* Notes to "Columbiad," 4to. ed., 1807, 424.

† "The Old Jail," N. Y. *Mirror*, Sept. 10th, 1831.

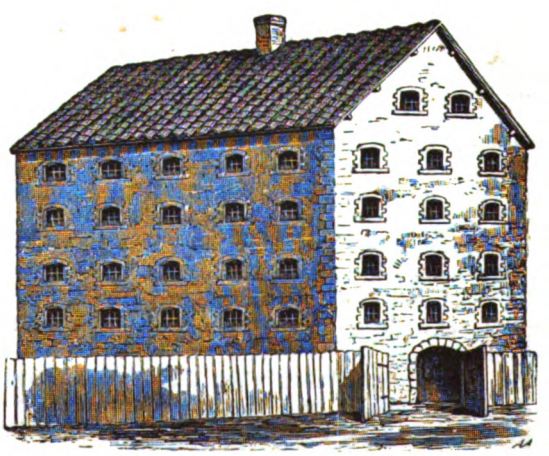
M'GOWAN'S PASS.

for the purpose in the vicinity of the Navy Yard, in Brooklyn. About thirty years ago a monument was erected at the north end of Trinity Churchyard, on Broadway, at the expense of the corporation of that church.

VAN COURTLAND SUGAR-HOUSE, THAMES STREET.

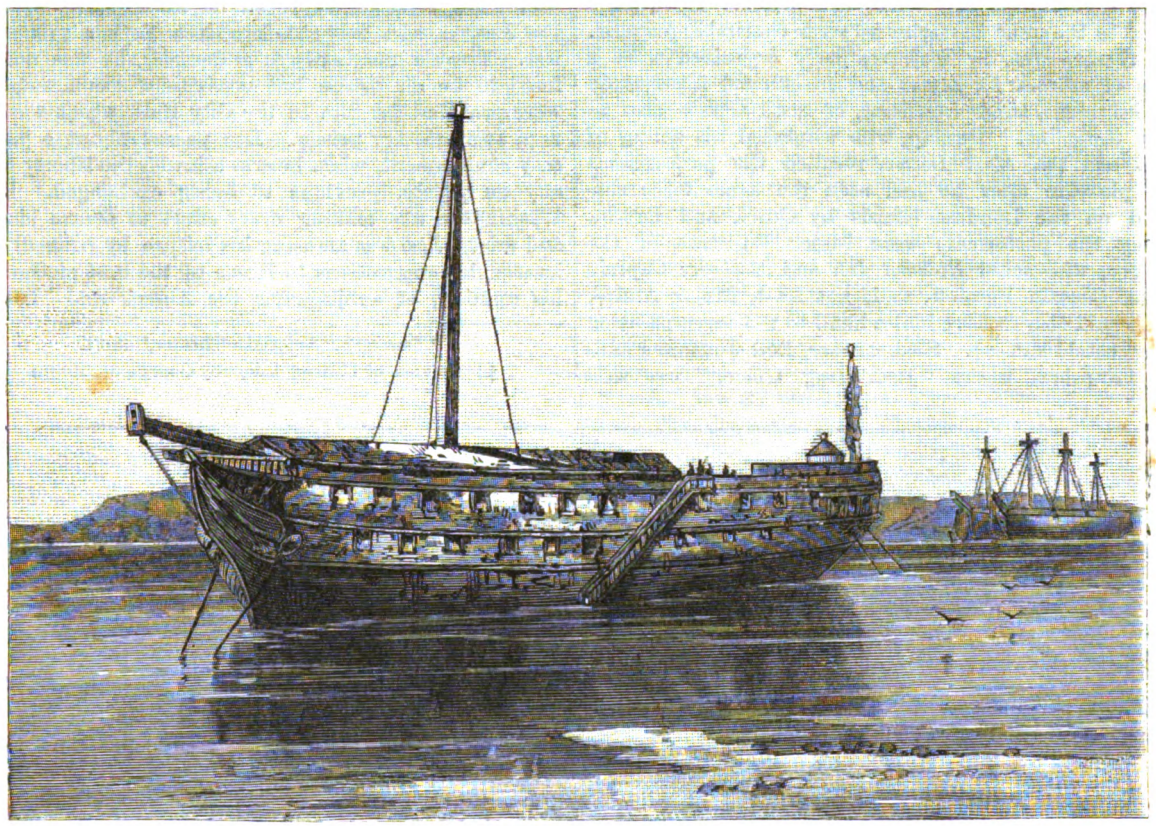
It must be considered doubtful, however, whether any considerable number of the victims of the prisons of the city were interred at this spot. There was little care in their burial for the honors of holy sepulchre. The prison dead were carried to unoccupied places, which then abounded in the island, frequently hastily covered in the numerous trenches which had been dug for the defense of the city.

The occupation of the island by the British troops brought back Rivington, with a new press and the appointment of King's Printer. He recommenced his paper with the old title, in October, 1777, presently changing it to *Rivington's New York Loyal Gazette*, and in December, to the *Royal Gazette*. It was conducted in a very free party style, unsparing in ridicule of the American



THE OLD SUGAR-HOUSE, LIBERTY STREET, USED AS A PRISON BY THE ENGLISH.

officers, and, what was more annoying, depreciating and misrepresenting their military movements and successes. In fact, for its ready manufacture of news to suit the army purposes, it got the name throughout the country of the "*Lying Gazette.*" Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, who was honored in its pages with such titles as the "Don Quixote of the Jerseys," "Knight of the Most Honorable Order of Starvation," and "Chief of the Independents," wrote, in 1780, "If Rivington is taken, I must have one of his ears; Gouverneur is entitled to the other; and General Washington, if he pleases, may take his head." The *Gazette*, besides its war reports, correct or incorrect, has other features of interest at this day in its quaint advertisements of books and various luxuries provided by Rivington, who was an enterprising shopkeeper, for the army officers. A clever parody of this part of the paper is published by Francis Hopkinson in one of his delightful essays, while Freneau gayly turned the whole into rhyme in his "Rivington's Last Will and Testament." Rivington was a man of society and a pleasant companion. His paper, written for friendly eyes, undoubtedly contributed much to the liveliness of New York during this troubled period. The other newspaper published in the city during this time, by Hugh Gaine, at the sign of The Bible and Crown, the *New York Gazette and the Weekly Mercury*, was of a less stimulating character.



THE "JERSEY" PRISON-SHIP, IN WHICH AMERICAN PRISONERS PERISHED.

In August, 1778, in a night of extreme heat, there was a second fire in the city, of some magnitude, originating on Cruger's Wharf, destroying some fifty dwelling-houses and stores in its progress to the adjoining Dock and Little Dock Streets, known at present as Water and Pearl. There was the old alarm and suspicion of incendiarism, inducing Major-general Jones, then residing in the city, to offer a reward of one hundred guineas for the conviction of the offender. The Winter which succeeded was one of unusual severity. The bay and harbor were choked with ice; there was a solid passage from island to island and across the Hudson. Dunlap records his recollection of having seen a troop of horse and artillery crossing to Staten Island. There was a beaten track for sleighs and wagons to Paulus Hook, winding between the hills of ice, and another to Hoboken.*

September, 1781, witnessed an unusual stir among the army and navy officers and the civic authorities, occasioned by the arrival of Prince William Henry, third son of George III., who subsequently came to the throne as William IV. He was then a youth of sixteen, a midshipman in the royal navy. He arrived with Admiral Digby in the *Prince George*, and was received with much ceremony by Clinton and Robertson, the military governor. Tryon, in the name of the Council and inhabitants, presented him an address lavish of fulsome compliment, in which it was said "a rebellion that grew upon prejudice should sink at so fair a representation of the royal virtues"—a sentiment which did not escape the satiric muse of Freneau:

> "'Prince William comes!' the Briton cry'd;
> 'Our labors now will be repaid,
> Dominion be restored!
>
> "'Our monarch is in William seen,
> He is the image of our Queen,
> Let William be ador'd!'"

Prince William remained in the city during the Winter and succeeding Summer. He was hospitably entertained by the inhabitants, was especially honored on his father's birthday, and his own was duly celebrated shortly before his departure. His skating on the ponds,

* Dunlap, II., 166.

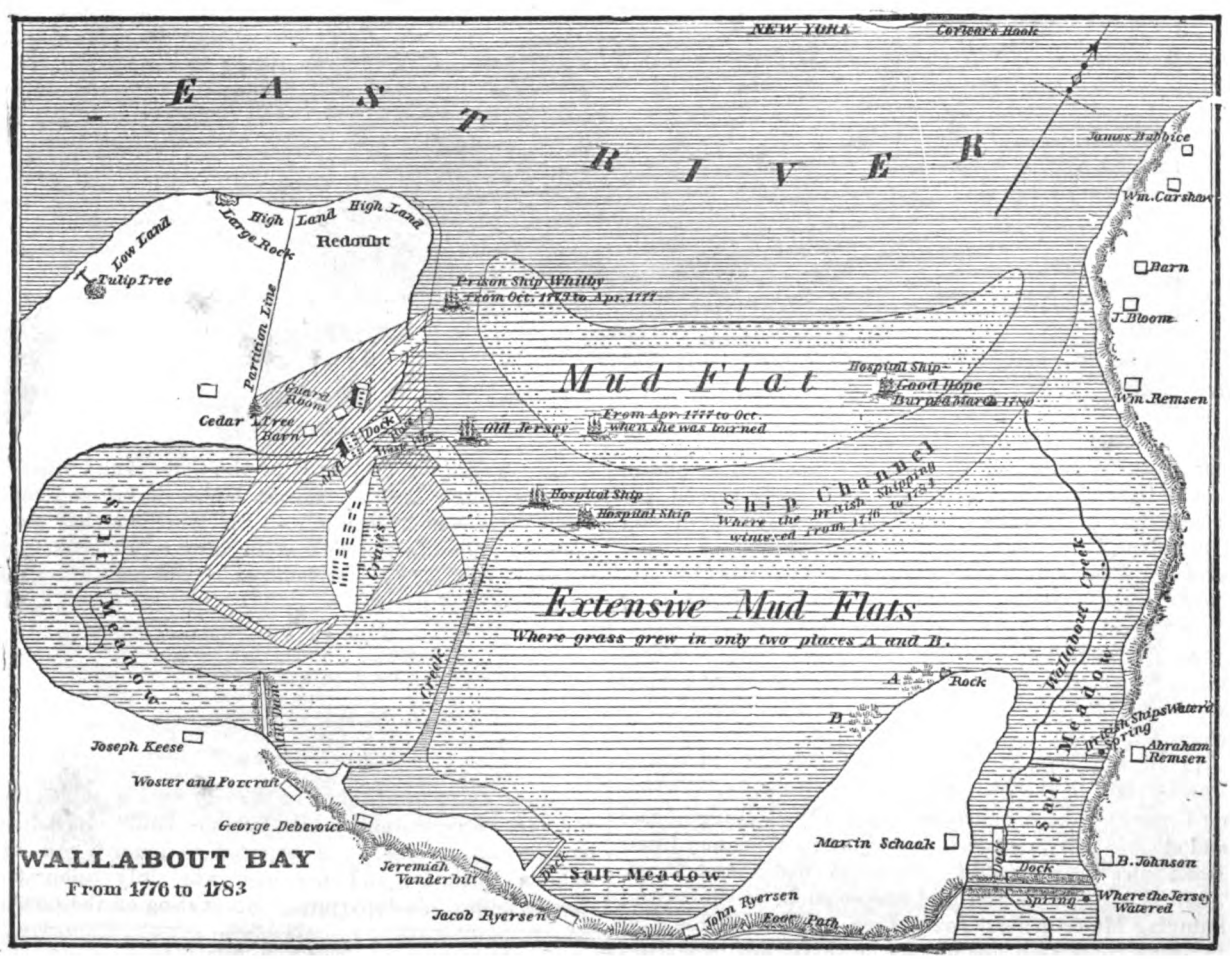
a favorite enjoyment with the New Yorkers, in which he took part, was long remembered. A plot, originating with Colonel Ogden, of New Jersey, and approved by Washington, was set on foot to capture the Prince and Admiral Digby in their quarters, but no attempt was made to carry it into execution. The prince, during his stay in the city, occupied, with the admiral, the house of Gerardus Beekman on Hanover Square.

Whatever might befall the churches, the theatre in John Street, the seat of the old Hallam company, was occupied neither as a prison nor a hospital, but still devoted to its legitimate uses under the new name of the Theatre Royal. The professional actors were gone, but a cultivation of theatrical amusements ranked high among the social tastes of the British officers of that day. The reader will remember Major Moncrieff, whose performance of *Othello* was thrown in with the personations of the regular company some years before. He now appeared in the same character for some charitable purpose. The theatre was, in fact, regularly organized with a corps of officers for actors and an efficient manager in Dr. Beaumont, surgeon-general, of good repute also as a low comedian. Dunlap, who witnessed his acting of *Scrub* and the *Mock Doctor*, recalled the performance with pleasure after he had seen the same farce sustained on the London boards by Quick and Edwin. Among the performers were Major Williams, of the artillery, who acted *Richard III.* and *Macbeth;* Captain Payne, Captain Fawcett, and, not least, Major André, who is said also to have lent a hand to the scene-painting of the establishment. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fielding, Farquhar, whose "Recruiting Officer" was well adapted to the times, furnished the staple of the entertainments, which also included the first representations in America of Home's tragedy of "Douglas" and Cumberland's "West Indian." Female parts were frequently performed by the younger subalterns of the army. The profits of the performances, which were sometimes considerable, were applied to the poor or suffering, who, especially in the inclemency of the Winter, the season when the plays were acted, stood much in need of this relief.*

Meanwhile the city, to divert the time, had its military incidents connected with the fortunes of the war, the arrivals at the port, the starting of expeditions, the planning of campaigns, and finally, the negotiations for peace. Certain personal movements furnished their special excitements. Early in the occupation, at the close of 1776, came General Charles Lee, a prize that the enemy much valued, captured on his lagging march in the Jerseys and brought into New York a prisoner of war. Treated nominally as a deserter, he was not suffered to be on parole, but convenient accommodations were provided for him in the City Hall, which was then used as a military prison. Lee passed about a year in easy confinement, when he was allowed the liberty of the city on parole, previous to being exchanged. While Washington was making every effort to secure his ease and safety, Lee was amusing his leisure by cowardly and treasonable suggestions to Howe of the best methods, in his opinion, of subjugating the Americans.† His old

* Dunlap's "American Theatre," 49–54.

† "Treason of Charles Lee," by George H. Moore



friends, however, knew his irregularities, and understood the danger of his friendship. Still, his restless humor and the vivacity of his intellect must have lent some life to the place. The treason of Arnold in 1780 was planned in the city, Sir Henry Clinton giving his instructions to Major André in a room of the old Kennedy House, and New York presently lost the gay, sprightly André, to shelter in his stead the dull traitor Arnold. He resided at the Verplanck House, in Wall Street, and on Broadway, near the Battery, when the gallant Champe came, and almost accomplished his purpose of delivering him into the hands of Washington.

IN A GONDOLA.

DARK, it is dark! the stars have all gone out,
There is no moon with watery smiles to flout
The cold smile rippling round a colder mouth
That parches not my thirsty soul with drouth
Like a red lip left in the rich South.

Dark, it is dark! there is no light at all,
Except with the long oar-blades' rise and fall,
Except the phosphor-flashes of the brine,
And the quick light of eyes that gleam in mine,
But wakes no fires, Guinevra, as did thine!

Dark, it is dark! the darkness of black night,
Darkness of skies, and all that should be bright,
Darkness of waves, where the black shores begin,
A darkness wrapping one fair child of sin,
Darkness of all without, and all within.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

WHAT the colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did any one care, particularly. He purchased for cash only, and he never grumbled at the price of anything that he wanted; who could ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the colonel, with every one else, abandoned Duck Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely, and to lose considerable at cards and horse-races. In fact, the keeper of that one of the two Challenge Hill saloons which the colonel did not patronize was once heard to absent-mindedly wonder whether the colonel hadn't a money-mill somewhere, where he turned out double-eagles and "slugs" (the Coast name for fifty-dollar gold-pieces).

When so important a personage as a barkeeper indulged publicly in an idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration, so for a few days certain industrious professional gentlemen, who won money of the colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and tasted them and sawed them in two, and retried them and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the colonel, and a loss of considerable custom to the indiscreet barkeeper.

The colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known at Challenge Hill, but, being mortal, the colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races, in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie, and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal failed to heal the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently, and glaring defiantly at all mankind, were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the colonel; they were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they even exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the colonel savagely dissented with every one who advanced any proposition.

But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie, and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise, and fast riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful and delightful means of exhilaration in the world.

But when a man is so absorbed in his exercise that he will not stop to speak to a friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is but natural that people should express some wonder.

The colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Lone Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed, and as no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour's time there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place, and asked if the colonel had passed.

Had the gallant colonel known that he was followed, and by whom, there would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the colonel's pursuer was no other than the constable of Challenge Hill, and for constables and all officers of the law the colonel possessed hatred of unspeakable intensity.

On galloped the colonel, following the stage-road, which threaded the old mining-camps on Duck Creek; but suddenly he turned abruptly out of the road, and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes, which grew thickly by the road, while the constable galloped rapidly on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between trees and bushes as if they were but the familiar objects of her own stableyard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Business—*that's* what," replied the colonel.

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes, and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We hain't had a nip sence last night, an' thar ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old gal go back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the colonel, ruefully—lost ev'ry blasted race. 'Twasn't *her* fault, bless her—she done her level best. Ev'rybody to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a-prayin' fur ye to turn up with the rocks, an' somethin' with more color than spring-water. Come on."

The man led the way, and Tipsie and the colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a small log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate-looking individuals, who looked appealingly at the colonel.

"Mac'll tell yer how 'twus, fellers," said the colonel, meekly, "while I picket the mare."

The colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned each of the four men was attired in pistols and knife, while Mac was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour-bag.

"'Tain't so late ez all that, is it ?" inquired the colonel.

"Better be an hour ahead than miss it this *'ere* night," said one of the four. "I ain't been so thirsty sence I come round the Horn, in '50, an' we run short of water. *Somebody* 'll git hurt ef ther' ain't no bitters on the old concern—they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count yer chickings 'fore they're hetched, Perky," said one of the party, as he adjusted his domino under the rim of his hat. "S'posin' ther' should be too many fur us ?"

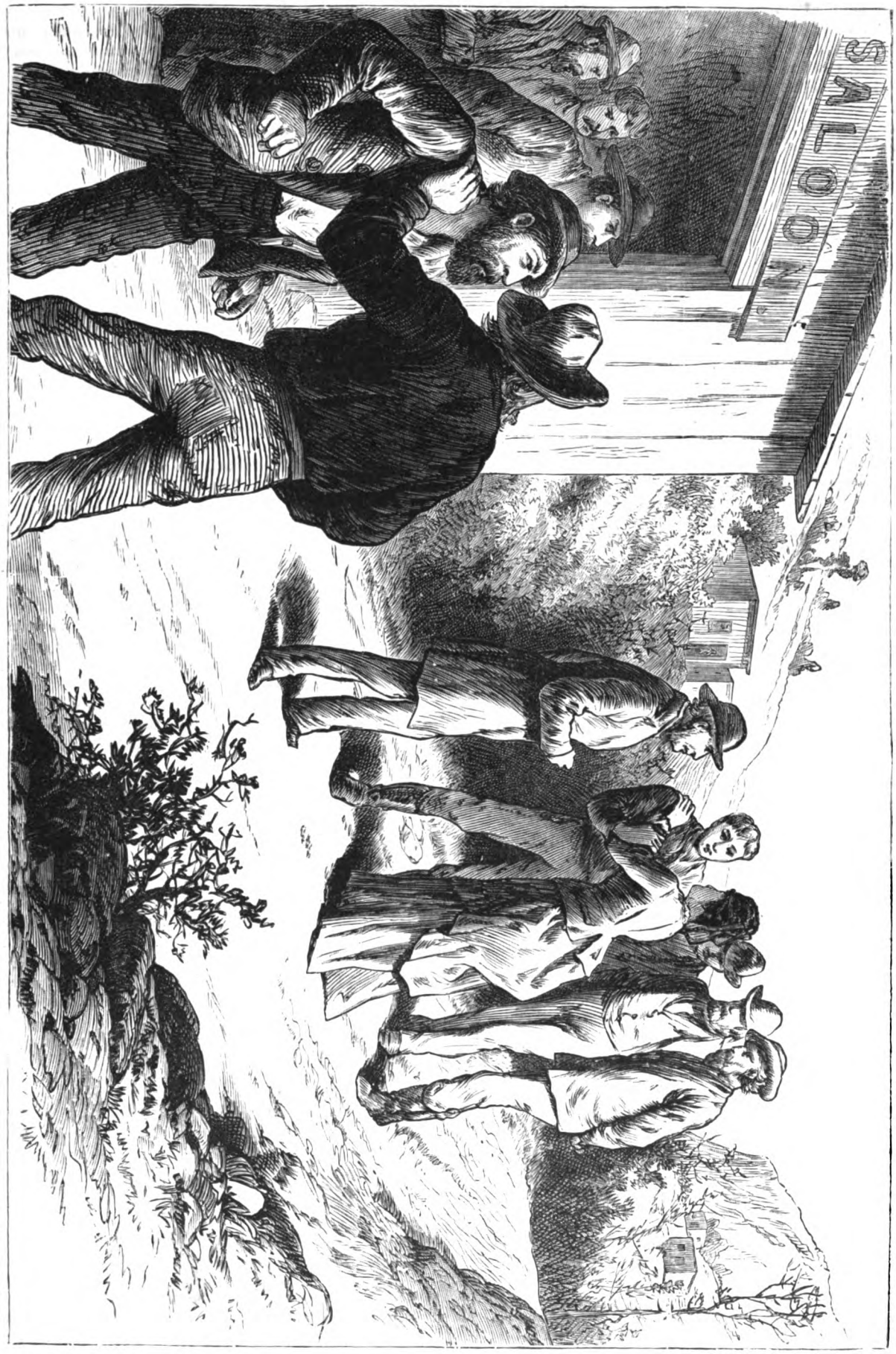
"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks !" remonstrated the colonel. "Nobody ever gits along ef they 'low 'emselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man of the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that. I disremember dzackly how it goes ; but I've heerd Parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon from that text many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons wuz a-goin' to be to a road-agent, though. That time we stopped Slim Mike's stage, an' he didn't hev no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons wus a perfec' blessin' to me—the thought ov 'em cleared my head ez quick ez a cocktail. An'——"

"I don't want to disturb Logroller's pious yarn," interrupted the colonel ; "but ez it's Old Black that's a-drivin' to-day instid of Slim Mike, an ez Old Black ollers makes his time, hedn't we better vamose ?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on parallel lines with it. After about half an hour, Perkins, who was leading, halted.

THE COUIRA (MYOPOTAMUS).—SEE PAGE 227.



RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.—"DURING THE EXCITEMENT THE COLONEL SLIPPED QUIETLY OUT. THE OLD LADY STARTED, AND CRIED, 'GEORGE!' AND THE COLONEL EXCLAIMED, 'MOTHER!'"

"Fur enough from home now," said he. "'Tain't no use bein' a gentleman ef yer hev to work *too* hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the colonel. "We'll do the usual: I'll halt 'em, Logroller 'll tend to the driver, Cranks takes the boot, and Mac an' Peck takes right an' left. An'—I know it's tough—but consid'rin' how everlastin', eternally hard up we are, I reckon we'll hev to ask contributions from the ladies, too, ef ther's any aboard—eh, boy?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire even his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two. "What's the use of women's rights ef they don't hev a chance of exercisin' 'em? Hevin' ther purses borrowed 'ud show 'em the hull doctrine in a brand-new light."

"They're treacherous critters, women is," remarked Cranks; "some of 'em might put a knife into a feller while he was 'pologizin'."

"Ef *you're* afeard of 'em," said Perkins, "you can go back an' clean up the shanty.

"Reminds me of what the Bible sez," said Logroller; "'there's a lion on the trail: I'll be chawed up, sez the lazy galoot,' ur words to that effect."

"Come, come, boys," interposed the colonel; "don't mix religion an' bizness. They don't mix no more than do—— Hello, thar's the crack of Old Black's whip! Pick yer bushes—quick! All jump when I whistle!"

Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging along handsomely; the inside passengers were laughing heartily about something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle, and the five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it was a matter of common occurrence; Old Black dropped his reins, crossed his legs, and stared into the sky; and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road-agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please git out? Don't trouble yourselves to draw, cos my friend here's got *his* weepon cocked, an' his fingers is rather nervous. Ain't got a han'kerchief, hev yer?" asked the colonel of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Jest put yer hands behind yer, please—so—that's it."

And the unfortunate man was securely bound in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and then the colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for who ever heard of a stage-driver having any money?

"Boys," said the colonel, calling his brother-agents aside, and comparing receipts, "'tain't much of a haul; but there's only one woman, an' she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother. Better let her alone, eh?"

"Like enough she'll pan out more'n all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of case of a gold watch. "Jest like the deceitfulness of some folks, to hire an old woman to kerry their money so it 'ud go safe. Mebbe what she's got h'ain't nothin' to some folks thet's got hosses that ken win 'em money at races, but——"

The colonel abruptly ended the conversation, and approached the stage. The colonel was very chivalrous, but Crank's sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the old lady would have to suffer.

"I beg yer parding, ma'am," said the colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand while he reopened the coach-door with the other, "but we're a-taking up a collection fur some very deservin' object. We *was* a-going to make the gentlemen fork over the full amount, but ez they h'ain't got enough, we'll hev to bother *you*."

The old lady trembled, and felt for her pocketbook, an' raised her vail. The colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage-door, and, sitting down on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothin'?" queried Perkins, in a whisper, and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em, and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "*I'll* hurrry back to the cabin."

And the colonel dashed into the bushes, and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment, that Old Black afterward remarked that "ef ther'd been anybody to hold the hosses, he could hev cleaned out the hull crowd weth his whip.

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, and allowed to re-enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as coolly as if he had merely laid them down at a station while horses were being changed; then he cracked his whip, and the stage rolled off, while the colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road-agents as they entered their hut, for there stood the colonel in a clean white shirt, and in a suit of clothing made up from the limited spare wardrobes of the other members of the gang.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence, as, laying on the table a watch, two pistols, a pocketbook and a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, colonel, bizness before pleasure; let's divide, an' scatter. Ef anybody should hear 'bout it, an' find our trail, an' ketch us with the traps in our possession, they might——"

"Divide yerselves!" said the colonel, with abruptness and a great oath. "*I* don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his own domino, and looking anxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick? Here's some bully brandy I found in one of the passenger's pockets."

"I h'ain't nothin'," replied the colonel, with averted eyes. "I'm a-goin', an' I'm a-retirin' from *this* bizness for ever."

"Ain't a-goin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping the pistol on the table.

"I'm a-goin' to make a lead-mine of *you* ef you don't take that back!" roared the colonel with a bound, which caused Cranks to drop the pistol, and retire precipitately backward, apologizing as he went. "I'm going to 'tend to my own bizness, and that's enough to keep *any* man busy. Somebody lend me fifty, till I see him again?"

Perkins pressed the money into the colonel's hand, and within two minutes the colonel was on Tipsie's back, and galloping on in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, he passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people at Mud Gulch knew the colonel well, and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did; but they made an exception to the rule when the colonel canvassed the principal bar-rooms for men who wished to

purchase a horse; and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie in exchange for twenty slugs—only a thousand dollars, when the colonel had always said that there wasn't gold enough on top of the ground to buy her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

One or two enterprising fellows speedily discovered that the colonel was not in a communicative mood, so every one retired to his favorite saloon, and bet according to his own opinion of the colonel's motives and actions.

But when the colonel, after remaining in a barber-shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaven and his hair neatly trimmed and parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that was advanced.

Then the colonel made a tour of the stores, and fitted himself to a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the generous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the average miner. He bought a new hat, and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger-nails, and, stranger than all, he firmly declined all invitations to drink.

As the colonel stood in the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stopped, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the colonel, and tap him on the shoulder, upon which all men who had bet that the colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the colonel heard the constable say:

"Colonel, I'll take it all back, an' I own up fair an' square. When I seed you git out of Challenge Hill, it come to me all of a sudden that you might be in the road-agent business, so I followed you—duty, you know. But after I seed you sell Tipsie I knowed I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the State was robbed; an' I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the colonel, with a smile.

The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea of how curiously the colonel smiled when his beard was off.

"Give this fifty to Jim Perkins fust time yer see him. I'm leavin' the State."

Suddenly the stage pulled up with a crash at the door, and the male passengers turned into the saloon, in a state of utter indignation and impecuniosity."

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the colonel slipped quietly out and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started, and cried: "George!"

And the colonel, jumping into the stage, and putting his arms tenderly about the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed: "Mother!"

THE COUIRA (MYOPOTAMUS).

Till recently a specimen of this South American animal was kept in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, in a small inclosure, with the little pond required by its aquatic habits. The illustration is drawn from this specimen.

It will at once strike our readers as a kind of beaver—lacking, however, the broad, flat tail—and the resemblance is real, and leads naturalists to class it with that curious animal. The Couira is amphibious, and, like the beaver, has four grinders, in the matter of teeth, with sharp incisors, web-footed hind feet, and a scaly tail. It has none of the building faculties of the beaver, however.

It is mild, inoffensive, susceptible of being domesticated, and grows attached to its keeper.

Its fur, a reddish-brown, is known in trade as raconde; it has the long hair and down below, like the beaver.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

By Frederick Daniel.

Among all the actors in the late war, Stonewall Jackson remains the dominant figure. He alone displayed remarkable originality of mind and character; and hence, though his active career was limited to two short years, an interest attaches to him as to none of his contemporaries in the memorable struggle. Even now it is clearly seen that his fame can only survive on the sheer strength of his intrinsic merits, while that of the two chief opponents who shook hands at Appomattox will, in a large measure, be ultimately based on the very fact of their leadership.

In every land the conviction steadily grows that he was the greatest military genius since Napoleon I., to whom he is likened in military brilliancy, as he is to Cromwell in sternness and inflexibility of character. His genius is, of course, all the more clearly made manifest in view of the subordinate rank he held, and the paucity of means at his disposal; it was genius alone that enabled him to do what he did, in spite of the insurmountable obstacles of a vicious system that to the last beset his path and cramped his progress. Analysis of his generalship indicates that its distinguishing characteristics were celerity of movement and accuracy of calculation. It was with these tactics that he took the field, and they were synonymous with bold, energetic execution, always successfully crowned. Whether acting separately, that is to say, detached from any supervision on the part of his commander-in-chief, or under the immediate eye of the latter, it is especially noteworthy that his action was ever of the same order, devolved out of his own mind, that is to say, always original, never mechanical. In each battle his fighting bore the unmistakable stamp of his individuality. In the eye of the superficial observer he seemed to take delight in defying established rules; in reality, he only adapted them to his own peculiar style of working; or, rather, took upon himself to extract their good points, and conform to them, while leaving the weaker originating in routine. His absorbing study of the art of war led him to choose its vivifying spirit, and to eschew its killing letter, by which his great intuitive perceptions scorned to be fettered. Nevertheless, none more than he laid stress on the punctilio of military discipline, for anything tending to strengthen the discipline of an army he knew to be of value.

In reviewing his deeds this thought constantly suggests itself, namely: What great results, militarily speaking, would he not have wrought, had he wielded supreme control over the South?—what still greater, if he had held in his grasp the ample resources of the North? The campaign in the Valley of Virginia during the Spring of 1862, which sent his name ringing round the world, was truly war on a small scale, an example in miniature of Bonaparte's first campaign in Italy, yet the same in kind, equally as brilliant and marking. But, even for a moment supposing that, if years had been vouchsafed to him, his military exploits could have equaled or surpassed those of the great Frenchman, he could never have developed into a Bonaparte, for his moral character was of as pure and high quality as his intellect itself. It was largely his possession of the solid gifts of unselfishness and truth that caused all to respect and admire him living, and that now have set him apart on the page of history, quite outside of the baser, passionate elements of the struggle as waged. To array around its altar friend and foe alike, or, rather, to count no foe, is the privilege of genius.

Stonewall Jackson's ancestors emigrated from England to Virginia toward the close of the colonial period, the precise year of their removal not being known. Very scanty accounts in regard to the origin of the family are now obtainable, the connecting links not having been preserved, as in the house of Lee, who is lineally traced back through twenty-six generations to Duncan, King of Scotland, the same who was waylaid and murdered by Macbeth, though not after the manner related by Shakespeare. Doubtless it is a very natural curiosity to wish to overhaul the genealogical origin of illustrious characters, but, as a rule, it has always been found impossible to follow the record back very far. One genius per family, few and far between, is about the decree of the Goddess of Destiny, thereby, perhaps, enjoining on us to look at the great man himself, not at his ancestry.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—FROM THE BRONZE STATUE BY FOLEY.

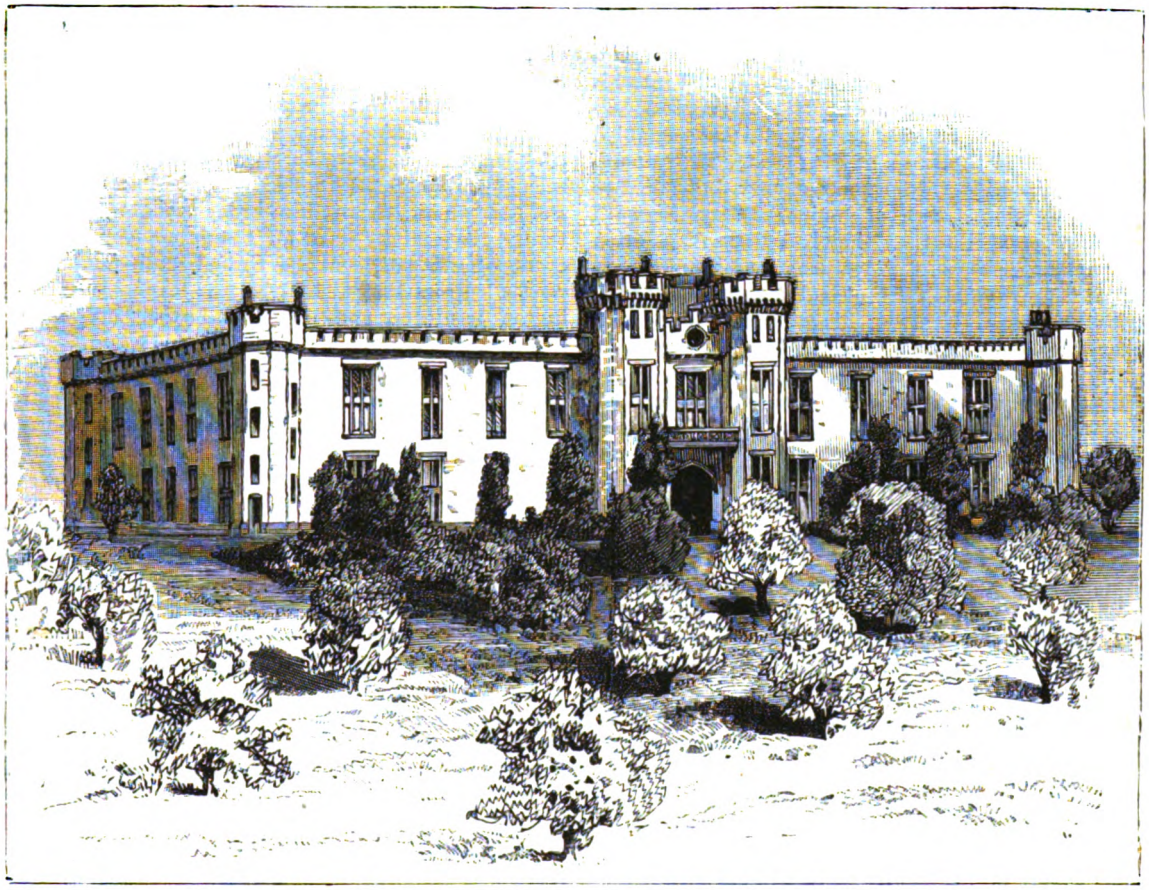
The names of the first settlers in the colony of Virginia are yet ascertainable, for they were regularly recorded in London registers; it was only after the emigration became numerous that the names of the departing host were too many for the scribes. Even up to far in the present century, owing to a lack of clerks and other facilities, as well as to the general newness and shifting fortunes of settlers and settlements, marriages, births and deaths in many of the counties of Virginia were not recorded, and consequently lapsed into a state of traditional uncertainty. The newcomers in general found it sufficiently hard to make a bare living, without bothering themselves to do much scribbling. There was no census then, no officials spying out the land, no Boss to keep a minute account of the men, women and children in every district for voting purposes. An Arcadian-like primitiveness prevailed, troubled only by the warwhoop of the Indian. The evolution of governmental statistics and professional politics took time.

The first of the Jackson family in America, of whom there is any authentic account, is the great-grandfather of Stonewall, John Jackson, who settled in the newest and roughest portion of the colony, or the region beyond the Alleghanies, then but recently reclaimed through the enterprise of venturesome explorers. His homestead was fixed near the present village of Weston, in Lewis County. After the Revolution, his son, Edward, was appointed to survey the newly-formed county, and later on to represent it in the Legislature, and it was considered a very high honor to be "a member of the Legislature" at that early day. Jonathan, the son of Edward Jackson, took up his abode in the town of Clarksburg, in Harrison County, and there practiced the profession of law with very fair results, considering the sparseness and thriftiness of the country's population, more addicted to grubbing up stubs and plowing than going to law. The hardy and energetic sons and daughters of toil dwelling in the Western Alleghany region had little "book-learning," and still less of fine manners. Their life was just the opposite of that of the planters, passed amidst luxurious refinements on the

seacoast; their frame houses were mere huts—oftener the abode was a log-cabin—their furniture and clothes, highly primitive. The Jacksons lived like the rest, their only "good form" being sterling integrity and energetic industry.

After establishing himself in Clarksburg, Lawyer Jonathan married a Miss Neal, of a neighboring county, and by her had four children, the youngest of whom was our hero, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, born in Clarksburg, January 21st, 1824. Of his early life there are still witnesses living in the neighborhood. At the age of three years he was left an orphan, and, moreover, penniless, as his father had lost all the hard-earned profits of his profession by becoming security for needy friends. The orphan boy was taken into the house of a farmer who had married one of his aunts; but, not being favorably impressed by this gentleman, at the early age of four he determined upon his first flank movement, and accordingly ran away to the home of his remaining aunt. Upon being entreated by her to return to his original quarters, he peremptorily declined, intimating in an unmistakable way that his decision was final. Like boy, like man. She found there was nothing to be done but to turn him over to his uncle, Cummings E. Jackson, who took him to the old family homestead near Weston, where he remained until he was sixteen. During this interval of his life, under the direction of his uncle, no particular incidents of interest are recalled; his youthful character slowly but surely developed itself amidst the rugged, mountainous country and its serious, hardy inhabitants. The untameableness of the mountaineer was clearly traceable in his composition in after years. When not imbibing a knowledge of the "three R's" at an old-field school, of a class now happily or unhappily extinct, he was at work on his uncle's farm, and he was esteemed as a good worker. He was fond of roughing and hunting in the mountains, though, strange to say, his boyhood was in one of the usual juvenile experiences totally lacking, viz., quarrels and fights: whether because boys were scarce in the neighborhood, or he saw in the struggle ahead of him a field large enough to absorb all his combativeness. It is said that as a boy he regarded life a battle not to be pictured in words, but rather in the hard blows of daily experience; and with a grave face and careful conduct he prepared to take his share in it.

The houses in which he was born and reared were truly very unpretentious mansions. At that early period of his native locality there were few wealthy estates, consequently very few dwellings except of the rougher sort. The frame structures of the Jacksons were one story high, with attic or "loft," and not even painted or whitewashed; though their interiors were noticeably neat and cleanly, not the slightest sign of yard, flowers or trees existed externally. All within and without was simplicity unadorned.



VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.

Upon quitting his kind uncle's farm at the age of sixteen, thanks to a good reputation already established, he was easily elected county constable. The duties of the office, though he creditably discharged them during two years, were not to his taste, and he determined to apply for a vacancy then existing in the Military Academy at West Point. A friend to whom he applied for a letter of introduction to the district Congressman asked him if he

was prepared to meet the high standard of studies required there. He replied, "I am very ignorant, but I can make it up by study." The letter was given, he resigned his office and started at once for Washington, where, on the 1st of July, 1842, he was appointed a cadet. Having once donned the uniform, he was as good as his word, and spared no fatigue in order to keep up with his Class, in which were McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, Gibbon, Hill, Pickett, Maury, Jones, Smith, and Wilcox, all subsequently generals. At the end of the first year his standing in a Class of seventy members was: 45 in mathematics, 70 in French, 51 in general merit, 15 demerits; second year, 18 in mathematics, 52 in French, 68 in drawing, 55 in engineering, 30 in general merit, 26 demerits; final year, 12 in engineering, 5 in ethics, 11 in artillery, 21 in infantry tactics, 11 in mineralogy and geology, 7 demerits—graduating standard, 17. His general standing the first year was 51; second, 30; third, 20; fourth, 17. This progress was due to laborious application, and the knowledge thus gained was lastingly drilled into his mind—assimilated, not crammed. His classmates were wont to declare that another term would have enabled him to graduate at the head of his Class. They unanimously recognized his industry and energy, but failed to see in him the faintest sign of genius, as they afterward said. Doubtless at the time they had little disposition to hunt up geniuses in the Academy, and would have pitched on the wrong man if they had gone into any such wild-goose business. During his apprenticeship as a cadet, far from joining in with the "fun" in vogue, he was not even social in his habits, being depicted by his fellows as awkward, absent-minded, reserved and earnest, in no manner witty or humerous. His eccentric appearance and propensities were jestingly commented on, though innocently, as his kindness, simplicity and industry disarmed all hostility and made him many friends.

Precisely four years after his entry in the Academy at West Point, or on July 1st, 1846, he was appointed a second lieutenant of artillery and ordered to Vera Cruz, the United States being then at war with Mexico. His first service was in heavy artillery at the siege of that town, where for "gallant and meritorious conduct" he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. When operations began in the fight, he was transferred at his own urgent request to Captain Magruder's battery "I wanted to see active service," he afterward said; "to be near the enemy and in the fight; and when I heard that John Magruder had got his battery, I bent all my energies to be with him, for I knew if any fighting was to be done, Magruder would be on hand."

He took a conspicuous part in the battles of the campaign at Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey and Chepultepec, and was twice commended in General Scott's reports. At the storming and capture of the Mexican capital, September 13th, 1847, he was breveted major for skill and gallantry. An incident in his Mexican service serves to show that the style of fighting of the petty lieutenant was virtually the same as that afterward of the commanding general. At an obstinately contested battle, he opened with his three guns on the enemy's entrenchments, and drew such a terrific reply that the bravest of his cannoneers fled. Only he and a sergeant were left at the pieces, and with immovable calmness they began to load and fire. Magruder rode up and ordered him to withdraw, but he strongly remonstrated, asserting that he could hold his own, and would undertake with fifty regulars to silence the enemy's batteries and render their capture easy.

The men were put under his direction, whereupon he immediately advanced his guns further to the front, and opening a more destructive fire than before, silenced the opposing batteries, which were speedily captured by the American troops. Long after this occurrence, an inquisitive youth asked him if this incident was true, and receiving an affirmative answer, added: "That was a very hot place, major?" "Yes, very hot." "Why didn't you run, major?" With a smile, he replied: "I was not ordered to do so. If I had been ordered to run, I would have done so; but I was directed o hold my position, and I had no right to abandon it."

The Mexican war ended, the young major was put on duty in Florida, where troops had at that time to be kept for the suppression of a troublesome remnant of the Indian tribes. In Florida his health was enfeebled very much at the expiration of three years, and he, therefore, resigned his rank in the army and became, on September 1st, 1851, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Instructor of Artillery in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington.

Feeble health was the chief motive of his retirement from active service, but another, as he stated to intimate friends, was his desire to study more fully the military science and keep the knowledge he had acquired at West Point fresh in his mind, in order to embrace any opportunity that might offer for obtaining command in the event of war between the United States and a foreign power. From 1851 to 1861 he was Professor at the Lexington Institute, and, truly as he had desired, it was during these ten years that his genius was developed by keeping his thoughts exclusively bent on his profession. His life passed calmly and enjoyably, as he declared, in Lexington, which, with its pure air and charming mountain landscape, was in his eyes an excellent exchange for the pestilential swamps of the extreme South. Gradually the little burg became greatly attached to him, as there he occupied himself with wholly congenial studies, married, and became a member of the Presbyterian Church. On his deathbed, his last murmuring direction was: "Bury me in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." The "Valley," too, the scene of his first triumph! He was twice married; first, to the daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, of Washington College, and the only offspring from this marriage was a daughter. Both mother and child meeting an untimely death, he married Miss Morrison, and likewise from this second union an only daughter, Julia, was born only a few months before his death. His widow and daughter are living, and the latter bears a very striking resemblance to her father. They reside in Virginia, and frequently travel to the principal cities, North and South, where they are ever welcomed by many sympathizing friends.

From the time he joined the Presbyterian Church, he was a prominent and active member, and filled several lay positions in it; indeed, his devotion was so marked as to earn for him the nickname of the "Blue light Elder." Every Sunday, with military punctuality, he was seen to enter his pew at the church, and forthwith fix his attention on the pulpit; hymn-book in hand, he followed the singing, though never attempting to sing himself, and during prayer stood motionless as a statue. After the sermon was over, he returned to his quarters, going back to the church with the same punctuality in the evening, to conduct himself with the same solemn respect.

His piety was thoroughly unostentatious, and was not more conspicuous in his little home-church than when in the field he found himself at the head of his troops. In the field it was his custom to pray just before and after a battle, and to organize, at frequent intervals, religious

meetings among his soldiery encamped. His religion being of a practical, unspeculative kind, once the meetings organized, he made it his business to see that the praying and preaching came off on time, and it was not a rare spectacle to behold him amidst the men under a steady rain listening to the exhortations of the clergyman. It mattered little to him who the preacher might be, so he called down the blessings of "Providence," or of "God," for he employed sometimes the one word and then the other in talking and in penning his bulletins. His "Yesterday God blessed our arms with victory!" became proverbial. One of the peculiarities of his devotion was the lifting his right arm on high for a few moments, as if to call down a blessing on the efforts of his soldiers as they passed him to take position in the beginning of a battle. Not Cromwell and his Puritan followers mixed war and religion, in a view of mutual assistance, more than he did. Popularly he was represented to be a Fatalist; it is certain that he closely adhered to the Presbyterian tenets and the doctrine of predestination. "God and Duty" was his motto—duty as a predestined mission from Heaven to all.

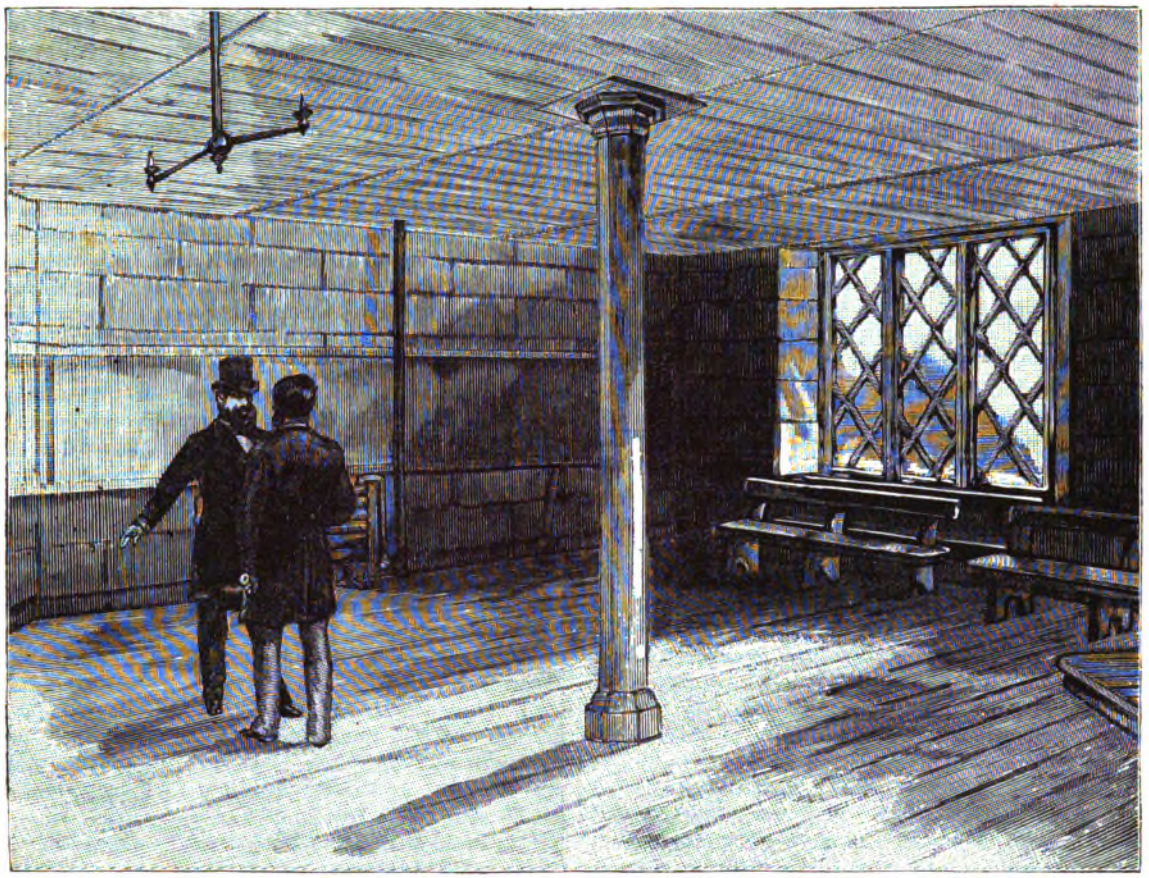
Moving to and fro in the streets of Lexington between the years 1851 and 1861, the retired army officer, metamorphosed into a professor, appeared to the citizens, and especially the cadets of the Institute, an extremely eccentric individual. His figure, tall, gaunt, awkward, clad in gray uniform, seemed to pass over the ground by separate, jerky motions; stiff and erect he strided along, as if intent on measuring the distance from one point to another, his mind busied on some problem disconnected from his actual surroundings, for in such moments, if addressed, he looked as one in a state of sudden transition from the realm of thought into reality.

In the lecture-room his systematic and rigidly exacting methods were, of course, very far from being to the taste of the pupils. In that epoch of old-fashioned martinetism, cadets were in all lands noted for being wild and frolicksome, hence much given to expending a vast amount of time and labor in inventing mischievous pranks to be played on teachers and officers; modern hazing is only a mild inheritance from the old rampant school of fun. From the start Professor Jackson was an irresistible "subject" for the Lexington cadets; never had there been anybody like him heard or read of in the traditions and annals of the establishment. His fearlessness and integrity in the discharge of duty made them afraid of him, for they found there was no appeal against his impartial reports, and they took their revenge by laughing at him when set free from his presence. Every one of his peculiarities was conned and "set down in a note-book" for future use. His angular figure, with chin well set back in a high "stock," his ungainly motions, his silent and grum demeanor, his apparently absurd devotion to discipline, his low, curt voice, were all the subjects of incessant joke and mimicry. They habitually spoke of him as "Old Jack," or "Old Tom Jackson," while those who had been reprimanded solaced themselves by dubbing him "Fool Tom Jackson." Such epithets sprang from playfulness and temporary fretfulness, not from any want of real respect for the man.

It goes without saying that as an instructor of artillery on the parade-ground the professor was more to the liking of his pupils, and great was always their proficiency in that branch of the service, the one which he affected most, having made his *début* in it. The battery drills, when firing with blank cartridges was the order, pleased all engaged in the exercise, reminding him of his early days in Mexico. In these drills he drawled out the commands after the style he had learned at West Point, and the cadet-officers, alive to fun, would caricature while re-echoing the drawl, to the unbounded delight of the armed crowd. Upon one occasion, when this sport had been carried to an unusual excess, the adjutant approached the professor with malice aforethought, and asked him how he was pleased with the drill. "Very much, sir," was his smiling reply; "the officers gave very fine commands this afternoon." Again, the drill would be balked by the secret abstraction by the cadets of a linchpin from one of the carriages, or bells would be suspended in the limber-boxes, and the mysterious tinklings issuing therefrom would perplex the professor, cause him to call a halt and vainly investigate the phenomenon amidst outbursts of laughter on the part of the same conspirators bent on a racket. If the cadets were lynx-eyed to ferret out "fun," he was equally acute in detecting their trickery, as a rule, and, indeed, a couple of incidents are narrated by ex-cadets which seem to have been something like an attempt on his part to pay off the practical jokers in their own coin. His Class was one day gravely marched out to the parade-ground, in order to see him ascertain, by a scientific observation, the correct time. The Institute clock was not correct, he informed them. After taking his observation and figuring up, to his astonishment and the high glee of the Class, he discovered that it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening! The instruments he employed were out of order—but the joke was none the less, and he himself joined in the laugh raised at his expense. On another occasion he proposed to his Class the question why a telegram could not be sent to an adjoining town. Various wrong surmises caused a smile to pass over his face, and the "smart young man" having at last observed the fact, arose and shouted out: "Well, Major Jackson, I reckon it must be because there is no telegraph between the two places!" There was clearly no mistaking this as having been meant for a practical joke, and the jokers no doubt felt in honor called upon to help him through with it as gracefully as possible.

General Francis H. Smith, the Superintendent of the Institute then, as he is to-day, was brought into very intimate relations with the professor, and recalls many amusing incidents relating to him. His guiding principle, says the superintendent, was that a general rule should not be broken for any particular good, and that whatever was really willed could be accomplished. He once wore a thick woolen uniform during the sultriest Summer weather, because, as he said, "he had seen an order prescribing it for wear, but none had been exhibited to him directing it to be changed." Another characteristic occurrence was his walking to and fro under a heavy rain in front of the superintendent's house, "because the hour had not quite arrived when it was his duty to present his weekly report." In company with the superintendent he made, in 1858, a three-months tour in Europe, which had little or no fascination for him, except in so far as he was enabled to inspect the various military academies on the Continent and the huge army establishments.

Many of the cadets whom he taught at Lexington, and whose character must have been perceptibly molded by his powerful influence, are now middle-aged men, scattered through the State, and generally prosperous in their respective callings. Their souvenirs in connection with their student-days under "Old Jack" are numerous, and proudly they refer back to the good example, the many useful hints of conduct, he set before them. All whom he had taught were anxious to serve under him in



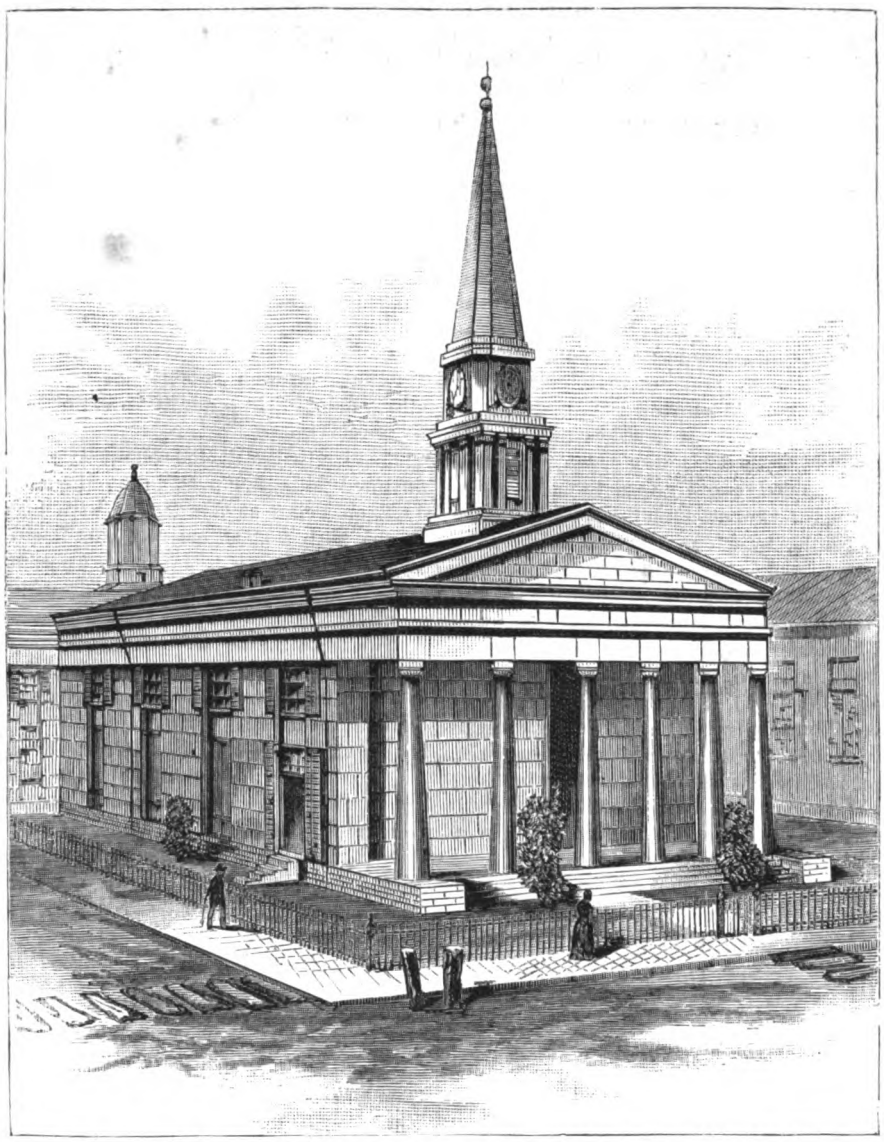
PROF. JACKSON'S CLASSROOM IN THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.

the field, and many of them actually did, some perishing in the battles he fought. It is highly suggestive of the lasting impress that he left on the minds of these ex-cadets, turned farmers, lawyers, doctors and business-men, to listen to their budget of recollections, anecdotes and hairbreadth escapes from dreaded punishment through his orders. It is one of their delights to enter into a minute account of his odd ways, and copiously to relate feats of his wonderful memory. By one of these ex-cadets, who studied under him the course of mathematics—for he ultimately abandoned the chair of natural philosophy for that of mathematics, in which he "felt at home"— his strict methods of calling up the pupils in the "section-room," and making them severally understand their lesson before allowing the least let up, was made known to the present writer in a long conversation, interspersed with details as to his solemn look from the platform. "He would say very little himself, but would emphatically leave the word and the blackboard to the cadet. Each was put through the demonstration of a problem, and compelled to grasp its points before leaving the board. At his order I sometimes demonstrated the problem to the entire class, after having drawn or built up the figure on the board from memory. In hearing our recitations he never consulted the text-books, though keeping them near him as vouchers, but corrected any error that might be made without direct reference to them. I recollect the close attention with which he followed every one of us at the blackboard, as well as though it were yesterday. I was with the class, before him, in the section-room, when the news of the outbreak of hostilities, or, rather, of the secession of Virginia, reached us. On this occasion he made a little speech to us, and in winding it up exclaimed: 'When the sword is drawn' (suiting the action to the word and drawing his own), 'the scabbard should be thrown away!' at the same instant so excitedly and vigorously throwing away the scabbard that, instead of its falling on the floor, it broke 'clean through' the window-pane and fell to the ground outside. Once during the war I recollect falling in with him: it was at Williamsport, on the Potomac, when we were returning from the Maryland, or Sharpsburg, campaign. 'Old Jack' was sitting very erect on his horse in the river, close to the bank, and personally supervising the passing of the army-train over a bad part of the road at the water's edge. Dick W——, who was also a cadet under him at Lexington, and I, were with our battery, near by on the hill, and he proposed that we should go down to the river and have a chat with him, that it would be a great thing, and so forth. I knew 'Old Jack' too well for anything of that kind, and declined to go. 'Well, I'll go and see him,' said Dick, and off he started. A few hours later I saw Dick returning to the battery, bespattered with mud and looking quite disgusted. 'Well,' I asked, 'what did "Old Jack" have to say?' 'Say?' he growled; 'I no sooner spoke to him than he set me to work toting stones and shoveling dirt with the infantry!'"

Up to April, 1861, the professor's life passed serenely, and if war had not then called him away, it is likely that he would have grown gray in teaching the youths at Lexington, and almost certain that he would never have been heard of. He was among the first to catch the fever of war, and to offer his services to the Governor of the State. When it was proposed to appoint him colonel, the Richmond legislators asked, "Who is Thomas J. Jackson?"

"I can tell you who he is," replied one who knew him well; "if you put him in command at Norfolk he will never leave it alive, unless you order him to do so." His appointment was voted, and on the 3d of May, 1861, he took charge of the volunteers assembled at Harper's Ferry. His appearance in the field excited at first the same outburst of merriment as at Lexington among the cadets. Whether on foot or horseback, he did not look in the eyes of the volunteers at all like a commander, their ideal of a military officer being a showy person clad in gaudy uniform. He had started on his campaigns in the same well-used uniform worn at the Institute, and thus arrayed, he rode a lean old horse, awkwardly leaning forward from the saddle while peering about from beneath his little cadet-cap in a queer way, rather ludicrous to behold. The merry youngsters quickly found out, however, that he was no talker, and also was military officer enough to keep his own counsels.

A few weeks later General Joseph E. Johnston took the superior command at Harper's Ferry, and assigned him to the charge of an infantry brigade composed of four Virginia regiments, which he quickly organized into an effective force. It was considered important, from strategical reasons, to hold the "Valley of Virginia," or that portion of the State lying between the Blue Ridge and North Mountains, and extending from the source of the Shenandoah River, near Staunton, to the Potomac, pending the concentration of an adequate army at Manassas, on the route between Washington and Richmond. The Valley region was, therefore, tightly grasped by General Johnston and Colonel Jackson. Nearly all the volunteers under the latter, himself included, had been born and raised amidst its smiling landscapes, and were loath to abandon it. They were but poorly equipped, arms and war material being one of the greatest lackings throughout the State. General Lee exhibited to a companion officer, who, like himself, had just arrived in Richmond from Washington, a miserable-looking percussion cap, and said, sadly, "This is the best we can make." The eccentric Colonel Jackson was not long in giving his brigade to understand that he expected them to do the best they could with the scanty equipments at hand. His energy being recognized, he was made a brigadier-general. An opportunity to test the mettle of the newly-organized regiments soon offered. General McDowell advanced from Washington with an army of 55,000 men and offered battle at Manassas, where General Beauregard had united his own forces in view of a struggle for the road to Richmond. On the day before the battle, Jackson, with his brigade (expressly withdrawn from the Valley with the rest of General Johnston's divisions) took position on Bull Run, and on the morning of the fight, Sunday, July 21st, was ordered in haste to the battlefield in order to support some Georgians and Alabamians under General Bee, who were slowly but steadily yielding ground in front of overwhelming odds. Learning from a courier that reinforcements were on the way to him, General Bee galloped in the direction of the fresh troops and was soon face to face with Jackson at the head of his brigade. Bee, covered with dust and sweat, his sword drawn, his horse foaming, despairingly cried out, "General, they are beating us back!" Jackson betrayed no emotion, but, with a glittering eye, coolly answered, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet." The words electrified General Bee, who galloped back to his men, and, pointing to Jackson,



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN LEXINGTON ATTENDED BY PROFESSOR JACKSON.

shouted, "Look! there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here and we will conquer!" His men rallied beside Jackson's line, which swept forward, first checking, then, at the critical moment, so piercing the Federal advance as to gain the victory. Throughout the battle Jackson bore an unshaken equanimity, inspiring all around him and occasionally stimulating his men with a "Steady, boys, steady—all's well!" At the close of the day he sat on his horse looking at the Federal retreat, and to those around him exclaimed, in his curt voice, "Give me ten thousand men, and I will be in Washington to-night!" General Bee, who was killed, had been instrumental in giving Jackson a new name, one destined to become historic, for from that day forth he was to be called only "Stonewall Jackson." The soldiers ratified the new name, thoroughly abolishing "Thomas Jonathan." He, however, always modestly insisted, even upon his deathbed, that the brigade, not himself, was entitled to the name "Stonewall." Yet it pleased him. The battle also gave him the rank of major-general.

After Manassas, his brigade also was called by the name "Stonewall." It was regarded as the *élite* of the fighting Virginians, and became verily to him what the Tenth Legion was to Cæsar, a crack corps, to be relied on in an emergency. Often in a critical moment of battle he led it in person to the charge, and so snatched victory trembling in the balance. Wherever he appeared, in camp or on the march, he was unavoidably compelled to receive its cheers; it cherished his very eccentricities as things that no other general could afford to indulge in. Vainly did he endeavor to repress such demonstrations in the fear that they might interfere with discipline; the young volunteers persisted in showing their intense admiration and love for him. His promotion to a separate command in the Valley of Virginia removed him for a short while from his favorite brigade, but, upon his request, it was sent to his corps, and thereafter continued to form part of it.

His first step on taking command in the Valley was the hardening of his troops through rapid marching and heavy skirmishing amidst Winter weather and privations of various sorts. During one of these marching expeditions, he came upon his old brigade halted on the side of the road, and asked the reason of the delay. "I have halted to cook rations," replied the officer in charge. "There is no time for that," said Jackson, briefly. "But it is impossible for the men to march much further without them," was the officer's remonstrance. "I never found anything impossible with that brigade," rejoined Jackson, ordering the march to be resumed.

From the outset his movements were aggressive. He held then, and continued to believe and assert until death, that the war should be waged aggressively by the South, or, as he put it, that "the Scipio Africanus policy was the best." The defensive system in vogue with the civilian authorities at Richmond was never approved by him. With him war meant the business of fighting; not to advance was to recede in his estimation, and hence he continuously advised the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. His own operations were always so conducted as to render, if possible, a general forward movement acceptable to those who had supreme control at Richmond.

His Valley campaign commenced in earnest about the time General McClellan laid siege to Richmond. The aim he had in view was to manœuvre and fight his little corps (at first 4,000 men, then increased to 20,000) so as to threaten Washington and detain a large part of McClellan's force from marching to join him over the routes of Northern Virginia. This aim was accomplished in a masterly manner; the same strategy, though on a larger and more complex scale, that had been carried out in the Manassas campaign, being repeated. A large force that ought by all means to have been with McClellan was detained in the Valley by Jackson's tenacity in holding his ground against all odds, and fighting in detail, until the moment arrived for the battle at Richmond, when he slipped away from his baffled pursuers and joined Lee. In this Valley campaign he made up for the paucity of his poorly equipped followers by marching them hither and thither in such hurried fashion that they earned the sobriquet of "foot-cavalry." Opposed to double their own numbers, his indomitable will inspired them to put forth all their energies, his skill directed them; his deadly earnestness was contagious—not only his soldiers, but the citizens caught it. He fought or retreated precisely as his calculations required, and both his own and the opposing troops soon found this out. It is true, he had very mediocre generals to contend with; Bonaparte, also, was opposed in his first campaign by Austria's inferior generals. The objection is overthrown by the subsequent successes of each. Von Moltke enjoyed a walk-over in France in 1870-71 owing to the complete lack of generalship on the part of Napoleon III. and his marshals—though this is not a similar case, truly, for afterward Moltke's quality was not tested as was that of the first two.

The campaign lasted about two months, and may be outlined in a few words: At the close of March, 1862, Jackson being at Winchester with 4,000 troops, General Banks with 20,000 crossed the Potomac and marched against that town. Jackson, upon being pursued, retreated, in a sullen and deliberate manner, up the Valley about fifty miles. Thinking to have got rid of his flying foe, General Banks returned to Winchester; whereupon Jackson retraced his steps, and with his little band of 4,000 attacked double this number of troops which General Banks had concentrated at Kernstown, a hamlet within three miles of Winchester. Being checked, though far from being defeated, Jackson again slowly retired up the Valley. Learning that another army, under General Milroy, was in pursuit of him, and about to enter the Valley from the west, he straightway marched, after receiving reinforcements, by a roundabout route, and fell upon that unsuspecting general in the mountains, near a village called McDowell, defeated him, and drove him to seek safety in flight. This success compelled General Banks to abandon his idea that the Valley had been captured by him and to precipitately retire within eighteen miles of Winchester, his starting-point. Jackson, with a corps of 20,000 men, swiftly returned from the McDowell battlefield to the pursuit of General Banks, who fell back further to Winchester, where he prepared to offer battle. Upon his arrival at the spot Jackson promptly accepted the wager, and, after a short engagement, drove General Banks and his army through the town and across the Potomac River. Meantime, General Shields and Fremont, each with an army under his command, had appeared on either flank of the Valley, having been dispatched from opposing directions in order to form a junction, and with their combined commands to capture Jackson, bag and baggage. Apprised of their intention, he made haste to reach the upper part of the Valley before the outlet to Richmond should be blocked for him. His march was vailed in such secrecy on this occasion that no one knew whither he was bent, and exciting reports flew abroad; everywhere the query

was propounded: "Where is Jackson?—Is he marching on Washington?" He had captured large spoils from General Banks, and, though traveling post-haste with his "foot-cavalry," succeeded in bringing them off.

During this trip a squad of Federal cavalry charged one night among his infantry as they were resting and preparing to snatch a little sleep. Some confusion was at first produced, but the cavalrymen being an isolated party, were soon captured. In mentioning the affair to Jackson, the commanding officer remarked that he regarded the charge as a dashing thing, and he would, if possible, have prevented the troops from firing on them. "Why would you not have shot those men, colonel?" curtly asked Jackson. "I should have spared them, general," replied the officer, "because they were brave men who had gotten into a desperate situation where it was as easy to capture as to kill them. "Shoot them all," said Jackson, coldly; "I don't want them to be brave." There was the spirit and idea of the man: war was war, and his style of conducting it generously was to cut it short by making it sharp and effective. His generosity, prompted and directed by intellect, was of a higher kind.

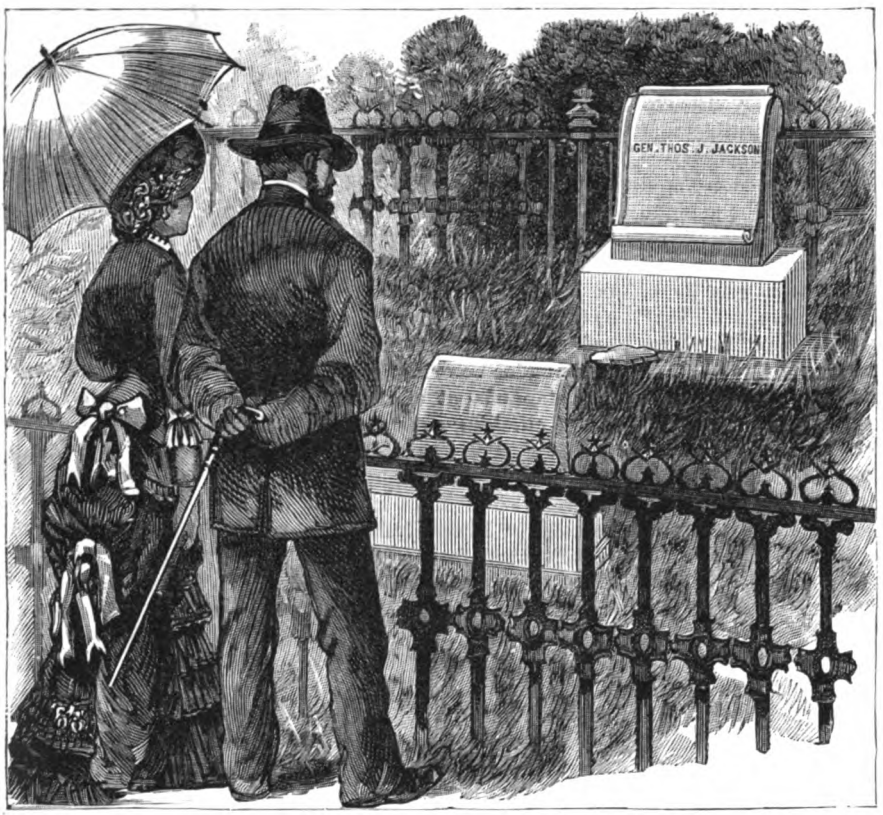
By hurrying he was just in time to prevent the junction of his two pursuers, escaping with his train of captured stores as one of them arrived in sight of his retiring column. The position of the forces was at this moment as follows: Jackson himself, with 20,000 men, was near Port Republic, General Shields (his most redoubtable antagonist) was at Conrad's Store with 10,000 men, and General Fremont at Harrisonburg with 15,000. The three points formed very nearly the angles of an equilateral triangle, the sides fifteen miles in length. Jackson's plans were speedily drawn up, and he at once set to work to carry out a series of skillful manœuvres. First a portion of his troops were dispatched against General Fremont, and, after an engagement with him at Cross-Keys, indecisive though serving effectually to check his advance, it was hastily withdrawn and concentrated with the bulk of his corps at Port Republic, for a final blow against General Shields, who had moved up to within two miles of the last-mentioned point. At sunrise on the morning of June 9th Jackson advanced to attack and crush him at a single blow. General Shields, however, was not taken unawares, and, being a stubborn, shrewd commander, had prepared to give some sturdy blows in return. The battle was consequently very obstinate, much more so than any other during the whole campaign; but at last General Shields, too, was defeated, and forced to retreat from the field very hastily. This result was decisive of the hopes and aspirations of the two Federal leaders who had so pertinaciously followed up Jackson, and, now apprehending nothing further from his baffled pursuers, he commenced a swift march to join Lee's army in an attack upon McClellan around Richmond.

Upon the termination of his hard campaigning, the outward appearance of the ubiquitous fighter was dingy. His gray coat, dating from the Institute, was thoroughly sunburnt, and out at elbow, and showed plainly that it had been slept in on the bare, dusty ground; his cadet-cap, with tilting brim, was quite yellow, his long cavalry-boots much worn and faded, his beard and hair long and unkempt, and, in short, his general make-up decidedly seedy, as he rode along on a rawboned sorrel, highly prized from his grim carelessness for shot and shell. Yet, all the same, no observant stranger would have failed to pick him out from among all the officers surrounding him. There was only one Stonewall Jackson around.

Before setting out toward Richmond he had divine service held among the troops, "to return thanks to God for victory." To keep his destination a secret, it was necessary for him to blind the citizens near his route, as well as others at a distance, in regard to his real movements. By his order it was accordingly given out that his operations in the Valley would be continued more actively than ever, and, to give countenance to such an impression, a small detachment was left to march and countermarch over the recently contested fields. Meantime, with his flushed little army he started on his way to the Chickahominy, amidst extraordinary precautions to conceal his route. The troops were prohibited from asking questions in passing by houses and villages, and were ordered to answer all inquiries with an "I don't know." In this order they found copious materials for joking. As their commander was riding by a field he espied a soldier who had stepped out of the passing column, and was in the act of climbing a fence to go after some cherries near by. "Where are you going?" asked Jackson. "I don't know," said the soldier. "To what command do you belong?" "I don't know." "Well, what State are you from?" "I don't know." "What is the meaning of all this?" asked Jackson, turning to another soldier. "Well, Old Stonewall issued orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight." All persons in the road were arrested by his order, and marched along with the columns, so that his advance might not be bruited about; and on the 27th of June he was hurling his tired troops on the right wing of General McClellan, at the moment that he was supposed, even in Richmond, to be beyond the Blue Ridge. He had succeeded in making his junction with Lee a surprise.

His manœuvre in flanking General McClellan's right wing was decisive of the siege laid to Richmond. After the battle there, Jackson, with a powerful corps, was ordered to meet the advance of General Pope, from the direction of Northern Virginia, which he did by ronting him in battle at Cedar Run, about midway between Richmond and Washington. The victory was secured by rallying his troops at a critical moment of the day, and by exposing himself and charging with his old brigade.

Upon receiving this news Lee advanced with the main body of his army, and taking the place of Jackson in front of General Pope, dispatched him to intercept the latter's line of retreat by a flank movement, extending a distance of fifty miles over mountains. The movement was so swiftly and secretly executed that Jackson had pounced down upon Manassas, with its accumulated supplies, while General Pope was confidently fronting Lee many miles away. He hastily turned, however, and vehemently attacked his daring adversary, who bore the brunt of tremendous odds with characteristic vigor and tenacity, until Lee, following in his tracks, joined him, when both together routed General Pope's army, on the same plain of Manassas fought over in the preceding year. Lee, being unopposed, invaded Maryland, and sent Jackson to take Harper's Ferry, which had become a species of stronghold. In a few days' time Jackson besieged and bombarded it so hotly that the garrison, amounting to 11,000 men, with an immense quantity of arms and supplies, surrendered unconditionally, the captor's only terms. Two days after its capture Jackson resumed his place in Lee's army, and stubbornly opposed McClellan at Antietam. This battle was a serious check for Lee, because it put an end to all the fond hopes that both he and Jackson had entertained of successfully invading Maryland and Pennyslvania. They returned to Virginia, and soon found themselves called to another bloody field, at Fredericksburg, where, in fact, they had little to do but to stand firm behind a long line of earthworks and



GRAVE OF STONEWALL JACKSON, LEXINGTON, VA.

shoot at General Burnside's columns as he madly rushed them to the slaughter. Here Jackson was quite ready to display his talents, but no opportunity was offered him against such a fighter as General Burnside. When the latter was debating whether to remain in town or cross the river back into his old camp, Lee, Jackson and Longstreet stood on an eminence, overlooking the scene, and talking about the fight of the previous day. The question came up if Burnside should be attacked ; it was discussed, and Jackson insisted that such a step should be taken without an instant's delay. His views being cautiously objected to, he presently laid down near by and fell asleep, with that wonderful facility for which he was also renowned ; being presently awakened, and again asked what he thought the circumstances called for, he bluntly replied : "Drive 'em in the river !"

During the march of Lee's army from Maryland to take up position for the battle at Fredericksburg, Jackson was frequently visited by General Stuart, the cavalry leader, one of his intimate companions. Stuart was a very gallant but very gaudily attired officer, and was pained to see his good simple friend in a dingy old uniform and boots. Prompted by their friendship and a desire to clothe him in more imposing garb, he gave him a new coat, made to order, with all the insignia of his rank on the collar, with buttons to match. It was feared that he would put it away in his trunk ; but, on the contrary, he was highly pleased with the gift. At the battle of Fredericksburg, as his forces moved silently to their allotted position, the soldiers began to look out for their favorite, in order to cheer him as he rode along the line. Strange to say, no sound was heard in any direction, when one of the soldiers asked of a comrade : "Why don't Old Jack come along, I wonder ?" "Why, he passed a quarter of an hour ago !" "Old Jack ?—*He* passed by ?" "Yes, didn't you see him ?" "What ! that finely dressed fellow that went by here, Old Jack ?—No, sir, you can't fool me !" But Old Jack had passed in a gorgeous uniform, for the nonce, consisting of the new coat given by Stuart ; a new dark-blue overcoat, and a new cap, of the same old cadet-shape, and shining with gold braid, which afterward he cut off and gave to a little girl who asked him for a souvenir. In this unwonted finery the soldiers had failed to recognize him.

He always exhibited a great pleasure in talking to old ladies, especially those who had a reputation for piety. Wherever he put up in a village, old and young ladies flocked around him out of admiration ; he liked to talk to the old ones in black silks, and was shy of the young ones, who, however, were more enthusiastic in regard to him than the "handsomest" generals in Lee's army. Lee, Longstreet, Stuart, and Jackson, dined at a house on their way to Fredericksburg ; the lady of the mansion picked out Lee's chair, and said that it should be marked and preserved, but it was noticed that Jackson was her favorite, nevertheless, for before him she placed the choicest dishes, and to him she showed her chief attention. On another occasion, during the same march, he met an old woman in the road, looking for her grandson, who was "somewhere" in the army. She hailed the general, saying, "Are you Mr. Jackson ? I want to see my grandson, George Martin—he belongs to your company. I've brought him these clothes and victuals." The general asked her the regiment. She could not tell, and in her disappointment exclaimed : "Why, Mr. Jackson, don't you know little George Martin ?—George Augustus Martin ? He's been with you in all your battles ; and they say," she added, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, "that he fit as hard as the best of them." At this point some of the younger staff officers laughed. Jackson turned quickly around with his brow contracted, his eyes flashing, and, as if trying to find the guilty one, dismounted, and in the kindest way explained why he did not know her grandson, and gave her such simple and repeated directions as would enable her to find him.

His Winter quarters near Fredericksburg were very plain and quiet ; here he had ample leisure for writing out detailed reports of his campaigns for official use. His reports were modest, like himself ; he seemed to dislike high and sonorous adjectives. His bulletin to Lee upon his victory over Pope may be cited as a fair sample of his style : "Headquarters, etc. : Colonel—On the evening of the 9th God blessed our arms with another victory. The battle was near Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpepper Court House. The enemy, according to statements of prisoners, consisted of Banks's, McDowell's, and Sigel's commands."—(Here a few words in regard to captures and casualties).—"I am, colonel, your obedi-

ent servant, T. J. Jackson, Major-general commanding. Colonel R. H. Chilton, A. A. G." The publisher of an illustrated paper at Richmond wrote to him for his picture and notes of his battles for a sketch ; he sent word back that he had no likeness of himself and had done nothing worthy of mention. His bulletins were couched in what was called a sanctimonious style ; he had only unconsciously drifted into the style and caught the very words of the pulpit. (Their pious tone seems to have been imitated by King William of Prussia in the year 1870). His reports were not full, or explanatory as to his motives of action, and for this he was blamed by an ex-congressman, who appealed to him to be so good as not to embarrass the future historian by an utter failure to hand down a few explanations. "The men who come after me," he answered, "must act for themselves ; and as to the historians who speak of the movements of my command, I do not concern myself greatly as to what they may say." By-the-way, Lee made and held to a like decision, though in a long leisure often pressed to "write a book"; and, beyond any question, this was the wisest course they could have taken for the increase of their fame. Posterity finds out its great men.

The last of Jackson's battles (Chancellorsville), the one in which he lost his life, was his most splendid effort. On the 30th April, 1863, General Hooker, at the head of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock, a few miles above Fredericksburg, and fortified himself with strong earthworks at Chancellorsville, within half a mile of the river. The country round about, a wilderness of forest and undergrowth, was well calculated to conceal his fortifications, and at the same time admirably adapted to screen the direction of an attack upon him. Lee with his army was at Fredericksburg. Jackson was ordered forward, and on the 1st of May he vigorously attacked General Hooker's forces deployed in front of his fortified works, pressing the attack until the impregnable nature of these works became apparent. Meanwhile Lee arrived on the scene, and a consultation was held in regard to the further plan of action. Jackson was the first to see at a glance the field open for a supreme exhibition of his usual strategy ; a decisive victory as the result. As it was clearly out of the question to attack in front, Jackson proposed to attack in flank, suggesting that he should make a detour of six miles, and then, under the cover of the forest, suddenly swoop down on General Hooker's right and rear at Chancellorsville. Lee immediately gave his sanction. It has by some been supposed that this brilliant movement originated with Lee, and was only executed by Jackson ; but it is well ascertained to have been the latter's achievement, both in conception and execution, Lee in his own handwriting having attributed the victory to Jackson's successful manœuvre. It is noteworthy that in every one of his battles Jackson secured success by flank movements ; indeed, he was dubbed by his soldiers "the great flanker." This kind of manœuvre sprang as well from his fertile and dauntless mind as from the style of fighting necessitated by the thickly wooded country, the opposing armies, when face to face for battle, being moved before all else to fortify their respective fronts by a line of earthworks. Jackson, alone, of all the generals, adopted the rule, as simple as it was bold, of marching around the opposing breastworks, that is to say "flanking," in order to fight his opponent, in the latter's open rear, on unprotected ground and equal chances, the best fighter to take the belt. To this main point all his movements invariably converged, though through a series of calculations as skillful as they were unique.

He began this, his last flank movement, on the morning of May 2d. Hour after hour, over winding paths and through dense jungles, he toiled forward, at the head of his corps, so skillfully and silently that up to the last General Hooker, engrossed by the demonstrations in front, did not so much as suspect his design. Finally, at a quarter past five in the evening, Jackson gave the order of attack, and, at the word, his soldiers rushed ahead with their accustomed yell. The charge was as sudden as unlooked for, and decisive. Scarcely any resistance was, or, indeed, could have been, opposed to the sweeping fire and rapid charge of the advancing forces amongst whom Jackson rode, pointing ahead and exclaiming : "Press forward ! Press forward !" The pursuit lasted over two hours, or until any further headway was stopped by a heavy abatis of felled trees.

Shortly after this obstacle was met, or about ten o'clock at night, Jackson, with his staff, rode a little ahead of his lines, in order to reconnoitre, for, in spite of the darkness and the tangled undergrowth, he had determined upon pressing his advantage by swinging his corps around and interposing it between the river and General Hooker's army, so placing the latter between two fires—his own and that of Lee. For this purpose he wanted, as he afterward said, "one more hour of daylight." The distance between his own corps and the forces he had been pursuing was only 200 yards, and he soon found himself

OLD WOMAN READING.— FROM A PICTURE IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

in advance of his own troops, without a thought of danger, but bent only on the idea that a great result depended upon his inspecting the ground with his own eyes. Being warned, he quickly remarked: "The danger is all over, the enemy is routed; go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on." He had advanced more than a hundred yards beyond his troops, when, suddenly, without any conceivable cause, a heavy volley was fired by his own infantry, apparently directed at him and his escort, scattering the party. Jackson turned into the forest and galloped about twenty steps, when he came upon more of his infantry in the attitude of kneeling to repel cavalry, under the notion that a cavalry charge was being made on them in the dark. They fired a volley, and by this fire he was wounded in three places; one ball entered his left arm, two inches below the shoulder-joint, shattering the bone and severing the main artery; a second passed between the elbow and wrist of the same arm; and a third pierced through the palm of his right hand. In his helpless condition his horse ran away with him under a low bough, which tore off his cap and threw him violently backward, though he righted himself in the saddle, seized the bridle with his bleeding right hand, and turned the horse into the road, when one of his staff-officers came to his aid and stopped the fugitive animal.

The firing ceased as suddenly as it began. When about to fall from his horse, and being in great pain, he had sufficient strength to murmur the words: "You had better take me down." The officer caught him in his arms as he threw himself forward, and laid him under a tree near the road, when a messenger was dispatched for a surgeon and an ambulance. The officer then proceeded to examine his injuries, after removing his field-glasses and haversack (which contained some paper, envelopes and two religious tracts), cutting away the sleeves of the rubber overall, the coat and two shirts from the bleeding arm. Jackson had just remarked to the staff-officer in attendance on him, "Captain, I wish you would get me a skillful surgeon," when General A. P. Hill came up and asked him if the wound was painful. "Very painful," was his reply; "my arm is broken." General Hill pulled off his gauntlets, which were full of blood, and removed his sabre and belt. The arm, now much swollen, was tied up with a handkerchief, and brandy and water were given him to revive his strength. One of the officers exclaimed, in fear of an advance from the direction of the abatis: "Let us take the general up in our arms and carry him off!" Jackson faintly and weakly replied: "No; if you can help me up I can walk." Just at this moment the batteries across the abatis opened with great violence on the spot, and, amidst a terrific fire of grape-shot and shell, he slowly dragged himself toward his lines. As he passed through them the troops asked, "Who is that?" To this the reply was, "Oh, it is only a friend of ours who is wounded." The inquiry became so frequent that Jackson said, "When asked, just say it is an officer." He was extremely anxious lest the men about to renew the battle should be discouraged by learning of his wounds, and besought General A. P. Hill and the others not to mention the accident; but the truth could not be kept from them, and their great sorrow and sense of loss dampened their ardor for the conflict. After a while an ambulance-litter was secured, and he was placed upon it and borne to an ambulance-wagon, amidst a hurricane of shell and canister, during which the litter was once let fall by one of the men, on account of having been shot through both his arms, and the wounded general fell on his shattered arm, the pain causing him to groan aloud. As he was being borne along he was recognized by one of his division generals, who approached and said: "Ah, general, I am sorry to see you have been wounded. The lines here are so much broken by the enemy's fire, that I fear we will have to fall back." Raising his drooping head, Jackson exclaimed: "You must hold your ground, General Pender! You must hold your ground, sir!" It was his last order on the field.

The next day he lay on a hospital-bed, just on the edge of the battle-field, listening to the roar of the struggle which was being completed by Lee. As soon as the wounded general arrived at the field-hospital, the chief surgeon, Dr. Hunter McGuire (who is an eminent physician to-day in Richmond), decided to amputate his arm. Accordingly he asked, "If amputation is necessary, shall it be done at once?" "Yes, certainly; Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think right." The operation was performed, and he went to sleep; on awakening, he asked that his wife might be sent for. He never complained of his wounds, and only referred to them as having been given to him "by Providence," as "one of the great blessings of my life. I would not part with them if I could." After the close of the battle he was highly gratified to receive the following note from General Lee: "I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory which is due to your skill and energy." After reading it, he said, "General Lee should give the glory to God." The presence of his wife, who nursed him until his death, was a source of satisfaction to him. When, finally, she in tears announced to him that his last moments were approaching, he murmured, calmly: "Very good, very good; it is all right." He sent kind messages to his friends and comrades, and expressed a wish to be buried "in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." He was delirious during a few brief moments, but finally his excitement ended, his features became serene, and his last words were whispered, with a smile: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." He died at fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon, on Sunday, the 10th of May, from the effects of his wounds, complicated with pneumonia.

His body was borne to Richmond, and laid in state in the Capitol, the whole city going into mourning; then taken for burial to Lexington, where it was received by General Smith, the Superintendent of the Institute, the corps of cadets, the professors, and the citizens. In solemn procession it was escorted to the Institute and deposited in the old lecture-room of the deceased, which was just as he had left it two years before, no one having occupied it during his absence, though draped in mourning for the occasion. The coffin was placed in front of the dead warrior's favorite chair, amid the roar of the cadet-battery on the same parade-ground where it had been his humble business to teach the artillery drill. After laying in state, his remains, borne on a cadet-caisson, were escorted, by infantry, cavalry and artillery, to the grave, where they were buried beside those of his first wife and child. A small sculptured monument has been erected over his grave, which is frequently visited by the cadets, citizens and strangers; flowers and immortelles are often strewed over it by the hands of Virginia's daughters. "Jackson's grave," as it is now known in the little town, is a very modest one in appearance, and in stateliness the monument to Lee, lately erected

there, forms a striking contrast. It has already been proposed to raise a more elaborate monument over his grave, yet the present modest tomb is quite in keeping with the modest character he always displayed.

A monument has been erected to his memory on the Capitol Square at Richmond. It consists of a bronze statue, of heroic size, standing erect and in a defiant attitude on a simple granite foundation. The full uniform is correct enough, but the likeness to the man is faint, if any. In the robustly rounded form it bears precisely the appearance of a corpulent Englishman, and is nothing like the gaunt, awkward Virginian. But this English cast is not surprising, seeing that the statue was made in England by an English sculptor, and presented to the State of Virginia by some of his English admirers. It is well that the inscription, attesting the gift, bears his name, otherwise, in looking at the bronze figure, one would scarcely take it for Stonewall Jackson.

MRS. AGASSIZ AND THE SNAKE.

Natural science is a charming study ; and the delight experienced in tracing all the beauties of bugs, worms and butterflies, of all the creeping things, and things that make you creep, is very enticing. Very many delightful gentlemen, and even ladies, are absorbed in these studies. But it is a question whether they should not be celibates. In fact, the difficulties in acquiring and retaining congenial partners who will sympathize in your studies is very great.

Professor Agassiz once felt this. He had received a present of six little snakes, of a rare species, the most charming and lovely little creatures that you could imagine—things that any feminine naturalist, who was a real votary of science, would be delighted to fondle and kiss ; real little darlings, in a word.

The learned man put them nicely in a basket, and, as it was late when he received them, placed the basket under his bed before retiring, and dreamed of the nice little home he would make for them, and the pleasure he was to enjoy in studying all their peculiarities.

He slept rather late. Mrs. Agassiz, an early riser, sprang out of bed and thrust her dainty little foot into a charming slipper, but drew it out with a scream, and out of the lady's *chaussure* glided a snake.

"There's a snake in my slipper !" she screamed, and the voice of affection in distress roused the professor. He started up, and comprehending the situation—full of sympathy with his wife in her terror perhaps, but certainly anxious for his pets—asked, in a tone of alarm : "Where are the other five ?"

We are afraid that the good lady pouted.

OLD KENT MANOR HOUSE.

In October, 1857, and for several months afterward, the wife of a field-officer of high rank in the British army was residing in Ramhurst Manor House, in Kent, England. From the time of her first occupying this ancient residence, every inmate of the house had been more or less disturbed at night—not usually during the day—by knockings and sounds as of footsteps, but more especially by voices which could not be accounted for.

These last were usually heard in some unoccupied adjoining room ; sometimes as if talking in a loud tone, sometimes as if reading aloud ; and occasionally as if screaming.

The servants were much alarmed. They never saw anything ; but the cook told her mistress that on one occasion, in broad daylight, hearing the rustle of a silk dress close behind her, and which seemed to touch her, she turned suddenly round, supposing it to be her mistress, but to her great surprise and terror, could see nobody.

The lady's brother, a bold, light-hearted young officer, fond of field-sports, and without the slightest faith in the reality of visitations from another world, was much disturbed and annoyed by these voices, which he declared must be those of his sister and of a lady friend of hers, sitting up together to chat all night.

On two occasions when a voice which he thought to resemble his sister's rose to a scream, as if imploring aid, he rushed from his room, at two or three o'clock in the morning, gun in hand, into his sister's bedroom, there to find her quietly asleep.

On the second Saturday in the above month of October, Mrs. R—— drove over to the railway-station at Tunbridge, to meet a friend whom she had invited to spend some weeks with her. This young lady had been in the habit of seeing apparitions, at times from early childhood.

When, on their return, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, they drove up to the entrance of the Manor House, her guest perceived on the threshold two figures, apparently an elderly couple, habited in the costume of a former age.

They appeared as if standing on the ground. She did not hear any voice ; and, not wishing to render her friend uneasy, she made at that time no remark to her in connection with this apparition.

She saw the same figures, in the same dress, several times within the next days, sometimes in one of the rooms of the house, sometimes in one of the passages—always by daylight. They appeared to be surrounded by an atmosphere nearly of the color usually called neutral tint.

On the third occasion they spoke to her, and stated that they had been husband and wife, that in former days they had occupied and possessed that Manor House, and that their name was Children.

They appeared sad and downcast, and when she inquired the cause of their melancholy, they replied that they had idolized this property of theirs ; that their pride and pleasure had centred in its possession ; that its improvement had engrossed their thoughts ; and that it troubled them to know that it had passed away from their family into the hands of careless strangers.

After a week or two, Mrs. R——, beginning to suspect that something unusual, connected with the constant disturbances in the house, had occurred to her friend, questioned her closely on the subject ; and then her guest related to her the conversation of the figures calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Children.

One day, Mrs. R—— was hurriedly dressing for a late dinner—her brother, who had just returned from a day's shooting, having called to her in impatient tones that dinner was served and that he was quite famished.

As she hastily turned to leave her bedchamber, there in the doorway stood the same female figure her friend had described—identical in appearance and in costume, even to the old-point lace on her brocaded silk dress—while beside her, on the left, but less distinctly visible, was the figure of her husband.

They uttered no sound ; but above the figure of the lady, as if written in phosphoric light in the dusk atmosphere that surrounded her, were the words "Dame Children," together with some other words, intimating

that, having never aspired beyond the joys and sorrows of this world, she had remained "earth-bound."

These last, however, Mrs. R—— scarcely paused to decipher, for a renewed appeal from her brother, as to whether they were to have any dinner that day, urged her forward. The figure, filling up the doorway, remained stationary.

There was no time for hesitation. She closed her eyes, rushed through the apparition and into the dining-room, throwing up her hands, and exclaiming to her guest:

"Oh, my dear, I've walked through Mrs. Children!"

Her bedchamber at the time was lighted, not only by candles, but by a cheerful fire, and there was a lighted lamp in the corridor which communicated thence to the dining-room.

This repetition of the word "Children" caused the ladies to make inquiries among the servants and in the neighborhood whether any family bearing that name had ever occupied the Manor House. But all inquiries were fruitless, all declaring that they had never heard of such a name.

About four months afterward one of the servants recollecting that her sister-in-law, an old woman of seventy, had fifty years before been housemaid at Ramhurst, inquired of her if she had ever heard of a family named Children.

The sister-in-law replied that she recollected an old man who told her that in his boyhood he had assisted to keep the hounds of the Children family at Ramhurst.

All these particulars I received in December, 1858, directly from the ladies themselves, both being together at the time.

Even up to this point the case, as it presented itself, was certainly a very remarkable one. But I resolved, if possible, to obtain further confirmation in the matter.

I inquired of the guest whether the apparitions communicated to her any additional particulars connected with the family.

She replied that she recollected one which she had then received from them—namely, that the husband's name was Richard. At a subsequent period, likewise, she had obtained the date of Richard Children's death, which, as communicated to her, was 1753. She remembered also that on one occasion a third spirit appeared with them, which they stated was their son; but she did not get his name.

To my further inquiries as to the costumes in which the alleged spirits appeared, the guest replied that they were of the period of Queen Anne, or one of the early Georges; she could not be sure which, as the fashions of both were similar.

These were her exact words. Neither she nor Mrs. R——, however, had obtained any information tending either to verify or to refute these particulars.

Having an invitation from some friends residing near Seven Oaks, in Kent, to spend with them the Christmas week of 1858, I had a good opportunity of prosecuting my inquiries in the way of verification.

MRS. AGASSIZ AND THE SNAKE.—"THERE'S A SNAKE IN MY SLIPPER!" SHE SCREAMED. SEE PAGE 239.

But as all my investigation afforded no clew either to the Christian name, or the date of occupation, or the year of Mr. Children's death, I visited the church and graveyard at Leigh, the nearest to the Ramhurst property, and the old church at Tunbridge; making inquiries on the subject in both places. But to no purpose. All I could learn was, that a certain George Children left, in the year 1718, a weekly gift of bread to the poor, and that a descendant of the family, also named George, dying some forty years ago, and not residing at Ramhurst, had a marble tablet, in the Tunbridge church, erected to his memory.

Sextons and tombstones having failed me, a friend suggested that I might possibly obtain the information I sought by visiting a neighboring clergyman. I did so, and with the most fortunate result.

Simply stating to him that I had taken the liberty to call in search of some particulars touching the early history of a Kentish family of the name of Children, he replied that, singularly enough, he was in possession of a document containing the "Hasted Papers," preserved in the British Museum.

Of this document, which may be consulted in the Museum library, I here transcribe a portion as follows:

OLD KENT MANOR HOUSE.—"SHE RUSHED THROUGH THE APPARITION AND INTO THE DINING-ROOM, THROWING UP HER HANDS EXCLAIMING TO HER GUEST: 'OH, MY DEAR, I'VE WALKED THROUGH MRS. CHILDREN!'"—SEE PAGE 239.

"The family of Children were settled for a great many generations at a house called, from their own name, Childrens, situated at a place called Nether Street, otherwise Lower Street, in Hildenborough, in the parish of Tunbridge. George Children, of Lower Street, who was high sheriff of Kent in 1698, died without issue in 1718, and by will devised the bulk of his estate to Richard Children, eldest son of his late uncle, William Children, of Hedcorn, and his heirs. This Richard Children, who settled himself at Ramhurst, in the parish of Leigh, married Anne, daughter of John Saxby, in the Parish of Leeds, by whom he had issue four sons and two daughters," etc.

Thus I ascertained that the first of the Children family who occupied Ramhurst as a residence was named Richard, and that he settled there in the early part of the reign of George I. The year of his death, however, was not given.

This last particular I did not ascertain till several months afterward, when a friend, versed in antiquarian lore, suggested that Hasted had published, in 1788, a history of Kent, and that, in that work, I might possibly obtain the information I sought. In effect, after considerable search, I there found the following paragraph:

"In the eastern part of the Parish of Lyghe (now Leigh), near the River Medway, stands an ancient mansion called Ramhurst, once reputed a Manor and held of the honor of Gloucester." . . . "It continued in the Culpepper family for several generations." . . . "It passed by sale into that of Saxby, and Mr. William Saxby conveyed it, by sale, to Children. Richard Children, Esq., resided here, *and died possessed of it in* 1753, aged eighty-three years. He was succeeded in it by his eldest son, George Children of Tunbridge, Esq., whose son, George Children of Tunbridge, Esq., is the present possessor."

Thus I verified the last remaining particular, the date of Richard Children's death. It appears from the above, also, that Richard Children was the only representative of the family who lived and died at Ramhurst; his son John being designated not as of Ramhurst, but as of Tunbridge. From the private memoir above referred to I had previously ascertained that the family seat after Richard's time was Ferox Hall, near Tunbridge.

It remains to be added that in 1816, in consequence of events reflecting no discredit on the family, they lost all their property, and were compelled to sell Ramhurst, which has since been occupied, though a somewhat spacious mansion, not as a family residence, but as a farm-house. I visited it; and then the occupant assured me that nothing worse than rats or mice disturbed it now.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE MONKEY.

Monkeys are saucy and insolent, always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those first who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or a kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it, even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Every monkey delights in mischief. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the tops of trees, the people below who want to catch them show them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and, when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again; and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the tree as usual, they slide backward, and are taken.

A late friend and neighbor of mine in the country kept a monkey who took to riding his hogs, especially one of them, which he commonly singled out as fittest for his use; and, leaping upon its back, with his face toward the tail, he whipped it unmercifully, and drove it about till it could run no longer. A well-known nobleman once had a wild horse whom nobody could ride. "I know not what your lordship can do with him," said one, "but to set the monkey upon his back." So they put a pad to the horse, and set the monkey upon it with a switch in his hand, which he used upon the horse, and set him into a furious kicking and galloping; but Pug kept his seat and exercised his switch. The horse lay upon the ground; but when he threw himself on one side, the monkey was up on the other. He ran into a wood with him, to brush him off; but if a tree or a bush occurred on one side, the monkey slipped to the other side; till at last the horse was so sickened, fatigued, and broken-spirited, that he ran home to the stable for protection. When the monkey was removed a boy mounted him, who managed the horse with ease, and he never gave any trouble afterward. If all the qualities of the monkey are put together, they constitute what is properly called *ill-nature;* and if any person would know what an ill-natured man is, that man is a monkey to all intents and purposes, with the addition of reason, which makes *his* character much worse.

WOMAN'S TENACITY OF LIFE.

It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature worships the female in all its varieties (says the *Modern Age*). Among insects the male perishes at a relatively early period. In plants the seminate blossoms die earliest, and are produced in the weaker limbs. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest, and will bear pain to which the strong man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females. Deverga asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to 780 men; 1,080 men in the United States, in 1870, committed suicide to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart or liver, scrofula, paralysis, are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to the latter.

Females in cities are more prone to consumption than in the country. All old countries not disturbed by emigration have a majority of females in the population. In royal families the statistics show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew woman is exceptionally long-lived, the colored man exceptionally short-lived. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women. Dr. Hough remarks that there are from 2 to 6 per cent. more males born than females, yet there is more than 6 per cent. excess of females in the living populations. From which statistics we conclude that all women who can possibly obtain one of those rapidly departing men ought to marry, and that, as men are likely to become so very scarce, they can not be sufficiently prized by the other sex.

THE STYLE AND THE MAN.

A Chapter on Handwriting.

"What, his autograph—his letter!
Every line his own handwriting!" — *Old Play.*

Buffon, or whoever originally made the remark that "the style is the man," uttered a truth which in a general way is *apropos* of manners, dress, diction, or handwriting. Not every one is endowed with that exquisite analytical or sympathetic faculty which can read in the outward tracings of the written page the character of the writer; yet between these two, the soul and the sign, there is sure to be some analogy, however subtle. Reversing a familiar quotation, we may say that, where the critical study of an autograph is concerned, more meets the eye than is meant. The pen of a ready writer is for the time-being a part of himself, infused with all the cunning of his hand, and sensitive to his slightest impulse. In its way, it is as expressive as the face itself. Its traces are a permanent voice for the eye. This is strikingly apparent in the manuscript of Byron's letters, where the words which would have been emphasized in speaking are unconsciously indicated by a peculiar *dig* and spatter of the pen, more characteristic than any underscoring could have been.

It would seem natural to suppose that manuscript produced *currente calamo* would most faithfully represent the writer; although the elegant and airy Don Felix de Salamanca, in his "Philosophy of Handwriting," maintains that the deliberate signature, from the extra care and frequency of its use, acquires a settled form which is the best possible index. What would Don Felix make of a collection of the signatures of the New York photographers—each one, from Sarony's down to that of the Bowery tin-type man, dragged earthward by that prodigious tail-flourish which appears to have such an intimate though cabalistic connection with the portrait business?

The study of handwriting is as old as it is fascinating, being related to that chiromancy which Monsieur Desbarrolles says is coeval with mankind. Ever since the invention of writing there have probably been autograph-collectors, and they have at times furnished materials of immense importance in biography and in history. For instance, the principal source of our minute acquaintance with the circumstances that marked the reign of Henri IV. of France is the collection made with such zeal and industry by Lomenie de Brienne, secretary to that monarch. De Brienne set the example, which has since been largely followed, of hoarding every autograph letter, manuscript memoir, document or public personage's signature that he could place his hands upon. The originals of this collection, filling 340 volumes, were purchased by Louis XIV., and are preserved in the National Library of France. By this means we are not only afforded an insight into events, but we are also made acquainted with men, their manners, customs, virtues, and—alas! vices. The "Alba Amicorum," in vogue 300 years ago, were small paper books, usually in octavo and bound lengthwise, in which the friends of the possessor would write their names, often accompanied by some complimentary expression.

Our first thought, on examining a number of autographs of distinguished men, is likely to be, What wretched penmen they were! We recall Mark Twain's exclamation on being shown a document written by Columbus: "Why, we have schoolboys not fourteen years old who can write better than *that!*" To write an illegible hand is one of the supposed prerogatives of genius, but if all bad scribes were great men the ranks of celebrity would be increased by many millions. It might be supposed that writers for the press would exercise particular care in the preparation of their "copy"; but compositors could tell a different tale. Newspaper-men have to write in a hurry, and it is a well-recognized principle of calligraphy that the faster a man writes the more slowly others read what he has written. We should like to give, among our illustrative specimens, a bit of the worst "copy" we know of; but a chief characteristic of its badness also renders a facsimile impracticable: it is written on yellow paper with a blunt lead pencil!

In "Leaves of Grass" we find the following true picture:

> "The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case,
> He turns his quid of tobacco, while his eyes blurr with the manuscript."

No wonder that his eyes blurr! He is probably struggling with a cryptographic "take" worthy of the traditions of the late Horace Greeley. An old journalist who in his time had had the handling of a great deal of Greeley's "copy," once remarked in our hearing: "No one but myself and the old *Tribune* compositors knows what a crank he really was." An ordinary note in his handwriting is said to have been used for a long time as a railroad pass, then as a servant's recommendation, and finally taken to a drug-store as a doctor's prescription. In one of his editorials the sentence, "Virtue is its own reward," was deciphered and set up as "Washing with soap is wholly absurd." Often, the compositor innocently revenges his wrongs by making such typographical errors as "house-breaker" for "horse-breaker"; or "the noble Cuss" for "the noble Russ," in an article on the Czar of Russia; or "our repeaters" for "our reporters" in an important election editorial.

It is said that Napoleon could write fourteen pages a minute; but some of his epistles to Maria Louisa look like war-maps, with fragments of the alphabet scattered over them by the explosion of a bombshell. An autograph of the Duke of Wellington, written toward the close of his life, reposed for several years in an album before it was discovered to have been pasted upside-down. The late Dean Stanley once sent to an American magazine an article, which was declined, "not from any lack of literary merit," as editors say, but because nobody on this side of the Atlantic could decipher the manuscript.

If great men are pardoned such eccentricities, we ought not to be too severe on telegraph operators, who sometimes make singular mistakes in "taking down" dispatches from the wires. We recall the following instance: A gentleman and his son, about to leave the city for their country home, were delayed by some trifling accident. The son telegraphed to his mother:

> "Accident. Father remains. Will come on 6:30 train."

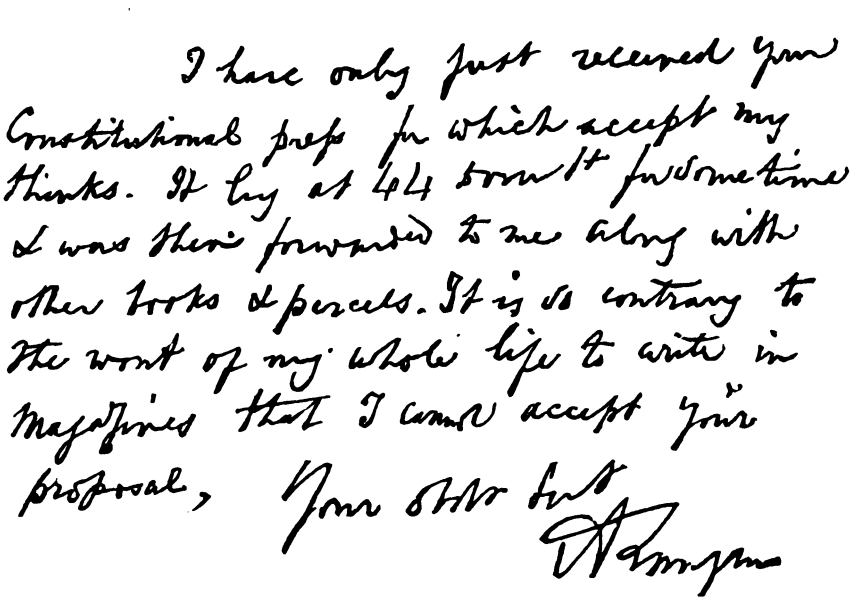
The lady received the message in this somewhat startling form:

> "Accident. Father's remains will come on 6:30 train."

We would not go as far as to agree with Lord Chesterfield, who made an assertion to the effect that any man can write whatever hand he may choose; but there is no doubt that most, if not all, cases of "shocking bad" chirography are susceptible of improvement in the direction of legibility, if not of grace. Unless palsy interfere, it is merely a question of patience, and the formation of a painstaking habit.

Next to clearness, the manner and general style of lettering is to be thought of. Nothing is more marked, or

more curious, than the evidences of nationality in the handwriting of different countries. These are almost as varied as the languages themselves. What is more singular, though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language as well as his own, yet he rarely or never changes his handwriting to a foreign style. From a quantity of mixed manuscript, it would be an easy task to separate the French, the Italian, the German and the English leaves. The French hand is small, fantastic, *riante;* the Italian, fine and delicately shaded; the German, stiff and commercial-looking; while the English is marked by boldness, regularity, and a certain sober elegance. American handwriting is more difficult to generalize upon. Many and diverse influences affect it, and the tendency is not toward uniformity of characteristics. Probably the signers of the Declaration of Independence represent a better calligraphical average than prevails in America to-day.

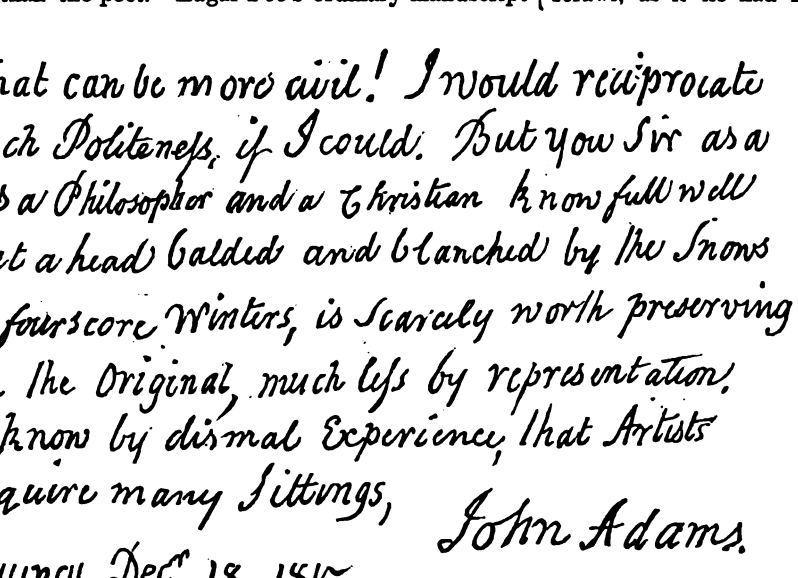


The autograph of John Adams is a good specimen of the elegant script of the old school, very few examples of which now survive. Oliver Wendell Holmes retains

more of its courtly grace than any other American littérateur we know of. He writes a fluent, legible hand, free from flourishes, and altogether quite what we might expect from the genial, wise and witty "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." Longfellow's penmanship, though distinct, was of an unpleasing back-handed character, while that of Whittier, like that of Bryant, suggests the clerk rather than the poet. Edgar Poe's ordinary manuscript is unrivaled for beauty and clearness. His signature varies considerably in style as well as in abbreviation, but is never commonplace. No autograph could better illustrate the analogy between the style and the man than Walt Whitman's. It is bold, clear, straightforward and manly, with enough of picturesque grandeur to be a fit embodiment for the chants of the "Good Gray Poet." Whoever should examine his style would at least say, "There is no nonsense about the man who wrote that."

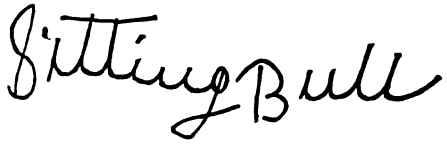
It is well for a man's scriptorial originality and grace if he has escaped the blighting influence of the professional penman's flourishes, and the unlovely conventionality of the commercial office-desk. Let the formation of pernicious habits be avoided, and a good and appropriate style will come of itself.

The elder D'Israeli says: "I am intimately acquainted with the handwritings of five of our great poets. The first, in early life, acquired among Scottish advocates a handwriting which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a schoolboy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration, so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts without a solitary erasure. The handwriting of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs."



In handwriting, as in other things, men are ridiculous for their affectations rather than for their natural peculiarities, and an unnatural departure from

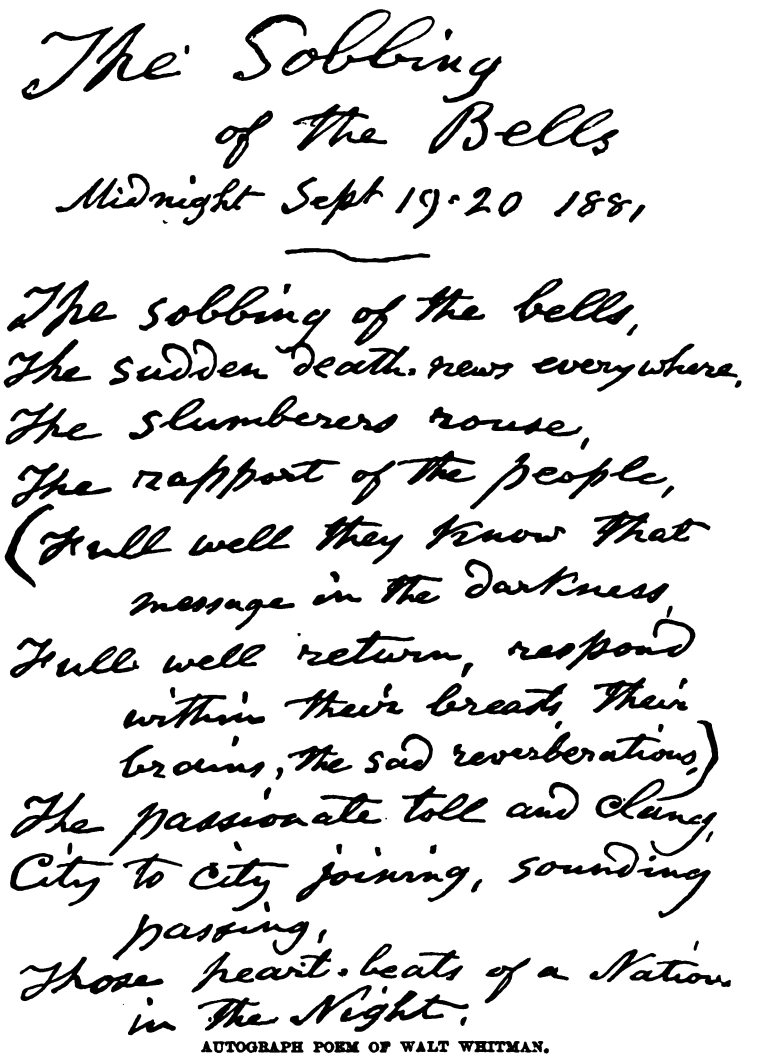
one's habitual style annihilates the autographic character. Take Sitting Bull's sign-



manual, for instance. It makes as poor a showing in its civilized form, as would that hardy chieftain himself if dressed in "store-clothes." Doubtless, his old savage signature, consisting of a thumb-mark and a hieroglyphic representation of a recumbent bison, showed some originality and meaning.

Haste plays havoc with the firmest of hands, as is illustrated by our autograph of the lamented President Garfield, which was scrawled on an envelope to secure for it the benefit of the Senatorial franking privilege.

Another cause of variation and eccentricity in handwriting is too delicate to admit of personal illustration. Its disastrous effects are most frequently observable in the manuscript of literary bohemians of bibulous tendencies, where each individual page gives external indication of the greater or less degree of alcoholic pressure under which it was written. Sometimes the first few pages of a two-column article are "fairly writ," while the closing ones are but too conclusive evidence that the author must have "written reeling," and under the impression that he "stood upon the ceiling."



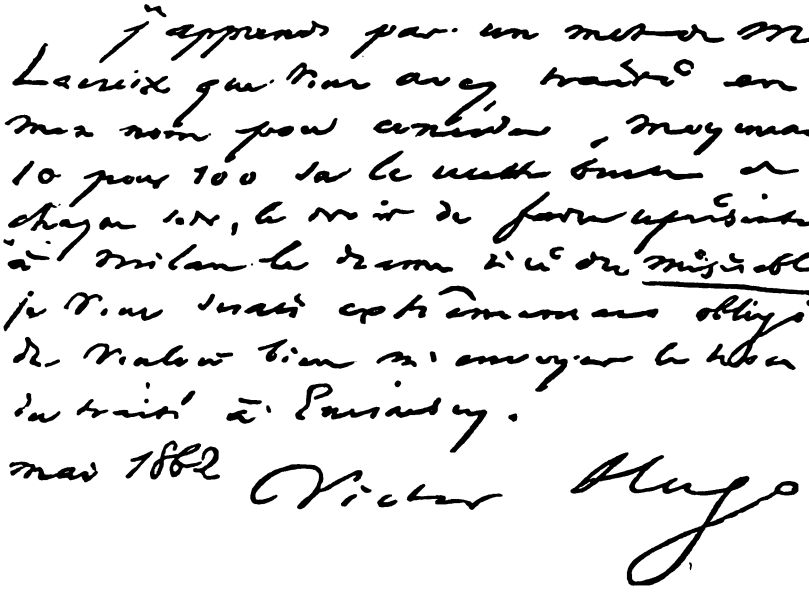
AUTOGRAPH POEM OF WALT WHITMAN.

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair, married, and given up knee-breeches; whether or not he has reformed his style of handwriting, we do not know. As we are acquainted with it, it is somewhat baffling, though picturesque. Were it not for an occasional legible word, the general appearance of his manuscript would suggest shorthand. Mr. Wilde apparently does not think much of the decorative effect of capital letters, and some of his smaller alphabetical signs are quite arbitrary in form. His signature is better than the body of his epistles.

Every letter of Thomas A. Edison's script is as clear-cut and distinct as the click of a telegraphic sounder. No matter how rapidly he writes, or what he writes with, it is ever the same, handsome, bold, and legible as print. The genius which invented the phonograph is not above punctuating and crossing its "t's," and never forgets "the dotlet, the dotlet on the 'i.'"

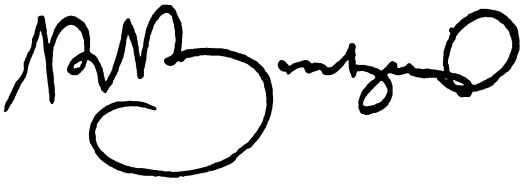
Mark Twain's handwriting, like his stories, often runs on soberly for a time, and then breaks out into some droll and unexpected twist or conceit. It is neither showy nor quaint, but it possesses the first requisite of calligraphy—distinctness. It is eminently a literary hand, such as no commercial bookkeeper, for example, would be likely to indite.

The specimen of Monsieur Zola's autography which we reproduce was doubtless inscribed with particular pains for the album, as is evident from the laborious and print-like separation of the letters.



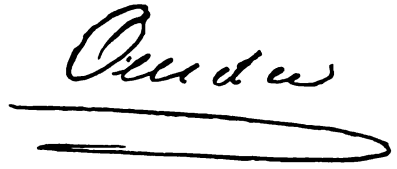
If we are to judge a man by his best, however, the author of "Nana" writes a chaste and vigorous hand, though his signature may not, perhaps, be highly commended.

Victor Hugo writes a more fluent and hasty hand, quite legible, and by no means commonplace. One of its peculiarities is the formation of the small "v," which is generally larger than the other letters, and looped like the capital "V" of the signature. Anybody would detect the literary quality in his manuscript at a glance, though whether it presents peculiarities sufficiently striking to proclaim the man of genius, is doubtful.



A recent interviewer credits Rosa Bonheur with the remark that "Eccentricity does not pay." Whether the gifted and industrious artist ever applied this precept to her chirography, seems doubtful, as we regard her fantastic signature. It has artistic points, salient enough, and certainly is not conventional; neither is there anything characteristically feminine about it, unless it be its inconsistency. The flourishes are symmetrical, and doubtless indicate a genius for design, but they cannot be called good handwriting.

Any one familiar with the highly-colored novels of "Ouida" might be led to expect from her pen something *bizarre* in the autographic line, but would not find it.



The well-known *nom de plume* of Miss De la Ramé is boldly and plainly inscribed, though some of the letters are imperfectly formed—rough alphabetic sketches, as it were, which need filling in. This lady's letters "u," "i" and "a" are constructed with "e's," but not always deciphered with *ease*.

Jefferson Davis writes with a swiftly running style which does not pause long enough to consider the question of elegance, though its tracings are fairly legible. The abbreviation of the Christian name in this autograph is curious.

The composer of the jocular "Pinafore" music, and of the languishing airs of "Patience," writes an easy, clear and gentlemanly hand, not likely to be mistaken for any one else's. He conscientiously dots his "i's," and never sends a letter into the world "scarce half made up."

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt dwells in the retirement of her villa by Italian Como, and is still remembered lovingly by musical people of the last generation. Thirty-three years ago she was in the glory of her vocal gifts; but as regarded handwriting, it was quite another matter. She scrawled like a schoolgirl, and her capital letters required a great deal of sea-room. The autographic phrase of laughing music is more characteristic of the Swedish Nightingale.

The variety in autographs, in fact, is infinite, like the variety in human faces. Gather as many as we may, each will bear its separate and individual comment.

Counter Attractions.—There are some people whose favorite hobby or pursuit seems to master them so completely that all the ordinary feelings of human nature give way before it. Certainly music has this strange power, but it is scarcely fair to say that it is responsible for more *gaucheries* than any other pursuit, such as hunting, shooting, boating or cricket—the chronicles of which latter would, perhaps, readily furnish us with examples of votaries quite as devoted as the Milanese gentleman who had a rich uncle, from whom he had some expectations, which his uncle's illness might have led him to suppose would be shortly realized. One evening a friend met this gentleman in the street. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To La Scala, to be sure." "How! Your uncle is at the point——" "Yes—but Velluti sings to-night."

The Boston Public Library has received a gift of many valuable papers from Abbott Lawrence, the substance of a discovery among the waste stock of a Boston junk-shop, to which they had been sent by their stupid owners. Dr. Charles E. Clark discovered them; and the town of Taunton has had parts of its records and other important municipal papers restored to its archives from this lot. while the papers given to the Boston Library include a considerable lot of "broadsides," many of them now unique. One is a proclamation by Lieutenant Governor William Stoughton, the Council and the Assembly, in May, 1696, the last year of King William's War, in which there was offered head-money for dead Indians—£50 for every Indian man and £25 for an Indian woman or child, male or female, under fourteen, taken or brought in prisoner; "the scalps of all Indians slain to be produced and delivered to the Commissioner for War, as the law in that case provides, and the benefit of plunder."

"Yes, I've lived out West for ten years," said a traveler, who was bearded like a forty-niner; "I mean on the peraries of Newbraska. Great country, too." "What do the folks do for fuel?" "Well now-a-days we're following after the Rooshuns, the Rooshun Mennonites, you know, in the fuel business. They are right smart and ingenious in some things, and this is the way they get over the fuel difficulty: They build their houses of four rooms, all cornering together in the centre. Right there they put up a great big brick oven, with thick walls. From the furnace-door back to the back yard is a passageway. Every morning, noon and night they lug a jag of straw in from the stack and burn it in the furnace. The thick brick walls get red hot and stay so for hours, warming every room in the house. Even in the coldest weather three fires a day in the furnace will keep the house warm. For the cooking-stoves we burn cornstalks to get meals with, and thus our farms raise our fuel as we go along. A pretty good scheme, aint' it?"

FLORA.

By Vox Rustica.

As I sauntered down a valley, where the bright-hued flowers blew,
Watching busy, yellow-banded bees, that round my pathway flew,
For a moment interchanging idle steps with idler rest,
While I marked a group down-settled on a broad sunflower's breast,
Suddenly my ears were opened—how that was I cannot tell;
Perhaps some mortal-loving fairy touched them with a passing spell—
And I heard their fitful buzzing come in words of angry strife,
Telling how a theme of weighty disputation there was rife.
Quoth the nearest, "While I hurried through the younger rays of light,
Half in hopes some choicest blossom might reward my early flight,
Down beside the fount that rises in the valley's deepest heart,
There I saw the Queen of Roses growing by herself apart.
O the beauty of that vision! None may know but those who see;
Like a sunset-circled snow-peak gleamed the glory under me."
"Drunk with honey!" cried another. "Why reveal thy sottish state?
Grows no rose beside our fountain clad in crimson as you prate;
For this very morn I wandered through the younger rays of light,
Half in hopes some rarer blossom might reward my early flight.
There beside the fount that slumbers, folded in the valley's arms,
Lo! the whitest of white lilies spread her never-rivaled charms.
Not another flower was near her, she alone possessed the dell;
Therefore well I ween the story false which you so vainly tell.
But that saintly-shining pureness words can never show to you,
Dull beside the foam-break flashes in the deep mid-ocean blue."
"Drunken also!" cried another; "wherefore chide thy fellow-bee,
When herein no wit more clearly than thy fellow thou canst see?
For, as by the fount I hovered in the early morning light,
Lo! a wondrous golden flower smote upon my dazzled sight;
But in feeble words its splendor never, never can be told;
Yea, methought the sun from heaven lay on earth in floods of gold."
Then another, "O ye babblers, hold your foolish tongues awhile,
That my words, more wisely spoken, this dispute may reconcile.
As I, too, flew by the fountain while the morning light was new,
Like the deep, deep glowing violet sprang a flower of richest hue.
All alone she grew, but never of such beauty may ye dream,
Not though all the rainbows meeting wove one mighty purple beam."
"Hold!" I cried. "Why this contention? List to me; full well I ween,
With but few words I can tell ye of this sight ye all have seen.
Not of flowers born the beauty that entranced your 'wildered sight,
'Twas my love lay by the fountain, sleeping in the morning light.
And for this her various seeming—violet, lily, gold, and rose,
These were but the changing beauties of her waking and repose.
Lily-white her arms and fingers, rose her lips and cheeks, her hair
Golden as the sun's own flower, eyes than violets more fair.
'Neath her head her arms a pillow making, now a shade above,
Now revealed these lips of roses, now a shield of lilies wove;
Thus to thee one while approaching blushed she like the ruddy rose,
But to thee with white arms lifted like a rare pale lily shows;
Till by louder wings awakened, starting in a sweet surprise,
Lo! the violet-slaying splendor darted from her glorious eyes;
And at last her modest beauty, till those slumbers should be done,
Veiled itself in golden tresses—and thou sawst the flaming sun!"

FALLEN GREATNESS.

The case of the *Great Eastern*, destined at one time to achieve great things, is an example of how low greatness can fall. We learn that arrangements are in progress to begin work upon this vessel very shortly to fit her for a career as a coal-hulk in Gibraltar Bay. Permission for her anchorage has been obtained from the Colonial Office. The project is viewed also with favor by the Admiralty, as the *Great Eastern* will effect a great improvement in the bay by dispensing with the multitude of small coal-hulks which now encumber the harbor. The company having the matter in hand have carefully calculated the suitability of this giant of naval architecture for a coal-hulk. Her paddle engines and boilers are to be removed, and she is to have numerous side-ports added to those already existing, by which the coal will be received for storage purposes. The coal from these ports will, by its own gravitation, run into a variety of receptacles, some well above the water-line, others below.

The vessel is to have powerful hydraulic cranes on the upper deck, whereby the steam colliers from Cardiff and Newcastle bringing the coal will be very quickly discharged, thus saving greatly in cost on the existing system as practiced at Gibraltar. The coal, once on board, will be shot down under the bunker receptacles on board the Atlantic and other large steamers taking in their coal alongside. A further advantage is that the *Great Eastern* will give such shelter that coaling from her in the bay will, it is expected, be able to proceed in weather when it is quite impracticable with smaller hulks. It is considered that these various advantages will at length open out for this vessel a trade in which her size will be a positive recommendation and economy, in lieu of, as hitherto, an impediment to success. The vessel will be fitted with the electric light, so as to be ready to take in coal and deliver it at night as well as by day.

GIRLS OF OTHER LANDS AT WORK.

The theory that girls exist merely as lay-figures to display fine drapery and to look pretty is not entertained among half-civilized or savage tribes or nations. The eccentric notion still prevails throughout Asia, Africa, and in some parts of Europe and America, that they were born to labor.

In Turkestan and on the Tartar Steppes the Kirghese sultanas and their daughters, and princesses in whose veins flows the blood of long lines of kings, still milk the sheep, cows, and goats, and perform the menial offices of the household, as the Sanscrit maidens did 6,000 years ago in the same localities. They cook, take care of the younger children, make garments, cure the skins of wild fowl with the feathers on for caps, spin cotton, weave cloth, and tan leather by means of sour milk. In this delectable region the mother wears rich attire, while the daughter goes in humbler dress, like Cinderella. If there is a piano, the mother plays on it in the front-room of the tent, while the daughter brews the *koumiss*, stews the mutton, and broils the camel-chops in the back kitchen. This is the benighted condition of patriarchal people, who adhere to a nearly obsolete theory of filial duty.

Similar ideas prevail throughout India, China, and among the native tribes of Siberia, who have been driven northward by aggressive neighbors.

The Tungusian girls gather the snow, melt it, make the tea and the fish soup, sew, and being skillful in archery, help to keep the larder supplied with game.

The Yakut and Samoyede maidens, and all those who dwell along the Arctic Ocean, help in Summer to lay up Winter supplies, and in Winter to perform all necessary domestic duties.

The Abyssinian girl grinds corn in the simple mills in use in that country.

The Caffre girl weaves baskets and draws water. The girls in other parts of the Dark Continent pulverize the grain, weave mats, make earthen vessels, and are the hatters of their tribes. The theories of the tribes and nations of Asia and Africa are shared by the Indians of North America, who compel the young girls to learn the duties and hardships of life at an early age.

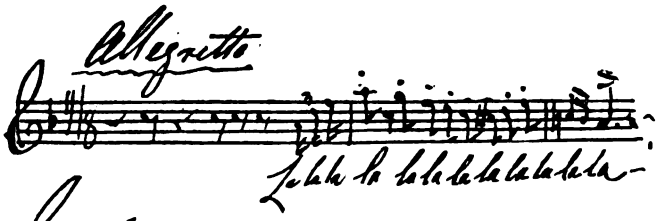
WHEN SUGAR WAS INVENTED.

The exact date of the invention of sugar is unknown. However, sugar is said to have been known to the Chinese 3,000 years ago, and there is not much doubt but that the manufacture of the article was carried on under the Tsin dynasty 200 years before Christ. A strong claim for priority has been made for India. Probably the Hindoo learned the art from the Chinese, and from China the knowledge was carried further West. Three hundred and

An injurious lie is an uncommendable thing; therefore, let us all try to stick to the other kind.

Truly Yours
Mark Twain

twenty-five years before Christ, Alexander sent Nearchus with a large fleet down the Indus to explore the adjacent countries. When that officer returned from his expedition he brought to Greece an account of honey (sugar) which the Asiatics made from cane, without any assistance from bees. This was the earliest idea the Western nations had of sugar, the Jews, Egyptians, Babylonians and Greeks, knowing nothing of its use. As late as A.D. 150 sugar was prescribed by Galen the great physician, as a medicine. Before the discovery of America sugar was a costly luxury, used only on rare occasions. During the Wars of the Roses, about 1455, Margaret Paston, wife of a very wealthy country gentleman of Norfolk, wrote to her husband begging that he would "vouchsafe" to send her a pound of sugar. As late as 1700 all England consumed only 20,000,000 pounds in the course of the year, but since the consumption has greatly increased, 20,000,000 hundred weight now being used by the English people. The process of refining sugar was not known in England previous to 1659. That was probably an invention of the Arabs. A Venetian merchant learned the secret from the Saracens of Sicily, and sold the art for 100,000 crowns.



As a kind remembrance of
Jenny Lind
Boston.
28. Sept. 1850.

Une œuvre d'art est un coin de la nature vu à travers un tempérament.

Emile Zola

INDIAN GAMBLING.

By an Old Army Officer.

Gambling is not a vice confined to our highly civilized and cultivated communities. The Indians of every known tribe are inveterate gamblers. I remember a case in point, when one tribe stripped another of all its effects, they having been wagered on a game of racket, which was played on the "common" of my native town, Nackitosh, in Louisiana, about the year 1825. The Caddos and Choctaws, two tribes inhabiting villages not very remote from Nackitosh, were the parties to the contest, and fifty of the most stalwart, lithe men of either tribe were selected to test the strength and activity of their respective nations.

To look back through the retrospective years which have elapsed since the occurrence of this eventful game, to witness the attempts in recent years to imitate it

by Kanucks and bordering Americans, excites a smile of incredulity, and only intensifies the hold my memory retains of that and many other games played by the neighboring tribes.

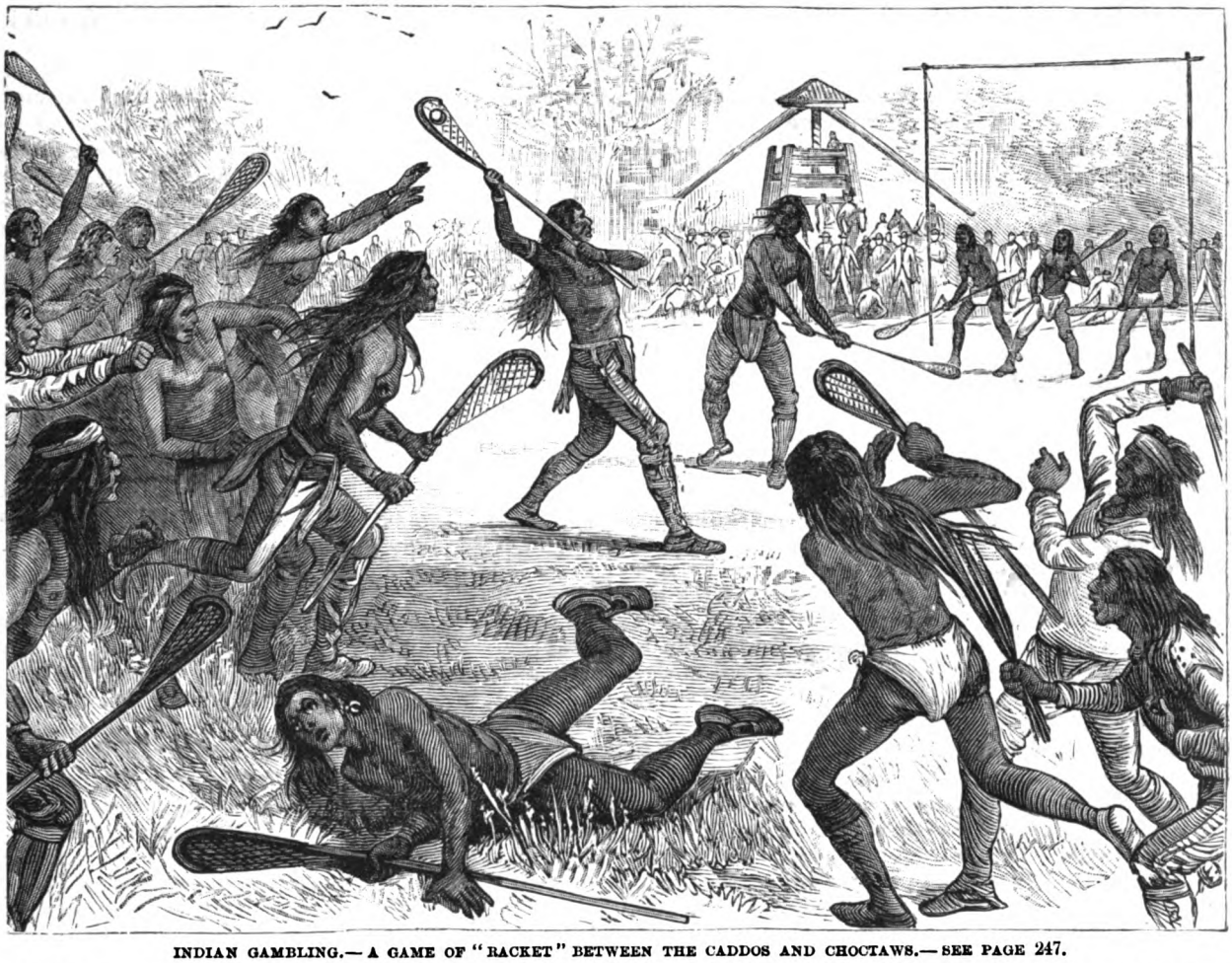
The "common" at Nackitosh had been selected principally because of the smoothness and extent of the grounds, and that it was immediately contiguous to a population noted for its generosity, charity and wealth, so that the losing party might soon make up its losses by begging. Under these circumstances the game was inaugurated The tribes came into the village two or three days before the eventful day, so as to prepare the ground, put up the goals—two poles erected ten feet apart at either end of the ground, and distant, the one from the other, about two hundred yards—to score the legs of the competitors with sharp flints from hip to heel, and the arms from shoulder to wrist; to arrange the individual wagers, and to practice their skill in the arena. These were the occupations of the two tribes anterior to the contest.

The town was excited beyond precedent. Old men and young freedmen and slaves flocked from every quarter. What wonder! 'Twas a game that might have astonished the Titans, and diverted them from their own pastimes.

Partisans were inaugurated on either side, so that men and boys had many a knockdown over the issue in anticipation. The temporary camps of the two tribes became the lounging-places of the partisans of either side, and many an acrimonious dispute originated in vaunting the claims of one side or the other. Remote from the world, and in communication only at intervals with La Ville—New Orleans—they cared only for what concerned them at the hour.

On the day the game was to come off, the "common" was filled with the populace of the town and the surrounding country. Negroes and whites and Indians, commingled in a motley throng of eager and excited spectators, awaited with impatient expectancy the hour for the commencement of the game. At length the champions on either side were marshaled to the arena by the chiefs of the respective tribes. Yells of defiance issued from the throats of the athletes, as they stood grouped fronting each other, every muscle and sinew of their frames taut to the utmost tension of expectant activity. Stripped to the buff, or, rather, the bronze, and armed with a pair of rackets—an implement made of hickory, about four feet long, and flattened at the end, so as to be bent upon itself like the frame of a scoop-net, the open space being interlaced with thongs of buckskin. The groups, as I look back over fifty years, remind me of the contest described by Sir Walter Scott in one of his novels as occurring on the Inch, near Perth, between two rival clans of Highlanders—the circumstances were the same, but the tragic results of the Scottish fight were different from the end of the Indian game. Yelling their notes of defiance, and exchanging epithets not very complimentary the one to the other, whilst the women of either side—quite as interested as the principals—stood on the borders of the ground with brush and switches, to urge on the competitors to greater exertion; such was the scene at the initiation of the game.

The two chiefs of the respective tribes now advance



INDIAN GAMBLING.—A GAME OF "RACKET" BETWEEN THE CADDOS AND CHOCTAWS.—SEE PAGE 247.

between the two groups, ball in hand, and toss up for the cast. The eager competitors rush forward to catch the ball in their rackets as it descends, and give it the first send-off in the direction of the opposite goal, and here occur the most remarkable feats of strength and agility. The sinewy arms of the outsiders grasp their opponents, and hurl them like infants from the eddying mass of contestants, when, lo! one more lucky than the rest seizes the ball from the ground, or in its flight, and sends it spinning through the air to the opposite goal. Watchful and ready skirmishers are on the alert to intercept it, and send it flying in the opposite direction, and so the struggle goes on, ebbing and flowing from one goal to the other, in alternate contests of skill and endurance.

Meanwhile, the women are by no means idle. With brush and switch they lash the laggards without mercy, keeping up an unearthly din with their screams and demoniac epithets.

The outside whites and negroes are none the less excited, and give vent to their sentiments in violent clamors and gesticulations. The first and last games, best two in three, are most violently contested; and the flight of the ball through one or the other of the poles elicits the wildest demonstrations from the victorious party.

The cheers of a victorious army scarce exceed it in enthusiasm. But when the games are finally lost, after a contest enduring several hours, then, indeed, our more modern phrase, "to the victors belong the spoils," is cruelly realized, and the losing party are, of a verity, made beggars. For years afterward, the youngsters having possessed themselves of the implements, racket became a favorite game, and was played just as the Indians played it and on the same ground.

There are many other games peculiar to the Indians, and in which they indulge their propensity to gamble. Games at ball, cards, horse-racing, constitute the chief amusements of the tribes.

On the Western plains a game played with the wampum is very popular. I sat with parties of Indians the livelong night around a fire playing or observing the game.

A long, white bead is held by one of the party in his right hand, both hands being held out exposed to view. Bets are made—clothing, arrows, knives and tomahawks—on the result of the guess of another designated one of the opposite party, as to which hand the bead is held in. "*Le jeu est fait, messieurs!*"

He who is to manipulate the bead thrusts both hands under his blanket, or buffalo-robe, changing the bead from one to the other for a few moments; then bringing his hand out, he commences to chant a tune, the burden of which is a challenge to the opposite party to guess which hand the bead is held in, thrashing his arms, meanwhile, as a man does to warm them in cold weather.

The opposite guesser watches the countenance of him who is manipulating the bead, chanting and thrashing his arms in unison with the other, till, having made up his mind, he suddenly extends the one hand or the other, thus indicating the guess.

The party with the bead does the same, extending the right or left hand, palm open, with or without the bead. I have frequently seen a fellow strip himself of his last shirt to bet at this game.

Thus it is that scouts and guides and experts are baffled in determining the perpetrators of any crime or outrage from the signs left on the ground in the shape of arrows, etc., which are known to pertain to a peculiar tribe, and which may have been lost or won at some gambling rout.

AN OLD CONTINENT IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

By Charles Callaway, M.A., D.Sc., F.G.S.

According to the ancients there once existed in the Atlantic Ocean, opposite Mount Atlas, a great island adorned with every beauty and possessing a numerous population. Its princes were powerful, so that they invaded Europe and Africa, but were defeated by the Athenians and their allies. Its inhabitants degenerated into impiety, and the island was in consequence swallowed up in a day and a night. This legend is said to have been related to Solon by the Egyptian priests, and is given by Plato in the "Timæus." It probably had its origin in the existence of the Azores, or the Canary Islands, which may have been visited by the Phœnicians. It is the purpose of this article to prove that this fable has been far exceeded by the reality; that there once existed in the area now covered by the North Atlantic an Atlantis of continental size, and of an antiquity compared with which Plato's Island is but of yesterday.

Some geologists are of opinion that North America was connected by land with Europe in Middle Tertiary (Miocene) times. The evidence upon which this theory is based is the resemblance of the existing plant-life of North America to that which flourished in Western Europe in the Miocene epoch. The plants are supposed to have migrated from east to west by way of this imagined Atlantic land. It seems extremely unlikely, however, that so great changes in the physical geography of the globe should have taken place within times comparatively so recent.

The deeper parts of the Atlantic are from 12,000 to 16,000 feet, and we require very strong evidence to convince us that such enormous depressions have occurred since a comparatively recent geological period. The migration of the Miocene flora may be more easily explained. The land connection between Europe and North America by way of Asia is broken only by Behring's Straits, which are very shallow; and a slight elevation would make it complete. That the migration has been from west to east, across Europe and Asia, receives confirmation from the fact that a flora similar to the North American has been discovered in Japan. It is, therefore, unnecessary to create an Atlantic continent to account for the migration of the Miocene flora. The continent of which it is the purpose of this article to speak is of incomparably greater antiquity. No traces of it now remain, unless the submarine ridge, which runs down the Atlantic valley in about 50° west longitude, be its denuded foundations. This ridge represents a great mountain range, rising 4,000 feet above the valley to the west, and 8,000 feet above the valley to the east; and reaching to within 4,000 feet of the surface of the ocean.

The Atlantic Islands are not in any way connected with this ancient land. They are of volcanic origin, rising steeply out of a deep ocean, and are of comparatively modern date, the oldest strata contained in them being of Middle Tertiary age. The destruction of the old Atlantis strikingly illustrates the instability of the land. At an epoch inconceivably remote, the Atlantic rolled as it is rolling now. Then a huge island raised its back above the waters, and, despite the hammering and grinding action of the waves, grew up into a continent, with river systems and great mountain chains. Rain, frost, ice, and carbonic acid, were all the time at work upon its surface, eroding, filing, sawing, dissolving, softening, washing down; till after it had braved the elements for many

successive epochs, it gradually wasted away, broke up into islands, and finally disappeared. The ocean reclaimed its ancient sovereignty, and its shores gradually assumed their present outline.

Two familiar geological principles must be taken as our starting-point. The first is that *denudation is equal to deposition.* If a million tons of mud were in a certain time deposited by the Nile on its banks and at its delta, it is evident that a million tons of rock must have been washed down from the regions of the Upper Nile. Or if the sea eat away a million tons of rock from the coast of Norfolk, it is clear that the same weight of sand and mud must be deposited in the adjacent seas. The existence, therefore, of sedimentary strata of a certain bulk proves the former existence of a neighboring land of equal dimensions as certainly as a bottle of wine on your table proves that there is one bottle less in your cellar. A continent deposited means a continent denuded. But we have not only to ascertain the quantity of the material deposited; we have to find out the direction from which it came. This leads us to a second geological axiom—that *the proximity of land is known by the character of the derived sediment.* A conglomerate, or "pudding-stone," is simply a consolidated pebble-beach; so that, if we find beds of conglomerate, we know that the land from which they were derived must have been close at hand. Sandstones and shales (laminated or bedded clays) have also their distinctive teaching. A river brings down to the sea large quantities of mud and sand derived from the wearing down of the higher land. The particles of sand being heavier than the particles of mud, will sink first, and will form sandbanks in the estuary of the river, or at no greater distance from its mouth. The finer portions of the clay will remain suspended for a much longer time; and, if they are drawn within the influence of powerful currents, they may be swept out for hundreds of miles, and deposited in the ocean far from land. Conglomerates, sandstones, and clays (or shales), are thus indices of the distance of the lands from which they are respectively derived.

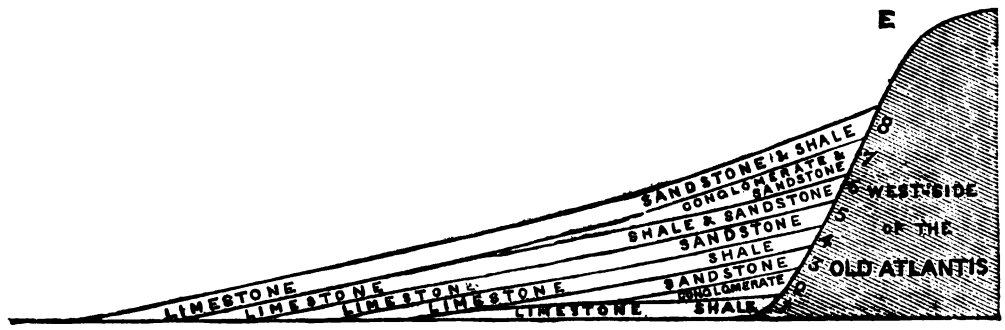


FIG. 1.—DEPOSITS FORMED BY THE DENUNDATION OF THE OLD ATLANTIS ON THE WEST. (*Scale exaggerated.*)

(1) Hudson River Group; (2) Oneida Conglomerate; (3) Medina Sandstone; (4) Niagara and Clinton Groups; (5) Oriskany Sandstone; (6) Chemung and Hamilton Group; (7) Catskill Group; (8) Carboniferous Group.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to indicate the limitations to this statement; it is sufficient for our purpose that it is roughly true. The evidence derived from limestones is rather more complicated. Some limestones are deep-sea deposits; or, at any rate, are formed in waters free from the washings from the land. Such is the chalk of the southeastern counties of England, which has its modern representative in the calcareous mud which covers the middle depths of the Atlantic. Other limestones are produced by the building up and wearing down of coral reefs; and, though they do not necessarily prove that the land was far distant, are evidences that the sea was free from mud and sand, for the coral zoophytes will not grow in turbid water.

If strata are traced for any distance in their horizontal extension, they are frequently found to pass gradually into sediment of a different character. A conglomerate may graduate into a sandstone, a sandstone into a shale, a shale into a limestone. In each case the land lies in the direction of the former of the two. If a conglomerate pass to the west into a sandstone, the land lay to the east. If a shale graduate to the north into a limestone, the land lay to the south.

The *thickness of strata* must also be taken into account in searching for the direction of the land. In a delta, for example, the beds of sand or clay thin out toward the deep sea. The washings from a coast also follow the same principle. The *thick* end, therefore, of a series of rock beds points in the direction of the land from which the material was derived.

In our present argument we are chiefly concerned with the Palæozoic groups—or the most ancient rocks in which any fossils are found—especially those of the United States, which are very favorable for our purpose, being of great horizontal extent, and comparatively undisturbed. In Western Europe the older groups of rocks cover more limited areas, and are generally much altered, twisted, broken, and dislocated, so as to render their study less satisfactory.

The area in North America to which our study is chiefly directed, is in extent about 1,000,000 square miles, being the great mass of land which lies between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, east and west; and between Canada and Georgia, north and south. In the east the strata are crumpled up into a series of folds, with a northeast and southwest strike parallel to the Atlantic coastline, and forming the highland of the Appalachian mountain system. Toward the west these great waves of rock gradually flatten out, so that on the Mississippi the strata lie horizontal. The rocks which cover this area are chiefly Palæozoic, including the formations from the Lower Cambrian to the Carboniferous. We shall study these groups in ascending order.

Commencing with the Lower Silurian, we pass over the formation below the Hudson River group, as their testimony does not bear upon our topic. The *Hudson River* formation in eastern New York is 700 feet in thickness; on Lake Huron it has thinned out to 180 feet; still further west, in Michigan, it is attenuated to eighteen feet. The evidence from the thinning of the beds is confirmed by the change in the character of the sediment. In New York the group consists of sandstones and shales; in Ohio it has become highly calcareous.

The *Oneida Conglomerate* is an Appalachian deposit. In Pennsylvania it is 700 feet thick. It does not extend to the west.

The *Medina Sandstone* is 1,500 feet thick in Virginia and Pennsylvania. Consisting of finer material than the underlying conglomerate, it reaches further to the west, but thins out in that direction.

Coming next to the Upper Silurian, we take first the *Clinton* group. In the eastern part of our area, it consists of shales with some thin beds of limestone; but to the west it is represented by limestones. It stretches further west than the Medina sandstone. The *Niagara* formation is represented in the Appalachians by shales, which pass toward the west into limestones.

Next in order is the Devonian system, the base of which is the *Oriskany Sandstone*. This deposit is a thick series of sandstones in the Appalachians, but in the State of Missouri it has become a limestone.

The *Hamilton* group in Eastern New York is a sandy deposit with land plants, but westward it gradually passes into a calcareous shale, with limestones. The *Chemung* formation is similar to the Hamilton. In New York it is sandy, in Iowa it is calcareous.

The *Catskill* group is confined to the Appalachian area. In that mountain-chain it is from 5,000 to 6,000 feet in thickness; in the State of New York from 2,000 to 3,000 feet. It consists of conglomerates, sandstones and shales.

Ascending to the Carboniferous system, we come first to the *Lower Carboniferous* group. In the Appalachian range it is made up of a series of shales and sandstones, 3,000 feet thick. On the Mississippi it is represented by limestones.

The *Millstone Grit* consists of grits and conglomerates. It is absent on the Mississippi.

The *Coal Measures* are 3,000 feet thick in the Appalachian range, and consist of shales and sandstones. West of the Mississippi they are represented by a limestone.

Figure 1 illustrates the thinning out of the Appalachian deposits, with their passage into limestones.

From these details we gather two important facts—First: the strata *thin out toward the west.* Some of the formations are almost confined to the Appalachian range, others stretch some distance to the west, while others reach the Mississippi in an attenuated form. The total thickness of the above group is at least four or five miles in the east, but in the west it has diminished to less than one mile; forming a great wedge, a thousand miles square, the thick side of which is directed eastward. Second: when the strata grow more calcerous, that *transition always takes place westward.* Both of these facts lead to the same conclusion, that the land from which this great mass of rock was derived lay to the east—that is, in what is now the North Atlantic Ocean.

Our next inquiry has reference to the size of this Old Atlantis. We have some rough data for determining this question. We must first ascertain the size of the mass of material deposited. We have seen that it is about 1,000,000 square miles. We shall not exaggerate if we take the average thickness at one mile. This would represent a continent of 1,000,000 square miles in extent, and one mile in vertical elevation above the level of the sea. But the average height of existing continents is less

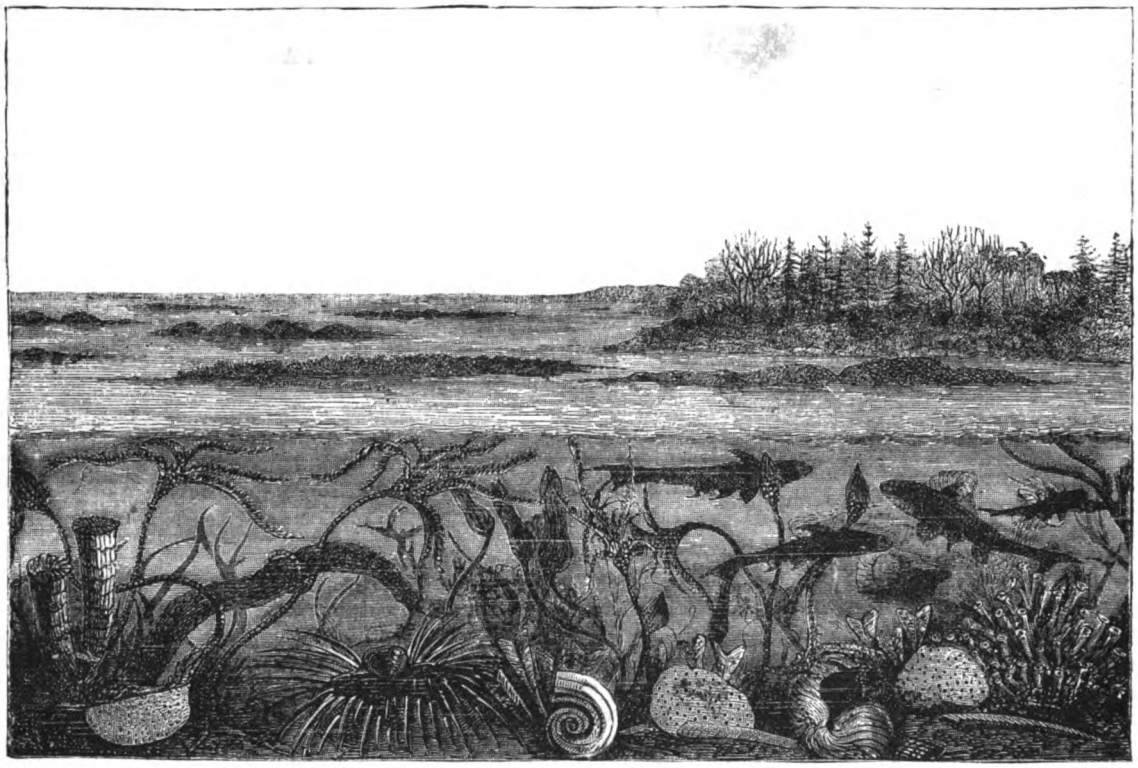


FIG. 2.—IDEAL VIEW OF MARINE LIFE IN THE SEA SURROUNDING THE OLD ATLANTIS.

than one-quarter of a mile, so that if we assume that measure for the height of our ancient land, we must give it an area of 4,000,000 square miles—that is, 2,000 miles each way.

But in building up our Old Atlantis, we have as yet taken into account only the strata deposited on the west. We are not without evidence that some of our European formations were derived from the same source, though the testimony is not so complete, for the reason above stated.

The Silurian and Cambrian rocks of Western Europe are of great thickness. The Lower Cambrian of Shropshire alone is about six miles thick, as may be seen in the Longmynd Hills, near Church Stretton. The Upper Cambrian rocks of North Wales are estimated at 8,000 feet. The Silurian series of Britain can scarcely be less than 20,000 feet. The Cambrian and Silurian united will not be over-estimated at a thickness of ten miles. In Scandinavia these systems have become greatly attenu-

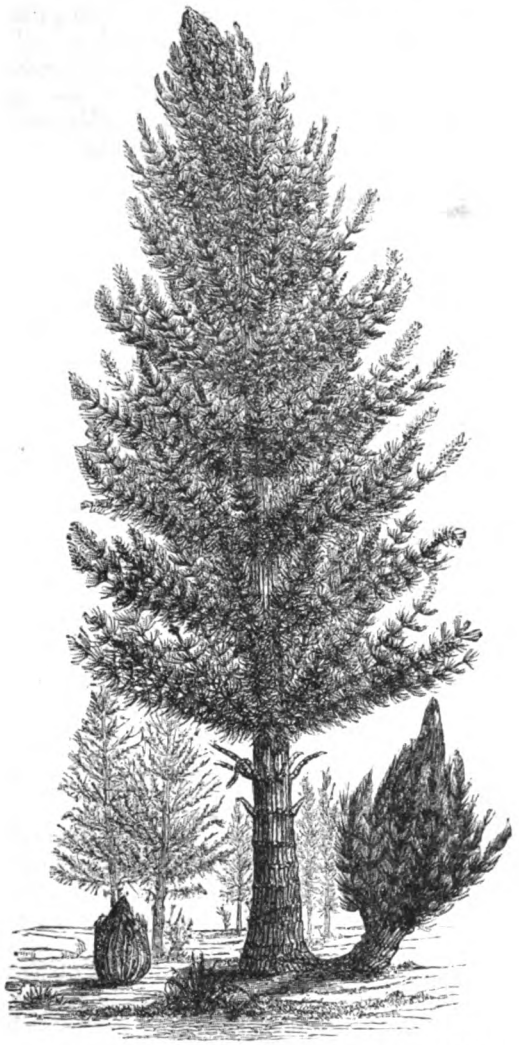


FIG. 3.—CALAMITE RESTORED. (30 *to* 40 *feet high.*)

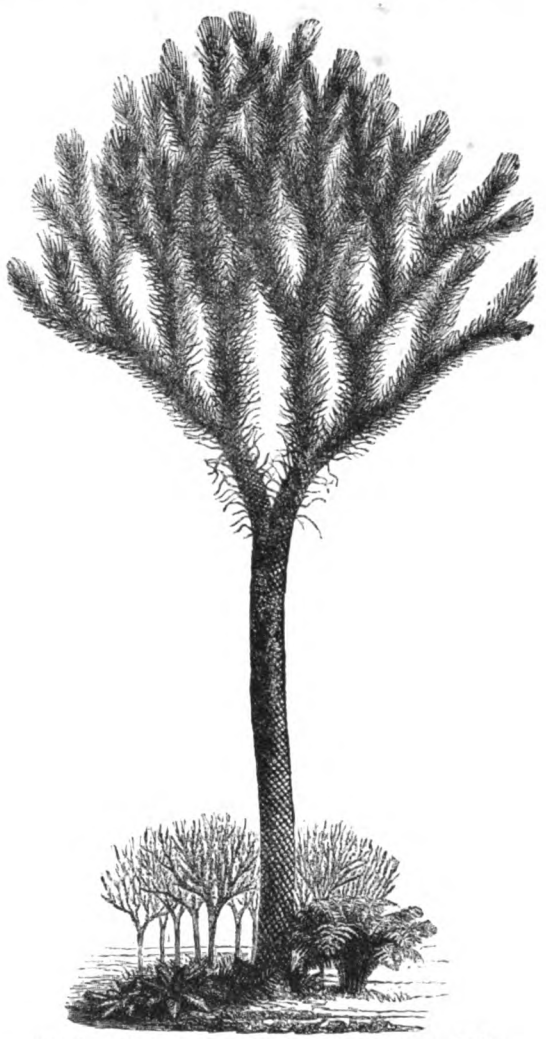


FIG. 4.—LEPIDODENDRON RESTORED. (40 *feet high.*)

ated. Murchison calculated that 30,000 feet of Lower Silurian strata (his Lower Silurian includes the Upper Cambrian of most living geologists) in Britain, were represented by only 1,200 feet in Sweden and Norway. The same author estimated that the Silurian rocks in Russia were probably not a fortieth part of the vertical magnitude of the magnificent British deposits.

The Devonian strata of Britain also thin out considerably toward the Ural Mountains. In Ireland and Britain, they are largely composed of sandstones and conglomerates; in continental Europe they are for the most part calcareous.

During the Upper Carboniferous period, land conditions prevailed in Britain; toward Eastern Europe, marine deposits predominated.

The thin end of the Palæozoic wedge in Europe is thus seen to be directed toward the east, and the land from which the strata were derived must consequently have been situated to the west. Thus

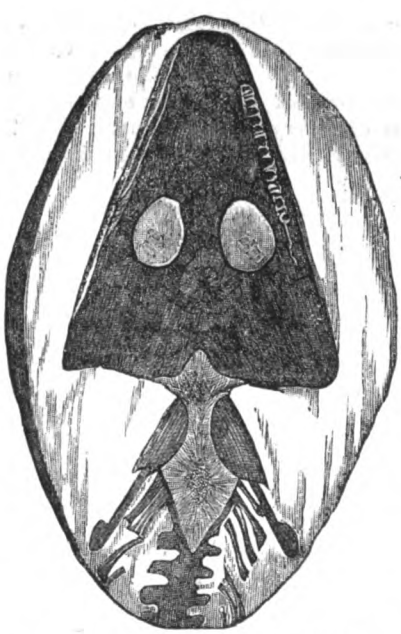


FIG. 5.—SKULL AND SHOULDERS OF *Archegosaurus minor*, ONE OF THE RULING RACE IN THE OLD ATLANTIS.

the Old Atlantis, by means of its rivers and the waste of its coastline, probably helped to build up lands on both the west and the east. We cannot, however, suppose that deposition took place only on two sides of the Old Atlantis. During the Palæozoic epochs, marine limestones were deposited in several parts of the Arctic regions, so that an open sea must have spread in that direction, and some of the waste of the old land must have been carried into that sea. The same wearing down of the land must also have taken place to the south, unless, indeed, the Atlantis was part of a great continent which stretched out into what is now the South Atlantic Ocean.

Assuming the Old Atlantis to have been an island, we shall scarcely be exaggerating if we conclude that it was at least as large as Australia, which is about 2,400 miles from east to west, and 1,700 from north to south. The denudation of the western side, as we have seen, produced

a mass of land as large as Australia; and denudation on east, north, and perhaps south, should at least double our estimate. I am desirous, however to err on the side of moderation, and shall be content to make my Old Atlantis the same size as the southern continent.

We come next to the climate of the Old Atlantis. We can infer this only from what we know of the climate of North America and Western Europe in Palæozoic times. During the Silurian epoch, the same marine animals which flourished in middle latitudes prevailed to within 400 miles of the North Pole, a fact revealed to us by the fossils collected during the Arctic expedition of Sir George Nares. In Carboniferous times, the same assemblage of land-plants extended, with slight modifications, from the Southern States of America to high polar latitudes. Such facts as these teach us that the climate of our northern hemisphere was very uniform, since the distribution of animals and plants is largely dependent upon temperature and other climatical conditions. This equability of climate in ancient times receives strong confirmation from the distribution of plants in the Miocene period, when even such northern lands as Greenland and Spitzenburg supported a luxuriant vegetation of beeches, oaks, maples, planes, walnuts, ferns, magnolias, and other plants of temperate climes. If the climate of the earth was so free from extremes in times comparatively so recent, we can the more readily believe that such was the case in a more remote epoch. During the Carboniferous period the predominant forms of vegetable life were tree-ferns, gigantic horse-tails, lycopodiaceous plants and conifers; the balance of probability arising from this flora being in favor of a warm, moist climate. If, as some eminent authorities are of opinion, our sun is cooling down, it must have had greater heating power in such ancient times as those we are considering.

Professor P. Martin Duncan is of opinion that our earth is gradually losing its atmosphere as the moon has already lost hers. If this be so, our atmosphere in Palæozoic ages must have been denser than at present. This augmented density would tend to produce a higher temperature, our Alpine experiences proving to us that the cold increases with the rarity of the air. All the evidence we can gather tends to the same conclusion—that the climate of the Old Atlantis was warmer than that of our present globe in the same latitudes.

The life of our Atlantis next engages our attention. On this subject we can speak only so far as discovery has led us, and new revelations of fossil life may modify our conclusions. Great changes, of course, took place in the long succession of epochs during which the Old Atlantis supported animals and plants; and I prefer to speak only of the later periods of its existence, because it was then that its forms of life reached their richest development. We know something of the fauna and flora of neighboring lands during the Carboniferous period, and it is fair to infer that the life which flourished in the Old Atlantis was not very different from that of Western Europe and Eastern North America. The king of our ancient continent was not of very distinguished family. He is named *Hylonomus* (Fig. 5). He belonged to the reptiles, and bore some resemblance to a lizard. There is, indeed, some doubt whether he could claim reptilian rank, as he had close affinity with the amphibians, who are fish during the earlier part of their life, and reptiles only in their riper years. This creature, so far as is at present known, was the highest organization of these early epochs. No bird made the luxuriant forests of tree-ferns and club-mosses vocal with its music, or left the trifid imprint of its feet upon the sands of the shallow estuaries. No mammal, even so lowly as a kangaroo, or a duck-billed Platypus, still less, so exalted as a lion, or horse, or a monkey, hunted over the plains or sported in the tropical sun. The real monarchs of creation were the Labyrinthodonts, so named from the complex and beautiful structure of their teeth, in which the enamel was arranged in folds resembling the convolutions of the human brain. These belonged to the *Amphibia*, and some of them still retained in their later reptilian life the traces of their fish origin, such as the arches which contained the gills, and the cartilaginous backbone. Some of them were of gigantic size, such as *Baphetes* and *Anthracosaurus*, and must have been mayors of the palace to the more dignified but feebler *Hylonomus*. *Hylonomus*, however, was not one of the last scions of a decaying race; he was probably one of the founders and forefathers of the great saurian dynasty, which ruled the world in Mesozoic times, when the Old Atlantis had sunk beneath the waves. Snails made their first appearance in the later ages of our ancient continent, being represented by forms resembling the modern *Helix* and *Pupa*. Insects appear to have been tolerably abundant, and were represented in most of the present orders; but some of the earlier types were "synthetic"—that is, combining peculiarities of structure now found only in different groups. We have insects resembling May-flies, beetles, cockroaches, crickets and locusts. The myriapods are very peculiar, with segments divided by cross sutures. Amongst the spiders is a curious scorpion, with its twelve eyes disposed in a circle. The plant-life of the later Palæozoic periods—which has been already noticed—is their most conspicuous feature. Ferns are very abundant, some of gigantic size. Calamites resembling enormous horse-tails (*Equisetum*) grew in dense brakes on low, moist flats. The fruit was a long cone or spike. Some were more than twenty feet in length (Fig. 3). *Lepidodendron* was probably a lycopod, but of giant dimensions, reaching in some cases a length of fifty feet or more. The bark was covered with diamond-shaped scars, the leaves were slender and pointed, and spore-cases were formed in spikes at the ends of the branches (Fig. 4). *Sigillaria* had its bark covered with seal-like scars, and attained equal dimensions with any of the preceding. Numerous other genera abounded, but it is doubtful if, amidst this prolific vegetable life, any flowering plants existed. Many of the types seem to have combined peculiarities now found only in widely-separated groups. Fish were abundant in the rivers and seas of the Old Atlantis. They were all of them "heterocercal"—that is, with the backbone prolonged into the upper lobe of the tail—a peculiarity possessed by comparatively few modern fishes. Most of them were ganoids, the body being covered by large, strong, shining plates. In Fig. 2 we have a representation of the marine life of this ancient period.

Such were, then the denizens of this ancient continent. They lived and died, and their sepulchres are with us to this day in the form of the hollow trunks of fossil trees, or of beds of iron-stone, clay or sandstone. The very types to which some of them belong are gone, and since their time new types have come into being, in their turn to give place to still higher forms. Of the mode of life of these antique creatures we can form a rough idea. The glory of their existence was, doubtless, to conquer and devour. Suffering and death was the common lot. The great alternative of life was to kill or to be killed. But this seemingly wretched state was not all evil. The perfection of the animal kingdom was to be attained through suffering and conflict. Had these ancient beings been provided with the means of idleness and easily ob-

tained supplies of food, higher types might never have been produced. Through the immeasurable epochs, amidst the upheaval and decay of continents, with types of life coming slowly into being and as slowly departing, the races of the world were being elaborated into higher form, till man appeared as the crown of the organic world.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Among the interesting bird notes made by Mr. C. Nutting during his recent ornithological trip to Nicaragua, was one upon an oriole named *Ostinops Montezumæ*, which is one of the most familiar and conspicuous birds around Lake Nicaragua, where it makes itself obnoxious to the farmers by feeding upon plantains, bananas, mangoes, and other cultivated fruits. It lives in colonies, generally located in cocoanut palms, and gets the native name, "Orapendola," from its style of nest-building. The nests are long and purse-like, and are generally composed of fine grasses, the entrance being near the top. There are often fifty or more of these nests on one tree; in which particular, as well as in the shape of the nest, this bird closely resembles the "Cacique" oriole of South America. The voice of this oriole, Mr. Nutting says, is almost indescribable, but in some of its phases recalls the noise produced by an ungreased cartwheel. Mr. Nutting made large and valuable collections, including several new species, which will go to the National Museum at Washington.

After a study of the bandages of Egyptian mummies, a Belgian inventor has contrived a method of rendering linen impenetrable and very durable. In effect he tans it, using as the chief ingredient of his preservative the green tar of birch-bark, which furnishes the perfume of Russia leather. The tar forms, with alcohol, a solution of great fluidity; but when once dried it becomes resinous and resists the solvent power of alcohol, and the corrosion of acids, while very elastic. This preservative thoroughly penetrates the capillary vessels of tissues, and shuts them against air and dampness so that mold cannot take root, and the aromatic odor drives away insects. The invention can be applied to water-proofing any vegetable tissues, such as linen or cotton clothes, cordage, etc., etc.

Experiments have lately been conducted in Boston, England, to determine differences of temperature and density of the air, at and above the ground, observations having been made on the top of a church-tower, 260 high, on the belfry, 170 feet high, and at the ground. It was found that during the year just recorded the mean temperature during the day-hours was considerably warmer in the churchyard than at the top of the tower, the difference being especially marked at noon, and in bright days. In foggy weather the top of the tower was almost always warmest, since it rose above the mist; but in cloudy or wet weather the case was reversed. There was no great difference in relative humidity, the top of the belfry showing a small excess of dampness in Summer.

The peculiar scroll-shaped incisions in the bridge of a violin were finally fixed upon as the best, after a long series of trials by Stradivarius. It has been suggested by a member of the Royal Society of Great Britain, in a recent paper, that their use is found in the fact that they sift the vibrations communicated by the strings, allowing those only, or mainly, to pass to the fret which would be efficient in bringing the best tones from the body of the instrument. Injurious vibrations, tending to give a rocking motion to the bridge, are, for the most part, absorbed by the greater elasticity given to the upper part of the bridge by the cutting. This view is sustained by scientific experiments.

The May number of the *Journal* of the Franklin Institute contains an elaborate article by N. B. Clark, U.S.N., urging the adoption of petroleum as fuel in warships for the purpose of attaining an extraordinary speed in emergencies—chasing or running away. The same boilers which would serve with anthracite coal would also serve with petroleum, and ward off the impending necessary change from anthracite to bituminous coal, which seems to be needful in order to secure a sufficiently great speed in new warships. Its many other advantages are pointed out, and interesting facts given, drawn from the experience of foreign navies.

The drainage of the Great Meadows, in Warren County, N.J., which has been going on for some time under the care of the geological survey of the State, is proceeding favorably. Ordinary rains are quickly carried off; the autumnal and miasmatic diseases, formerly so much dreaded in that neighborhood, have disappeared; and the waste swamp-land, wherever brought into cultivation, shows a decided superiority over the surrounding uplands.

It has been discovered that wire colored according to the processes of Nobilé and Becquerel with alkaline plumbates and ferrates not only resisted all galvanic action, but no longer conducted the electric current. As an insulator it seems quite as effective as gutta percha or resin, is durable and cheap.

J. Emerson Reynolds, F.R.S., concludes that the truth of the disputed atomic weight of beryllium is 9:2, and that the metal is a diad with the symbol for its oxide, BeO. This goes to show that beryllium is the first member of a diad series of elements, of which calcium, strontium and barium are homologues.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Where an Eye to Business.—A musical young lady says that a composer may very properly make overtures.

A man having written to another in a rage, and called him an ass, the maligned man wrote back and signed his note, "Yours, *fraternally!*"

"Can any one tell what the wind whistles for?" asked a young man at a picnic. "It whistles for the leaves to dance by," demurely replied a young lady.

"Walk slower, papa," cried the little girl whose short steps were no match for the strides of her masculine progenitor; "can't you go nice and slow, like a policeman?"

A Boston housemaid, who, about to leave unexpectedly, was urged to give a reason for it, simply said: "I can't stay; the young ladies speak such bad grammar."

One of the sufferers by a late railway accident was rushing wildly about, when some one asked if he was hurt. "No," he said, "but I can't find my umbrella."

"You don't look happy," said a man to a neighbor, who was just coming down the steps of his house one cold morning. "No," replied the neighbor, with a shiver; "it's cold without and scold within!"

Dumas *fils* is somewhat severe. The conversation had turned upon Mrs. X., who had been very beautiful. "She has something of the goddess," said a faithful admirer. "Yes," said Dumas—"antiquity!"

The Dearest Spot.—"My dear," said a sentimental wife, "home, you know, is the dearest spot on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical husband, "it does cost about twice as much as any other spot."

"My case is just this," said a man to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "Fifty dollars easy," was the reply.

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ballroom, among other empty things, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," was the reply, "but I've often had them bored!"

A theological student recently advertised: "A pious young man wishes to obtain a home in a respectable private family, where his moral deportment will be considered an equivalent for his board and lodging. References required."

A few days ago two persons were heard disputing as to the meaning of the word "lampoon." The one accused the other of never having heard of the word before. "What! Do you think I have never heard of lampooning whales?" was the reply.

A Sunbeam in the House.—Said he to industrious Margaret: "You are indeed a sunbeam in the house." "Oh, pray don't call me that!" cried she. "Don't! Why not?" "Because a sunbeam in the house shows up all the dust, but does nothing to clear it away."

That was a neat compliment paid by a French ambassador in London to a peeress who had been talking to him for an hour. The lady said: "You must think I am very fond of the sound of my own voice." The Frenchman replied: "I knew you liked music."

Paterfamilias: "What is included in your curriculum?" *Young Hopeful:* "Our what, father?" *Paterfamilias:* "The curriculum of your class." *Young Hopeful:* "Well, to speak the truth, I don't know. You see, being the stroke-oar, I have not much time for botany."

First Here.—Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, England, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect: "Do you not know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?" "And, mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they comed." The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1884. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS OF 1884, AND THE CANDIDATES.

THERE have been seasons of great party enthusiasm, when, on one side or the other, some citizen was put forward by the popular voice, with such hearty assurance of support that the politicians were carried away by the current, and placed him on the ticket as the candidate. Then the country was roused by political meetings,

JAMES G. BLAINE, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

processions, banners and songs, in hall, log-cabin or wigwam. The caricaturist plied his task to turn the enthusiasm into ridicule, as the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a short one. The elections in the days of Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln, were of this exciting character, and so frequently has this been the case that the calmer portion of the community, especially the sober business men, who never wish the quiet ways of commerce disturbed, looked with fear and anxiety to the Presidential-election year. New enterprises were deferred, the buildings projected remained on paper on the architects' plans; publishers shook their heads at authors' tempting manuscripts. The excitement attending a Presidential election often extended over the greater part of the year, and created some stagnation; but while business was proverbially dull, money flowed freely, drained from officeholders and wealthy sympathizers with the cause.

The canvass of 1884 presents a very different spectacle. No man in either of the great parties seemed to be so clearly indicated by popular will as to be regarded as the candidate of the people, and in the uncertainty prevailing in regard to the expediency of putting forward one in preference to another, each party deferred the time of holding its convention.

The earlier months of the year accordingly passed in uneventful quiet; trade and industry pursued their usual course, undisturbed by the appeals of noisy politicians, such as too frequently draw away the worker from his legitimate avocations.

The lines separating the two great parties, the Republican and Democratic, were no longer sharply drawn. There is no longer any great national question separating them; neither party was willing to take sides either for Free Trade or for Protection, which is really the only question in which there is great division of opinion, and a different policy advocated. Both parties would rather trifle with the subject than meet it boldly.

In both parties, too, there is strong discontent against party rule, and in both, differences are bitter and violent. The question with the conventions was to present candidates who would unite the conflicting elements and draw out the great impulsive body of voters, the men who take no active part in politics, who often do not vote at all, but whose votes, decided upon at a late day, often turn the scale, and defeat all calculations.

When, in June, the delegates of the Republican party from every State and Territory met in the Exposition Building at Chicago, the four strong candidates before the body were soon recognized in Arthur, Blaine, Logan and Edmunds.

Mr. Arthur had filled the Presidential chair in a manner to command general respect. He was personally popular, and would undoubtedly draw much of the independent vote. It was soon evident, however, that he had not a majority, and was not even the leading candidate. When the Convention was called to order, by Chairman Henderson, to proceed to the all-important balloting, the votes showed that James G. Blaine, of Maine, led all other names. He received on the first ballot 334½ votes, Arthur, 278; Edmunds, 93; Logan, 63½. On the second ballot Blaine's vote rose to 349, on the third to 375, exceeding that for Arthur by one more than a hundred. Minor candidates were then dropped, and their adherents cast their votes for Blaine, who received 544 votes. The result was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm.

Senator John A. Logan, of Illinois, was then nominated by acclamation for the office of Vice-President.

President Arthur at once telegraphed his congratulations to the successful candidate, and promised his support.

James Gillespie Blaine thus presented by the Republican party to the American people as its candidate for the Presidency, is of the old Irish Presbyterian stock of Pennsylvania; he was born in Union Township, Washington County, where his ancestors were pioneers. The stone house where his grandfather, Colonel Ephraim Blaine, of Pennsylvania, lived, still stands, as well as the church where he worshiped. Colonel Blaine served during the war; and, during the terrible Winter at Valley Forge, as Commissary, labored with all zeal and no little ability to obtain supplies for the starving army. His son married a Miss Gillespie, a Catholic lady, and late in life embraced her faith, and lies beside her under the shadow of the more modern Catholic Church. James G. Blaine, adhering to the faith of his family, entered Washington College at the age of thirteen, and was soon prominent as a scholar, a leader in athletic sports, popular with his classmates, and with all the collegians. He was neat in person, frank, generous, sympathetic, ready in debate, and constantly selected as umpire. After being graduated in 1847, he became professor at Blue Licks Springs, Kentucky, in a Western military institute established there.

After a few years spent here, he returned to his own State and began the study of the law. On his marriage with Miss Stanwood, a lady whose acquaintance he had formed in Kentucky, he was persuaded by her to make Maine, her native State, his home. In 1853 he took up his residence in Augusta, and has dwelt there constantly since. He soon was proprietor and editor of the *Kennebec Journal*, an organ of the Whig party, and acquired great political influence, which he increased while editor of the *Portland Daily Advertiser*.

He was active in organizing the Republican party in Maine, and in 1858 was elected to the Lower House of the Legislature, where he, after two years, presided as Speaker; fitting himself by parliamentary knowledge and discipline for a higher senate.

In 1862 the Kennebec district chose Mr. Blaine as its Representative in Congress. He was there recognized as an able and industrious man, and was very soon placed on the Post Office and Military Committees, and on the Committees on Appropriations and on Rules.

When he spoke, he handled his subject with such ability and such evidence of close and careful study, that he was heard with attention, and his speeches were often scattered broadcast over the country.

To his constituents his course was so thoroughly acceptable that he was constantly elected by them as long as he continued to be a candidate. He rose so rapidly in favor in the House of Representatives that he was by large majorities chosen Speaker of the Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses. "In that position his quickness of perception, decision of manner, thorough knowledge of parliamentary law and usages, and impartial and judicial mind, added to his clear voice and impressive presence, made him a truly great presiding officer."

When the Democratic majority in the House in 1874 placed the Speakership in its hands, Mr. Blaine became the bold, brilliant, versatile leader of the opposition on the floor.

A vacancy in the Senate arose in 1876, when Senator Morrill, of Maine, accepted the Portfolio of the Treasury. To fill the vacancy in the Senate of the United States, the Governor of Maine selected Mr. Blaine for the unexpired term.

In the United States Senate, Mr. Blaine sustained the reputation he had won in the more popular chamber, and

the Legislature of Maine chose him at the next opportunity to continue to represent the State in the Upper House at Washington..

He has ever favored a clear, decisive policy. His voice was raised in favor of restricting Chinese emigration, against the Electoral Commission Bill, a sorry compromise, utterly distasteful to such a mind; and against the coinage of any dollar but an honest silver one.

Strong in debate, strong in popular appeal, an active worker, in cabinet and the field, with voice and pen, Mr. Blaine has been for many years one of the most prominent men of his party, a strong man with strong friends and bitter opponents.

In the Presidental canvass of 1876 his name was one of the most prominent before the Republican Convention, and he obtained 351 votes, lacking only 27 to secure the nomination. Four years later, in the Chicago Convention, he received 284 votes on the first ballot, and retained his strength during many succeeding trials.

When the election of General Garfield was assured, the President-elect invited Mr. Blaine to Washington, and made him the unexpected offer of the State Department under the new administration.

Ambitious though he was, Mr. Blaine hesitated to accept the high position till he felt assured that it would be well regarded, and give strength to the new management of affairs, so imperatively demanded by the country.

In the short administration of President Garfield, before he was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, Mr. Secretary Blaine had initiated a strong foreign policy for our Government, seeking to keep in American hands the control of the Interoceanic Ship Canal at Panama, and to create a union among the Spanish-American States, that would, under the influence of the United States, check civil and inter-state wars, and open the way for a new era of progress for those republics, which, since they threw off the Spanish yoke, have rarely enjoyed a five years' epoch of peace. His policy alarmed many, who beheld in it only certain war with England, and endless complications with our Latin neighbors.

It arrayed the timid against him, and at the present time imbues many minds with the idea that he is an unsafe man to be intrusted with the country's destinies.

During the prolonged sufferings of President Garfield, the management of public affairs was virtually in the hands of the Secretary of State. On the accession of Mr. Arthur, Mr. Blaine remained for a time in the State Department, but as their views of public policy by no means coincided, Mr. Blaine retired.

His leisure has been devoted to the preparation of a work giving the political history of the country during the last quarter of a century.

In his letter accepting the nomination Mr. Blaine says, in regard to the tariff:

"Revenue laws are, in their very nature, subject to frequent revision, in order that they may be adapted to changes and modifications of trade. The Republican party is not contending for the permanency of any particular statute. The issue between the two parties does not have reference to a specific law. It is far broader and far deeper. It involves a principle of wide application and beneficent influence against a theory which we believe to be unsound in conception and inevitably hurtful in practice. In the many tariff revisions which have been necessary for the past twenty-three years, or which may hereafter become necessary, the Republican party has maintained, and will maintain, the policy of protection to American industry, while our opponents insist upon a revision, which practically destroys that policy. The issue is thus distinct, well defined, and unavoidable. The pending election may determine the fate of protection for a generation. The overthrow of the policy means a large and permanent reduction in the wages of the American laborer, besides involving the loss of vast amounts of American capital invested in manufacturing enterprises. The value of the present revenue system to the people of the United States is not a matter of theory, and I shall submit no argument to sustain it."

On the topic of our intercourse with other nations he says:

"Our foreign relations favor our domestic development. We are at peace with the world—at peace upon a sound basis, with no unsettled questions of sufficient magnitude to embarrass or distract us. Happily removed by our geographical position from participation or interest in those questions of dynasty or boundary which so frequently disturb the peace of Europe, we are left to cultivate friendly relations with all, and are free from possible entanglements in the quarrels of any. The United States has no cause and no desire to engage in conflict with any power on earth, and we may rest in assured confidence that no power desires to attack the United States.

"With the nations of the Western Hemisphere we should cultivate closer relations, and for our common prosperity and advancement we should invite them all to join with us in an agreement that, for the future, all international troubles in North or South America shall be adjusted by impartial arbitration, and not by arms. This project was part of the fixed policy of President Garfield's administration, and it should, in my judgment, be renewed. Our foreign policy should be an American policy in its broadest and most comprehensive sense—a policy of peace, of friendship, of commercial enlargement.

"The name of American, which belongs to us in our national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism. Citizenship of the republic must be the panoply and safeguard of him who wears it. The American citizen, rich or poor, native or naturalized, white or colored, must everywhere walk secure in his personal and civil rights. The republic should never accept a lesser duty, it can never assume a nobler one, than the protection of the humblest man who owes it loyalty—protection at home, and protection which shall follow him abroad into whatever land he may go upon a lawful errand."

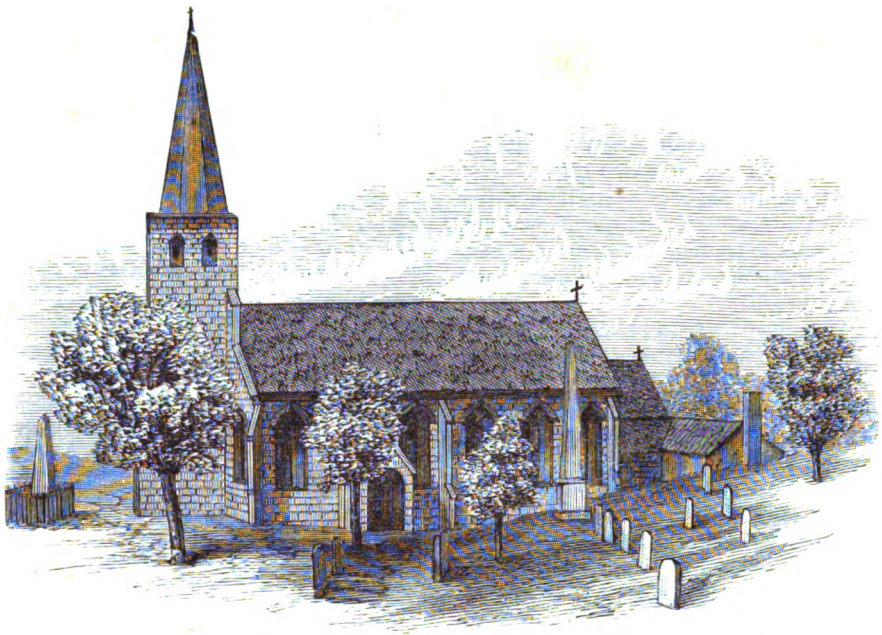
His views on the Mormon question are decided:

"Religious liberty is the right of every citizen of the republic. Congress is forbidden by the Constitution to make any law "respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." For a century, under this guarantee, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, have worshiped God according to the dictates of conscience. But religious liberty must not be perverted to the justification of offenses against the law. A religious sect, strongly intrenched in one of the Territories of the Union, and spreading rapidly into four other Territories, claims the right to destroy the great safeguard and muniment of social order, and to practice as a religious privilege that which is a crime punished with severe penalty in every State of the Union. The sacredness and unity of the family must be preserved as the foundation of all civil government, as the source of orderly administration, as the surest guarantee of moral purity.

"The claim of the Mormons that they are divinely authorized to practice polygamy should no more be admitted than the claim of certain heathen tribes, if they should come among us, to continue the right of human sacrifice. The law does not interfere with what a man believes; it takes cognizance only of what he does. As citizens, the Mormons are entitled to the same civil rights as others, and to these they must be confined. Polygamy can never receive national sanction or toleration by admitting the community that upholds it as a State in the Union. Like others, the Mormons must learn that the liberty of the individual ceases where the rights of society begin."

Mr. Blaine is now in his fifty-fifth year. Although above medium height, he is so compactly and powerfully built that he scarcely seems tall. His features are large and expressive; he is slightly bald, and his neatly trimmed beard is prematurely gray; his brows are lowering—his eyes keen. On the floor of Congress he manifested marvelous power and nerve. His voice is rich and melodious; his delivery is fluent and vigorous; his gestures are full of grace and force; his self-possession is never lost. He has appeared on the stump in almost every Northern State, and is an exceedingly popular and effective campaign orator. His faculties have a keen edge; his memory

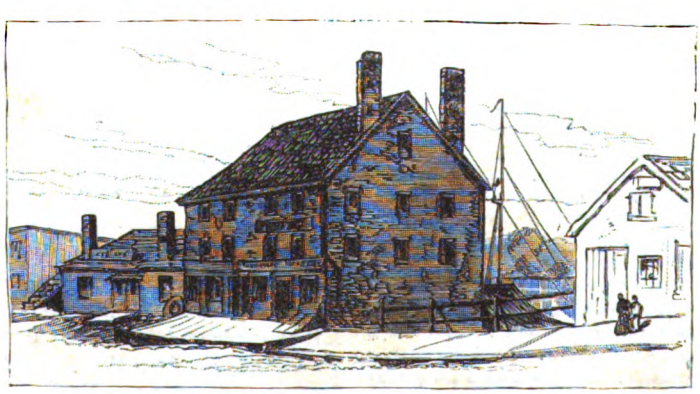
is remarkably retentive; and his practical knowledge of men and affairs has a broad range. This comprehensive knowledge, broad rather than deep, is one of the secrets of his popularity. He knows men from one end of the country to the other, and he knows what they are thinking about. He has kept abreast with the average thought of his time—not above it or below it.



CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BROWNSVILLE, WHERE BLAINE'S PARENTS LIE.

For twenty years Mr. Blaine has owned a valuable coal tract of several hundred acres near Pittsburg. This yielded him a handsome income many years before he entered Congress, and the investment has been a profitable one during his public life. His business affairs have been managed with prudence and shrewdness, and he now has a handsome fortune. His home in Augusta, near the State House, is a plain two-story house. Several institutions in the State have received benefactions from him, and his charity and generosity are appreciated at home. In his own house he is a man of culture and refinement, a genial host, a courteous gentleman. No man in public life is more fortunate in his domestic relations. He is the companion and confidant of every one of his six children, and they fear him no more than they fear one of their own number. Mrs. Blaine is the model wife and mother, and more is due to her strong judgment, quick perception, and heroic courage, than the world will ever know.

The eldest son, Walter Blaine, is a graduate of Yale College and of the Law School of Columbia College. He is a member of the Bar of several States, and has been creditably engaged in public life in Washington. The second son, Emmons Blaine, is a graduate of Harvard College and the Cambridge Law School. The third is James G. Blaine, junior, a lad of fourteen. The three daughters are named Alice, Margaret and Harriet. The eldest was married more than a year ago to Brevet-colonel J. J. Coppinger, of the United States Army.



BLAINE'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE, AUGUSTA.

Gen. John A. Logan, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, is, in the highest sense, a self-made man. He was born near Murphysboro', Jackson County, Ill., February 9th, 1826. His father was a native of Ireland, and his mother, of Tennessee. He enjoyed slight educational advantages, his father affording most of the boy's early instruction. His first public service was in the Mexican War. He enlisted as a private, became lieutenant, served as adjutant of his regiment, the First Illinois Infantry, and came out as quartermaster. Upon his return home he studied law, and in 1851 entered upon its practice. In the following year he was elected to the Illinois Legislature, and subsequently served as prosecuting attorney for the Third Judicial District of his State.

Mr. Logan was at this time a Democrat, and was chosen a Presidential Elector in the Buchanan campaign. Two years later he was sent to Congress, and was re-elected in 1860. In that year he was an ardent advocate of Stephen A. Douglas, but when trouble was threatened in the South he openly avowed his intention to see Mr. Lincoln inaugurated if elected, even if he was obliged to shoulder a musket and go to Washington. His military experience and patriotism sent the young Congressman into the army soon after the outbreak of the Civil War. He was at Washington, attending the special session of 1861, when, early in the Summer, a Michigan regiment came through on the way to the front. The ardent son of Illinois enlisted in its ranks as a private, and participated in the first battle of Bull Run. He was among the last to leave that field. He then hastened back to Illinois to raise a regiment of his own.

Colonel Logan took the field with the Thirty-first Illinois Infantry, in September, with McClernand's brigade. He had a horse shot from under him at the battle of Belmont. He was engaged at Fort Henry, and in leading the assault at Fort Donelson he was badly wounded. For gal-

lant and effective service he was steadily promoted. He greatly assisted Grant in the Northern Mississippi campaign of 1862; and as major-general of Volunteers commanded the Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, under McPherson, in the movement against Vicksburg, in 1863. Besides brave fighting at Port Gibson, he rendered noble service at Champion Hills. He succeeded General Sherman in command of the Fifteenth Corps, in November, 1863, and made Huntsville, Ala., his headquarters. He joined the Grand Army, which was to march through Georgia next year, and distinguished himself at Resaca, Dallas and Kenesaw Mountain. At the battle of Atlanta he succeeded McPherson, on the latter's fall, and with marked magnetism rallied the Union forces. After Sherman fairly started for the sea, General Logan came North years later General Logan was chosen to succeed Richard J. Oglesby, who is this year the Republican candidate for Governor. Mr. Logan's term expires next March. He has taken an active part in the debates of the Senate, and has been noticeably a friend of the soldiers during his public career. At the present time he stands at the head of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and second on the Judiciary Committee.

The nomination of Blaine and Logan, when flashed across the ocean, was regarded as ominous in England. Seldom has the press of that country taken so decided a position in regard to any question of American politics as it did in regard to the nomination of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, regarding him as a very type of Jingoism, though the outspoken projects of Mr. Blaine, if in their

BLAINE'S RESIDENCE, AUGUSTA, ME.

to make speeches for Lincoln and Johnson. He rejoined Sherman at Savannah, and shared in the grand review at Washington, in May, 1865.

Having declined President Johnson's offer of the mission to Mexico, General Logan returned to the civil service of his country as a Congressman, being re-elected to his old seat in 1866. He remained there until his election to the Senate, in 1871. Among the most conspicuous of his acts in these four years was a powerful speech on reconstruction, which was reprinted and widely disseminated as a campaign document. General Logan was also one of the managers of the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. The Republicans did not control the Legislature of Illinois in 1877, and Judge Davis, of the United States Supreme Court, was elected as an Independent to succeed Mr. Logan in the Senate. But two

ultimate working unpleasant or detrimental to England, had none of the darkness-loving, insidious and overreaching characteristics of Beaconsfield.

Blaine's election, however, does not depend on the visionary fears of a foreign nation, but on the ability of the Presidential ticket to appease the dissensions in the ranks of the Republican party, evoke its strength, and bring to the polls the large and, sad to say, increasing body of citizens who find politics so base that they abstain from exercising the elective franchise, and deliberately wrong their country by leaving the elections in the hands of those least fit to control them.

In a Presidential election it may, indeed, in truth, be said, that one discontented with a ticket has no alternative; he must either vote for it or abstain from voting; for, if he dislikes the candidate, he cannot vote

for a candidate whom he would prefer. The Constitution places him in this position. He votes, not directly for President, but for a prefunctory body called Presidential Electors.

Immediately upon the close of the Chicago Convention it was evident that a large and influential body of Republicans would not support the ticket. Many influential Republican papers—*Harper's Weekly*, the New York *Times*, the *Evening Post*, the Springfield *Republican*, *Boston Advertiser* and *Transcript*—openly announced that they would not support Blaine and Logan. Meetings of Independent Republicans were held, and though no steps were taken to nominate a new ticket, it was evident that they were anxiously awaiting the action of the Democratic Convention, averring their inclination to support its ticket if the candidate was objectionable. In the case of Greeley, the Democrats accepted the candidate of the discontented Republicans; now the case was reversed, and the latter looked hopefully for such a Democratic nominee as they could heartily support.

The Democratic Convention met also at Chicago, in July, and when those whom the party in each State selected to deliberate on a choice of candidates assembled to exchange views as to the men most likely to rouse the enthusiasm of the party-adherents and meet the general wishes of the country, they proved to be composed of elements as irreconcilable as those which constituted the Republican Convention, where men took part in the deliberations and acts, but denounced the final result.

The leading candidate soon showed himself in the person of Grover Cleveland, Governor of New York, a man comparatively unknown, and with no national record. Yet on the first ballot, out of 820 votes, he received 392, representing every State except eight; the vote of New York, 72, being cast solid for him under the unit rule, although a strong minority in New York opposed him. Next to Cleveland stood Bayard, of Delaware, with 170 votes; and Thurman, of Ohio, with 87; the remaining ballots were given to Randall, McDonald, Carlisle, Flower, and Hoadly.

Efforts to unite the opposition on any candidate failed, and on the second ballot Cleveland received 683 votes, Bayard 87½, and Hendricks 45½. Cleveland was therefore declared the nominee of the Democratic party. The Convention, by a unanimous vote, chose Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, as the party candidate for the second place on the Presidential ticket, his own State being the last to cast its vote for him.

This Convention showed the breaking away of the old party lines, in the presence of General Butler as a Democratic delegate, and aspirant to the Presidential nomination at the hands of a party to which he had been a stranger for twenty years. It was evident, too, that the old war influence had exhausted itself, neither party putting forward a military candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate of the nation.

The nomination of Cleveland was received with little enthusiasm among the Democratic masses, and from the first a strong feeling adverse to him was manifested. He had been raised to the Governorship of New York by a kind of convulsive movement, but several of his acts had arrayed against him a deep hostility in the labor organizations. A disposition to underhand dealing, with a view to save his reputation with some classes, while gratifying others, had made many suspicious of him. Accordingly journals which had habitually placed the Democratic nominees at the head of their columns and advocated their support, took no notice of the nomination of Cleveland. This defection was very noticeable in New York, and, imperiling his success there, makes his election doubtful in the extreme.

On neither side, as it will be seen, does the candidate receive general, hearty, enthusiastic support.

Stephen Grover Cleveland is of New England origin. His great-grandfather, Aaron Cleveland, born February 9th, 1744, in East Haddam, Conn., carried on business as a hat-maker in Norwich for the greater part of an active life. He was a stanch anti-slavery Republican, and introduced into the Connecticut Legislature the first bill to abolish slavery. He died in New Haven in 1815. His son Charles, born in 1772 in Norwich, became a city missionary in Boston, and was widely known as "Father Cleveland." A daughter, the youngest of thirteen children, married Dr. Samuel H. Cox, whose son, Arthur Cleveland Cox, is now Episcopal Bishop of Western New York. Aaron Cleveland's second son, William, the grandfather of the Governor, was a silversmith by trade, and lived for the greater part of his life at Beacon Hill, on the outskirts of Norwich. He died at Black Rock, Buffalo, in 1837. His second son, Richard Falling Cleveland, was the Governor's father. He was born in Norwich, June 19th, 1804. He was graduated from Yale in 1824, and entered the ministry, first at Baltimore, where he married a daughter of Abner Neal, of that city. There were nine children of this marriage, of whom the present Governor of New York was the fifth.

The little village of Caldwell, in Essex County, N.J., a few miles southwest from Paterson, was Stephen Grover Cleveland's birthplace. The house where he was born is still standing. When young Cleveland was three years old the family removed to Fayetteville, in Onondaga County, N. Y. Here the boy attended the village school. When he was fourteen years old he became very eager to be sent to some academy. But his father, being a country clergyman with a large family and a small income, felt unable to meet such an expense. Accordingly, the future Governor of New York began life, so to speak, in the country store, at $50 for the first year. Upon the death of his father young Cleveland turned toward the City of New York to seek his fortune. For two years he taught there in the Asylum for the Blind, and then went to Buffalo, the home of his uncle, Allan.

It was Cleveland's wish to study law. By persistent effort he obtained from the firm of Rogers, Brown & Rogers a place as office-boy, with permission to use the law library. He was paid a few dollars a week for his services. Out of this scanty sum he had to board and clothe himself. The walk to and from his uncle's was a long one, and the young clerk's first Winter was memorably severe.

After his years of patient study he was admitted to the Bar, but remained with the firm to perfect himself in his profession. At the age of twenty-five he was made Assistant District-attorney for Erie County, and obtained a field for displaying his real legal ability. His popularity was such, that in 1865 he was nominated for District-attorney, and was beaten by a small majority. He then began practice in connection with J. V. Vanderpoel, but in 1870 accepted the nomination for Sheriff of Erie County, and was elected.

After the close of his term he resumed practice, and had won the confidence of a large body of clients in the best commercial and financial positions.

Buffalo had suffered from municipal misgovernment, and in 1881 Mr. Cleveland was proposed as a reform candidate. Buffalo is usually Republican by from 2,000 to 5,000 majority, and Mr. Cleveland's election on the Dem-

ocratic ticket by a majority of 5,000 was simply a tribute to his personal popularity and personal integrity.

His career as Mayor in checking all extravagance and corruption gave him a reputation that spread, and was actively spread over the State. He was soon talked of as an available candidate for Governor, and even for President.

In September, 1882, he received the Gubernatorial nomination. He received a full Democratic vote, and in addition, the ballots of numbers of discontented Republican, who had become heartily weary of the rule of machine politicians. Cleveland's majority as Governor was nearly 200,000.

This unexampled success made it clear that he would be brought forward at the next National Convention as a candidate for the Presidency.

As Governor of the State, he has not retained the popularity of the party which nominated him. His vetoes were numerous, and some, like that of the Five-cent Fare Bill, which had in view the benefit of the laboring classes, drew upon him great unpopularity. Other acts of his administration have been severely criticised; and errors of judgment are, doubtless, to be expected in one suddenly raised without previous legislative or administrative experience to the Governorship of a great State. All admit that he has been unremitting in his labors, and has guarded, as far as he knew, the State Treasury from all spoliation, and insured economy in the public service.

His election combined all sections of the Democracy, but he at an early period in his administration came into open collision with the Tammany branch of the party, from which now he cannot expect any hearty support.

In person the Governor is little above the medium height, well proportioned and portly. His thin, dark hair is tinged with gray, and his eyes are dark. He wears no whiskers, but a heavy, dark mustache. Notwithstanding the number of preachers in his family, he has not been prominent in religious matters, and has, since his manhood, devoted nearly all his time to the law. He is a bachelor.

His ways of life are methodical and democratic. From the Executive Mansion at Albany he usually walks to the Capitol. He is an agreeable companion, and easily approached by all men.

Thomas A. Hendricks, the nominee for the Vice Presidency, has been before his party and the country several times both in connection with the first and second places on the Democratic ticket. In the National Convention, held in Tammany Hall, New York, in 1868, when a member of the United States Senate from Indiana, he was strongly supported for the nomination for the Presidency. On the twenty-first ballot he received 132 votes, and General Hancock 135½. It seemed probable that Mr. Hendricks would be the choice of the Convention, but the name of Horatio Seymour was brought forward and unanimously agreed upon. In 1872, owing to the death of Mr. Greeley, the vote of the Democratic Presidential electors of that year was divided, and Mr. Hendricks received forty-two out of the sixty-three votes. Previous to the assembling of the Convention of 1876 in St. Louis, Mr. Hendricks was very prominently brought forward for the first place on the ticket, but events shaped themselves differently than had been anticipated by many, Mr. Tilden was nominated for the Presidency, and Mr. Hendricks for the second position.

Mr. Hendricks began his political career as a member of the Legislature of Indiana in 1845. In 1850 he served as a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and in the following year he was elected a member of Congress from Indianapolis. Having served two terms, in 1855 he retired and accepted an appointment by President Pierce as Commissioner of the Land Office of the United States, in which position he was continued by President Buchanan, resigning in 1859. In 1860 he ran as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana. In 1863 Mr. Hendricks was chosen a member of the United States Senate, where, during his term of service, he was regarded as the Democratic leader. He served on the Committees on Claims, Public Buildings, Judiciary, Public Lands, and Naval Affairs. In 1868 he was again a candidate for Governor, but was defeated. Four years later, however, he was successful in the election.

Mr. Hendricks will be sixty-five years old on the 7th of September next. He is a native of Ohio, born in Muskingum County. When he was three years old his parents removed to Indiana. He was graduated at South Hanover College in 1841, studied law two years at Chambersburg, Pa., and was admitted to the Bar in 1843. He entered at once upon a successful career as a lawyer. He is a communicant in the Episcopal Church.

Such is the personal history of the gentlemen who now stand before the American people to receive their suffrages, and not for many years has there been a time when the result has been more uncertain. With Independent Republicans openly deserting the candidate nominated by a Convention in which they were fully and fairly represented, and as openly announcing their intention to vote for the nominee of another political party; with many Democrats regarding their own party nomination with indifference and distrust, some even forming Blaine and Logan clubs to enlist fellow-Democrats in the Republican ranks, the wisest prophets hesitate to speak with any degree of assurance.

The cry has generally been "Principles, not Men," but in this case it is the reverse; the personal character, ability and temper of the candidates are evidently weighing more with thousands of citizens.

If we look to the platforms, we find that they both lack anything that appeals to the deep national feelings of the people. Both parties, of course, claim to be the embodiment of honesty, and represent their opponents as the leeches who are draining the lifeblood of the country, but in some points both indulge in vague phrases, and the Democratic Convention distinctly refused to accept the Free Trade platform of General Butler.

The Republican platform says:

"It is the first duty of a good Government to protect the rights and promote the interests of its own people; the largest diversity of industry is most productive of general prosperity, and of the comfort and independence of the people. We, therefore, demand that the imposition of duties on foreign imports shall be made, not for revenue only, but that in raising the requisite revenues for the Government, such duties shall be so levied as to afford security to our diversified industries, and protection to the rights and wages of the laborer, to the end that active and intelligent labor, as well as capital, may have its just reward, and the laboring man his full share in the national prosperity.

"Against the so-called economical system of the Democratic party, which would degrade our labor to the foreign standard, we enter our earnest protest. The Democratic party has failed completely to relieve the people of the burden of unnecessary taxation by a wise reduction of the surplus.

"The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff, and to reduce the surplus, not by the vicious and indiscriminate process of horizontal reduction, but by such methods as will relieve the taxpayer without injuring the laborer or the great productive interests of the country.

"We recognize the importance of sheep-husbandry in the United States, the serious depression which it is now experiencing, and the danger threatening its future prosperity; and we therefore respect the demands of the representatives of this importan

agricultural interest for a readjustment of duty upon foreign wool, in order that such industry shall have full and adequate protection.

"We have always recommended the best money known to the civilized world, and we urge that an effort be made to unite all commercial nations in the establishment of an international standard which shall fix for all the relative value of gold and silver coinage.

"The regulation of commerce with foreign nations and between the States is one of the most important prerogatives of the General Government, and the Republican party distinctly announces its purpose to support such legislation as will fully and efficiently carry out the constitutional power of Congress over inter-State commerce.

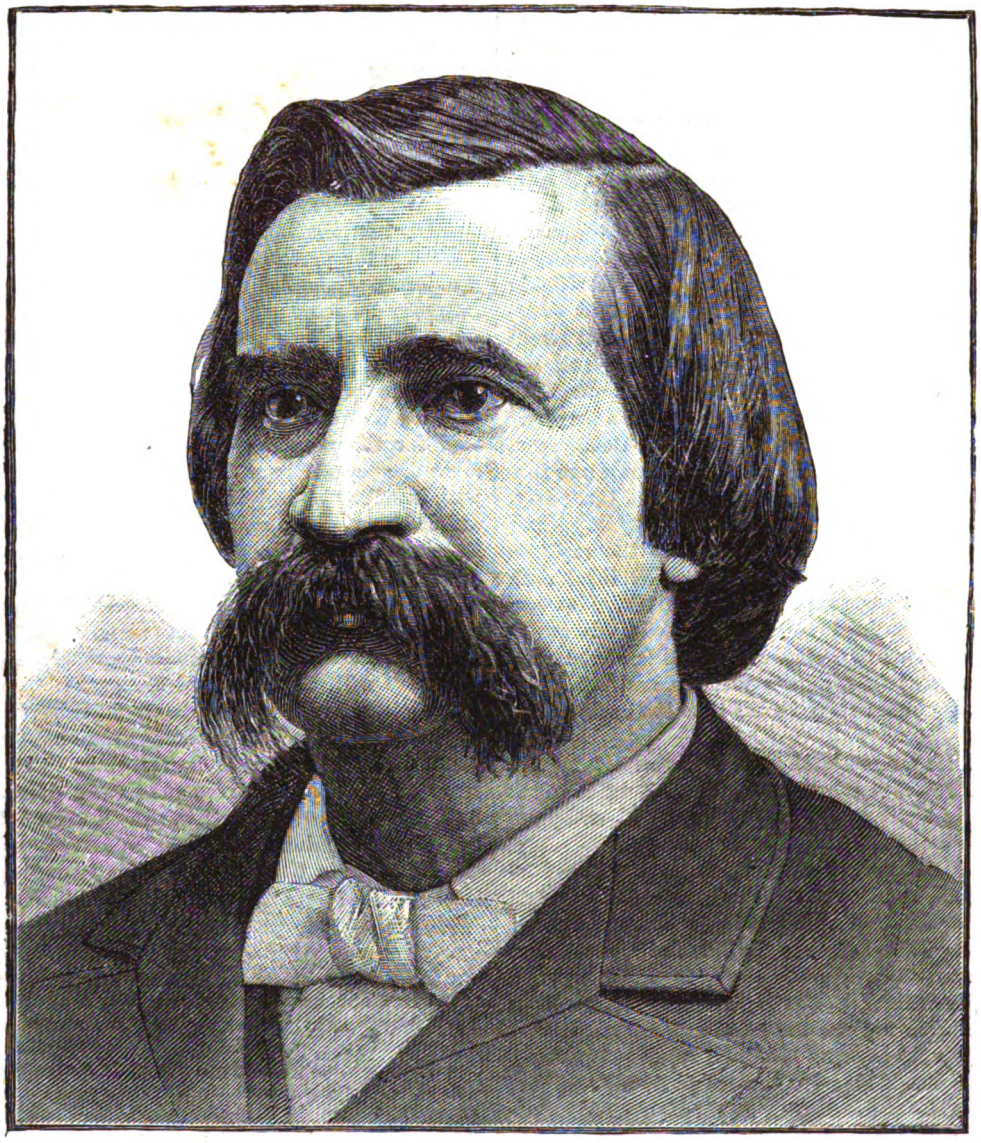
"The principal of the public regulation of railway corporations is a wise and salutary one for the protection of all classes of the people, and we favor legislation that shall prevent unjust discrimination and excessive charges for transportation, and that shall secure to the people and to the railways alike the fair and equal protection of the laws.

"We favor the establishment of a national Bureau of Labor, the enforcement of the Eight-hour law, and a wise and judicious system of general education by adequate appropriations from the national revenues, wherever the same is needed. We believe that everywhere the protection to a citizen of American birth must be secured to citizens of American adoption, and we favor the settlement of national differences by international arbitration.

"The Republican party, having its birth in a hatred of slave labor and in a desire that all men may be free and equal, is unalterably opposed to placing our workingmen in competition with any form of servile labor, whether at home or abroad. In this spirit we denounce the importation of contract labor, whether from Europe or Asia, as an offense against the spirit of American institutions, and we pledge ourselves to sustain the present law restricting Chinese immigration, and to provide such further legislation as is necessary to carry out its purposes.

"The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reformed system, already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the objects of existing reformed legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.

"The public lands are a heritage of the people of the United States, and should be reserved, as far as possible, for small holdings by actual settlers. We are opposed to the acquisition of large tracts of these lands by corporations or individuals, especially where such holdings are in the hands of non-resident aliens, and we will endeavor to obtain such legislation as will tend to correct this evil. We demand of Congress the speedy forfeiture of all land grants which have lapsed by reason of non-compliance with acts of



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

incorporation, in all cases where there has been no attempt in good faith to perform the conditions of such grants.

"The grateful thanks of the American people are due to the Union soldiers and sailors of the late war, and the Republican party stands pledged to suitable pensions for all who were disabled, and for the widows and orphans of those who died in the war. The Republican party also pledges itself to the repeal of the limitation contained in the Arrears Act of 1879, so that all invalid soldiers shall share alike, and their pensions shall begin with the date of disability or discharge, and not with the date of their application.

"The Republican party favors a policy which shall keep us from entangling alliances with foreign nations, and which shall give the right to expect that foreign nations shall refrain from meddling in American affairs—the policy which seeks peace and can trade with all powers, but especially with those of the Western Hemisphere.

"We demand the restoration of our navy to its old-time strength and efficiency, that it may, in any sea, protect the rights of American citizens and the interest of American commerce; and we call upon Congress to remove the burdens under which American shipping has been depressed, so that it may again be true that we have a commerce which leaves no sea unexplored, and a navy which takes no law for superior force.

Resolved, That appointments by the President to offices in the Territories should be made from the bona-fide citizens and residents of the Territories wherein they are to serve.

Resolved, That it is the duty of Congress to enact such laws as shall promptly and effectually suppress the system of polygamy within our Territories, and divorce the political from the

GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

ecclesiastical power of the so-called Mormon Church, and that the law so enacted should be rigidly enforced by the civil authorities, if possible, and by the military, if need be."

The Democratic platform :

"The Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interested. But, in making a reduction of taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather promote their healthy growth. From the foundation of this Government taxes collected at the custom-houses have been the chief source of revenue, and they must continue to be. Moreover, many industries have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance, so that any change of law must be at every step regardful of labor and capital thus involved. The process of reform must be subject in the execution to the plain dictates of justice, that all taxation shall be limited to the requirements of economical government. The necessary reduction can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rates of wages prevailing in this country.

"Sufficient revenue to pay all the expenses of the Federal Government economically administered, including pensions, the interest and principal of the public debt, can be got under our present system of taxation from custom-house taxes on a few imported articles, being heaviest on articles of luxury, and becoming lighter on articles of necessity.

"We therefore denounce the abuses of the existing tariff, and subject to preceding limitation, we demand that Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes, and shall not exceed the needs of the Government economically administered.

"The system of direct taxation, known as the internal revenue, is a war tax, and so long as the law continues the money derived therefrom should be devoted for the relief of the people from the remaining burdens of war, and be made a fund to defray the expense of the care and comfort of worthy soldiers, disabled in the line of duty, in the wars of the republic, and for the payment of such pensions as Congress may from time to time grant to such soldiers, a like fund for the sailors having been already provided, and any surplus should be paid into the treasury.

"We favor an amicable continental policy, based upon more intimate commercial and political relations with the fifteen sister republics of North, Central and South America, but entangling alliances with none.

"We believe in honest money, all the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution, and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss.

"Asserting the equality of all men before the law, we hold that it is the duty of the Government, in its dealings with the people, to mete out equal and exact justice to all citizens, of whatever nationality, race, color or persuasion, religious or political.

"The selection of Federal officers for the Territories should be restricted to citizens permanently resident therein.

"We oppose sumptuary laws, which vex the citizens and interfere with individual liberty.

"We favor honest civil service reform and the compenstion of United States officers by fixed salaries; the separation of Church and State, and the diffusion of free education by common schools, so that every child in the land may be taught the right and duties of citizenship.

"While we favor all legislation which will tend to the equal distribution of property, to the prevention of monopoly, and to the strict enforcement of individual rights against corporate abuses, we hold that the welfare of society depends upon a scrupulous regard for the rights of property as defined by law, and believe that labor is best rewarded where it is free and most enlightened. It should, therefore, be fostered and cherished.

"We favor the repeal of all laws restricting the free action of labor, and the enactment of a law by which labor organizations may be incorporated, and of all such legislation as will tend to enlighten the people as to the free relations of capital and labor.

"We think that the public lands ought, so far as possible, to be kept as homesteads for actual settlers; that all unearned lands heretofore imprudently granted to railroad corporations by the actions of the Republican party should be restored to the public domain, and that no more grants of lands should be made to corporations, or shall be allowed to fall in the ownership of alien absentees.

"We are opposed to all propositions which, upon any pretext, will convert the General Government into a machine for collecting taxes to be distributed among the States or the citizens thereof."

The principles thus put forward are not so inharmonious as to justify the existence of two great parties; but the parties exist, and it will be for the good sense and sound patriotism of the American people to decide by the ballot-box whether the Federal Government shall for four years more remain in the hands of those who have held it for twenty years, or whether the good of the country demands that, in the interest of reform, it should now pass to other hands.

No party has ever held power so long as the Republican. Its success precipitated the long-threatened Civil War, a war which it carried through successfully. It has since controlled the destinies of the American people, holding the Presidency and the Senate, and for most of the period the House of Representatives. Its power has declined; it shows signs of weakness and dissension.

On the other hand, the Democratic party lacks men who have attained prominence or displayed great executive talent, and its occasional partial successes have been almost inevitably neutralized by great political blunders.

Besides the candidates of the two great political parties, there are and will be others in the field, who are likely to draw away votes from one side or the other.

A Prohibitionist Convention, held at Pittsburg, July 24th, nominated, for President, Governor John P. St. John, of Kansas; and for Vice-President, Hon. William Daniel, of Maryland; while General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, is recognized as the candidate of the Greenback and Labor party.

AMONG THE DUSTBUGS AND THE BONEJINTERS.

By Henry Cleveland Wood.

These words had for my ears such a peculiar and unusual sound, that they immediately arrested my attention, and aroused my—well, my interest, I may add, as I am not feminine in gender, and possess few of the prevailing characteristics of that estimable sex.

The words were uttered by old Aunt Dinah, who informed Charley and me at the supper-table that there was to be a fierce and mighty race between the Dustbugs and Bonejinters on that very evening, and she had hastened the present meal on account thereof, that she might fully participate in the enjoyable affair.

"The very thing," cried Charley, in his impetuous, eager way. "We will go. I am sure you have never seen anything of a similar nature?" he added questioningly.

"I feel convinced of that fact also," I responded, "for both words are quite foreign to my vocabulary. I have not even the remotest idea of their significance."

"You have expressed such an interest in the manners and customs of our emancipated race, that the present opportunity will be an excellent one for studying some of their most pronounced traits and peculiarities, and you must not miss it."

"But pray enlighten me! What is it all about?" I queried. "I disclaim any approach to curiosity whatever, but my thirst for knowledge in the present case is of a gnawing and unrestful character. Appease it, I entreat you."

"I am astonished," said Charley, in tantalizing deliberation, "utterly so, at your profound ignorance. I thought writers knew everything."

"It is a common fallacy," I responded. "Their mission is to learn everything; so add your quota of information to my neglected education."

"Well," began Charley, obligingly, laying aside his

knife and fork while the explanation is being given, "there is no race under the sun, you will understand, who are fonder of amusements, or of holding religious assemblages, than the Americanized negro, who enters with the same exuberant enthusiasm into each, and when the two can be successfully united, as is frequently the case, the bosom of the dusky African is replete with unalloyed happiness, for they enter into these pleasures and pursuits with an utter intensity that would satisfy the most æsthetic of souls.

"By reason of this characteristic, fairs, picnics, suppers, concerts, tableaux, and Christmas-trees (which latter are held as many times during the year as occasion and the condition of the church treasury requires), are things of frequent occurrence; the proceeds being devoted either to repairs about the church, or to purchasing fuel, and oftentimes toward raising funds for the minister's salary, which, like many other things in this life, occasionally proves uncertain.

"A race between the Dustbugs and Bonejinters is rarely resorted to, unless some considerable sum of money is desired; consequently it has not become so common as the other amusements, by means of which the church is supplied with the necessary earthly dross, to keep the machinery in smooth running order.

"On such an occasion it is a mooted question as to whether town or country possesses the most means and liberality, and often the excitement runs high and fierce between the two factions, much to the pecuniary benefit of the cause jointly espoused.

"The Dustbugs embrace all who are tillers of the soil, or are rural in their pursuits, while the Bonejinters represent the mechanics, or those who dwell in the town. Both words are coined from the ingenious verbosity of the negro brain.

"This, I believe, is the best and most extensive definition I can give at present," he concluded, laughingly.

"It is sufficient," I responded, with a grateful smile. "The 'Encyclopedia Britannica' could not have been more satisfactory, and I am exceedingly anxious to witness the race. It will afford me much entertainment, I feel assured, and therefore my obligations to you will be all the more profound."

"In the words of Mr. Toots, 'It's of no consequence,'" said Charley.

When we had finished supper, Charley lighted the incense which he burned almost incessantly, not before, but *in*, his worldly idol—a pipe—and we started on our walk, as the event was to transpire in an opposite quarter of the town, and we wished to enjoy the fine evening to its fullest extent.

Long before we were in sight of our destination the numerous squads of gayly-dressed and hilarious colored individuals of all ages and sizes, and the distant hum of many powerful voices, admonished us that we were taking the proper direction, and after a few minutes' walk our objective point was attained.

The present jubilant occasion was for the purpose of paying off the remainder of the debt hanging over a new church just finished, and which was a very pretty and substantial brick edifice.

The scene was already beginning to grow animated, early though it was, for a popular vote was then being cast by the two factions, regarding the likeliest pair of damsels that should represent them, a considerable number of candidates aspiring to this highly flattering position; while many fascinating arts were being openly practiced to secure the coveted nomination, each female acting as her own energetic lobbyist.

Finally a decision was rendered by each party, and the two successful representatives were at once provided with conspicuous and exalted seats above the crowd and facing each other. Both were arrayed in their most brilliant apparel, which was yet further heightened by innumerable odds and ends of gay ribbons and bright flowers. These damsels were expected to wield their softest blandishments in behalf of the party who had conferred so distinguished an honor upon them, and coax as much money as possible from the pockets of the dusky gallants who paid tribute and homage both at each respective shrine.

Every now and then the amounts collected were summed up and compared, and the results proclaimed by two, elected for that purpose, whereupon there would be either joy or dicomfiture, as one or the other of the parties would be ahead or in the rear, as the case might be. Then the contest would wax fiercer, as those who were successful strove to hold the ascendency, while the others made as equally strenuous efforts to reach and distance their antagonists, which was frequently done, so strongly did the bitterness of defeat work upon the liberality of the outstripped foe, and for a time confusion, exultation, and chagrin, held each their sway.

Shortly after our arrival a colored farmer of some means, carried happiness to the hearts of all the Dustbugs, and corresponding annoyance to the Bonejinters, by contributing quite a beneficent sum of money to aid the former party. The latter had immediately scattered numerous persuasive adherents through the building, and were quickly recovering from this severe shock. So successful were their efforts, indeed, that when the amounts were again compared there was only a small balance in favor of the Dustbugs, whereupon an enthusiastic Bonejinter, amid a thundering applause from his party, relieved the deficiency by extracting the required sum from the depths of his wallet, which he returned to his pocket in a sadly collapsed condition.

The self-satisfied air with which he walked off plainly indicated that this sacrifice was not without its sweet reward, and that the present destitution he had voluntarily brought upon himself was of little moment, when compared with the honor of his party, thus preserved by a heroic act.

Our presence was not forgotten or overlooked, and a vigilant Bonejinter soon had us under his protection, being positive that our sympathies all lay with his party, and despite our protestations of utter neutrality, we were straightway conducted into the presence of his society's representative, who modestly requested a small donation from each of us, which she received with many smirks and bows.

Scarcely had we left her presence when we were immediately seized upon by a zealous partisan of the other faction, who petitioned our aid in their behalf, and gave us a similar presentation to his party's choice.

On each platform beside the representative stood the "Speaker," either of whom certainly possessed volubility if not eloquence, and many very amusing little speeches were made on each side by these ebon-hued orators, every word being eagerly devoured by a crowd of open-mouthed admirers gathered around them.

This office is also a greatly coveted one, and reflects much honor on the possessor, who must be a garrulous individual of much persuasive power and gifted with considerable native wit as well, for in these accomplishments lies much of the ultimate success of his party.

Whenever anything was uttered that struck an auditor as being appropriate or good, that one at once gave vent

THE OLD PARSONAGE, CALDWELL, N. J., WHERE GOVERNOR CLEVELAND WAS BORN. SEE PAGE 257.

to an ejaculation similar to these expressions : "Go frum dat." "I believes yer." "On deiright paff (path) now." "Told de trufe (truth) dat time." "Yes, honey !" "Jest so my sweet ole calacamfus."

This last word I learned, on questioning Charley, was derived from the bloom of the flowering shrub, the fragrant calacanthus, whose powerful perfume is highly esteemed by them.

We stood in the vicinity of these speakers for some time, that we might hear the strange, and withal highly amusing, dialect of this exotic race, who in redundancy and originality of expression have no equals.

This dialect, too, is rapidly disappearing, as education and communication with the enlightened world afford means of improvement heretofore unknown in their shadowed history, and as their imitative powers are fine, they readily learn when the opportunity offers, although this same imitative quality frequently gives rise to the ludicrous mistakes which they often make.

"I'll tell yer what, my bredren (brethren) an' ladies, talkin' 'bout Noer—warn't he a Bonejinter, and didn't he bild de ark ? S'posen he hadn't been a Bonejinter, what would a' cum ob all dese poor Dustbugs dat we sees crawlin' round yere ? Jist tell me dat, if yer kin ! De las' one ob yer owe Mister Noer fur dis wurk of savin' yer frum de big freshet, so jog along dis way an' plank down de cash."

Loud applause from the Bonejinters and silence among the Dustbugs. The silence was but momentary, however.

"S'posen Noer was a Bonejinter," replied his antagonist, quickly recovering his equanimity, and picking up the gauntlet that had been thrown to him, "what ob dat ? S'posen he did bild de ark, what ob dat ? Whar would he a' bin, and all dese udder poor triflin' Bonejinters, if de Dustbugs hadn't fotch him cabbages an' taters an' bacon, fur to lib on till de rain wus ober ? Tell me dat, will yer !"

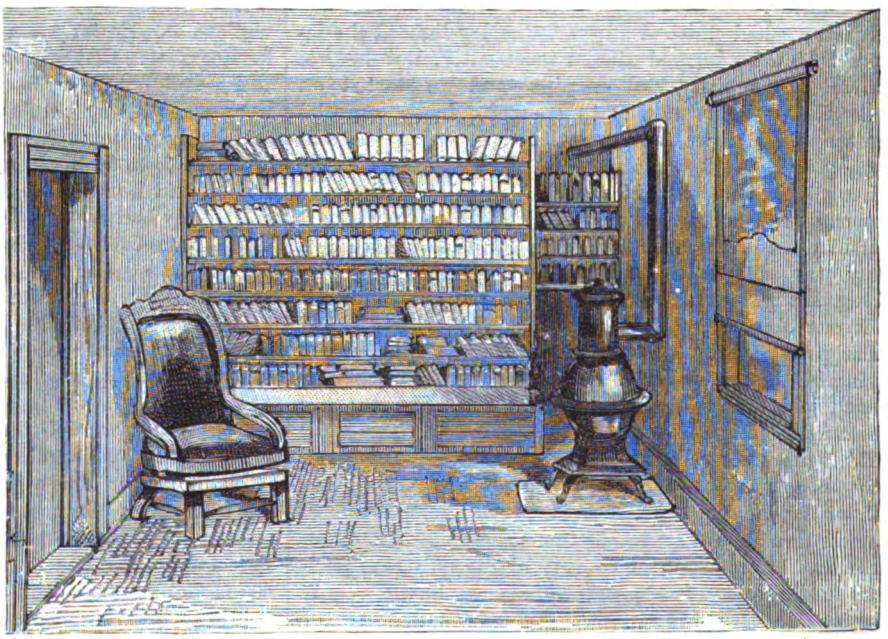
Immense applause from the Dustbugs, and complete annihilation of the Bonejinters, at this unexpected retort.

Just a short while before the speaker of the Dustbug faction had been expatiating on the antiquity of his party, referring back to Adam and Eve, who, he informed his delighted adherents, were the very fountain-head of the Dustbugs.

"Didn't dey eben lib all de time in de gardin ?" he said ; "an' if dey wasn't Dustbugs, I'd like fur yer to show me one. Dey didn't do nuffin else but walk round an' hoe a little corn, an' tend to de sweet-tater crop, an' spade up de beds fur plantin'."

"Jist hold on dar," interrupted the opposing orator. "Whar did dey git dem hoes and spades frum ?"

"Why, de Lord made 'em, and gib 'em to Adam and



ROOM IN WHICH CLEVELAND WAS BORN.

Eve, ob course," answered the other, without hesitation.

"Den you jist shut up, an' don't say nuffin more 'bout de Dustbugs," continued the orator of the Bonejinters' persuasion, grinning broadly at the success of the trap into which his antagonist had so readily fallen. "If de orator, pointing to his opponent. "He's too green to be a genuron (genuine) Bonejinter, and too lazy to belong to our party."

"No honest genemon (gentleman) would eber call dat nigger *green* nohow," retorted the other, "fur sut (soot) rubbed on would look like whitewash—yah! yah!"

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

Lord made dem hoes and spades, we've got Him on our side, too."

So a continued fire of Afric repartee was kept up between the two speakers, but all with the greatest good-humor, and loudly applauded by the highly delighted audience.

"I dunno what dat fellow is anyway," said the Dustbug

At one of the countings, the Dustbugs were "twenty-five cents shorts," as the speaker announced, of being up with the Bonejinters' total. At this announcement a very corpulent old negress drew from her capacious pocket a large white bundle, and deliberately unrolled a long stocking, from the toe of which she extracted several nickels and passed them over to the Dustbug coffers, then

complaisantly returned the novel portemonnaie to its resting-place.

Later in the evening several small sums of money were produced from various brilliant bandanna 'kerchiefs, in one corner of which each had been securely tied, and was sometimes guarded by as many as three intricate knots.

Even the children yielded up their cherished nickels to swell the general fund, but did it with a willingness and display of ivory teeth that plainly bespoke the delight it afforded them, together with an exaggerated idea of the great aid their contributions had effected, that was highly comical.

Excitement would run high after each proclamation, and even Charley and I became infected with the general interest manifested, and watched the frequent fluctuations of the race with great and undisguised concern.

"After this I shall always regard with due leniency *habitués* of the turf," I said, laughingly, as I passed over a quarter of a dollar to aid in supplying the deficiency of the Bonejinters' treasury, on a recent count.

"Fortunately for me, I only had a small amount of change in my pocket when we came," responded Charley, "and that is about exhausted now, so I am safe from further temptation."

The church was by this time quite crowded, and becoming more so each moment, fresh arrivals constantly presenting themselves, some of them having walked a distance of six or seven miles from the neighboring farms, and as my curiosity was sufficiently satisfied, I signified my willingness to return home, which we accordingly did after a pleasant and entertaining hour among the Dustbugs and Bonejinters.

THE LOVE OF "THE APOLLO."

Rex Rideau married Nannie Hawthorne on the 10th of November, 1875, at St. Thomas's Church. "Reception after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's father on Fifth Avenue"— *vide* the *Court Journal* of America.

Miss Hawthorne became engaged to Rex Rideau during her third season, and became his wife just prior to her fourth. She was twenty-three, and surpassingly beautiful! A woman with a complexion like a pearl, Greek features, large brown dove's eyes, with silky, sweeping lashes, a mouth of perfect sweetness, and a low, broad brow.

Rex Rideau, "The Apollo," was so called by his clubfellows, because of his absolute likeness to the Greek marble face of the god; and great was the howl and wail over the dual capture: a masculine howl on behalf of the ladies, a feminine wail *àpropos* of the gentlemen. That which appeared to sharpen the blow among the men was the fact that Rideau was a widower, having perpetrated matrimony at the age of twenty-seven, some ten years ago, but having only enjoyed conjugal felicity for the brief space of eight months; and that which drove the steel home to the feminine breast with added bitterness was the recollection that Nannie Hawthorne had never even once been heard to descant upon the immaculate charms of "The Apollo."

As Cora Hartley summed up the affair to a select coterie, "Nan Hawthorne had always had the best men buzzing around her; and, of course, she had ended by not marrying a man like other men, but the very god of Olympus! And here they are now, my dears, as lover-like as the hour they sailed down St. Thomas's aisle to the heart-melting strains of 'Ever of Thee'!"

By "here" Miss Hartley meant the Ocean House, Newport, and to narrow the term as much as possible, "here" is a certain large, comfortable sitting-room, whose two big windows give in the direction of the ocean. Before one of them a lounge is drawn up, and on it sits Nannie Rideau, her white fingers busy with some colored silks.

"Nannie, I say"—half-tenderly, half-impatiently—"put up that stuff and—and pay attention to me!"

"What a baby!" Down goes the rose without its heart and all the silks, and Mrs. Rideau goes over to her husband, and prisoning his face in her shapely hands, stoops and kisses him where he sits. "There!" she looks, half-shyly, down at him; "am I not good?"

"You are delicious, generous, all that I would have you, my queen! You grant me favors almost ere I ask them—a royal giver!"

'Tis an idyllic life, for, after all, if two people choose, two people can be very much apart from the rest of the world at a great hotel. They drive in the morning *en tête-à-tête*, they drive in the afternoon *en convenance*. Madame, in some splendid *toilette*, is seen every evening for half an hour or so, and then vanishes; and monsieur appears to prefer the seclusion of his own drawing-room to any attraction of billiards below.

Nannie is flawless to-night, in soft, white long trails of filmy lace sweeping after her, vailing the lovely neck and shadowing the round large arms, a peachy flush on the perfect cheeks! Well might Dick Hartley sigh a bitter sigh as he watched her. He did not even see the woman who sat near her, and with whom Mrs. Rideau was talking, but most people did notice her.

This woman is dressed in a satin dress, of a faint green shade, and a great blaze of emeralds lies upon her white neck. She is not more than twenty-six, and her name is Vivian Reade; she is Mrs. Vivian Reade, and without a husband.

"Yes," she says, in answer to some query, "I am just returned from France. America is my native land, and unnaturally, perhaps," with a little smile, "I prefer it."

"And I am nothing if not orthodox. Believe me thoroughly that if I die good I shall go straight to Paris! Oh, living there is delicious!" returns the other.

"You like it?" Vivian Reade says, looking at Nannie Rideau with a curious, unconscious shadow in her eyes. "Of course you like it—pleasure, gayety—all that is brilliant and beautiful! For you are all that yourself, and you are a young wife, they all tell me?"

Such a tender, quaint, low tone, and such a sad, slow glance from the great half-shut eyes.

"Mr. Rideau!—Rex!" Nannie pushes aside her curtain and calls her husband. "Let me present my husband to you! Mrs. Reade, Mr. Rideau."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Rideau remained down-stairs that evening until eleven o'clock. He played the first game of billiards that he had indulged in for months. Nannie sat chatting with her new friend, and soon, woman-like, had contrived to impart a very considerable knowledge of herself and her emotions and belongings to the other.

After that evening Cora Hartley thought she saw signs of a decline in the honeymoon of the Rideaus.

"*You!*"

Rex Rideau's blue-eyed, Greek face is almost white.

"I!" she answers, not surprised at his coming, but glancing up at him as he stands in the twilight before her, with that wild, questioning look in her eyes. "Have you anything to say to me?"

"Yes, I have!" Fiercer and fonder than any words Nannie Hawthorne ever listened to from lips of this man, or any other.

"You mean that you wish to ask me what I am going to do?" she says, in a harsh, strained tone, as she sits with her two hands clasped round her knees, and swaying a little back and forth.

"I never thought of it," he replies, as though she had started some new idea in his brain.

"No! That is strange!" quietly. "I am not the same woman that I was *once*, you know!" looking off and away.

"The same and not the same." He has gone nearer her, and has sat down by her. "It is like some dream! Some story—romance! I thought you were dead!"

"The Apollo" speaks as of some buried bliss or bane; who knows which?

"No, alive! Shall I go away? I leave it to you."

Vivian Reade's voice sounds as if in saying this she had laid down her life with the words.

"Go away from me?" cries he, catching at her locked hands, wildly. "No, no, Vivian! Vivian, I know not what you are to me, but I do know this"—Rex's voice sinks into a soft whisper—"If you leave me I shall follow you, and find you!"

The little fingers do not unclasp. She sends no responsive, thrilling glance back to him, nor any sign. She rises and stands a moment, says, "God help this woman who has been married to you!" and then she walks away.

Nannie Rideau meets her at the threshold with wide, curious eyes, and finds her husband sitting there in the gloaming with a look on his face that she finds new.

"Rex, my darling boy!" The two beautiful arms are thrown round him, and the luxurious, soft lips meet his. "Why do you sit out here in the damp? Come in—come up-stairs; I want you!"

He glances up at her, and his arms remain folded together, and he says:

"I wonder if the love that is for ever eluding is the love that a man loves best, or——"

"What is the boy dreaming about?" Nannie cries, with her pretty laugh, and smoothing back his hair and dropping her kisses on the golden rings.

"True, *ma belle! ma reine!* My royal giver, let us go in!"

* * * * * *

'Tis another night—later, though—the clock down yonder has just struck nine, and further on in that Summer of '76, and instead of Rex Rideau seated there in that shadowy eastern corner of the piazza, Vivian Reade with a book in her hands, and across her the mellow light of the moon.

"What have you there, Mrs. Reade?" Rideau says, carelessly, stepping out toward her through one of the low windows of the parlor.

"'Owen Meredith.'"

"And what? 'Lucile,' the ladies' favorite?"

"No. This from a 'Love-letter.'"

She hands him the volume.

"No. Read it to me."

"'But now we know the best, the worst! We have
Interred, and prematurely, and unknown,
Our youth, our heart, our hopes, in one small grave,
Whence we must wander, widowed, to our own."

So she reads, and closes the book with a weary look over and far beyond him.

"Do you mean that you think I am going to give you up out of my sight? Do you mean to say that *you* can leave me and go your way, and never with the mere light of your face give me joy again?" The man's voice is full of repressed passion, and a keener pain than women ever know. "Do you mean to tell me that you can do this? You who would not crush a worm beneath your heel, to tear from your—from me—the one crumb of bread that keeps me from starving? No, you are too generous!"

"And you are sure of this?"

"Sure of it! Although for ten long years I have not seen you, until six weeks ago. I know that the heart that was mine once is mine to-night."

"Oh, my love—my love! why has life been so cruel to us? Why was I so blind, reckless? Why did I not seek you out—mine and not mine?"

"But you didn't know." And with the voice of a forgiving little child she looks up into his face. Some day, Rex, you will not forget me! No, not that! But I will be buried, and you will have quiet, easy times with her. There is—well, you know I could make you happy—but there is a stain upon me!" Her voice sinks to a whisper and her head droops low upon her bosom.

"Hush!"

And Rex Rideau crushes his love close to his heart and kisses the tender lips, and the little hands, and the white throat, till a great soft cloud covers the moon.

And when the cloud has blown over from the east to the west their chairs are empty, and only the poet stands there looking at the night, and within the curtained window Nannie Rideau is weeping and sighing, and calling on her gods as such sumptuous women will when they are grievously wounded. The other would have been silent.

The sun shines brightly out the next morning, and the beach is gay with groups of bathers in all manner of picturesque—"before the bath," and unpicturesque "after" the same—costumes. Half a dozen phaetons bouting up and down; two women cantering along with a man, losing his hat every two minutes in the wind, behind them. Lots of children and maids and people, merely lookers-on in Vienna. Among these last Rex Rideau, sauntering about with a couple of dogs at his heels, now and then lounging beside his wife's phaeton as she stops for chat with some one. Nobody could say that Mrs. Rideau was less pretty than yesterday, but there are sharp lines about her lovely mouth, and a strange watchfulness in her eyes. She sees, although he does not, Vivian Reade go quietly from her bathing-house, throw her cloak to her maid, and stand with a slow, shrinking torture on her white face, waiting for the eager wave to creep up and carry her on its buoyant bosom—whither? Then, attracted by the steady gaze of Mrs. Rideau, Mr. Rideau's glance follows hers, and finds that frail figure, that white face now shining in the morning sunlight, *now*, oh, God! sunk clean from sight.

He tears off his coat, his hat and shoes, and plunges in. He gropes and searches in the cool sea-waters, but he cannot find what he seeks; but hours afterward, when the tide comes in, it brings with it the fair body of Vivian.

He has watched for it standing there, and his wife sitting in her carriage, and he drags her in his arms up safe upon the shore; a heavy, weary weight, for they found shot sewed in her garments, and they knew then that she had wished to die. He has her in his arms, closer than he had under last night's moon, and, ah! though she had been cold then, she was colder far to-night.

"Vivian, my love, my life! So you had the courage to leave me, my fair, pure child! my darling! my——"

"What was this woman to you, Rex Rideau? Since I must listen to your laments and sweet speeches, let me know it all."

THE LOVE OF "THE APOLLO."—"THEY SAILED DOWN ST. THOMAS'S AISLE TO THE HEART-MELTING STRAINS OF 'EVER OF THEE!'"

Beautiful Nannie looks scornfully down at the small, slight thing—soulless, breathless — lying in Rex Rideau's arms

"She is my wife."

And the loving woman shrieks and swoons, and the dead woman is gathered closer to the breast of the golden-haired Apollo, but upon her lips no answering kiss, no smile to welcome love's fair, fond, wild outpouring.

To-morrow they find a small slip of paper, addressed to him, in her pocket-book; not many words:

"I go out of this world, Rex, that you may remain in it stainless! That she who has your name may not have sin with it! That she may teach you to love her in a new way! That you may know at last that I loved you, although lips and looks have not told you so in ten long years. VIVIAN."

But Rex Rideau did none of these things. He never looked upon Nannie Hawthorne's face again.

He informed his lawyers in plain language that he was a bigamist. That his wife, shortly after their marriage, had become insane; hopelessly so, as was supposed at the time. That he had imagined her dead, and had married again, hoping to dispel the memory of the reluctant child he had loved in the morning of his life with the later fascinations of the beautiful Nannie. That his wife — his first wife — he had met during the past Summer at Newport; she appearing like one risen from the dead to him. That she had offered to leave the place; that he had compelled her to remain. That he was her husband, and hers only. That Miss Hawthorne was a free woman, and that he declined to see her.

No remonstrances were of any avail. Mr. Hawthorne made every effort to heal the disgrace, but Rex Rideau was inexorable, and while the affair was pending, and society in a state of despair, took passage in the *Scythia* for Europe.

Our poet stumbled over him in Rome in a palace, standing before the statue of the Apollo, staring at the god's image that was so like unto his own beauty.

"Why do you never look at the statues of women, or at women themselves?" some one asked him.

And the poet heard him answer:

"The eyes of the Apollo"—with an odd little mocking laugh—"are sealed and sightless, and within his own cold heart only can we look for the love of the Apollo."

And he stood there looking, while past him swept Nannie Hawthorne, and scores of sweeter women, unseen to him, for, ah! truly, the Apollo's eyes are blind to all women, the Apollo's heart is cold, they say, and in it there lies buried the memory of the face of his wife, Vivian.

IT is certain, that either wise hearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another; therefore, let them take heed of their company.

DISCONTENT is the want of self-reliance; it is the infirmity of will.

THE LOVE OF "THE APOLLO."—"WHAT WAS THIS WOMAN TO YOU, REX RIDEAU? LET ME KNOW IT ALL.'"

IN A GRANGE GARDEN.—"HE LAYS HIS HAND ON MRS. SALISBURY'S. 'YOU MUST MAKE BERRY ACCEPT ME, FOR YOUR SAKE AND YOUR SON'S!' HE HISSES OUT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

NIRVANA.

By W. L. Courtney.

O weary soul, for ever shalt thou rest,
For evermore of dreamless slumber fain;
Nor knowing aught, nor caring of the pain
Thy long-past uncomplaining years attest:
Bent is the dream of perfectest and best,
The fond illusion which thy youth might feign,
For ever. Hope and love and joy are slain,
And life stands bare, in misery confest.

What more awaits thee? Slumber sweet and still,
And eyes fast closed against the weight of tears,
And heart that beats not with imagined fears,
And folded hands, and unresisting will;
Dead to the weary waste of ceaseless ill,
And untormented by the passing years.

IN A GRANGE GARDEN.

By Annie Thomas.

THE four persons who are pacing along the alley on the southern side of this garden feel nothing of the rasping March wind that is blowing lustily and dustily over the open roads and fields. For the sides of this alley are formed with thick and well-grown holly, bays and cypress-trees, interspersed with daphnes and bushes of rosemary and lavender.

Down among the roots of these shrubs and bushes there are great patches of bright blue-and-white violets, of yellow daffodils and paler primroses, of anemones and the interlacing blue-and-white periwinkle.

In other parts of the old grange garden rarer and more costly flowers are to be found in abundance; but this southern alley is left a good deal to nature and to the three girls who are strolling along its sheltered length with their brother this morning.

They are the three daughters of Mr. Salisbury, of Sittingdean Grange, and the youth with them, their half-brother, is Rupert Salisbury, the only son and heir. The girls, when grouped together, have that quality which Dickens so charmingly assigns to Dot and May Fielding in that sweet old Christmas carol, "The Cricket on the Hearth"— they set off and adorn one another.

People do not say that Mabel, the eldest, is lovely, until they see her delicate grace set off to fullest advantage by the stately beauty of her second sister, Helen, and the piquant charms of the brown-eyed youngest, Berry — so called after an aunt, Mrs. Berrydale, who promised at the child's birth to leave it all her property, and at her own death forgot her promise *in re* James Salisbury's youngest daughter in favor of two women who had maltreated her for her "own good" for several years under the titles of "companion" and "assiduously devoted" friend.

Poor Berry Salisbury had been born under an evil star. Her mother had been ill for a long time, miserable for a longer period, and mad for some months before poor Berry came into the world.

But, for all these adverse influences, Berry came into the world with a fine, clear brain, and a high, bright spirit of her own; and the stepmother who was soon brought home to the grange, to manage it and all appertaining thereto, found Baby Berry the most difficult to deal with.

Baby Berry was not a year old when her half-brother Rupert was born; and the people who had not come under the influence of the second Mrs. Salisbury's sparkling eyes and manner said hard things about this marriage and the son and heir.

Sittingdean Grange is an important little place in its neighborhood, and all that concerns it interests its neighbors greatly. Accordingly, the second Mrs. Salisbury found that hard measure was dealt out to her by local gossip when she and her infant came to claim its suffrages.

No one knew when or where Mr. Salisbury had married her, but every one said that it must have been indecently soon after his first wife's death. And in saying this they fell far short of the actual measure of his offense.

What that offense is, is a secret known only to himself and to the unhappy woman against whom he committed it long ago, when his passion for her urged him on to the commission of the crime of marrying her while his first wife was still alive, mad in an asylum.

When death mercifully removed the insane woman, he wickedly and weakly kept his own counsel from the one who believed herself to be his wife legally, and who was about to become a mother. He had not the courage to face the outburst of wounded love and pride and trust to which he thought she would give way. But when, in after years, accident revealed to her the secret he had kept, her silent anguish was even harder for him to bear.

It was in vain he pleaded that what he had done had been the result of overmastering love for her. She scorned him for the meanness which had made him deceive her for the gratification of his wicked love, and she hated him for the wrong done to her boy with a hatred that she made no effort to conceal from him.

For a time he feared she would leave him and proclaim her wrongs; but regard for the welfare of her child prevented her taking this step. But, though she remained under his roof for Rupert's sake, she never spoke to him or saw him save in the presence of others.

In vain did he humble himself in his penitence, and entreat her to permit him to do her the tardy justice of a genuine marriage. Nothing could alter the fact of her son being illegitimate, therefore nothing could be gained by giving him the right to exercise legal marital authority over her. She staid on in his house, giving tender, loving, prudent care to the daughters of the woman whom she had unwittingly injured, exercising a wise rule over the management of the household, and stinging Mr. Salisbury to his soul by her coldness and contempt.

Matters have gone on in this way for several years, now, at Sittingdean Grange, and the children are still in ignorance of the cause of the iron-bound, icy relations which exist between their father and mother. These relations have existed for so long a time that both children and servants have ceased to speculate about them, and the neighborhood has almost ceased to mention "that Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury don't get on well."

On this day, while Rupert and his half-sisters are strolling up and down the southern alley, Mrs. Salisbury breaks through her rule of silence toward the man to whom that silence is so bitter a punishment.

It brings the blood to Mr. Salisbury's brow, partly with surprise and partly with the hope of softer feeling setting in, when Rupert's mother voluntarily enters his study, and, in a gentler tone than she has used toward him for years, says:

"I have come to speak to you about my boy's future.

It is time that a choice of a profession should be fixed. Have you forgotten that he is seventeen ?"

"I have forgotten nothing that concerns him or you," Mr. Salisbury replies, in a low voice. "Your welfare is very dear to me."

She turns her head aside, but he sees the tears springing from her eyes. Oh, if she will only relent and suffer him to make amends ! If she will only let him take her away to some place where they are neither of them known, and make her his honored wife, how he will bless and cherish her !

From this dream of possible peace and happiness he is wakened by her next words.

"I have not long to live," she says, sadly. "Don't think I am trying to alarm you, or wish to create a fictitious interest in your mind for me ; but I am so sure of what I say that I want to be assured of my son's welfare. What is Rupert to be ?"

"He is my heir," he answers, solemnly.

"You mean that he is to have this place—to be known as Rupert Salisbury, of Sittingdean Grange ?"

"I mean that."

Once more a soft glow suffuses her face, and now she holds her hand out to him. It is the first time since she made the fatal discovery of the wrong he wrought her that her hand had touched his, and the contact makes him tremble like an aspen-leaf.

"I have been very hard and unforgiving," she murmurs, "but I am dying now ; for the sake of the love we bore to one another once, make all secure for Rupert ; word your will in such a way that, whatever happens, the property will be indisputably his."

"The very precautions you would have me take might rouse suspicion and cause his claim to be disputed," Mr. Salisbury says ; "as it is, no one can doubt or contest it. Sittingdean is strictly entailed ; it will go to my son as surely and safely as it came to me from my father. Be satisfied—be happy at last."

"Who would have an interest in dispossessing Rupert of the estate ? Not the dear girls, I know. Would it not be your nephew James ?" she asks, eagerly.

"Yes," he tells her ; "James would be the rightful heir if Rupert did not exist."

"Or if any flaw can be found in Rupert's birthright ?" she asks ; and Rupert's father, with a face pallid and drawn with heart-sickening remorse, has to admit the truth of her suggestion.

"But no such flaw will ever be proved," he pleads ; "the secret is ours to keep while we live, and when we die it will be buried with us ; cease from these idle fears ! Be at rest at last !"

There is such a passionate prayer for forgiveness in these words that all resentment vanishes, and weeping, but not bitterly, Mrs. Salisbury puts her quivering lips to his forehead in token of pardon and peace.

The four young people out in the garden are astounded presently by the sight of their parents coming toward them, talking together freely and happily. They are even more astounded when Mr. Salisbury tells them that their mother and himself are obliged to go to town on business for a few days. The girls plead vainly one after the other "to be taken, too." Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury are smilingly inexorable, and in the afternoon they take a tender leave of their children, and start on their journey, the object of which may be guessed ! It is none other than this—their marriage !

The license is procured, and the next morning, in an old church in the Strand, the pair are made man and wife in reality at last. No one is present in the church save the priest who performs the ceremony, and an old man who keeps the church moderately clean and sees to the vestry fire in Winter.

He gives this "woman to be married to this man," and thinks what an improvement this sort of marriage is on the ordinary order of weddings, when the bride comes provided with a father or a friend who does the giving-away part of the business, and deprives the church-cleaner of an easily-earned guinea.

As they are leaving the church, trembling both of them with natural emotion, Mrs. Salisbury's face flushed and tearful, they attract the attention of a young man who is hurrying on his way to Somerset House.

"Halloa ! what's up ?" he says to himself in the vernacular. "Uncle and Aunt Salisbury coming out of church at this hour of the day ! What *on earth* brings them to town ?"

He turns and follows them at a distance for a short time. Then another thought strikes him, and, turning hastily back, he runs into the church, in his haste nearly upsetting the old man who has just given away the bride.

"Have you anything worth showing in your church ?" the young man asks, hurriedly. "Some friends of mine who have just gone out told me to come in and I should see something curious. What is it ?"

The young gentleman does not falter at the utterance of an untruth, it may be remarked ; but a nervous spasm convulses him for a moment when the old man says :

"I s'pose the curos thing they towld you to look at was their marriage-register. 'Tain't often a pair in years like them come to be married without a friend to look on."

"It will please them that I should see the register," Mr. James Salisbury says, sardonically, "and it will please me, too," he adds, with savage exultation.

Five minutes after this he has handed five shillings to the old man who thinks he is in luck's way this day, and is leaving the church with his uncle's bitter secret in his possession, and the knowledge of which will cost Rupert his inheritance.

He is an astute young man, and he knows that if he lets this knowledge escape him while his uncle lives that he may be balked yet. Mr. Salisbury can sell many a broad acre that is not entailed, and will do so assuredly if his son's prospects are endangered, and Sittingdean Grange, without the broad acres that lie around it, will be rather a burdensome inheritance.

So Mr. James Salisbury makes up his mind to keep his own counsel, to hold his hand, indeed, until his uncle dies, and the widow and her son are helpless.

"Then I'll bear down upon them with my knowledge of this morning's work, and oust the young bastard," he says, triumphantly ; "and I'll marry Berry and kick all the rest out."

From this glimpse into the state of his feelings it may be surmised that Mr. James Salisbury has a strong element of brutality and coarseness in him. It also may be assumed that he will show no mercy and very little justice.

Two days after this Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury go home again, and all would be peace and happiness at Sittingdean Grange were it not for her fast-failing health.

The few days' absence from home have made a great change in her. She is weak and visibly suffering when she returns to her children ; and, to their bitter, unavailing grief, they see the weakness grow and the suffering increase daily.

When they have been home a fortnight James Salisbury writes to his aunt to offer himself as her guest. A

kind, polite, loving letter it is ; but, somehow or other, Mrs. Salisbury shudders as she reads it and accedes to its request.

"Your nephew James is a rising, prudent young man," she says to her husband ; "but pray Heaven he may not induce one of our girls to marry him !"

"He has a good appointment in Somerset House, and will get on," Mr. Salisbury replies.

"He will get on in Somerset House, and wherever he pleases ; but I am sorry he wants to become more intimate with us. I should hate him for a husband for one of our daughters."

In spite of her intuition against him, however, Mrs. Salisbury finds her nephew a very agreeable companion when he comes. He is a good-looking man, with a clever, keen face, and eyes that dart from one object to another with the rapidity of forked lightning ; but he has not the personal beauty or the aristocratic repose of manner which characterizes his cousin Rupert.

These quick eyes of his light on Berry favorably from the first. He follows her about, flattering her with unspoken flatteries, and paying her homage in a way that gratifies her young womanly vanity, but does not touch her heart. Instinctively he feels that Mrs. Salisbury is opposed to his suit of her stepdaughter ; and so armed, with his knowledge of the profound secret of her life, he determines to defy and subdue her.

* * * *

March has given place to pretty, tearful April now, and the old grange garden is showing under one of its fairest aspects. Snowdrops in clusters are still to be found in abundance, but a dozen colored rivals compete for favor with them.

Down about the seat where Mrs. Salisbury sits resting during the balmy hours of the days are beds filled with double white violets, irises, gayly-striped tulips, peonies white and red, amber-hued daffodils, and a few early pinks. The air is sweet with the odor of French honeysuckle, and the sky is clear and blue. As the mother sits here surrounded by a thousand fresh, pure and beautiful objects, her mind is filled with holy thoughts about her son. She is praying earnestly, though she is not on her knees, that the good God will strengthen Rupert in all goodness, will fit him for the responsibilities of the position he will occupy, will lead the pure-hearted youth up to be an honorable, useful man.

And while she is praying thus her husband's nephew comes across the lawn and takes a seat beside her.

He has not made much headway with his cousin Berry lately, and so he is determined to put his

ACROSS THE PAMPAS.—A GAUCHO'S ENJOYMENT.—SEE PAGE 279.

ACROSS THE PAMPAS.—HUNTING THE GUANACO WITH BOLAS.— SEE PAGE 279.

fate to the touch with her this afternoon. She is a girl who attracts him as no other girl has ever done, and for the sake of indulging her girlish whim of seeming aversion to him, he is not going to run the risk of losing her.

That Mrs. Salisbury's influence is against his suit he is sure; from this morning her influence must be on his side.

For this purpose and to this end he seeks her this morning, and her poor failing heart recoils from him.

He begins in all suavity, tells her how he esteems her opinion, and thinks that she has a not altogether unfavorable one of himself; praises Rupert, the son of her heart, the apple of her eye, speciously, and then deftly brings the subject round to his love and admiration for her stepchild, Berry.

GAUCHO CAMP.

"Berry is a darling child, and every one loves and admires her," she says, shortly.

"She seems to be the dearest of all your stepdaughters

to you," he says, looking at her intently. "I have heard—I don't know whether it's true or not—that she was a mere infant when her mother died, and you married my uncle."

She bows her head, and her pale face grows pallid; but she says no word,

"Berry is the only girl whom I've ever seen that I've wanted for my wife. Will you give me a good word with her? Will you win my uncle's consent?" he asks.

But, though he is asking a favor in words, there is something in his manner suggestive of a threat.

"Berry must decide for herself," she says, nervously.

"Nay, but you must ask her to decide in my favor," he says, softly.

And now he lays his hand on Mrs. Salisbury's, and meets her frightened gaze with stern, unfaltering eyes.

"You *must make* Berry accept me, for your sake and your son's!" he hisses out; and, with a gasp and a cry, Mrs. Salisbury rises to her feet, holding her hand against her beating heart.

"For mercy's sake speak out!" she says. "How can *you* affect Rupert in any way?"

"I could affect him considerably if I told him he was a bastard," he says, insolently. "Better make me your ally than your enemy, Mrs. Salisbury."

"My boy, my boy!" she shrieks; and Rupert and Berry, who happen to be coming out of the house at the moment, hear her and rush to her; but not in time to save her from a fearful fall flat on her face, which bruises and mutilates her fair, matronly beauty.

They lift her up and carry her into the house; and when she recovers from her deadly faint she tries to tell her husband what his nephew has said.

But her race is run, and her tongue refuses its office; and before nightfall there is mourning at Sittingdean Grange for the wife, the mother and the mistress.

They all grieve for her—all but James Salisbury. He only feels a little sorry that he should have given her the death-shock before he had used her interests with Berry.

Her husband sorrows for her with a sorrow that no one dare attempt to assuage, and no one can gauge. But Rupert mourns for his mother with such passionate force that for a few days his own life hangs in the balance.

When he does recover, his mother is buried, and James Salisbury has departed with Berry's stinging refusal of his suit ringing in his ears.

"Marry *you!*" the girl says, when the neatly-worded proposal had been spoken. "Marry *you!* No, not till I cease to think that you did or said something that gave dear mother her death-blow; and I shall think that you did while I live, I'm afraid."

"I shall appeal against your decision to your father," he says; and Berry retorts:

"And I will tell my father that dear mother's last look at you convinced me that you had dealt her some awful blow. Go away, James Salisbury, and be thankful that I have not agreed to be your wife, for I should always be looking out to find you guilty of something dreadful if I did."

"Look here," he says, taking her hand sorely against her will, "it will be all the better for your brother—you're fond of him, I know—if you marry me."

"I'm much too fond of Rupert to do anything wicked and pretend it's for his sake," the girl says, stoutly; "and it would be very wicked of me to marry you without loving you, and I couldn't love you if you lived for a thousand years!"

"It's more than likely that I should be in an exceedingly unlovable, not to say repulsive, condition, if my days were drawn out to that length," he says, grimly; and then he pleads afresh from his standpoint of youth and health and probable prosperity, and Berry will not listen to him.

Very soon James Salisbury goes away, and things settle down into their normal condition at Sittingdean Grange, with this difference, that the mother is no longer there to direct and sympathize with, to plan and labor for and love, the children who pay her the mighty tribute of missing her.

After a time, when a few months have passed away, the two elder girls meet with men who like and love and can afford to marry Mr. Salisbury's portionless, pretty daughters, and Berry is now the only sister left to Rupert—his only sister and his dearest friend.

Their father is declining fast. He has grown an old man since his wife's death, and the bond between the stepbrother and sister is all the stronger, because of the feeling they have that they two will stand alone soon.

"I shall be an old maid and keep house for you, Rupert," she says to him, when they are discussing the future. "When you marry, if there's no room for me at Sittingdean any longer, I'll go into a sisterhood, or be a companion, or something."

"Before all these things come to pass you'll be married yourself, Berry," her brother replies, and the girl shakes her head and says, "No."

She feels that she shall never marry, because some one has told her that her mother died mad, and that the germs of madness may be in her own blood.

At last the dark day dawns and closes when Mr. Salisbury dies.

He is not granted the grace of a lengthy illness. Death comes upon him unawares, and he dies without giving Rupert—hastily summoned from college—one word of warning.

The family assembles itself sadly together, the funeral takes place, and the will is read.

Everything with the exception of an annuity, chargeable on the estate of £200 a year to Berry, is left to Rupert; and the young man is just listening to a few words of welcome from his father's old friends, when James Salisbury steps forward, in an unexceptionable suit of black, and says:

"The fact of my cousin Rupert having been born out of wedlock will disqualify him, I fear, for the position of inheritor and owner of the Sittingdean property. As next of kin and heir presumptive to the late Mr. Salisbury, I deny Rupert's legitimacy, and challenge his right to inherit."

There is a sense of ghastly pain, grief and confusion. James Salisbury produces a copy, signed by the vicar, of the marriage-register, and eventually after a few weary days proves his case, and destroys Rupert's claim to the property.

The married sisters are broken-hearted for their brother, and desperately distressed for the stain on their father's memory; or, rather, they would be broken-hearted and desperately distressed if they were not married women, with plenty of cares and anxieties of their own on hand.

But Berry feels the blow in its fullest force!

She broods over the subject night and day until her brain whirls and her mind totters. It seems to her that Rupert's right is unassailable, and she refuses to listen to any argument to the contrary.

Her father's will leaves everything to Rupert. Rupert is the brother of her heart and the hope of her house.

"He *shall* have it," she promises herself. "If James

were dead there is no one but Rupert to take it all. My sisters and I would never interfere with our brother's rights."

Night and day the subject seethed in her brain. If she only could induce James to sally forth and seek desperate adventures by land or sea! she would do so, trusting that on land or sea he might come to an untimely end!

But James has no adventurous blood in him. He is quite contented, he assures Berry, to live and die a country gentleman at Sittingdean.

As for Rupert, he bears the blow as a good and gallant man should bear it. There is not a hard thought in his heart for his erring father, and all his soul is suffused with love and tenderness for his mother. It is hard to be bereft of land and name at one blow; but, "Never mind, Berry dear," he says; "I'll win fortune in some way or other for us both, and at any rate you shall never have to blush for your brother. James Salisbury will never be anything but a wretched sneak and cur, and——"

"I wish he were dead! He must die!" the girl interrupts, vehemently.

"Hush, dear! His life is in God's hands! Don't you wish to hasten his death," Rupert says, vehemently.

* * * * * *

James Salisbury has taken up his residence in Sittingdean Grange with indecent haste, and the young brother and sister are staying at the rectory for a little time, until they can look about them and decide upon their plans for the future.

One day Berry, sorely against her will, finds that she must go down to the Grange in order to pack up pictures and books and pieces of plate which belong to herself and her sisters.

After she has done this, the impulse to take one last run round the dear old garden comes upon her, and hearing that the new master is away from the place, she sets herself out to gratify it.

At the end of the southern alley—the end that is furthest from the house—there is a well that is famous for its depth and for the clearness and coldness of its water. It is always kept covered and padlocked, and the wall around it has always been a favorite seat of the young Salisburys. But to-day, when Berry sits on the edge to rest herself for a few minutes, she sees that the lock is gone, and that the cover can be moved with the slightest touch.

"How careless! James ought to scold any one who has left it in this insecure state," she thinks, and, though she dislikes James, she feels almost inclined to go back to the house and tell the servants of the insecure condition of the cover of the well; but the fear of being thought to be interfering and prying stops her from doing so, and she is on the point of getting up to go home to the rectory, when her cousin James comes along the alley and sees her.

"Don't rush off directly I come!" he begins, suavely seating himself apart from her. "I seem to be looked upon as a black sheep by all of you. You don't show me the least family kindness or consideration; try to think better of me, Berry, even if you can't love me!"

The girl shudders.

"Love you?" she repeats. "Don't speak of love to me, and don't look kindly at me. I hate you for what you have done to Rupert. I hate you for having blackened the memories of my father and mother; I shall never wish you well; I shall never think of your living here and enjoying this place and all that belongs to it with any thing but horror."

She is about to rise from her seat, when he leans forward to catch her hand and make a last appeal. In leaning forward he presses on one side of the cover, which, being off its hinges and badly adjusted, tips up and falls in, down, down to the waters of the bottomless well, carrying James Salisbury with it.

Berry's cries are soon heard and answered, and stout ropes bearing stouter-hearted men soon descend into the dreadful abyss. But not a trace of James Salisbury is ever found.

There is no one to dispute Rupert's right to the property now, for his sisters all cede it to him right gladly, but Sittingdean Grange has been the scene of too appalling a tragedy for it to be a congenial home for Rupert for a long time; so he lets the place to one of his brothers-in-law for a term of years, and takes Berry abroad with him to try and forget, under brighter skies, and amidst holier scenes, the dramas that have been enacted in the Grange Garden.

ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

By Norton Rutherford.

The personal narrative of a journey across the Pampas cannot fail to prove of some interest, since the great plain, extending from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, nestling beneath the towering Andes, is almost *terra incognita*. This journey was undertaken by me for scientific purposes, the occult nature whereof I shall keep carefully veiled from the reader. My party was provided with an escort of governmental troops, and "every facility" was given us for exploration, always, however, bearing in mind that the cruel and crafty Indian was on the war-path. We were well provisioned, our mules were as strong as they were obstinate; our arms, the "newest things out"; and with these preliminary remarks I shall start on my narrative and my journey.

We left Buenos Ayres upon August 17th, and took up our quarters at Chivilcoy, 100 miles to the west of it, which was to be the starting-point of the expedition.

On the eve of our departure we experienced a severe thunderstorm, unusually heavy even for that land of surprising electrical phenomena, accompanied by a fall of hailstones, the largest I had ever seen. Many of them were about the size of pigeons' eggs, and one which I measured (no unfair sample of many that fell), while in the process of melting, was still one and one-eighth inch long by one inch thick. Nor were we surprised to learn, subsequently, that large numbers of sheep had been killed in the neighborhood by the terrible hailstorm, which fortunately proved to have fallen over no very wide extent of country.

Upon the 30th of October we left Chivilcoy for Bragado, and got fairly started on our journey.

The first day's march was but a short one—about nine miles—as the rain that fell during the previous night and morning had made the roads heavy; added to which, many of the bullocks and horses proved wild and stubborn, and hard to manage, causing great delays.

After traveling ten miles during the next day we reached the River Salado; but, finding it too much swollen with the recent rains to admit of our crossing it, we encamped on its banks for the night.

The weather having remained dry, the water in the Salado fell considerably during the night, and the approaches to it improved somewhat from their muddy condition of the previous evening. We therefore attempted the fording of the river, and with much difficulty succeeded in getting all the carts and animals over without

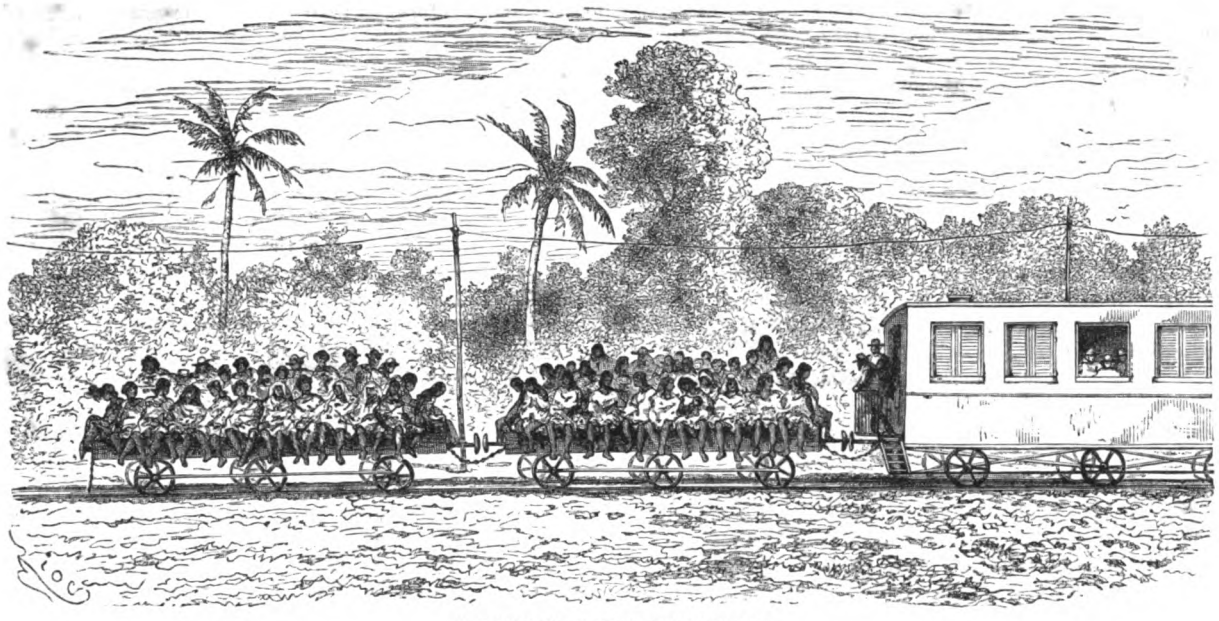
mishap; whereupon, after halting for an hour to rest, we proceeded for about eleven miles further, to the town of Bragado, where we proposed to remain for a day or two, to give time for the completion of some unfinished arrangements.

Upon the way two or three of us joined in assisting to drive the horses in advance of the main party, and while passing a *pulperia*, or public-house, a number of Gauchos who were drinking there came out, and seeing a troop of horses in charge of so few men, and they "Gringos," as foreigners newly arrived in the country are called, seemed disposed to dispute our passage, and not disinclined to try to take the horses from us—a proceeding we naturally were equally prepared to resent. During the altercation which ensued up came the rest of our party, when the Gauchos, taking in the situation at a glance, and seeing how the odds had turned against them, became as submissive and profuse in their offers of assistance as they had been rough and quarrelsome before, and so we rode on without further molestation.

Bragado, a rising little place, has some 2,000 inhabitants, and was but a few years ago on the outskirts of civilization, being not far distant from the line of frontier; but the march of events has since altered its circumstances, by bringing it into railway communication with Buenos Ayres, while the tide of population, rolling steadily onward, has forced the imaginary barrier between the territory of the white man and the hunting-grounds of the roving and predatory bands of Indians to a more distant point.

A GAUCHO MOUNTED.

As we advanced into the Pampas, after leaving Bragado, the surface of the ground became slightly undulating, and the vegetation looked well, although not actually rich in point of grazing qualities. At first it



A TRAIN OF CARS ON THE PAMPAS.

consisted principally of a kind of small trefoil, unwholesome for sheep and too short for cattle ; but to the eye the soft rich green, mingled with pink and yellow flowers, was exceedingly beautiful. Occasionally large tracts of country appeared purple, and others again brilliant with crimson, where verbenæ of these shades predominated. Among these lovely flowers we found some mushrooms, and carried them off to add a relish to our dinners.

Snakes and large lizards (iguanas) were abundant. Foxes also were very numerous ; they are somewhat smaller than the English kind, and of a silvery-gray color, with a reddish tinge upon the legs.

HUNTING THE SOUTH AMERICAN OSTRICH.

But by far the most important animal in point of numbers to be met with here, and in most other parts of the province of Buenos Ayres, is the Biscacha (*Lagostomus trichodactylus*). It closely resembles both in appearance and habits the marmots or "prairie-dogs" of North America. The body is about two feet long, and the tail, which measures from ten to twelve inches, ends with a tuft of coarse black hair. The fur is of an ashy-gray color upon the back, and pure white on the throat, breast and under part of the body; large, coarse, black bristling whiskers decorate each side of the mouth; the ears are short, and the eyes large and black. The toes of the hind-foot are three in number, while the fore-foot possesses one more.

The young Biscacha is very good eating, the meat being white, like that of rabbit.

For so far the most remarkable of the birds we met with was the Chajà, or crested screamer (*Palamedea Chavaria*), in size rather larger than a turkey. The plumage is gray, or rather dull slate-color, with a black ring round the neck, and a tuft or crest of feathers from the back of the head. The legs are long, and of a bright red color. Each wing is armed with two very formidable spurs.

We found ourselves very badly off for water. We sank a tube-pump (of which we had three with us), but without success, and we had to resort to digging wells of large diameter, obtaining from them a small supply of water at a depth of nine feet below the surface.

From our camping-ground at this point we visited the "toldos," or huts of a tribe of friendly Indians, lying six miles to the north of us. Most of the men were absent, hunting ostriches; but the Alcalde of the village (for these friendly Indians live under the rule and protection of the National Government) received us hospitably, and introduced us to his very comely wife, who, like himself, was of Spanish descent.

Next day they both rode over to our tents to return our visit, bringing with them the unpleasant intelligence that there was a rumor of the hostile Indians coming in force to make a raid upon the frontier.

We found partridges in great numbers. The natives capture these partridges in an ingenious manner, by making a noose of horsehair, which is attached to the end of a long cane.

As we were now journeying through a district where at at any time we might fall in with the Indians on some of their pillaging expeditions, we were obliged to adopt means to provide against surprise. For this purpose the night was divided into watches of two hours' duration, each being kept by three of our party at a time.

During the day an alarm was given that the Indians were coming down upon us, as a number of horsemen were seen approaching. They proved, however, to be a party from a neighboring colony of Italians coming over to visit us, who were amusing themselves chasing deer and ostriches as they came along.

Our visit to the colony had a most depressing effect upon us, no sign of energy or prosperity being anywhere apparent. The colonists were in a pitiable condition, and much to be commiserated, as they were subject at any moment to be attacked by Indians, without any visible means of repelling them. Their only safety, in my opinion, was due to their extreme poverty, with no flocks or herds to attract attention, or make it worth the Indians' while to visit the place. This must not, however, be taken as a fair specimen of an Argentine colony, of which there are many rich and prosperous ones, but as a special example of a very miserable one, possibly in its infancy.

On the night of the 13th of November we had an example of the great and rapid changes of temperature common in La Plata during the hottest months of the year. The thermometer, which had hitherto been registering great heat, suddenly fell to 26° Fahrenheit (six degrees below freezing-point), converting the water in our tents to ice.

Deer are very numerous on the Pampas, and at certain reasons they go about in small herds of from three or four to six or seven, and sometimes as many as a dozen may be seen together. In the smaller groups there is usually but one male; in the case of the more numerous companies, a second or a third is to be found. These are generally young, but even when full-sized they are evidently all in subjection to one master, as readily becomes apparent from the manner in which they make way for him by moving off on his approach.

Upon the 15th of November we encamped, at the close of an intensely hot day, near the small fort "Triunfo."

On the following morning, we struck our tents and crossed the frontier, leaving the last trace of civilization behind us, and moving out into the hunting-grounds of the Pampas Indians. Our march was continued till a late hour in the night, in the hopes of finding water; but, although the country was scoured in all directions, none could be found, and at last we were obliged to halt at a place without it.

During the day there was an alarm of Indians being in sight, but they proved to be a party of white men who had come out beyond the frontier in search of game.

During the night it rained heavily, which was a great boon to us, and next morning scouts were sent out in all directions to scour the country in search of water. Taking a man with me, I rode forward for about three miles from our party, when, on crossing some undulating land, the country having become more uneven, we observed an Indian watching us from a neighboring hill, while at the same time he was evidently anxious to conceal himself from observation—a matter which was not so easy to accomplish, provided as I was with a powerful field-glass. After a careful and minute inspection of his movements, we concluded that he was not likely to be alone, but that his comrades might possibly be behind the hill, and, if so, they could easily cut us off from our companions; we therefore retraced our steps, keeping a sharp lookout as we rode along. Our scouts, who returned about the same time as myself, reported having seen Indians in opposite directions; it was therefore evident that we were being closely observed and our movements watched, so that it became necessary to increase our precautions against attack.

Although our search for water had been unsuccessful, we were more fortunate in a well we sank, obtaining from it a good supply at a depth of sixteen feet below the surface.

Day broke brightly on the 20th November, and without promise of more rain; so, filling up our water-barrels from the well, we started again on our journey. During the forenoon we fell in with a small party of Indians, who proved to be friendly. A little further on we caught a horse with numerous marks of having been pricked with lances by the Indians, no doubt to force him forward as he grew tired.

That night two of our men were missing, which caused us much uneasiness, as we feared they had been taken by the Indians. An occasional rocket was sent up to provide for the case of their merely having lost their way in the darkness. They came up the next day. As was suspected, they had lost their way on the march.

The "bolas" constitute the universal weapon of the

Gauchos of the Argentine Republic, who exhibit an expertness and accuracy of aim in the use of them that constant practice alone can give.

This implement usually consists of three balls about two inches in diameter, but frequently much smaller. Two of them are heavy, and composed of stone, or sometimes, especially in the case of small ones, of lead; the third is about the same size, but of a lighter material than the others. Each ball is attached to the end of a piece of plaited raw hide about two yards long, the other ends of these thongs being made fast together in a knot. When about to be used, the lighter ball is held fast in the palm of the hand, which is swung round the head in a circular manner, causing the two free balls to revolve at the end of their thongs. When a sufficient velocity has been obtained, the whole weapon can be thrown to a considerable distance at the intended victim, whose legs it seldom fails to entangle — the balls winding round them in opposite directions, and tying them up securely. The "bolas" such as I have described are those usually employed for catching horned cattle and horses, or the larger kinds of wild animals, while for ostriches much smaller balls, and only two tied together instead of three, are used.

Two of the bullock-drivers fell out after arriving at our camp-ground, and handled each other pretty roughly, for which misconduct they were punished by being placed in a crouching position opposite each other at some little distance apart. Each had his wrists tied together, and a rifle inserted under his knees and above his arms, which gave him the appearance of a trussed fowl ready prepared for roasting; in which helpless and uncomfortable plight they were left glaring at each other for a considerable time. This is a common military punishment in South America, but I had not previously seen it put in force; and in the present instance the treatment seemed efficacious, as when released from their bonds neither party evinced any apparent desire to renew the quarrel, nor did they afterward interfere with each other.

We sighted a large party of Indians approaching us from a direction that rendered it impossible to retreat upon our main body.

My fieldglass was at once brought into requisition, and, as it left no room for doubt about the matter, it only remained for us to prepare for the attack, and to fight hard and sell our lives as dearly as we could.

When the Indians came closer we could count about 150 of them, nor could we be sure that these were all we should have to meet, it being very possible that the undulating land might conceal others from our view.

When within about a mile of us, the Indian party halted and collected in a group, apparently consulting together as to the plan of attack to be adopted.

Upon approaching the Indians, we saw that they formed a dense circle with the horses' heads all pointing toward the centre, and they were apparently in deep consultation; but as we came closer those nearest us wheeled rapidly round and faced us.

About a hundred yards before reaching the group we halted our men, and the officer and I, taking an interpreter with us, rode slowly forward, the Indian chief on his part, accompanied by a couple of his principal followers, coming out to meet us. We saluted, and shook hands, as they held out theirs to us, evidently considering that this was the proper way to greet the white man in a friendly manner.

Mutual explanations occupied some little time, and proving satisfactory, the chief made a sign to the others, who immediately closed in, our men following their example, whereupon a complete round of hand-shaking had to be gone through, and a general bartering for the skins of wild animals began. The manner in which this was conducted was highly creditable to the character of the Indians as sharp men of business, gifted with a very fair appreciation of the value of goods they had for sale.

In the evening a messenger arrived with a dispatch from the frontier, informing us that a party of hostile Indians of Calfucura's powerful tribe were marching toward us, so that the watch was kept with redoubled vigilance.

That night our sleep was naturally not very sound, as each man lay upon his arms, expecting to be aroused from his slumbers at any moment by an attack of the enemy, but nothing of the kind occurred.

Next day, the 24th, and the following one, were intensely hot, and in the evening of the latter we encamped near a fresh-water marsh, to the south of a salt-water lake, about three miles long and one across, called the "Laguna Salalé."

To the north of the "Laguna Salalé" there was a stunted tree, the first we had seen since leaving the settlements, the country all the way having been quite clear of trees or shrubs.

Patagonian hares were very numerous in this vicinity, we having started six of them in a ride round the lake.

At dinner-time on the 26th, we were disturbed by the sentries passing the word that the Indians were approaching. All the party were soon under arms, but the alarm proved to be false, clumps of pampas-grass in the distance having been mistaken for horsemen, and we returned to our food with unimpaired appetites. The day had been close and sultry, musquitoes annoying us greatly; but a heavy thunderstorm occurring in the night, accompanied by much rain, agreeably lowered the temperature, and put an end to the teasing activity of our insect tormentors for the time.

On the 28th a soldier reached us bringing the news of two Indian invasions, one behind and the other in front of us. The commanding officer at Fort Lavalle, about forty miles to the northward, in sending me notice of a body of between four and five hundred Indians having crossed the frontier, suggested that we should repair to the nearest fort for protection.

After a march of four or five hours, we reached Fort Media Luna, or Half Moon, so called from the shape of a lake lying near it. Like Fort Triunfo, it consisted merely of a few grass-thatched huts surrounded by a ditch and mound, not much more formidable than an ordinary fence. Our military escort took up their quarters inside the inclosure, where they joined their companions in arms, thirty-six in number, who formed the garrison of the place.

All here was stir and bustle, small detachments of men coming and going, orderlies galloping backward and forward with dispatches. It appeared that an Indian invasion on a larger scale had taken place close by, four days previously, and the "braves" were now scouring the settlement and carrying off cattle in every direction.

The confinement to our encampment for the next couple of days, nothing having been seen of the Indians near us in the meantime, proved so irksome, that some of us decided on December 2d to go down to the lake, a couple of miles distant, to shoot wild fowl, arranging with the people at the fort to recall us in the event of Indians appearing in sight. The signal was to be the firing of a gun and hoisting of our English ensign on the flagstaff.

We had scarcely been an hour at the lake, where we

were enjoying very fair sport—I had got to my own gun three wild-ducks, a flamingo (*Phœnicopterus roseus*), and six plover—when the preconcerted signal of recall was given from the fort. We lost as little time as we could in retracing our steps, watching carefully on all sides of us for our foes as we galloped back. The cause of alarm was the appearance of a body of 300 horsemen, at first taken for Indians, but proving to be soldiers coming to reinforce the garrison at Media Luna, as it was expected at headquarters that the Indians would recross the frontier close to where we were.

On the second night I was disturbed by some one groaning as if in great pain, and upon investigation found it was one of the men, who said he had been bitten by a snake while asleep. It turned out to be the bite of a tarantula or large spider, from which he soon recovered.

Here for the first time I witnessed the military punishment known as "staking out," which was inflicted upon two soldiers for some act of insubordination. Each culprit was placed flat upon the ground with his face downward, and his ankles and wrists fastened with wet thongs of raw hide to stakes driven securely in the ground, in which position he formed a rude imitation of the letter X. Accordingly as the thongs which bound him to the stakes dried they became shorter, stretching the unfortunate victim's legs and arms in a way that must have been exceedingly uncomfortable. If to this be added the extra torture inflicted by musquitoes and the innumerable other biting and stinging insects which infest the country, it must be admitted that the punishment is one of great severity, especially when continued for a considerable length of time, as it was on this occasion.

We started from Media Luna *en route* to Villa Mercedes, early on December 7th, for a small fort called "Verde."

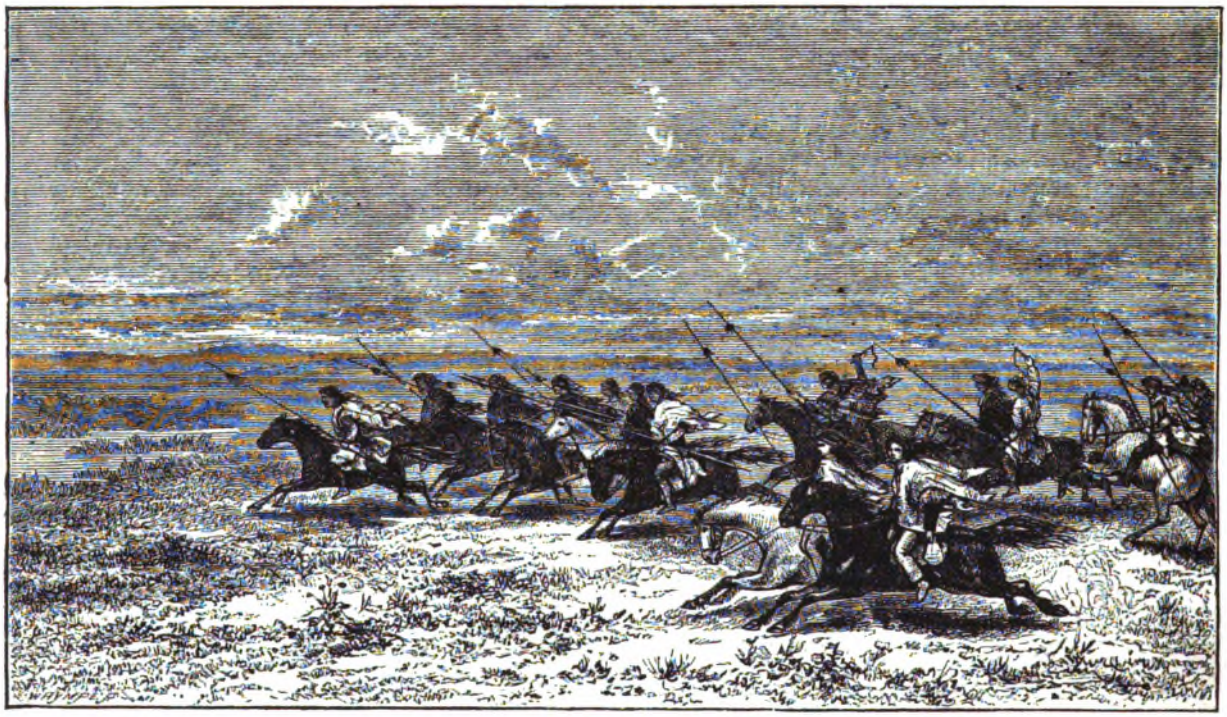
At Fort "Gainza," the colonel and other officers of the garrison entertained us at a dinner that reflected the highest credit on their foraging powers and culinary skill.

The triumph of the banquet was "carne con cuero," a large piece of beef roasted with the hide on it.

On the 11th of December we resumed our march, the colonel and his staff accompanying us for a short distance.

On the 18th of December we arrived at the swampy district known as the "Amarga," where long coarse grass, called "paja brava," covers the plain over a large area. Here the Rio Quinto loses itself in the sandy soil, to reappear not far off, under the name of the Salado, which river falls into the River Plate in the Bay of Samborombon, about sixty miles south of Buenos Ayres.

"Sarmiento" stands on the right or south bank of the Rio Quinto, and when we visited it 250 soldiers were stationed there. We crossed the Rio Quinto here, and our route now lay along its northern bank.



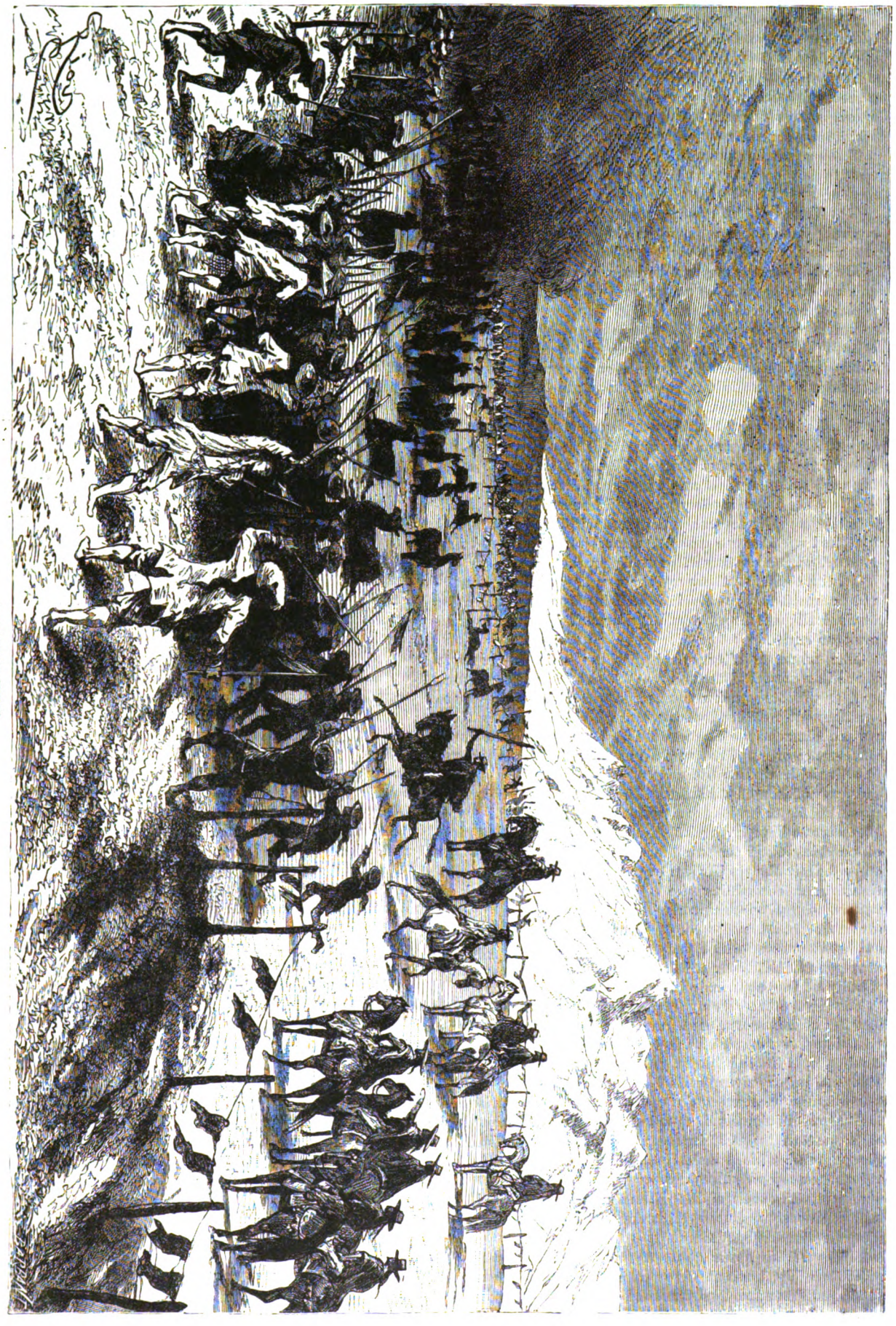
AN INDIAN HORDE CROSSING THE PAMPA TO ATTACK SETTLEMENTS.

The monotony of the route was broken by the appearance of a mountain named "El Morro," at some distance to the north, rising from the Pampas like an island in mid-ocean. This was the first mountain we had seen since starting, and it proved an object of great interest to the entire party.

We now, Christmas Day, sighted the mountains of San Luis, blue and hazy on the horizon, a considerable distance to the northwest.

Christmas Day in the southern hemisphere is very different in all respects from what it is to the inhabitants of northern latitudes, where biting frost accompanies its advent, decking the trees with sparkling icicles, and covering the ground with pure white snow. In South America these conditions are reversed, and Christmas Day is conventionally regarded as the hottest in the year.

The Villa Mercedes, also known as "Fort Constitucion" (nor are these the only names it possesses, having a less distinguished title, as the "Pass of the Fleas"), is the principal military station we met with, and the headquarters of the general commanding on the frontier. It is



A GUANACO HUNT.

situate on the north bank of the Rio Quinto, which here runs in a valley it has formed for itself, 1,270 yards wide and about fifteen feet deep, 890 yards of this width being cut still five feet deeper.

While waiting at Mercedes a tribe of friendly Indians arrived upon the opposite of the river and encamped there. They were a hardy-looking race, low of stature, but broad-shouldered and stout-framed.

Early upon January 24th we started upon our journey, and on January 27th managed to advance five miles, to a ford of the Rio Quinto, where we proposed to cross it.

On January 31st we resumed our march, but had scarcely gone three miles when the mules gave up, and it was necessary to halt in order to let them rest.

We decided to ride to San Luis, some forty miles off, and no sooner had the moon made her appearance clear above the plain at midnight than we were up again, and mounting our horses, started on a moonlight ride on the Pampas, a party of five, including the guide.

The bright rays of the morning sun showed us we were skirting a beautiful range of mountains, three miles beyond which lay San Luis.

San Luis is an old-fashioned place, laid out somewhat irregularly, an unusual circumstance in a country where the towns are almost universally built with streets crossing each other at right angles, at equi-distant intervals.

There are some moderately good houses, but the habitations generally are constructed of sun-dried bricks, and thatched with coarse grass, the roof in many cases being covered with a coating of gravelly mud.

On the outskirts there are the usual "quintas," or suburban residences, each inclosed in its own garden by walls built of large, regularly-formed blocks of dried mud or earth.

The morning after our arrival we rode out early to bathe in a running stream upon the outskirts of the town; and, as we came back refreshed, it was a pleasant sight to see the neatly-dressed women and children wending their way to church (the day was Friday), carrying with them small mats or rugs, to kneel on at their devotions, just as the Turkish women do when going to service in the mosques of Constantinople. There was, in fact, a strange resemblance to an Eastern town in this quaint old place. The women here have a habit when walking in the streets of covering their faces, all but the upper part, with one end of their shawls thrown over the shoulder in an artistic manner, combining the effects of apparent carelessness with real precision; while the fig-trees, mud-huts and walls, combined with the general air of stagnation and rank weeds which pervade the place, all tend to strengthen the Eastern illusion, and make up a picture worthy of the country of the Sultan.

The rest of our party having arrived upon Saturday, the 3d of February, and our new arrangements being completed, we started with fresh energy and confidence upon the following Monday, *en route* for Mendoza.

A salt-water river, called the "Desaguadero," forms the boundary between the provinces of San Luis and Mendoza. Spanning it stood a most extraordinary piece of engineering work, in the form of a wooden bridge, the parts of which, instead of being framed and nailed together, were only fastened by tyings of raw hide. The whole was in such a dilapidated and rickety condition that it was altogether useless for the purpose for which it was originally erected.

The soil along our route was sandy and barren. At night we slept upon the ground in the open air, our rest being sadly marred by hornets of enormous size and brilliant color.

On February 10th we started at half-past four o'clock in the morning. The weather for the last two days had been thick and foggy, but now grew clear and bright as daylight advanced, and the Andes, in all their grandeur, for the first time met our delighted gaze, inspiring us with new energy for fresh exertions, so that we traveled nearly forty miles that day.

After a tough ride we crossed the rough bed of a mountain torrent, and found ourselves in a city with the most tragic of histories.

The 20th of March, 1861, had been a sultry and oppressive day, and as the night approached the half-suffocated inhabitants of Mendoza, issuing from their houses, went in search of cooler air, or sat at their open doors to catch each breath that passed, while the more devout among them assembled in the churches to offer up their evening prayer, when, without a note of warning, a terrible destruction swept over the devoted place. The earth shook and opened in yawning chasms; foundations tottered and houses fell, burying beneath them nearly the whole of the population. In less time than it has taken to describe all was over, and from 12,000 to 15,000 people had perished in the ruins, which still exist as records of the dire calamity, and tell, with a force that words could not express, how terribly complete it was.*

Scarcely was the earthquake over, when fires broke out in different places among the *débris* of fallen houses, and raged for many days before they could be extinguished.

Fine public buildings, private dwellings that indicate comfort and convenience, gardens with their fruitful vines and fig-trees, walnut-trees and poplars, both Lombardy and Carolina, grace the public streets and walks; but above all, the pleasant promenade, more than half a mile in length, with its streams of running water flowing on both sides, beneath the canopy of shade afforded by two double rows of well-grown trees. Add to this the mountain torrent which rolls past Mendoza along its bed of rounded stones and gravel, from the mighty Cordillera, whose slopes reach almost to the city.

The people live in a state of continual apprehension, as may be seen from their using, instead of doors, heavy curtains drawn across the entrances to their bedrooms, so that upon the first alarm of an earthquake they may spring from their beds and rush into the open courtyard, with which each house is usually provided.

Fruit was very abundant and cheap. When we called at the hair-cutter's, he was unable to attend us at the moment, being engaged upon another "patient," but sent us in a decanter of Mendoza wine and a basket of grapes, wherewith to occupy ourselves while waiting for him to operate upon us with his scissors.

We visited some primitive baths about three miles distant, and afterward we went to the refreshment-house, kept by the owner of the baths, and regaled ourselves on grapes and peaches *ad libitum*, with a bottle of the beer of the country to wash them down, and a tumbler full of Mendoza wine to the coachman (there were three of us besides him); the total charge for our baths and the refreshments we had partaken of amounting to the wonderfully small sum of about thirty cents. Certainly travelers and tourists have not yet spoilt Mendoza in the matter of charges, but perhaps a wholesome dread of earthquakes has partly prevented them doing so.

A little to the northwest of Mendoza lies the Uspallata Pass of the Andes, the summit of which is about 12,795 feet above the level of the sea. It is by this route that

* That first awful space of ten seconds sufficed for perfect ruin. Nothing was left standing, not a house, not a wall, not even a stone fence for twenty leagues about the city.

nearly all regular communication between Chili and La Plata is kept up, it being the principal highway connecting the two countries, although there are several other passes through the Cordilleras. Near the Uspallata stands the majestic Aconcagua, whose summit, 23,910 feet high, is covered with perpetual snow, defying the sun's rays even in that hot latitude.

At Lujan the Andes seem to consist of three separate and parallel systems, with valleys lying between them, which at intervals find egress toward the lower country. Their slopes are rugged and broken up irregularly by rain or frost or other atmospheric causes, but nowhere are any signs of stratification visible among them.

Under such circumstances as I have described it was easy to be early risers, and we were up and stirring before the night had fairly passed away. About thirty miles south of Mendoza the scene which met our eyes was one of such magnificence and grandeur as to dispel all weariness, and fill us with wonder and amazement. There stood the Andes boldly outlined against the sky, with the mighty "Tupungato" towering like a giant above the other peaks, its snow-clad summit bathed in gold by the sun's first rays (itself not yet apparent over the horizon), while rosy clouds alternating with crimson and violet of deepest hue, brought out the lights and shades upon the rugged mountain-tops, and all below was merged in one vast sea of sombre gray, night's mantle, which the sleeping earth had not yet put aside. Each moment did the picture alter, and every change brought with it some fresh beauty not before perceived, till the sun, rising from the Pampas as from the ocean, covered the mountains with a dazzling light, in which the delicate tints and shades of color disappeared, and last of all the darkness at their base resolved itself into a thin blue cloud like smoke, which hung about them for a while, and then, too, was in turn forced to yield and vanish as the rest had done.

During the march we saw a number of condors, the great vultures of the Andes, and I shot four of them with my rifle. They were all nearly of the same size, and measured eight feet across the expanded wings.

Upon February 23d we left the small settlement around San Carlos behind us. After traveling thirty miles we came to a farmhouse, where the owner would neither give us water to drink nor sell us milk or eggs, nor even permit us to encamp near his place. This farmhouse in reality proved to be the last occupied habitation to be met with until we had crossed the borders and descended into Chili.

From San Carlos southward, the Andes appear very rugged for a length of about thirty miles; but there they throw out a slight spur toward the Pampas, and the slopes become more rounded and less steep, the main ridge turning rather westward in an opposite direction.

On February the 25th, at about three miles from our halting-place of the previous night, we came to a valley called "Curraizalito," the descent into which being very steep, was our first real experience of mountain traveling.

About twelve miles further on we reached the pass, or ford, of the "Rio Diamante," where it flows through a cutting about three hundred yards wide and from ninety to one hundred feet in depth, worked out by the action of the water through soft red sandstone rock, interspersed with beds of shale of similar material, and overlain by gravel.

Passing upward, we continued marching, and encamped at a height of about 3,000 feet above the sea.

On the morning of the 27th we climbed to the top of a neighboring height to see the sun rise above the Pampas. At first the view was very indistinct. To the left stood the isolated Cerrito Diamante, still shrouded in the gloom of night, while dimly visible on the southeastern horizon was the outline of the Cerro Nevado, darkness lingering over the intervening plain; but as the sun rose the scene was changed as by some fairy's magic wand, and all that before was dark and indistinct became clear and glowing in the morning light, disclosing a panorama of great beauty.

At a distance of thirty miles south of the River Diamante our route passed by a natural object of considerable interest—a stream, or rather rill, of yellowish-white fluid like petroleum, issuing from the mountain-side at a considerable height, and trickling down the slope till lost in the porous soil of the valley below.

On March 3d, after an excessively cold night, we started on the march to the junction of the Rio Grande and the Tordillo. At first we had a good deal of climbing by a rugged path, but gradually reached the watershed at a level of 9,200 feet above the sea, meeting, as we went along numbers of guanacos on the mountain-sides. Below us, apparently at our very feet, lay the very appropriately named "Valle Hermoso" (or Lovely Valley), some ten miles long and two or three in width, flanked upon either side by lofty mountains. The Andes, rich in scenery of greatest grandeur, possess no lovelier spot than this secluded vale, where Nature's charms are spread unstintingly on every side.

We passed through the gorge of the Rio Tordillo—a rapid river, subject to considerable floods—to its junction with the Rio Grande, a distance of some nine or ten miles, sending the others round by a more circuitous but safer route.

On the Rio Grande I launched a portable india-rubber boat, and paddled about in it to the surprise and admiration of some of the natives of our party.

Our guide for the mountain pass considering that a fall of snow was imminent, and that it would be most unsafe to put off crossing the summit any later than March 15th, we were obliged to leave on the previous day.

The peaks of the Andes were all clad with snow, and the weather was cold and threatening. Having got everything ready and the pack-mules loaded up, we started for the summit by way of the head of the Rio Grande, and for a couple of miles along the Rio Valenzuela, which we forded, and thence by the Valley of Las Cuevas, hoping, by crossing a pass some 12,000 feet high, to shorten our route into Chili considerably; but, before we reached within 1,000 feet of the top, one of our party became so ill from difficulty of breathing that he could go no higher. We were, therefore, obliged to desist from the attempt to cross by that pass, and then turned to attempt the ascent toward the lower summit of the Planchon, by the more gradual rise of the Valleys of the Valenzuela, Azufre, and Ciegos, which succeed each other in the order in which they are here given.

On arriving at the Azufre, the valley was more open and its ascent easier. The surface of the ground was covered with volcanic scoriæ and pumice-stone.

When the Ciegos was reached, it was evident that we were approaching the summit, and we knew that we had passed the watershed of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in that unimportant little piece of greensward just behind us. The ground where we stood was exactly 8,225 feet above the sea-level (as shown by our surveys), a comparatively low pass for such a chain of mountains as the Andes, in that latitude, although further south the summit gets still lower.

To the left (turning westward), and at no great distance from us, lay the famous volcano Peteroa, but so

much obscured by the intervening peaks, that its position could only be made out by the column of smoke or clouds (we could not tell which) that hung around its crater. On all sides its colossal brethren looked down upon us in gloomy state, from their position as guardians of the frontier line between Chili and La Plata.

Taking one last view behind us, to the east, we prepared for our descent, and following the running water, soon found ourselves scrambling down the mountain-sides, which are here much steeper than on their eastern slopes ; and after having reached Las Toscas, three miles and more below the summit, we encamped there near some silver-mines.

Shortly after entering the valley of the "Teno," trees began to appear, and increased in numbers as we got lower. Many of them were covered with a profusion of crimson flowers.

We proceeded through gloriously beautiful scenery till we reached a place called "Cypressus," so named from the cypress-trees in its vicinity, where we encamped, after a march of about twelve miles that day.

It was the highest human habitation we had met with in the Andes, not taking into consideration the mining colonies at "Las Toscas." We were here informed that this was the greatest elevation at which domestic fowls would live and thrive.

On March 20th we started for Curico, a station on the Southern Railway of Chili, some twenty-two miles off, and 116 miles to the south of Santiago, the capital of the country.

As we approached the central valley of Chili, which lies between the Andes and another chain of mountains of lesser elevation running parallel with them and nearer to the line of coast, we were much impressed with the general appearance of prosperity opening out before us with every step. Irrigation-works of considerable magnitude show the extent to which agriculture has advanced, and other signs of civilization surrounding the homesteads of the inhabitants, no less than their habits and customs, all speak of a quiet and prosperous population, deserving of the credit and reputation they enjoy abroad.

After a short stay at Curico, we proceeded by rail as far as Gultro, and thence by carriage to the baths of Cauquenes, a lovely and retired spot twenty miles distant among the mountains, where a comfortable hotel, kept by a German proprietor, attracts many visitors.

A PAMPA COACH ENTERING A TOWN.

It was no small luxury, after five months of camping-out upon the Pampas and among the Andes, undergoing countless hardships and privations, to find ourselves once more in a well-appointed hotel, surrounded by the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, and with an obliging host ready to minister to all our wants.

Never, I will venture to say, did visitors to Cauquenes take a greater number of baths within the short space of thirty-six hours—which was all that was at our disposal to spend there—or more reluctantly leave this temporary resting-place, than we did.

On the evening of March 25th we arrived at Santiago de Chili, a city with a rapid-flowing river from the mountains ; of 120,000 to 130,000 inhabitants ; standing at the foot of the Andes at a height of 1,800 feet above the sea ; in a position which, for grandeur and the magnificence of its surroundings, can scarcely be surpassed.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—"'GOOD-MORNING,' SHE SAID, BRIGHTLY; 'I AM GOING TO PUT THESE IN THIS WINDOW, BETWEEN YOUR ROOM AND MINE, IF YOU DON'T MIND.'"

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Chapter I.

"Blasé?"—"I!" "In love, then?"—"That's likely." "Can't be in debt?"—"Don't be an idiot!"

Profound silence. Vigorous puffing of two cigars, some inarticulate sounds like grunts, and Will Craige returned to the attack: "Must be dyspepsia."

"What good are you doing, fishing for a motive, when I have already given you the true one?"

This, from James Waterman, after another long silence: "And you expect me to believe you are going to drop society, flattery and flummery, and live in Mulberry Court from pure philanthropy? You ask too much!"

"I wonder, now you put it in that way, if it is pure philanthropy? I have a taste for solitude. Remarkable, isn't it, in a man of my attractions?"

There was a short, bitter laugh in the tone, and, as he spoke, James Waterman sauntered across the room and stood before a full-length mirror.

"Caliban!" he said, mockingly; "Richard III.! Why don't you tell me, Will, what a loss society will sustain when this symmetrical figure no longer limps into its drawing-rooms? Mark how becomingly one shoulder droops while the other rears itself defiantly some three inches higher. See how gracefully one hip protrudes and the other shrinks in."

"Jim, old fellow, for heaven's sake, stop!"

"Such an Adonis! Why was I cursed with deformity and wealth? As a poor man, I might have had some employment—some interest in life. How I have sought it! I, who never knew love. My mother's eyes were ever full of grief, resting on me; my father shuddered when he looked at me. Little graves hid beautiful, well-formed children, while I—I lived on, a monster. Then I was orphaned. In my grand house there is not one to love me, and my dearest friend there is the paid housekeeper. Lonely, desperate, I tried study. Dry husks when I pined for living fruit. I tried society. Froth, where I craved wine."

"Now you will try philanthropy, and find ingratitude, fraud, dishonesty."

"It may be so, but I mean to try. There is scarcely a day when I am not besieged with letters from my tenants in Mulberry Court, and my agent tells me to pay no heed to the most pitiful appeals. Call me a fool, if you will, but I cannot help feeling in some measure responsible for these people."

"Stuff and nonsense! Don't gush, Jim!"

"I am not gushing, but I mean to carry out my plans. I am supposed to sail for Europe by next Saturday's steamer. I go on Saturday to No. 5 Mulberry Court, to live amongst poor men and women as a poor man lives, and see if I can get some insight into the true life of my tenants. If my wealth can keep them, what better can I do with it, remembering that my father made it out of just such property? All else of this character he sold before he died, and you know the grandeur of Grove Hall. But Mulberry Court is a blister on my conscience."

"Why don't you marry, and find uses for your money in family expenses?"

"I marry!—whom? A fashionable belle who would take my deformed self in consideration of the diamonds I could purchase to adorn her beauty? Marry! I think, Will, that is the last experiment I shall make. No, I'll try suicide for a diversion before I will matrimony."

A knock at the door.

"Carriage, sir!" said a servant, and the friends, donning hats and throwing light overcoats over their arms, sauntered across the entry of the fashionable hotel where they were idling a few Summer weeks, and entered the carriage for a drive on the beach.

"Flattery and flummery," it might have been that greeted James Waterman wherever he moved in society's circle, but surely that young millionaire could not complain of neglect. Matrons smiled, sweetly, upon him, as they accompanied blushing girls in the drive or promenade; fair women gave him cordial greeting, and gentlemen welcomed him in their midst. Wealth opened every door, and the golden key unlocked all hearts.

Yet he was sick of it all, weary of fawning he could fathom, and distrustful even where his brilliant intellect and noble traits had won for him sincere affection. One man only, William Craige, his life-long friend, he fully loved and trusted, and to him alone he confided his romantic scheme. This was nothing less than a masquerade in Mulberry Court, where he owned a row of tall, crowded tenement-houses. As one of themselves, he meant to possess some knowledge of the very poor, and make his wealth a source of active benevolence.

Morbidly conscious of his own deformity, he exaggerated its repulsiveness, and was sure no woman could give him true love. Without that, marriage would be a curse to his sensitive nature, and he had reconciled himself to a solitary life, and the prospect of leaving his wealth in charity.

If he was romantic, he was at least sincere, and he donned his coarse clothing a week later, and followed his shabby trunk to No. 5 Mulberry Court with a heart overflowing with benevolent intentions.

He had hired an attic room, and his first shock was in discovering that the stairs were a torture, and the vile smells a sickening torment.

"How can people live here, year after year?" he thought, plodding wearily on, carefully avoiding sprawling, dirty children and overflowing garbage-pails on the landings.

He had thought the street a horror, with its ash-barrels, decaying vegetables, pools of loathsome, stagnant water and filth of every description, but indoors the close air multiplied and intensified every revolting smell, sight and sound.

"If Will were here," he thought, sinking into the first chair his uninviting room offered, "I could tell him it was not a question of ingratitude and fraud, but of lungs and stomach."

An open window, five minutes' rest, and he was prying into his new possessions with all the curiosity of a child examining a new toy.

A bureau with four drawers and one knob on duty; a washstand with four legs, composed of two original wooden ones, a brick and four old magazines; a mirror with four cracks, and seven places where the quicksilver had been rubbed off; a closet, out of which a big gray rat skirmished across the room and down the staircase; a bed—James Waterman did almost falter when he looked at the filthy state of that article of furniture.

"Poverty, I can face. Dirt, I can't and won't!"

Down the dreary staircase again he crawled, after this thought, hunted up the landlady, arranged to have the room emptied and cleaned, and agreed to send in new furniture. It was of the cheapest description, but it was new and clean, and he took a boy's enjoyment out of the selection of cooking utensils and tableware.

"Luckily, there are restaurants when I spoil the food," he thought, as he made his last trip for that day up the narrow stairway, with a basket of most uninviting provisions.

Seeking all his twenty-seven years of life for some employment to interest him, the millionaire's son had dabbled in the mechanical arts, so that when he gave his "trade" to the landlady as an engraver, he had sufficient knowledge of the work to keep up appearances.

But his time was spent in passing from house to house, picking up opportunities to form acquaintance with the inmates. He did not know the freemasonry of poverty, but he won his way by his gentle manner, and his slow but clear tones. Straight to each mother's heart he found the way, by an intense love of children.

Little they heeded the crooked figure, the emaciated hands and hollow cheeks, when James Waterman's soft, brown eyes looked kindly upon them, or his rare, radiant smile lighted up the pale face. Fearful of self-betrayal, he did not act as his heart dictated in lavishing all money could buy upon the puny little creatures around him, but he cut the most amazing cats and dogs upon paper, made crickets out of old spools, and told thrilling fairy stories to the little ones.

Then, if Mr. Waterman would share their frugal supper, who so proud as the parents of these children? But there was a reverse side of the picture, and more than one victim of drunken brutality was rescued from unnatural parents and placed in public asylums for such friendless waifs. Resolved to investigate fairly, he was slow to bestow alms, but many a mysterious banknote found its

way where the rent was overdue, or where sickness held industrious fingers in its paralyzing grasp. Little imagined the recipients of such bounty from what source the gift had come.

Chapter II.

Click, click, click! Surely a sewing-machine, and presently a clear, girlish voice, singing, "My love he is a sailor lad."

James Waterman rubbed his eyes, sat up in bed and listened. Yes, there was no mistake. The voice came from the room upon the other side of the landing, that had been vacant since he came. A girl and a sewing-machine. Little prospect of morning naps if she sang every morning and had the whirr and click for an accompaniment. But our hero smiled benevolently. Here was a new acquaintance to be made, perhaps a new avenue of kindness opened.

"She can't be very unhappy," he thought, as he slowly dressed himself, "when she sings at her work. Ugh! it is getting cold. I shall have to keep my fire in at night."

Once dressed, he took up a basket to make his purchases of provisions for the day, and opened his door. Just at the moment the opposite door opened, and out came a girl with large baby-blue eyes and fluffy, golden curls, who blushed modestly, dropped a half-courtesy and ran lightly down-stairs, carrying a basket, too. She wore a dress of cheap print, a coarse woolen sack, and a cheap felt bonnet, but her beauty bore the sharp test well. She seemed to James Waterman a beautiful child, in the glimpse he caught of her, and he followed her slowly, reaching the provision-store at the corner while she was still making her purchases.

He put his basket down and stood aside, half amused, half pitiful, as she priced one article after another, and put down again what was probably beyond the reach of her slender purse. A few cheap provisions were at last stowed away in her basket, and the storekeeper turned to James Waterman.

His selection and purchases occupied but a few moments, and when he reached the door of No. 5 his new neighbor was chatting with the landlady. She looked up as he came near, and acknowledged the landlady's introduction by a smile and a bow. He would not stop to chat. What business was it of his, he asked himself, angrily, with whom she talked? And yet he shrank from seeing her with the loud-tongued, vulgar woman who rented No. 5. She was so young, so fair, like some pure flower dropped in the foul court.

Half way up the staircase he paused a moment to rest. A soft hand fell upon the one in which he held the basket, a low, clear voice said, "Please let me carry it for you!" and before he could remonstrate his neighbor was already nearly to the attic floor, lightly carrying his load as well as her own. She was in her own room when he took up the basket she had left at his door, and he saw her no more that day.

But while he bent over his pretense of work, while he performed his housemaid and cooking duties, he found himself listening for the clear, penetrating voice that sang to the click, click of the busy machine. It was like a new book to him, this happy voice and the recollection of the lovely, child-like face.

Fashionable girls, with cultivated voices raised in operatic music, he had heard in plenty; coarse, vulgar women; whining women; gentle housemothers, overburdened and uneducated, had been his neighbors since he was an inmate of Mulberry Court. But this girl, so young, so pretty, living alone in a dreary attic, her own innocence her protection, stirred the very depths of his heart with tender pity. It had become habitual with him to think, "What can I do for her?" whenever he met a new face, or heard a new voice, but here he was baffled at the outset. A girl who sang over her work, as a robin sings in the woods, was not miserable, and it was with misery he came to deal at Mulberry Court.

The next day he met her on the landing with two tiny pots of flowers.

"Good-morning!" she said, brightly; "I am going to put these in this window, between your room and mine, if you don't mind. See, I have washed the window and made a muslin curtain. There!" depositing her flowers, "isn't that pretty? I think this landing is so nice, so broad, like a room. If there was a stove here I would like to sit here when I am not running the machine. Oh, do I disturb you?"

"Not in the least."

"Because I could get to work a little later, only"—and the pretty head drooped—"I should have to work then in the evening, and that is the only time I have to read."

"I assure you you do not disturb me."

"Machine-work does not pay very well unless one can do a great deal. But I can," with a clear, joyous laugh; "and just now I have such a splendid lot of work."

All this time she had been talking she had been busy at the window, draping the cheap muslin curtain to let the sunlight in on her flowers, and putting her head on one side and the other to study the effect.

"Now I must go," she said, presently. "You are sure I do not disturb you?"

"Quite sure."

She made a little gesture of farewell, and entered her own room again, while James Waterman limped down the stairs. All day he was busy with his agent and tenants. There was a threat of fever in Mulberry Court, and certain sanitary reforms were in progress in which the landlord was deeply interested, but over which Mr. Stapler, the agent, shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the use of it all," he asked, "when the garbage stands a week on the landings, and is knee-deep in the street?"

"The street will be cleaned at regular intervals."

"Very good, sir, but the houses won't. You have got to make the tenants act with you, and they will never do it."

"We will do the best we can, then."

Many matters occupying his time, James Waterman dined at a restaurant, and did not return home until nearly dusk. He found his new tenant on the broad landing in an ecstasy of delight.

"Oh," she cried, clapping her pretty white hands, "is not this delicious! The agent was in this morning, and he says the walls are damp, and he has put a stove on this landing and a coal-box. We are to keep up a good fire. Won't I? And when I told him I meant to sit here, he sent in these two big soft rugs and that table."

Her delight was contagious, and James Waterman joined her heartily in the effort to make this joint sitting-room delightful. He had ordered a few flowers, he said, and they came while he spoke of them; rare roses in great bushes, delicate hothouse treasures whose value, he trusted, she would not guess. Arranging these, finding a cover for the table, bringing out two chairs, lighting James Waterman's student-lamp, putting out a few books to "make it homelike," made the evening speed by.

He found out that his neighbor's name was Irene Smith, that her mother lived in the country with three

more daughters, and that this one, weary of poverty at home, had resolved to try her fortune in the city. Confidences were so natural with James Waterman, that all this guileless talk was only natural to his ears. His infirmity seemed like old age; to set him, as it were, apart from other men, and he smiled at the reverential way in which this pretty child seemed to regard him. There was no such shyness as his age and sex made natural, but just the dash of pretty timidity children give to adults, and young people to advanced years. And the young man's own gravity and reserve, at first encouraging this state of affairs, gradually melted away before the frank brightness of his companion.

When had he laughed before? he wondered, as he started at the sound of his own merriment over some of the "fixings."

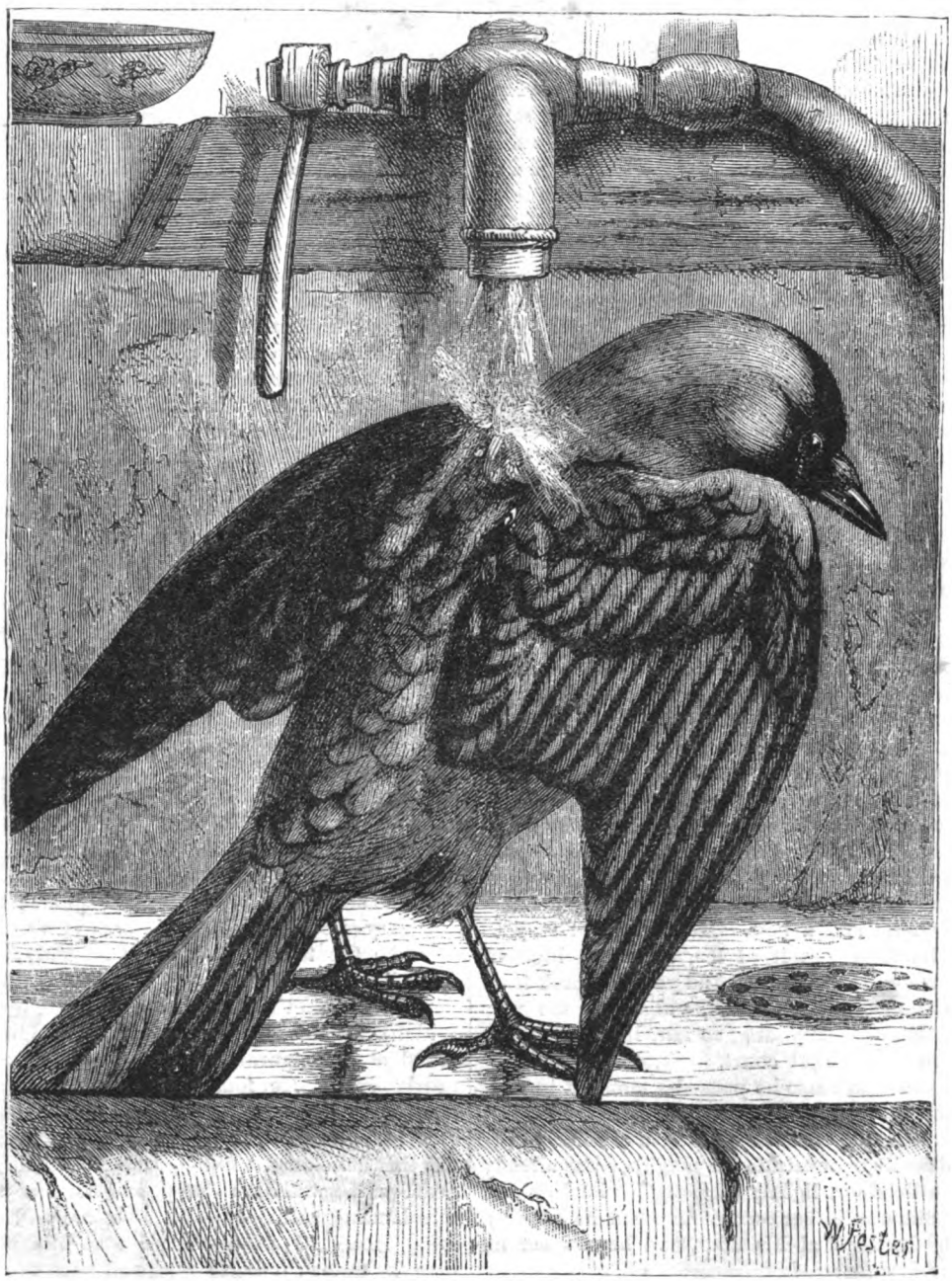
"What would Mrs. Grundy say?" he muttered, as he assisted in arranging the window-garden.

"Who is she?" Irene asked. "One of the women down-stairs?"

And he was delighted. A girl who had never heard of Mrs. Grundy was a novelty, indeed.

Each day found him more in his own room, listening to the sweet singing voice, the light footsteps, and the evenings were spent together on the landing, that was a comfortable sitting-room. Here James Waterman read aloud, while Irene worked busily at basting for her machine, or making pretty fancywork for a store, where, she gleefully informed him, they took all she offered them.

"It does not pay for steady work, because the materials are all expensive," she said, "but it helps out on clothes. Now, this," holding up a combination of satin



THE JACKDAW'S BATH.—SEE PAGE 294.

and basket work, "will buy me a pair of boots, and you see I need them," thrusting out a little foot whose shoe certainly showed marks of long wear.

Often she brought out, shyly, some dainty of food of her own making, and asked his opinion of her skill as a cook. And never did James Waterman taste such delicious fare. He knew, all too soon, that he loved her, and there was absolute torture in the thought. Never would he link that bright young life with his deformity.

Yet, as the long Winter wore away, the torture died slowly, and a faint hope stirred in his heart. Surely, surely, he was winning his way to this poor child's affections—so frankly given, so sweetly betrayed. It was not at first, he dared to think, she gave him any other love than gentle pity would suggest. Her sole idea seemed to be to help him; to save his weakness from over-exertion. Now a soft cushion was on his chair, then a footstool was under his feet; little offers of service were timidly proffered to save him from toilsome journeying over the stairs. Sometimes when he came in, weary from his day's duties, he found in his room a freshness and sweetness that told of a woman's thorough cleansing, although

ARION.—FROM THE STATUE BY ERNEST HOILLE.

nothing seemed to have been stirred. His fire was always bright, too, let him come in when he would.

But over all this came a change. The frank, blue eyes drooped under his gaze, and the color flushed brightly in the round cheeks. Sometimes when he read poetry he would look up unexpectedly, and meet Irene's eyes fixed on his face with what seemed a heart's love in them. They drooped quickly when detected, and soon an excuse for escaping to her own room proved her pretty shame at her betrayal of her secret. She no longer sang at her work, but moved about dreamily, often sighing, as if troubled by the weight of her thoughts.

Love was quick to interpret the change in its own way, and after some hesitation, James Waterman resolved to ask Irene to be his wife. Surely if true love existed hers would be true. Crippled, deformed and poor, he had sought her, and yet it was delicious to think of what he would give her. Not all at once. The life in the attic had its charms. But by degrees he would win her to aid him in his benevolent schemes, to share his self-imposed duties until she became accustomed to the idea of wealth.

"King Cophetua," he thought, "might find the beggar-maid fit to adorn a palace, but my violet must have time to turn into a butterfly."

Yet his fancy would picture her in shining satin and heavy silk, jewels flashing on her round, white arms, and at her slender throat. How beautiful she would be in evening-dress !—such as he had seen upon a hundred women far less fair. Society would be endurable with this pretty child to accompany him into its circles.

"Even if they call us Beauty and the Beast !" he thought, bitterly. "And how she will enjoy it !—she who enjoys all the small pleasures of her hard life so keenly."

It was early Spring when he ventured to write to her.

"I could not bear to see her shrink away in horror !" he thought, "so I think I will let her get over the first shock before she sees me."

For, even yet he could not quite conquer his morbid distrust of his own power to win affection. She gave him her friendship freely, and never once had her eyes seemed to see his deformity ; but to be his wife, to give her young life into his keeping, was much to ask, and he trembled at his own audacity. Upon his table he found an answer, after a day of suspense. She wrote:

"If you think a little ignorant girl, as I am, can make you happy, I will be your wife. I love you with all my heart. Remember, if you are disappointed in me, those words are true—I love you with all my heart! IRENE."

There was nothing to delay the wedding, then. She loved him. When he held her clasped in their first embrace, when he tenderly kissed her lips, her blue eyes, misty with happy tears, looked into his face, filled with love and trust.

"You are happy ?" he whispered, and she only nestled her golden head upon his breast, with a sigh of utter content.

"When will you marry me ?"

"When you will ?"

"To-morrow."

"Yes."

She answered his rap upon her door at the hour they appointed the next day. In a dress of sheer white muslin, a hat with a few white flowers, and soft lace at her throat, she was as pretty a bride as ever the sun shone upon.

The church was almost deserted as the minister read the service that bound James Waterman to his bride, and afterward there was a quiet dinner at a restaurant.

But when that was over, Mrs. Waterman, who had lingered until the room was occupied only by herself and her husband, lifted her blue eyes to his face, and said, languidly :

"Don't you think we had better drive at once to Grove Hall, dear ? If you are half as sick of masquerading as I am, you will be glad to leave Mulberry Court."

He could only stare at her, in stunned amazement.

"I haven't told you any stories," she said, half pouting. "I am, truly, Irene Smith. You know mamma, I am sure—Mrs. Hamilton Smith. And the girls, my sisters. They all had their chance to capture you while I was in the schoolroom. You see, we were all at Cape May last year, but I was not "out." I was on the porch when you confided your plans to your friend, and I thought it was such a pity for you to let your whole life drift away, as you proposed. James, dear James, won't you believe one thing ? I am a wicked little wretch, and I have deceived you, but I do love you with all my heart !"

It was bitter. Long months passed before the bitterness wore away, but at last he believed it. If his money tempted her at first, his own tender heart won her at last, and he gave her fully confidence for love. And society never quite understands a certain glance Mr. and Mrs. James Waterman exchange whenever the conversation turns upon private theatricals.

THE JACKDAW'S BATH.

MR. WILLIAM FOSTER, of Witley, Surrey, England, writes : "A jackdaw which belonged to my friends the Bruces was very fond of its bath, and it soon got to be clever enough to take one for itself whenever it wished it ; for it learned to pull down a tap in the sink, and stood underneath when the water began to run, shaking itself out and thoroughly enjoying itself. I'm afraid it wasn't clever enough to turn off the water when it had done, but perhaps it might have been taught to do this with a little trouble, for jackdaws learn quickly."

THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.

A RECENT number of the *English Mechanic* records the completion of what is said to be the largest organ in the world. It was built by Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, and has just been placed in the Cathedral Church of Riga. This colossal instrument measures thirty-six feet in width, thirty-two feet from back to front, and is sixty-five feet high. It contains no less than 6,826 pipes, distributed amongst 124 sounding-stops. Most of the pipes are constructed of metal, but many are of wood, especially the larger ones. They are of all shapes and sizes, from the giant tube of thirty-two feet down to the tiny whistle of only an inch. Almost every variety of tone and pitch can be produced by this "king of instruments"; the trumpet and the trombone, the fiddle and the flute, and many other instruments, are all represented. Human power is not called upon to supply the capacious lungs of this musical giant, the bellows-feeders being worked by means of a water-engine of four-horse power. In glancing over the list of stops, some fine-sounding names occur, and if the sounds which they yield are as beautiful as their names would suggest, it will be readily admitted that the instrument is capable of producing heavenly music. Among such names are : *Vox Angelica, Harmonia*

Ætheria, Voix celeste, etc. It is open to question, however, whether the above is really the largest organ in the world, and it certainly is not if we take the total number of pipes as a standard of comparison. The Albert Hall organ contains 7,428 pipes and 111 stops, not to mention the Roosevelt organ in Garden City, with 7,031 pipes and 115 sounding-stops; and perhaps one or two others might be mentioned as containing more pipes, though fewer stops.

A REVERIE.

By Mrs. Denison.

Can any one tell
What are the real thoughts of a belle?
Of a real belle of the beauty kind,
Who has some sort of a thinking mind,
And whether at concert, ball or church,
Never leaves bellehood in the lurch?

I wonder if I
Could tell something like it, if I should try?
Putting myself in the beauty's place,
Conscious of every sort of grace—
Conscious of "Worth"—I mean my dress,
And people talking and ogling, no less.

I think I might;
The place is the opera, any night,
A box—for the belle has a rich papa,
Who goes with his daughter to see the star.
She comes! there's a stir—for they know her well—
To catch a glimpse of the reigning belle.

Now how shall I sit,
So that Colonel Fitz Noodle, that charming wit,
Can see and admire my graceful pose,
And the clear, straight line of my Grecian nose?
Ah, now I have it! with hand on chin—
Not to show this bracelet would be a sin.

Yonder I see
That Charley Lincoln, staring at me.
I'll look pathetic, so they may say,
I wonder what sorrows she's had to-day?
I'll sigh once or twice, and look anxious and sad,
Then at sight of—Charley, quite bright and glad.

There's dear Tom McCrae!
He hasn't once looked over this way;
He's taken with that little shameless flirt
In the lavender waist and the *gros-grain* skirt.
I'd like to tell him that dress came down
From the Ark, 'twas her grandmother's wedding gown.

Now I'll fold my arms,
And seem unconscious of all my charms;
I know there are dozens dying for me,
But not one will I pretend to see;
There's old McGinnis, with millions, they say—
I wish he was handsome, like Tom McCrae.

Heigho! we belles
Are always sought by fops and swells;
I wish I was something I never am—
Just candid and honest, and not a sham;
Nor always wondering nights and days
What this one thinks, and what that one says.

But it isn't for me—
The "tender and true" that a girl should be—
I'm used to the other, to routs and balls
And lovers, and plenty of rides and calls;
I go for millions!—she, over the way,
Will marry my glorious Tom McCrae.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

CHAMOUNI.

By Frederick Daniel.

Only a little village, but in one respect Chamouni is like Rome—all roads lead to it: at Rome, man's wonders; at Chamouni, nature's wonders. People from all parts flock to the village, in order to inspect and explore its matchless surroundings. Our own vast throng of Summer tourists who go to Europe in the "swift-footed," six-day steamers, *Oregons* and *Alaskas*, have Chamouni either booked in advance on their list, or take it in on knocking around the Continent in search of the correct thing to do. Indeed, few travelers of any nationality put foot on Switzerland without the ulterior object of a visit to Chamouni as the crowning point of their journey. Americans, English, Germans, Russians, French, and Italians, congregate there in the season, lasting from June to October, though it is most fashionable in the dog-days, because then it is one of the coolest of spots, and as charming as cool. The only country which the French visit to any great extent is Switzerland. In July and August, when the boulevards are hot and barren, even unto insipidity, the Parisian shakes himself and says: "Let us take a turn in Switzerland, and see Chamouni," and he goes in peculiar attire and with numerous country equipments. He enjoys himself to the utmost, too, for although as a rule his countrymen are rarely travelers, whenever he does travel, he accommodates himself to occasions and situations better than most other folks. The Parisian can talk Swiss better than the Swiss themselves, he maintains, and the Swiss say they can talk French better than he can to save his life from the guillotine. So between them lots of fun are expended, chiefly, however, at the cost of the "good Swiss," as he terms them, for he it was who coined the saying, "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*" (No money, no Swiss), by way of delicately insinuating that Switzerland makes a living off travelers—which is about the fact.

The French republic owns to-day, in fee simple, thanks to right of conquest by the late Napoleonic empire, the two most attractive bits of natural sublimity in Europe, namely, Chamouni with its "Mer de Glace," Niagara-like in majesty; and Mont Blanc, highest peak of the Alps, that dorsal ridge, or backbone of the Continent. Both these natural wonders are in the department annexed to France by Napoleon III., in 1860, though the region of the Alps in which they are situated is still, as formerly, known as Swiss-Savoy, the people really forming a part of the happy family of Swiss mountaineers, alike in language, homely customs and costumes.

Switzerland and Savoy are wholly mountainous, without level ground, excepting the surface of very narrow plateaus walled in by high peaks. At the foot of Mont Blanc, Chamouni stands on a plateau which takes the name of the "Valley of Chamouni," a valley, however, only clothed in desolate grandeur, and over 3,000 feet above the sea. Neither from Switzerland nor Savoy can the great Alpine chain, shutting off Italy from the rest of Europe, be seen in any distinct outline; as the countryman in the city said he failed to see it on account of the houses in his line of vision, so there an excess of mountains in detail prevents the eye from getting even the faintest glimpse of the chain. The best view of the Alps is to be had from the Italian plain, whence they are to be seen extending as an immense wall from Turin to Venice, the eye being enabled, at a distance of twenty miles from the crest of the chain, to take in at a glance a range of mountains extending over 130 miles. In the Italian towns, in midwinter, when the sight is directed down the streets

abutting toward the Alps, they seem to be closed at their extremities by variegated piles of snow higher than the houses, such is the towering height of the chain and the limpidity of the atmosphere. The effect thus produced by the colors reflected from the mountain-sides is magnificent. But to see the Alps in detail, or rather one Alp, the grandest of all, Chamouni is the point to look from.

The village dates from the eleventh century; around a Benedictine convent it was built up and took its name, *champ muni*, or fortified field, from its mountain boundaries. In the olden days it was more known for its fairs than its retired wilds and sublime scenery. St. Francis de Sales was a frequent visitor to it. Only from the middle of last century did tourists from England begin to repair to it, thanks to the report made by two scientists to the Royal Society in regard to its attractions; since that time it has annually drawn crowds from every country, and, of late years, great improvements have been made in the village, in order to accommodate the influx of strangers, so numerous, in fact, in the height of the season, that many arriving late at night have to sleep on the hotel-floors. The hotels naturally do an excellent business. For the rest, nothing appears so prosperous among the Swiss people as their inns and hotels, which are really showy beside the natives, sadly deteriorated by frightful ailments and diseases. Hotel-keeping at Chamouni, as throughout Switzerland, is looked upon as the first of all possible callings—the chief end of man. Many of the hoteliers are wealthy, the only wealthy part of the villagers. The same may be said of the neighboring towns of Switzerland, and in the latter additional importance crowns these worthies in the shape of supreme official dignity and influence. The Chamouni magnates are perfectly alive to the fact that they possess a perpetual corner in sight-seers. The approaches to their money-making establishments exhibit in the season a rare spectacle of vehicles of various sorts, from the dirty and rickety *calèche* of the German, trotted out of the back-woods of Germany, to the imposing equipages of wealthy Americans, English and Russian, surrounded by battalions of guides, couriers and servants of all nationalities and languages, some already in employment, the rest clamoring for it. It must be admitted that the hotels themselves are very clean and comfortable, and in them the guest is never troubled by flies, musquitoes, or other pestering insects. The charges, however, are exorbitant, all in keeping with the usual continental rate for candles, twenty cents for the single candle after once it is lighted and put on the mantelpiece

MONT BLANC AND THE MER DE GLACE

—and generally the first thing after a guest is shown to his room, the waiter rushes in, as if the house were on fire, and lights both the candles. That means forty cents additional in the bill, which, item by item at last expands beyond the proverbial apothecary's roll. About the only thing cheap in a Chamouni caravansary is a mineral bath for ten cents, which the guest may enjoy after a mountain tramp.

The bustle and excitement among the eager visitors at Chamouni forms a striking picture in such a retired, wild locality. Marked features are the constant arrival and departure of travelers; the presence and disputes of guides, their tales of adventure and hair-breadth escapes causing terror to novices; the planning for excursions, the continual anxiety for fair weather on retiring to bed so that plans may not be frustrated; the groups of foot-ramblers arriving from Germany, the Valais, Italy, or from the neighboring points of view; the envy over successful ascents and feats and the mockery over failures,

THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

above all, for the tourist who will not be willing to brave great risks is out of his element in such a perilous vicinage as that of Chamouni. Those who do not wish to venture, and only wish to look at the grandeur from the hotel-windows, can secure in several little shops the local souvenirs and trophies at small expense and without any trouble.

The village is situated on the River Arve, which, springing from the melting of the snow and ice a few miles to the east, runs at the base of the huge mountain range through the little valley in a northwesterly direction until it joins the Rhone, just out of Geneva. The Arve, fed by snow and ice, looks like a river of mud, and its junction with the Rhone is a curious sight. The pellucid blue waters of the Rhone, driven on one side by the furious entrance of its new ally, for a long time refuses to mix with it, and the line of separation between the blue and white water is distinctly marked; at length, the Arve gains the mastery, and the Rhone, once polluted, does not recover its purity before reaching the Mediterranean. Issuing out of the Lake of Geneva, its water is as blue as that of the sea itself. There are no trout in the river at Chamouni, strangely enough, for this fish is abundant in all Alpine streams and lakes. The small trout in the Lake of Mont Cenis is considered the best of all kinds, a fish for kings, who, indeed, give standing orders for it. Lakes Annecy and Bourget, not far from Chamouni, afford an excellent supply of fish, and, in addition to their fish, these lakes are in themselves a lovely sight, for they seem to serve as mirrors to the lofty mountains for the multiplication of their enchanting forms.

The class of Swiss melodies known as the "Ranz de Vaches" prevails in the Valley of Chamouni, as in all other Alpine valleys. These melodies are particularly wild and high-pitched, and originated in the practice of the cowherds and shepherds communicating with one another from mountain-tops several miles apart. The name, literally cow-rows, is derived from the order in which the cows march home in obedience to the call of the Alp-hornist. The airs vary, and are performed on a simple tube of wood six feet long, and are caught up and prolonged by the mountain's echoes. The Alp-horn in some localities is a good substitute for the vesper-bell, as the peasant then knows that sunset has taken place and the hour for retirement to his hut arrived. The Ranz is said to have a very thrilling effect on a Swiss exile, despite his rosy, burly, matter-of-fact appearance. These simple Swiss melodies are somewhat fantastic, but are not unpleasant except when they are ground out too often.

The guides of Chamouni are deservedly renowned, for they bravely face great perils in piloting excursionists. They charge high fees, from two dollars for a short trip, up to twenty dollars for the longest. They form a corporation, enforcing stringent discipline; it is a punishable offense for any one not a professional guide to carry a traveler's baggage. Their coolness and intrepidity in situations, where a knowledge of the mountain, experience of the weather, a strong arm, and a steady foot, are requisite, save many lives yearly. With a good guide and an alpenstock the tourist usually considers himself safe nowadays, owing to the accumulated stock of explorers' experiences. The alpenstock is a stout ash pole, six feet long, with an iron spike at one end, and is used as a staff and leaping-pole in climbing and descending the mountain-sides; no excursionist can start out without one.

Superb views are to be enjoyed from the hotel-windows of Chamouni, it is true, but the main object of a visit here is the actual seeing and walking over the famous Mer de Glace, or Sea of Ice, and the climbing of Mont Blanc, justly crowned monarch of the Alps. In these two natural wonders all interest is concentrated. The Mer de Glace is an immense field or tract of uninterrupted glacier. Glaciers are frequent in the Alps, one of its most wonderful features, but the one rolling down the side of Mont Blanc is the most beautiful and extensive. A glacier is simply a stream of ice descending into the valleys of high mountain chains, fed by the snows which occupy their tops and fill the hollows and clefts between their peaks and ridges; what it loses at its lower end by the increased temperature is supplied by the descent of new masses from the summit. The snow which falls upon the plateaus of the high Alps is at first a dry and loose powder, which the sun gradually converts into a granular mass, white and opaque but with separate grains easily perceived. In the course of successive years, in consequence of repeated thawings and freezings, the mass becomes consolidated into seemingly solid ice; closely examined, it is found to be penetrated by innumerable fissures, and consists of compressed and cemented granules, and for this reason a glacier on its surface is not slippery like ordinary ice. The common belief that snow never melts on a certain line of high mountains is erroneous, for there is no spot on the Alps, or any other mountains, where snow does not melt under the influence of a Summer sun at midday. It melts even on the top of Mont Blanc, but the sun's heat is so short there that very little is melted during the year, and for the same reason, there is very little moisture in the air, and, consequently, very little snow can fall, so that on the whole, and in a series of years, the quantity which falls is about equal to that melted. Thus the melting produces the glacier which relieves the summit from being otherwise overloaded.

The 600 glaciers in the Alps cover over 1,000 square miles, varying from a few acres to many miles in extent, occupying in some instances whole districts, and branching out into the inhabited valleys, below the region of forests and as far down as the level at which corn will grow. The greatest thickness of a glacier is from 600 to 800 feet, the latter being the depth of the Mer de Glace at Chamouni. But in spite of such great extent and solidity, glaciers undergo a perpetual process of destruction and renovation. The lower portions, descending into the valleys, are gradually dissolved by greater heat at so low a level. The Summer sun and winds act upon the surface, so that in the middle of the day it abounds in pools, and is traversed by rills of water. The constant evaporation produces great diminution in the upper beds; the earth's temperature also melts yearly a small portion of its lower surface, reducing the bulk and height of the glacier, which, toward the end of Summer, is many feet lowered and shrunken. The vacancy thus caused is entirely filled up from above by Winter snows on the mountain-top, pressed down by their own weight. Accordingly, the ice-stream, like a river, moves onward steadily by day and night, and even in Winter, though its progress is slower, its cold and restless mass still keeps moving on, retarded sensibly by hard frost, accelerated by thaw.

The cause of the movement of glaciers has been much discussed by the scientists. Professor Tyndall, who for years studied the subject on the spot, having, in fact, secured his wife in the Alps in the person of the lady who was his traveling companion, holds the theory that the cause lies in the expansive, plastic nature of ice. His theory, of course, is that now received--namely, that the changes in the form of masses of ice are occasioned by

the fracture and subsequent freezing together of the component parts, and this accounts for the glacier passing through straits formed by projecting rocks, which contract the width of its bed sometimes to one half of its expanse in the upper part of the valley, and around promontories which intrude to turn it out of its course. The centre of the ice-stream moves quicker than the sides, and, in fact, drags them after it. The mountain's surface, however hard, forming the bed of a glacier, is subjected to an extraordinary process of grinding and polishing from the vast masses of ice constantly passing over it. The harder fragments, such as granite and quartz, interposed between the ice and the rock, act like diamonds on glass and scratch deep and long grooves on the surface; thus the seat of ancient glaciers, which have now entirely disappeared, may still be discovered by the furrows left behind them on the rocks. The nature of the upper surface of the ice depends partly upon that of the ground on which it rests; where it is even, the ice is smooth, but where uneven or slanting, the glacier begins to split and gape in all directions. As it approaches a steeper declivity or precipice, or passes through a narrow passage, the layers of ice are displaced, upheaved or squeezed one above another into toppling crags, obelisks and fantastic towers from twenty to eighty feet high. Being unequally melted, they are continually tottering to their fall, either by their own weight or the pressure of other masses, and, tumbling headlong, are shivered to atoms with a roar like thunder. As soon as the surface of the mountain below is again level, the fragments pressed together close up and assume a compact, level surface on their part. The crevasses, or fissures, which are the dread of explorers, crossing the glacier in advance of its disruption, are numerous, and so confusing through their deceiving appearance that travelers and guides encounter sometimes great difficulty in extricating themselves from the intricate network. Sometimes the crevasses are concealed by a coating of rough snow, and this is the chief source of danger to the explorer. The southeast wind is very instrumental in causing the glacier to split, and then the widening of the fissures may be both seen and heard; they exhibit in perfection the beautiful blue azure color of the yawning ice. The glacier's surface is usually of a whitish color, impure from being sprinkled with mud, stones, and gravel, a rubbish called "moraines" running along at the sides or in the middle, and fallen on the edges after detachment from the mountain-sides. This *débris* has an unsightly appearance, but it is a good geological cabinet containing specimens of all the neighboring mountains. When a single large mass of rock falls on a glacier, the shade and protection from the sun's rays afforded by the stone prevents the ice on which it rests from melting and, while the surface around is gradually lowered, it remains supported on a pedestal like a mushroom on its stalk, often attaining a height of several feet; at length the stone falls off the pillar and the process recommences. An exactly opposite effect occurs when a small stone, not more than an inch thick, or a leaf, rests upon the ice, for, the sun's heat penetrating through them, the ice is additionally melted, and thus holes and pools are formed, out of which the excursionist often slacks his thirst. Owing to the mildness or severity of Winters there are frequent variations in the size of glaciers; the Mer de Glace itself has varied, and about sixty years ago it extended so far in width and in length as to overthrow large trees of secular growth, afterward retreating and resuming its original limits. The service of glaciers in the economy of nature is interesting, when we consider that these dead and chilly fields of ice which prolong Winter throughout the year are, in reality, the source of life and vegetation, the locked-up reservoirs from which the vast rivers traversing all our continents are sustained. Summer heat, which dries up other sources of water, first opens out their supply; when the rivers of the plain are shrunk and dwindled in their parched beds, the torrents of the Alps, fed by melting snow and glaciers, rush down and supply the deficiency, and so in July and August the rivers and lakes of Switzerland are fullest. During the whole Summer the torrents rustling and running below at the bottom of the azure crevasses of the Mer de Glace can be heard. So many rills gushing forth from the subglacial beds are all collected in one stream at the terminus of the glacier, which in consequence is eaten away into a vast dome-shaped arch, as in the Chamouni valley.

From Chamouni there is a very short distance to pass over before reaching Montanvert, the point on the mountain's base where the Mer de Glace begins, and where it can be seen to an extent of six miles accommodating itself to the valley, varying in width and depth. The first view of this enormous sea is somewhat disappointing, because its extent is unappreciated owing to the vast size of every object about it, for directly across it are the pinnacled mountains which form such a striking and peculiar feature in the scenery. To have a just idea of the character of the Mer de Glace, it is absolutely indispensable to walk over it, at least far enough to observe close at hand its beautiful purity and the intense blue color in the crevasses, not perceivable from a distance on account of the superficial *débris*. With guides and alpenstocks the explorer need have no fears in crossing "the Sea" and venturing throughout the upper portions of the ice region; ladies do not object to making the entire tour, so interesting is the wonderful scenery on all sides. One of the sights in July is the driving of the Chamouni cows, each attended by its owner, to Montanvert in order to be conducted across the Mer de Glace to pass their Summer on the slopes of the mountain. Before they are launched, dangerous places are leveled or bridged over, though accidents generally attend the transit. Men are stationed to indicate the route, and the operation, requiring several hours, offers a picturesque spectacle, as the day is a holiday and the procession is attended by a large majority of the Chamounians. One man remains on the opposite side as guardian of the herd, and has an outfit of bread and cheese to last one month, renewed at the expiration of that period, and he is allowed to milk one cow for his daily beverage. Knitting is his chief pastime, and so he passes his expatriation in making stockings and contemplating the wonders of nature that surround him during the season of three months.

There are many points to which interesting excursions are made in the neighborhood of Chamouni, though chiefly with one object ahead, and that is to get fine and varied views of Mount Blanc, the ascent of which, of course, is one of the principal aims of travelers to Chamouni. Its ascent was first made in 1786, and up to thirty years ago only fifty persons had set foot on its summit. The enterprise was effectually popularized by an Englishman named Albert Smith, about a quarter of a century ago, and to go up Mont Blanc is now a very common affair amongst all *voyageurs* who can pay the necessary guides, for they charge roundly for the trip. The route is long and fatiguing, but to get up near to the grand white mass of Mont Blanc and its accompanying *aiguilles* or peaks, is not difficult or very dangerous. It is best to go up to a half-way hut during a moonlight night, and fine weather, in order to enjoy the extensive view and the thunders of falling avalanches, and to be on top for sun-

CHAMBÉRY, VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

rise. The avalanches heard during an ascent differ from the simple avalanches of snow, being caused by the rupture and toppling of glaciers; their thunder is an excellent preventive against sleep anywhere on the monarch's flanks, as these tons upon tons of solid ice repeatedly through night and day tumble over the deep precipices to be ground to powder.

Words cannot convey an idea of the magnificent view of the mountains piled upon mountains which meets the eye of the venturesome climber standing on the monarch's

MONT BLANC.

summit. After the extensive panorama is fully taken in, he generally prepares to descend in entire satisfaction at having undertaken the trip. Not all is barren on the wayside even of Mont Blanc in Summer; tufts of vegetation and wild-flowers crop out here and there, and are pleasant sights amidst so much rocky, icy grandeur. Indeed from beneath the snow-bed, on the very verge of the glacier, the relative profusion of flowers of great beauty and variety is truly surprising in the most elevated Alpine regions, but, as the Alpine Summer is brief, their life is short.

When parties ascend Mont Blanc their progress can be watched from several points near Chamouni, for the course lies like a map from the village to the summit, and with a good glass every step they take may be observed. There are dozens of peaks shooting up from the great chain in the immediate neighborhood of Mont Blanc; but the latter overtops them all, and can be seen on a bright day over a distance of one hundred miles. Similarly there are many glaciers flowing from its sides toward the Chamouni Valley, but the Mer de Glace is incomparably the grandest. The precipices on the mountain's side over which tumble the avalanches of ice are channeled with the furrows or grooves made in a long lapse of time. The avalanches are most numerous a little after noon, when the sun and wind exercise the greatest influence in loosening and breaking off the glacier's masses. When one of them falls the attention is first arrested by a distant roar, and in half a minute a gush of white powder, resembling a small cataract, is perceived issuing out of one of the upper grooves; it then sinks into a low fissure, and is lost, only to reappear at a stage some hundred feet below, and so on from point to point, till the mass is precipitated into the bottom gulf. Independent of the sound, which is an awe-inspiring interruption of the perfect stillness usually prevailing on the high plateaus, there is nothing that strikes the attention or fixes it upon the falling masses. The apparently insignificant white dust at each thunderous discharge is made up of blocks capable of sweeping away whole forests, or overwhelming houses and villages, were any in the way; but fortunately no harm is done by them. During early Summer three or four such discharges may be witnessed in an hour; in cold weather they are less numerous, and in Autumn scarcely any occur.

In the midst of so much magnificent scenery, exciting emotions of wonder and elevation in the mind, the mountaineers in the country surrounding Chamouni are afflicted with that mysterious disease known as "goitre," and its consequent cretinism, a condition truly pitiable. The same disease prevails in all the grandest and most beautiful Alpine valleys, whether in Switzerland or Savoy. Goitre is a swelling in front of the neck, which increases with the growth of the individual, until, in some cases, it attains an enormous size, and becomes a hideous wallet of flesh hanging pendulous down to the breast. It is not, however, painful, and generally seems to be more repulsive to the spectator than inconvenient or hateful to the bearer; but sometimes its increase is so prodigious that he is unable to support its weight, and hence is to be met crawling along the ground under the unsightly burden. On the northern edge of the Alps women are the principal sufferers from this malady, so much so that in certain districts scarcely a woman is free from it, and those who have no swelling are laughed at, and called goose-necked, the afflicted making, as it were, a virtue of necessity; on the southern slope of the Alps the disease prevails more among the men. Cretinism, its attendant in the same localities, is a more serious complaint, affecting the mind. The cretin is an idiot, with vacancy in his countenance, his head disproportionately large, limbs stunted or crippled, indistinctly articulating, and incapable of executing scarcely any work. He spends his days basking in the sun, and on the appearance of a stranger, becomes a clamorous beggar, ceaselessly chattering, and gladly gotten rid of at the cost of a few sous. They are allowed to roam at large, though their minds are so upset that they are often unable to find their way home when within a few feet of their doors. The disease is attributed to various causes—to snow-water, to carrying heavy weights on the head, to the soil, or the use of calcareous spring water, or to the want of a due circulation of air in certain walled-in valleys, where it mostly obtains. Strange to say, the people on one side of a valley will be afflicted by it, while on the opposite side they will be free. It appears in one spot, higher up it is unknown, and in another situation only a mile off it reappears. It is hereditary in families, but its presence is not pronounced during infancy. As a rule, it prevails in low, warm, moist situations, at the bottom of valleys, where a stagnation of water occurs, and where the Summer exhalations and Autumnal fogs arising from it are not carried off by a free circulation of air, thus doubtless being in part attributable to malaria; but whatever may be the true cause, its ravages among a portion of the mountaineers are lamentable to behold.

Thanks to its annual income from foreign visitors, Chamouni is comparatively well off; but the mountaineers on the slopes roundabout have to work very hard to gain a living. Their chief dependence is in raising cows, and occasionally goats, and the making of cheese. The best cheeses are manufactured from the milk of cows fed on the most elevated pastures, and this is why the cows are driven across the Mer de Glace, to wander about in search of the rich and fattening, though scanty, pastures to be found during the Summer campaign on high, untenanted regions. The business, at best, is not very remunerative, and the cattle require great care to prevent losses. The house in which the hardy herdsman dwells with his family is only a hut built of pine logs, and weighted down with heavy stones, to prevent the fierce winds from blowing it away, for it can be located nowhere very far from gorge and precipice. According to the season and the feeding of the cattle, he has to shift his quarters, and hence keeps running, as it were, two or three abodes. The weary stranger out touring can rarely find anything in the shape of refreshment at the huts; provisions he has to carry along with him, or go without until getting back to his hotel at Chamouni, but this is no great drawback for him, as a highly whetted appetite gives spice to the fare spread before him at the *table d'hote*. The experienced excursionist generally starts out well supplied with eatables and drinkables.

For a near view of Alpine scenery, amidst the recesses of the mountains, the palm must be accorded to Chamouni and its valley, abounding in points which afford a concentration of the most sublimely beautiful objects. It is there the combination is most remarkable of fine forms and great elevation in the mountains, of vast glaciers and snow-fields, of thundering avalanches, rushing torrents and falling glaciers. There are many points whence the semi-circular array of Alpine peaks, capped with snow and bristling with rugged rocks, may be seen extending over a great distance; but not one of them all can be compared with Chamouni. A distant view of the colossal chain lends a degree of enchantment to it that a near view serves somewhat to dissipate—certainly it dissipates the blue tint which distance alone can confer;

but, after all, a near view has the advantage of making one more closely acquainted with the wonderful workings of Nature in actual, visible progress. Such an advantage is enjoyed at Chamouni to an extent unequaled elsewhere.

GREEK POTTERY FROM ANTIPAROS.

THE archæological treasures of Great Britain have just received a distinct and very characteristic addition in the shape of a collection—not yet, however, in the national possession—of thirty or forty specimens of Greek pottery and other articles, which, dating from a prehistoric period, cannot be regarded as later than from 1400 to 1600 before the Christian era. They have been excavated in the Island of Antiparos, famous for its wonderful grotto, and for its having been the birthplace of Phidias and Praxiteles, and they are remarkable as being the first find of any importance which has responded to the enterprise of the excavator in the Cyclades or in other of the minor islands of Greece. The specimens of pottery-ware and molded are generally of the rudest description, and present singular marks of affinity with the earlier products of the ancient British artificers in the city. Into the composition of some of these terra-cotta vessels pieces of granite have been introduced, which seem to have been previously granulated for the purpose of imparting consistency to the material of the vessels with which they were incorporated. In the numerous cases of fracture this very precaution, which was intended as an element of durability, forms a special difficulty in the way of the restorer, who is apt to find a homogeneous substance the most amenable to reconstruction. On a few of the vessels which, notwithstanding their rudeness of construction, are very elegant in form, a leaf pattern is represented as the nearest approach to ornament. In addition to articles of domestic and, so to say, of artistic life, there are human figures, which are also of the rudest character, being suggestive and symbolical rather than accurately initiative. This remark applies principally to the limbs, for the faces are more finished, so far, indeed, that they are upturned in a way which is suggestive of prayer or invocation, and have the eyebrows in high relief.

M. SAUVAGEON, of Valence, has studied the different phenomena which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into it, and the results of his observation transform it into a barometer. "If, in sweetening your coffee," says M. Sauvageon, "you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre."

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife is thus described by the quaint Thomas Fuller. He says: "She commandeth her husband in equal matters by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her wearing it. In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows."

THE EARL OF NITHSDALE'S ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON.

AMONG the friends and followers of the Pretender, the Earl of Nithsdale's name is familiar to all readers of history, and the story of his escape from the Tower of London is one of great interest.

Into that terrible fortress he had been shut to die, and from out of its gloomy walls only the courage of a loving wife could deliver him.

Lady Nithsdale was in Scotland when the news reached her that her husband was in prison, and condemned to death for following the fortunes of an unhappy master; and, after hastening on horseback over 300 miles of snowy roads, in fatigue and grief, she found it impossible to win a pardon for him from the King, George I.

So, in her London lodgings, she sat down, not to despair and wring her hands, but devise a means to save her dear husband. Her faithful maid, Evans, was the only person she consulted at first, and these two brave women decided that Lord Nithsdale must be disguised in the dress of a lady, and so got out of the Tower.

It was no easy matter to arrange, for even the visitors to condemned prisoners were strictly scanned by the guards and turnkeys. There was nothing to lose, however, and everything to gain, by the attempt. So the very evening before the execution was fixed to take place, the countess drove in a hackney-coach to the Tower, her landlady, Mrs. Mills, and a Mrs. Morgan being with her. These two kind women had consented to help the countess in her hazardous enterprise.

Only one attendant was allowed to visit the prisoner at the same time as his wife; so Mrs. Morgan went in first, carrying the clothes which Mrs. Mills was to wear when she had taken off her own for Lord Nithsdale, for this was to be the plan.

When Mrs. Morgan had paid a visit to the prisoner Mrs. Mills came up the staircase, holding her handkerchief to her face, and seemingly in great sorrow, as was only natural when going to say a last good-by. But the reason for this display of grief was that Lord Nithsdale, when leaving the prison disguised as Mrs. Mills, might continue the trick, and hold his handkerchief to his eyes; since, though his brave wife might paint and powder and dress him up, it is difficult to make a man look like a woman.

Then began the great experiment of changing clothes. Mrs. Mills was soon ready in her changed raiment, and the countess, who neither flagged nor feared while there was work to be done, saw her safely out, and in a loud, earnest voice (as there were sentinels and other people listening), bade her go quickly and send her maid to her, since she must go to the King that night and present another petition for her husband's life.

Mrs. Mills was not crying this time because, you remember, Lord Nithsdale was to do that when he was disguised in her clothes.

Very soon, while finishing her husband's attiring, Lady Nithsdale perceived darkness coming on, and, fearful lest candlelight might betray her scheme, she hurried Lord Nithsdale out into the passage, leading him by the hand, and making believe he was one of her weeping friends.

She was still talking aloud, and begging the crying lady to hasten her maid.

"My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly," she said, "and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever you made dispatch in your life, do it at present. I am almost distracted with the terrible

disappointment. I want her to dress me for an audience with the King."

The guards, who were all very sorry for the kind lady who had given them money the day before, and was in such sore trouble, looked very compassionately at her, and, doubtless, hoped that the weeping friend would hasten the maid, little thinking who was concealed beneath that hood and gown.

Lady Nithsdale put her husband in front of her when she had passed them, meaning thereby to conceal his manly walk from their eyes ; and every now and then, despite the need for coolness and composure, she could not help pressing him to make all possible haste.

THE EARL OF NITHSDALE'S ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON.—SEE PAGE 303.

At the bottom of the stairs stood her faithful maid Evans and Mrs. Mills, and into these good hands she gave over Lord Nithsdale. Then, always brave and collected, she went back to the empty room of the prisoner, pretending to wait for her maid, and all the while talking to her husband as if he were there, and answering to his voice.

When she thought the escaped prisoner had had time to get free of the Tower precincts, she half opened the door of his chamber and wished him a formal good-night, saying aloud she knew not what had detained her maid, but that she hoped to come to him in the morning with good tidings of a pardon ; and then, cleverly pulling through the string of the latch, so that the door could not be opened from without, she prepared to leave the Tower.

She forgot nothing that could help to hide her lord's escape, even telling her servant, who knew nothing of the plan, not to carry in candles till his lord sent for him. After that, the brave lady drove to her lodgings, where a Mr. Mackenzie was waiting with the petition, in case the attempt at rescue failed.

Can you imagine the joy with which she took it from him, telling him she hoped there was no need of it, since his lordship was safe out of the Tower and out of the hands of his enemies ? or the greater joy with which she welcomed her husband, a fugitive, hidden in the tiny house of a poor woman, but free, and, she hoped, safe for a time ?

For three days the husband and wife lay concealed here, subsisting on bread and wine brought to them in Mrs. Mills's pocket, and then a new disguise was devised for Lord Nithsdale—a servant's livery—in which he went down to Dover in the Venetian Ambassador's coach-and-six, unknown to the ambassador himself, but in charge of one Mr. Mitchell, his servant.

At Dover a little boat was secured, and Lord Nithsdale safely conveyed to Calais. While crossing, the wind was so favorable and the speed of the little vessel so good, that the captain remarked that it could not have served better nad his passenger been flying for his life. So many a true word is spoken in jest.

Lord and Lady Nithsdale lived for many years in exile, happy in each other's company, while many of his friends who were imprisoned in the Tower at the same time with himself suffered a violent death.

THE possessor of an ungracious manner will never come up to the standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although possibly well born and well educated. The sensation of insecurity and of being on the lookout for some ill-judged speech dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined. There is always a nervous dread of what may come next, and a feeling of constraint is generated. Persons who are much in the society of the ungracious, foster insensibly a guarded carefulness as to topics likely to call forth a show of ungraciousness, and a cautious manner of feeling their way on a subject, so to speak, very trying to those having to practice it. Yet, with every care taken, the failing will appear, and almost always when least expected, and on occasions seemingly the least calling for it.

SAM BRANDENBURGH'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.—"WHEN THEY WERE NEAR ENOUGH, THE OLD LADY FEEBLY BECKONED, AND KEPT ON BECKONING, UNTIL HER GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER RAN IN TO SEE WHAT WAS WANTED."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SHE SANG TO ME.

By F. E. Weatherly.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
From her trellised window-pane,
Over the cornlands by the sea,
Till my glad heart sang again.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
And I ran with willing feet,
Over the cornlands by the sea,
To my love, my sweet.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
We heard the sea's faint chime,
Under the cliffs by the dusking sea,
In the tender twilight time.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
In mine her dear hands lay,
And naught to me were land and sea,
My love was mine for aye.

She was too fair for earth and me,
She went in her fresh, sweet bloom;
There is no rest on land or sea,
But only near her tomb.
She sings among the angels now,
She leans from Heaven above,
She sings to me, she sings to me,
And the sound is peace and love.

SAM BRANDENBURGH'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

By K. V. Hastings.

"SO mind what I say, Hepzibah Jane! If I catch you speaking just one word to Ben Gilman, I'll break every bone in your body."

And the speaker brought down one fist on the milkroom-shelf with an energy which set all the pans to jingling, and sent tiny breakers across the creamy seas.

All the morning long had Heppy and her stepmother stood side by side churning, washing and working the butter; and for three mortal hours had the girl's ears been assailed by the older woman's harsh voice and violent tirades.

All the morning had Heppy listened, trying not to hear, and made no reply; but this last brought forth an answer.

"I guess not," said she, looking up and showing a peculiar glint in her big brown eyes—a glint strongly suggestive of her father, Captain Abe Sanderson, commander of an oyster-sloop, when indulging in his "tallest talk."

"Guess not, indeed!" screamed his amiable better-half; "guess not, indeed! Jest you try it, you little fool, and yer back'll tell whether it's 'guess not'! I mean what I say; so now I've warned you!"

She paused to emphasize her words with still further pounding of fists and stamping of feet, which sounded much like a restive horse in the stable.

Meantime, outside all was loveliness and peace; and Heppy's eyes kept wandering out of the milk-room window, and over the distant hills lying warm and brown in the Autumn sun. Beside the door the Japanese geese cackled and hissed, and raised their patrician Roman noses toward heaven, condescendingly thanking God that they were not as other geese were.

Yankee Doodle, the spitz, sat blinking in the sun, pensively licking his forepaws, while the guinea-hens called to their absent sweethearts to "Come back!—come back!" and whiled away the time of their absence by chasing a few belated millers, fluttering about in the sunshine.

The air was soft and hazy with the gentle languor of Indian Summer; the broad blue sky just flecked here and there with a mackerel spot or two; while the grass, short and thick and brown, sang many a merry little tune to the passing breeze.

All the morning long had Heppy's eyes strayed from her household duties, and out to the merry sunshine. She longed to go fern-hunting in the woods, or chestnutting on the hills; but, alas! all this could not be till the butter was finished and packed for market. So there was, for the present, no escape from the constant irritation of her stepmother's tongue, nor from Sophronia the "help's" laughable imitations of that lady's tantrums, given *entr'acte*, as her mistress stepped in and out.

Hitherto Heppy had never troubled herself much about her stepmother's rages, for Captain Abe had usually been on hand to keep that lady within bounds; nor did it now occur to her seriously that Mrs. Sanderson would attempt to make good her threat.

In her childhood there had been one constant fight between them; but now that Heppy was eighteen years old, and just returned from five years at boarding-school, it would seem as though all that should naturally be at an end.

And so Captain Abe thought, for he had departed on one of his longest voyages with no idea but what hostilities between the women-folk were things of the past.

Mrs. Sanderson had not seen her stepdaughter since the beginning of the latter's thirteenth year, and Captain Abe had no doubt but what in time the old feud had died out. So he kissed his wife and daughter, commended his dairy farm to their care, and took his departure with no notion that the family peace went with him.

No sooner was he gone than Mrs. Sanderson, who feared nothing but her husband, and him only when present, once more gave free rein to her tongue, and "jawed" till it seemed the English language could be no further perverted from its proper use.

Sometimes it was one thing, sometimes another; oftener nothing at all. Just now it was her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Gilman, with whom she had had words, and on whose account, Ben, Heppy's old playmate and friend, was to be tabooed.

Ben was an orphan, one year older than his little neighbor, and from their babyhood up they had been brother and sister to each other. And as, during the time the girl was at school, Ben also had pursued his studies not a block off, the years which had separated her from her native village had not parted her from him.

Ben had now grown into a tall, handsome young man, with brave blue eyes, a crop of dark-brown curls, and on his upper lip a thick growth which had passed through the downy stage, and which attained the dignity of a full-grown mustache.

He, too, had left school, for his deceased father's property was now nearly spent, and, his education being thus perforce finished, was spending a short vacation with "Cousin Gilman" while he—Ben—looked around for something to do.

At last the butter was finished and packed for market, so Heppy strolled, warm and panting, down the garden-walk to where the golden chrysanthemums were turning their yellow heads to the sun.

She stood with her back to the thick lilac-hedge, gathering a *bouquet de corsage*, and listening gladly to the song of a joyous little bird who, in the top of a neighboring cherry-tree, was hurrahing in anticipation of high

jinks to come when cherries should again be ripe; and so absorbed was she in his merry song that she scarcely heard the sound of wheels, nor did she see Ben himself till the buggy stopped beside the gate and the driver jumped out.

"Hallo, Heppy!" cried he; "got through with your butter? Come and take a turn before dinner; there'll be just time enough."

"I can't; it's just on the stroke of twelve, and we'll have dinner in a minute. Stop rumpling those red leaves, Ben; I know they're for me, and you're spoiling them as fast as you can." And she deftly extracted a bunch of Autumn leaves from his button-hole.

Ben stuck out his manly lower lip in a laughable attempt at a pout.

"I don't care if I do spoil them!" letting her take them, nevertheless. "I think you might go riding with a fellow! What's dinner compared to a ride with a friend?"

And so these two light-hearted young geese chattered away as they had chattered from their babyhood up. And neither saw the hidden foe who was stalking them, Indian fashion, from bush to bush, and from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, until a shower of whacks on Heppy's calico-covered shoulders served to remind her of her stepmother.

Sure enough, there stood Mrs. Sanderson, her feet planted wide apart, her little red eyes screwed up into mere gimlet-holes full of malice, her gaudy calico gown flapping and flouncing round her knees, and her brawny red arms wielding the boiler-stick with a fire and fury worthy of a Bashi-bazouk!

Heppy gave one low cry, and tried to catch the stick which was dealing such unmerciful blows all over her poor little shoulders and arms; but failing in this, fled to Ben for protection.

That astounded young gentleman precipitated himself over the gate, and launched himself into the thick of the fray; seizing Mrs. Sanderson by both wrists, and retaining his hold though the lady reared and plunged like a frantic horse.

"Thunder!" cried he, in wrath and bewilderment. "What does all this mean? Mrs. Sanderson, you must be crazy?"

"Let go! Ben Gilman, you let me go! Ah, you hussy!" and she shook the stick she still held in her imprisoned hand at Heppy; and launched kicks at that indignant damsel, who nimbly eluded them. "Just wait till I get hold of you again, and *I'll* make you sorry for the day you didn't do as you were bid! I promised you a whaling, and now you've got to take it! Just wait till I get you into the house again!"

Here the speaker and Ben executed another waltz, caused by her frantic efforts to escape, which, however, had no effect, except that either party trod any number of times on the other's toes, and that the lady's back-hair was shaken off and taken possession of by Yankee Doodle, who tossed and tumbled it to his heart's content.

"What does it mean, I say?" roared Ben, getting angrier every moment, as he saw Heppy furtively rubbing her poor little back, which was smarting and tingling most unpleasantly. "Will no one answer me? Be still, you vixen!" as his captive launched another kick and storm of abuse in Heppy's direction.

This time Yankee Doodle was the sufferer; for, as he lay quietly dissecting his mistress's *chignon*, his tail was trodden on with what seemed to him unnecessary emphasis.

After this the dance became a *pas de trois*, for he flew round after them, chewing the calves of whichever combatant was the handiest at the moment. After a while they came to a standstill, Mrs. S., out of breath, but more vituperative than ever, and Ben, sound of wind and limb, but almost furious enough to have broken her wrists.

"Go outside the gate, Heppy, and close it after you. Go!" he added, peremptorily, as he saw her hesitate. "Now," removing his hands, and standing sternly over the breathless termagant, "will you tell me what all this means?"

"Tell *you*, you sarsy scamp! What have *you* got to do with it, pray? Do you think because you stand over six foot in your Cousin Gilman's old cast-off boots, you can come here and lord it over me? Yes," suddenly changing her mind, as a chance for new insult presented itself, "I told Miss Hepzibah Jane Sanderson," courtesying ironically toward that young lady, "that I'd no mind to have any o' *my* people mixing with low associates, and that if ever I caught her speaking to Mr. Benjamin Gilman," bending even lower, "I'd give her a good licking, and that's just what she'll get the minute you're gone. I don't s'pose you calc'late to stay here for ever."

Ben turned his head inquiringly to where Heppy stood outside the gate, her eyes flashing with anger, yet sparkling with laughter; for what *could* be more absurd than all this rumpus?

Heppy nodded.

"That's it; but I sha'n't give up my old friends for nothing, and father wouldn't want me to, either."

This reference to her nautical spouse reminded Mrs. S. that she must make hay while the sun shone, and that if there were any "licking" to be administered, it must be done in his absence.

She again seized the boiler-stick and made a rush for the gate, which, however, was held against her by Ben.

"What shall we do?" he was asking. "I can't leave you here, Heppy."

"Do!" screamed Mrs. S., in derision. "Every one knows what *you* want to do, Ben Gilman. You needn't think folks is such fools as they look!" becoming incoherent in her rage. "Every one knows it's Captain Abe's money *you're* after! You'll grovel and cringe and do everything mean to get it, I dare say; but you never *will*. Captain Abe ain't the man to marry his darter to a *beggar* or a *sneak*, or a *fool*, Ben Gilman!" And she came to a pause, for, though her vocabulary was not exhausted, her breath was.

Poor Hetty stood hot and crimson, anger and mortification struggling in her breast; and when Mrs. S. stopped, she burst forth:

"It's a lie, Ben, a wicked, shameful lie! Every one knows that you are not courting me at all, and that we're only friends. And, oh, dear!—oh, dear!—why *did* father ever marry her?"

And the tears burst from her hot lids and trickled down in a scalding rain on the golden chrysanthemums that nestled in the front of her dress.

"He must have been drunk," replied Ben, hastily forgetting in his excitement of whom he was speaking. "But, by George, Heppy! we'll do just what she says! We'll go and get married this very day. It'll be better than leaving you here. I *won't* leave you here—and it's the only way."

"But—but—I can't! I never thought of it before."

And poor Heppy felt her brain whirling with all the strange and remarkable events occurring on that Fall day

"No more did I," replied Ben, frankly; "but it's all we can do. I shall like it, and I dare say you will when you get used to the idea. We've always been fond of each other, you know, and when we're married, we'll surely be a great deal more so. Don't wait, Heppy, dear; jump into the wagon, and let's be off."

"SHE SANG TO ME."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 306.

For by this time he was outside the gate, and holding it against Mrs. Sanderson, who was slamming and rattling it like a wild beast in a cage, screaming invectives at both of them, and hurling threats at her stepdaughter in case she just stirred one step.

Heppy hesitated, but her stepmother's menaces turned the scale. So, replying that she should marry when and whom she pleased, she skipped nimbly into the buggy, and before Mrs. Sanderson had taken three steps beyond her own premises, the couple were two rods away.

Then followed shrieks of rage which would have done credit to the Banshee, and volleys of abuse calculated to strike terror to the heart of an army teamster. But no one cared, and no one came to listen except Sophronia, who walked leisurely down the walk, and ironically asked her mistress if she had "heard any one hollering."

Even this self-contained damsel stared a little when she heard the story, but had sufficient presence of mind

to add fuel to the flames by saying Ben Gilman was a "real nice feller," and she was "right glad Heppy had caught him."

Then followed another torrent, and so still more time was lost, while the lovers sped on their way to Haverford—the next village—and the house of Mr. Justice of the Peace Fletcher.

Now, Heppy had a young uncle, who was—beside her father — her only real relation, a gentleman who had forsaken farming and the ways of his ancestors, and gone into business in the city.

Mr. James Hunter was twenty-nine years old, a bachelor, and with far other views for his pretty niece than that she should marry a penniless boy like Ben Gilman. So to him Mrs. Sanderson resolved to apply for aid. It so happened that he was at home that day, and quietly seated at his dinner, when Mrs. S., after spending half an hour in useless oratory, startled him with the announcement that his niece had eloped.

There was scant time for explanation; so, after a sentence or two, he stormed out into the stable, flung a saddle across a horse, and in five minutes was galloping through Laghorn and on his way to Haverford.

Meanwhile things had gone on swimmingly at "the squire's," and he was just in the act of pronouncing the couple before him man and wife, when in bounced Mr. Hunter, mud-splashes from head to foot, and with his rawhide in his hand.

"Stop, stop!" he shouted. "I forbid this marriage!"

"On what grounds, sir?" asked the justice, who had just finished the formula.

"Why, confound it, sir, it's a runaway match! The lady hasn't her father's consent!" cried Uncle Jim, in too much of a rage to choose his language. "Gilman, I didn't know you were such a blackguard. Heppy, come home with me at once!"

MESSALINA.

And he seized his niece by the hand and started for the door. But Ben, crimson with anger, interfered.

"Stop!" he said, sternly; "you're too late. That lady is my wife. Let go her hand." And with one quick movement he separated them, and put Heppy behind him.

Jim turned and stared for a moment, stunned, for he thought he had been in time; then he raised his whip and Ben his fist; but the justice was too quick for them, and pinioned Jim from behind.

"Come, none of that," he growled. "You sha'n't raise a row in *my* office. You're not the lady's father, and if you were, it wouldn't make any difference; she's married now."

"Let go!" cried Jim — "let go, I say! I won't make any row!" Then, on being released: "I'll settle with you, Gilman, another time."

"Uncle Jim," said Heppy, stepping forward, "I'm eighteen years old, and can marry whom I please; and if you quarrel with my husband, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live. But if I'd known you were at home today, I'd have gone and staid with you till father came back. I didn't know it; neither did Ben."

Jim, to whom this was all Greek—for, of course, Mrs. Sanderson had omitted all mention of the boiler-stick—merely scowled, and slashed his boots for a moment or two.

"Well," said he, "I suppose I can do no good here," and turning his back on his niece, left the house, and soon was galloping back to Laghorn, intent on revenge.

He was followed before long by the young couple, who had a nice talk in the buggy, poor young things! about their brilliant prospects.

Of course, Ben was to make a fortune immediately, all through his shining talents and superior capacities; while Heppy was to be, according to him, "the dearest, prettiest little wife in the world," and to make the

"jolliest home that a fellow ever had." And so they drew up at Cousin Gilman's gate.

But in the gateway stood Cousin Gilman himself, and refused them admittance! He, the good-natured, easy-going, had been goaded to madness by Mrs. Sanderson's taunts—for she had spent half an hour at his house in the course of the afternoon—and he actually told Ben he could take his wife where he liked, but he couldn't bring her in there.

He had nothing against Ben, and nothing against Heppy; but he wasn't going to have his neighbors throwing it up at him that he'd sent his cousin out to run off with an heiress; so they'd just have to go elsewhere. Thus he said, and he stepped inside the gate and closed it, and there was nothing to do except what he advised—go elsewhere.

"I'm afraid I've got you into no end of a scrape," said Ben, gravely, as they drove away. "I wish your father hadn't a penny, or that Cousin Gilman wasn't such an ass—dear old fellow!"

"Never mind, dear," answered poor little Heppy, trying to smile. "We'll get along somehow."

Of course Uncle Jim's was closed to them; so Cousin Frank's was the next place to be tried. And there, too, they met with no success, for Uncle Jim had been before them, and made it a personal matter between himself and Cousin Frank—to whom he had lent money—that they should not be taken in.

Cousin Rachel was next visited; but she, knowing nothing about the boiler-stick, had succumbed to Mrs. S.'s arguments, and merely screamed to them from an upper window that there "warn't no place for them *there!*"

By this time the poor things were driving forlornly up and down the village street, with no place wherein to shelter themselves from the coming night.

Laghorn boasted of no hotel; the efforts of Uncle Jim and Mrs. Sanderson had closed every door to them; and with nothing but a little odd change in their pockets, and the horse and buggy for their sole possessions, what was to become of them?

They did not despair, however, and made light as possible of their troubles. But the fact remained that night was coming on, and there was no roof over their heads; that instead of the frank and friendly faces which had met them all their lives, there was now no one to be seen, except now and then a group who peered curiously at them from some open door or window, and then vanished, giggling, as they drew near.

So they began to feel quite like babes in the wood.

As the news flew from house to house, it at last reached "Aunt Phœbe" Brandenburgh, Heppy's great-grandmother. This lady was ninety-seven years old, and looked more than anything else like one of those South American mummies to be seen at Vassar College, or the Smithsonian Institute. She was brown as a piece of her own old mahogany furniture, and she could not be said to be wrinkled, for she was nothing *but* wrinkles. Her hands were livid claws; her eyes had gone so far back into her head that no one could tell whether or not there was any sight left in them; and as for hearing, she seemed scarcely to have heard a word for years.

She was nothing but a little soft bundle of clothes and cap-frills, which Debby, her attendant, dressed and seated by the fire every day, and which sat there, mumbling to itself, till time for bed.

For years she had been "on the shelf," so to speak, utterly out of this world's affairs, never asking a question, never making a comment; her husband, children and grandchildren dead, about whom or what was it worth her while to speak? There was plenty of room in her house, for she was rich and alone; but it never occurred to Heppy to appeal to *her*, any more than one would think of asking the family portraits for aid on a pinch.

Neither had Mrs. Sanderson nor Uncle Jim thought it worth their while to visit and get her on their side.

So when Cousin Rachel, rather spiteful, and also rather conscience-stricken, ran over to have a half-hour's gossip with Debby, and tell how she had "sent them nincumpoops to the right about," neither of them minded the little old bundle by the fire any more than if it had not been there.

But by-and-by it began to stir and flutter, and finally a little wheezy noise came out from half a dozen shawls.

"What's that, Rachel? Who's that what hadn't any place to go to?"

"Heppy, Aunt Phœbe," answered Rachel, in surprise; for she hadn't heard as much from her aged neighbor in years.

"What! my granddaughter, Heppy Hunter, that married Abe Sanderson?"

"No, no, Aunt Phœbe! Her daughter, Heppy Sanderson—leastways, Heppy Gilman now—she's run off and married Ben Gilman."

"And why hasn't she a place to go to?" queried the old woman, after a pause, seemingly taking that time to recollect who Heppy was.

"'Cause Mrs. Sanderson's turned 'em out, and Gilman's folks has, too, and nobody'll take 'em in, and they're drivin' up and down the street with nowhere to stop."

And Rachel was overcome with giggles at the humor of the situation.

But a change came over the poor old mummy—such a change as would not have been thought possible. She straightened up her little old back till it looked almost perpendicular, and her eyes, that had been so long sunken out of sight, came again to the fore, and flashed fire on the two astonished women.

"Do you mean to tell me that any o' Sam Brandenburgh's folks"—her thoughts wandering back to the lover who had courted and married her in her own lusty girlhood—"do you mean to tell me that any o' Sam Brandenburgh's folks is drivin' up and down Laghorn streets without a place to go to? Why didn't you take 'em in, Rachel? Why doesn't somebody take 'em in?"

"The folks is all mad at her, ma'am, 'cause she ran off and got married," stammered Rachel, beginning to feel rather foolish.

"S'pose she *is* married! She didn't change her blood when she changed her name, did she? None o' Sam's folks or mine shall go wanderin' round like beggars while *I'm* livin'!"

And she rose to the feet on which she had not stood unaided for the last twenty years.

"Let me alone!" she cried, angrily, as the two women made a frightened rush at her.

And she feebly hobbled to the front door, opened it, and stepped out on the vine-covered porch. She shaded her eyes with one blue claw, and looked far down the village street, to where the sun was setting in a glory of purple and gold, giving the signal in so many happy homes for the return of the wanderers, and a merry gathering over the evening meal.

A quarter of a mile away, and coming toward her, was a jaded horse drawing a buggy, and as they came nearer, she could see that it contained a man and a woman, both shivering with the cold, and poor Heppy doing her best

to fight away Ben's coat, in which he was insisting on wrapping her.

When they were near enough the old lady raised her hand and feebly beckoned, and kept on beckoning till Ben pulled up, and her great-granddaughter ran in to see what she wanted.

"What's the matter, grandma? You oughtn't to be here alone," for the two women had slunk out of sight.

"Heppy," said the old woman, laying her hand on the girl's sleeve, and looking up in her face with eyes that once more shone wide and clear, "they tell me that you've got married, and that your folks has turned you out. So jest you come in here, my dear—you and your young man. *I'll* do for you, if nobody else will!"

"Oh, grandma!" cried the girl, the tears starting from her eyes, and, in her surprise and delight, hugging the frail little bundle till it seemed as though its head would drop off and roll on the floor, "how very good you are!"

"Jest you tell him to put up his horse and come in," persisted the old lady. "None o' Sam Brandenburgh's folks was ever beggars, and none o' them sha'n't want for nothin' so long's I've got a plenty. So jest you come in, my dear, and stop with me a spell"; and she hobbled back to the fire.

So Ben and Heppy came in and settled down, as happy as two young larks; and "Aunt Phœbe" looked at them with great satisfaction, and made one more original remark to the effect that Heppy's young man was a heap like Sam Brandenburgh.

One evening, after a week had gone by, a step was heard on the porch, and Captain Abe came striding in, a thundering cloud on his brow, but a pathetic twitching about his mouth.

He caught Heppy in both his arms, and kissed her till the poor little girl's face was all red and scratched with his rough whiskers; then he reached out and shook hands with Ben; then he kissed the old lady, and had much ado to keep from crying.

He was just fresh from a brief but pointed interview with his wife; another with Uncle Jim; and still another, but of a more pacific nature, with Cousin Gilman.

The last knew all about the boiler-stick by this time, and had repented himself; so, hastening to meet the captain as the latter stepped ashore, had told him the truth—and the whole truth—before Mrs. S. had a chance to put in her word.

Poor Captain Abe was mortified to the very quick that his only child should have had to wander houseless, homeless, and, but for Ben, friendless, up and down the street. Then, too, his big shoulders ached when he thought of her poor little bones all beaten and bruised by her cruel stepmother.

He pushed his son-in-law in every way possible, so that before long Ben was able to maintain himself and Heppy without aid.

They never left Aunt Phœbe, but remained with her, to her great happiness and content, till she died.

Cousin Gilman soon came and made up his quarrel with the young couple, and so did Uncle Jim; but Mrs. Sanderson and her stepdaughter never spoke again. After a couple of years she—Mrs. S.—burst a blood-vessel and died, and Captain Abe promptly consoled himself with a good-tempered, buxom widow of thirty; and with her Heppy and Ben were great friends.

As for our hero and heroine, their marriage turned out a great success; and as they themselves had not planned it, we can only suppose it to have been one of those which are made in heaven. They are as happy together as the day is long, and the little Bens and Heppys are still happier; but happiest of all is the young grandfather, who has now a little Abe or two of his own, and who "swans he doesn't know which are the smartest, his young 'uns, or his darter's!"

And as for the old lady, she lived to complete her hundredth year, and to name Heppy's first child after his great-great-grandfather, Sam Brandenburgh. Then, one Winter evening, when the snow was falling, slowly falling, filling the air with great sailing flakes, and lightly covering the graves in the churchyard, she suddenly turned her face that way, and called out, loud and clear, "Sam, dear, I'm *very* tired!" then spoke no more, and presently was laid down to rest beside the husband she had loved so tenderly, and remembered so faithfully.

THE TIGER OF THE SEA.

By C. F. Holder.

That the animals of the sea occupy positions relatively similar to those on shore, is in no case better exemplified than in the largest of all fishes—the shark. In all its genera and species, from the ferocious dog-fish up to the gigantic *Rhinodon*, we see the true carnivora of the sea. They are the lions, tigers, jaguars and wildcats of the ocean world; differing in form and methods of life, yet calling to mind these animals in all their habits. So can we compare them to the rapacious birds. Th great man-eater is the vulture; the dog-fish resembles the predatory hawk; while the large basking shark reminds us of the great condor, that, though extremely powerful, often prefers the smallest game, and that at second-hand.

The sharks, of which about 260 species are known, differ greatly from the other denizens of the sea, and are literally without bones, the skeleton, if it can be so called, being made up of cartilage. The centre of the vertebral column is only at times more or less ossified, and the dorsal cord (*chorda dorsalis*) does not always exist; notwithstanding this, the vertebræ are generally distinctly indicated. The parts of the skull are not united by sutures, as in other fishes. The gills resemble straps, and vary in number from five to seven in the sharks and rays that are grouped together, forming the order *Plagiostomata*, meaning transverse-mouthed.

The sharks have no air-bladder, that is such a prominent feature in most fishes. Their eggs, few in number, are often peculiar in form, being inclosed in horny capsules, having four handle-like feelers or tendrils that have the faculty of grasping seaweed or other objects as soon as deposited, exactly as does the advance tendril of a grape-vine; thus the egg is prevented from washing ashore, and often they so resemble the surrounding weed as to find protection in the mimicry. In many species, however, as the American dog-fish, the young are born alive.

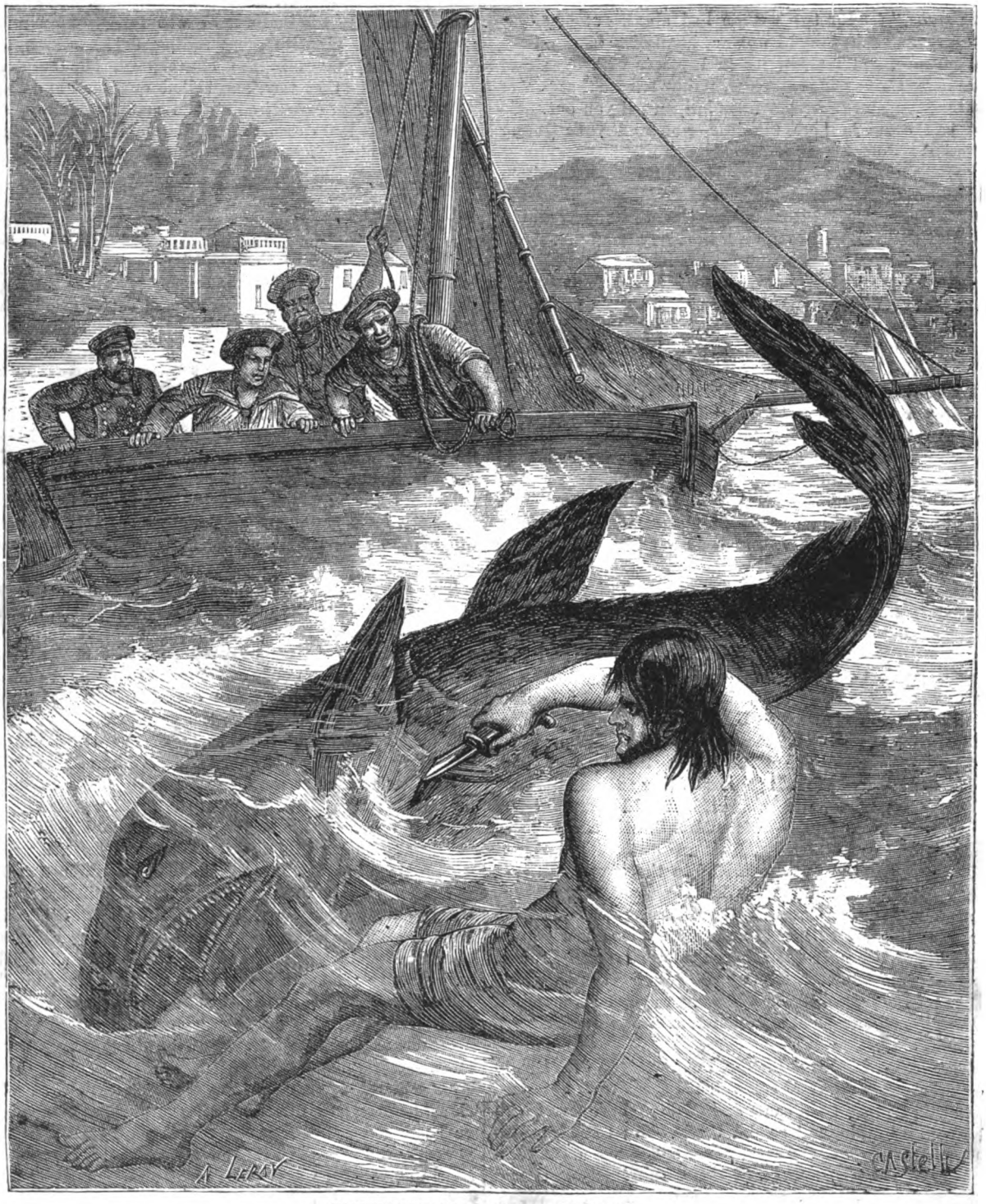
In general appearance the shark is repulsive. The skin is rough and file-like, being protected with minute or hardened granules; the mouth is generally placed beneath, and armed with sometimes eight or nine rows of sharp, serrated or saw-edged teeth, all except the first having the faculty of lying down, a reserve force that are only used as occasion requires, rising up so many hooks, to secure, hold, and lacerate the struggling prey. They are found in all waters, from Arctic to Equatorial, and, contrary to the general impression, in both salt and fresh water.

Perhaps no animal excites so much dread as these monsters of the deep. They are the scavengers of the

ocean, and though their ferocity is often exaggerated, there are many cases on record showing that they are not dreaded without cause. About sixteen different sharks are known on our coast, the majority being more commonly observed from Hatteras to the south.

more or less of an industry, followed by the Negroes, Crackers, and Conchs, for the oil that finds ready sale; the jaw, backbone, and skin, also forming marketable commodities.

The writer had tested the power of the brutes in many



NATIVE MODE OF ATTACKING THE SHARK.

To the lover of sea-fishing, who delights in honest hard work, shark-fishing is a revelation, and perhaps the writer can speak as an expert, having engaged in many a tug of war with the gamy fish during a long residence on the Florida Reef. Here, at various localities, from the mouth of the St. John's to Cape Sable, shark-catching is a hand-to-hand struggle along the outer Reef, and one Spring went in quest of the great game in the vicinity of Virgina Key, up near the mainland of Florida. Our schooner anchored off the Key, and we were soon renewing acquaintance with an old friend, a former resident of that part of Key West denominated Conchtown. Our host

threw aside all minor duties to afford us a day's sport. "Shark-fishin', eh?" said the Colonel, after the greetings were over. "Somewhat. We're jest commencin' fishin'; got all the fixins. Hyar, you black rascal, get out thatcher dingy, and hooks and lines, and chuck in the grains. Come, git," he continued, as the boy grinned. "What I feed you fo'?"

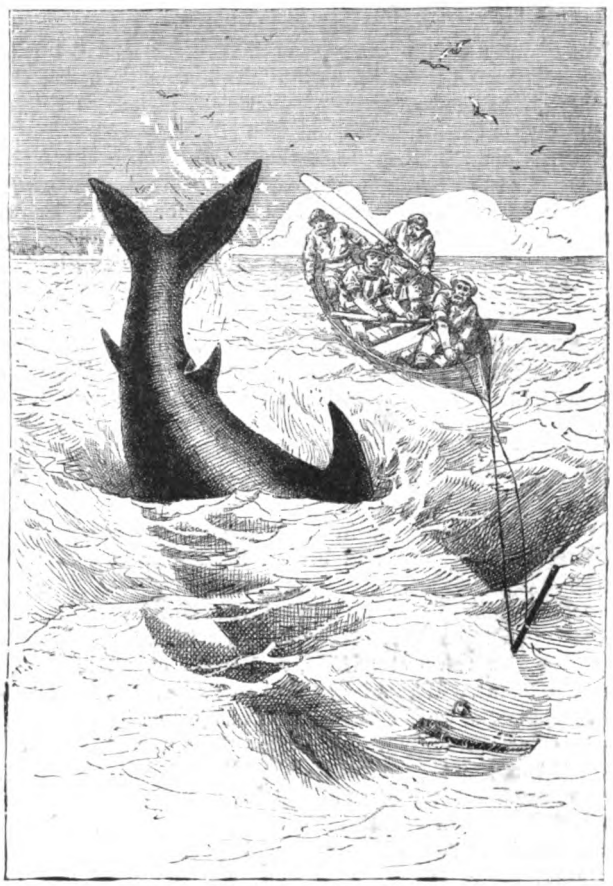
Sandy got, and sailed away before the advance of the Colonel's number-thirteen foot, and a few minutes later we were moving down the dark waters of the little stream that passed his plantation, the Colonel standing in the bow, grains in hand, now and then striking a fish of some kind, and tossing it into the boat as bait.

"Didn't fotch thatcher pole," said the grinning darkey, who was forcing the small dingy along with sturdy stroke. "Dars de line we uses," pointing to a large coil of rope, larger than an ordinary clothes-line, the hook being an enormous affair, eight inches across, with a swivel barb and a chain three feet long, and stout enough to hold an ox. "Yes, sah," continued the boy, "that's a reg'lar sherk-line."

"He's a perfessional sherker," put in the Colonel, tossing a crawfish at the boy, "and that's all he's good for."

"Summer's de bestest time fo' sherks," continued the "perfessional," taking the Colonel's jokes good-humoredly, "but de fishin's tolable now. Over yander's de place," he added, pointing to a narrow neck of sand backed by groves of mangrove and wild oak, upon which a few moments later the boat crunched, the writer literally tumbling out and lending a hand in hauling her

SHARK-FISHER IN ARMOR OF COCOANUT-FIBRE.



SHARK-HARPOONING.

upon the beach, where she was turned around and headed for the water, to be ready for launching if the game so ordained.

"I've spent some high old nights on this yer strip," said the Colonel, uncoiling the rope and proceeding to impale on the hook a shad that in the New York market would have brought $1.60. "When fishin's good we jest sort o' camp out here; have a big fire to keep off the skeeters, and take life easy."

"What are sharks good for except the sport?" asked one of the party, who was a green hand.

"Good for?" replied the Colonel. "Why, friend, youne folks up thar ain't been curin' yerselves of consumption all these yer years without knowin' whar yer cod-liver ile comes from, hav yer? Hyar, you black imp," he continued, taking an immense slice from a slab of navy plug," tell the Perfesser whar these yer livers goes ter."

"Ole man's boun' ter git dish yer nigger in de sweat-house, dat's sho'; hit ain't no use dribin' roun' de stump wif him," laughed the darkey. "Fer tell de truf," he continued, "I can't tell fo' sartain whar de libers do go, but dere's a little chap wif a big nose wot comes roun' yere 'bout twict a month an' takes all he kin git. We tries out de ile fust. I says ter him one day: 'Wot dey do wif de ile?' and he says: 'Did I ever hear of cod-liber ile?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'hit's gittin' tolable scarce, so we slips dish yer in kinder half-an'-half,' an' he gev me two bits ter keep de secret; but dere ain't much chance hit's ever gittin' out o' Dade County."

"Stan' back!" here shouted the Colonel, who had the coil of rope in one hand, and the hook and chain in the other. Swinging some six feet of the slack about his head for a few moments, he finally, amid much invective,

launched it far out into the little channel that here neared the beach. The other end of the line being made fast to the painter of the dingy, the shark-fisherman dropped upon the sand to wait for a bite, the line, as it entered the water, being led over a crotched stick called a tell-tale, its downfall being the signal of a nibble.

"Besides the livers," said the Colonel, returning to the subject of the economic value of sharks, "the skin brings a fair price, though what they use it for I don't know. Then the backbones are made into canes, and they say they sell right smart up at Jacksonville as curiosities.'

"Thar she goes," interrupted Sandy, leaping to his feet.

The stick was down, and the line nervously twitching to and fro as if a crab was nibbling at the bait, or the shad had come to life and was trying ineffectually to escape.

"Now, Perfessor," said the Colonel, "hyar's yer chance. Take hold, but don't sound him till I give the word."

The Professor took in hand the rope, that was now running slowly out, and braced himself in the sand for the struggle.

"Gib him plenty ob slack," said Sandy. "Twenty foot ain't too much. Now let it git taut."

The line ran out swiftly, and when exhausted came rapidly taut. When fairly stiff and trembling, the Colonel gave the word and the hook was jerked into the fish. For a second—only a single one—there was no response, as if the great game was petrified with astonishment; then came a flurry of sand and a cloud of spray, and the shark-fisherman found himself six feet away sitting in the water, while the line was rushing out with an ominous sound.

"Yo' held on wen yo' oughter slack," was Sandy's explanation of the manœuvres.

Rallying, the Professor again seized the line from the jovial planter, and laid to, the first pressure producing a jerk that was, however, avoided by paying out. The line now became slack.

"He ain't gone," shouted the Colonel; "he's a-runnin' in, and when he turns you want ter look out."

For a minute and a half the line remained slack, and the Professor was taking it in, when suddenly, without warning, it shot out as if fired from a gun, and dropping it entirely and going through a war-dance with the others to avoid the flying coils, was all that could be done. When finally recovered, the great fish, for the first time, was seen rising seven or eight feet into the air, shaking its ugly maw, and making the chain clank in its desperate efforts to escape. The line was now taken firmly in hand, the shark rushing down the beach, carrying the fisherman along at a rapid pace; now darting in shore, now directly out, all with such force and vigor as to make it evident that the fish could not be landed by one man; consequently all hands laid hold, and putting the line over their shoulders they ran up the beach; then suddenly turning, ran back again; now hauling in, slacking out suddenly, and jerking this way and that, until the fish, buffeted, confused, half-drowned, and thoroughly conquered, gave up its powerful struggles and was dragged in shore, where a blow upon its rounded, shovel-shaped head finished it.

It was just twelve feet long, but of great bulk, and must have weighed eight hundred pounds. Upon the body, as it came in, clung several of the curious sucking fishes, remora, that has upon the head an oval sucker, with bands something like those in a Venetian blind. By pressing this upon the shark, they adhere to it and are carried about, in this case proving their destruction as they were hauled, with their companion, upon the beach. The strength of their sucking power can be imagined when it is known that the Colonel could, with difficulty, tear them from the shark; and later, the writer lifted a pail of water, to which a ramora was attached, by using the tail of the fish as a handle. They are found about all large fishes and turtles. Another species cling to the sword and saw fish, while one in West Indian waters is used to capture turtles. A cord is attached to its tail, and the fish, thrown overboard when one of the reptiles is sighted, immediately fastens itself to the victim, and is then hauled in with the unfortunate object of its attachment.

The man-eater having been deprived of its choice parts, the line was again tossed over, baited with a sea-trout that was evidently a tempting morsel, as the line was soon running out, Sandy taking it in hand this time. The moment the fish was hooked it broke, rising high in the air, shaking its head and the chain, coming down with a resounding splash, and showing a form so huge and bulky that the boy sang out for the dingy to be made ready. A moment later the suggestion proved a good one. So furious were the rushes of the great fish that the entire party were carried into the water at a dead run, and were obliged to give up the line. Every attempt was made to stay the onward rush of the monster, but the line was soon exhausted and the end quickly came, and plunging into the dingy we were off, flying down the bay at a furious pace behind the powerful fish.

"Stan' by fo' de slack," shouted Sandy, who was keeping the line in a notch at the bow that was buried in foam, and arranging ourselves along the line, we slowly took in, every haul seeming to start the shark to renewed exertions.

For half a mile we were thus carried along by our unseen steed, and then the slack was taken in, so that the powerful tail and dorsal fin were distinctly visible. Inch by inch the line was gained, and preparations were made for quickly passing the fish astern and completing the capture, when the shark, without warning, turned abruptly, and wrenched the line from the notch. In a moment it was over the side, and the water pouring in.

"Git ter the wind'ard!" shouted the Colonel, advice scarcely necessary, as the fishermen were soon perched upon the upper side of the boat. This righted her, and she slowly settled back, half full of water and foam. The line was flying out now, fouling with the oars, hissing and throwing the spray, and finally coming taut with a jerk, snapped, leaving the fishermen with a half-sunken boat and no line.

"Datcher sherk must hev been thirteen foot, sho'," said Sandy, as he bailed out with his hat, an occupation to which the others now turned. Having reduced the load, the dingy was got under way, and slowly rowed to the beach, where she was hauled up and tipped.

"Well, Perfessor," said the Colonel, as the party turned homeward, "you hed a pull at a sherk, anyhow," which fact the victim frankly acknowledged; barked shins, hands with the skin burned off by the hissing rope, a ducking, not to speak of eyes filled with flying sand, being some of the mementoes of the sport, which, however, has no equal in the annals of fishing. There is not a muscle that is not brought into play, all the exercises and arts, real and imaginary, of dancing, ground and lofty tumbling, flying, diving, crawling and burrowing, forming a portion of the pleasures in hauling in a man-eater.

Further down the reef the writer has been towed sev-

ral hours by a large white shark, and when finally a barge and eight rowers were attached, the line broke. This shark was never seen, but it must have been of extreme size, as for a while it carried both boats. When first hooked I noticed, as we rushed away, that on either side of the boat there were four or five sharks, ten or more feet in length, coming swiftly along, their bodies inclined upward, evidently following us in curiosity.

In this locality (Garden Key) about 200 miles from the Florida mainland, a case of shark-bite was never known, though the writer has often, in company with others, leaped into the water and swam to Long Key, a quarter of a mile distant, when large sharks have been seen, a few moments before, swimming with their attendants, the remoras.

Among the sports of sharking is the capture of the nurse, a shark of the genus *Scyllium*, that attains a length of about nine feet. In color they are nearly black, and as it is their habit to sleep or lie motionless on the pure white coral reefs in droves, they form very prominent objects, and in feeding remind one of a drove of pigs rooting, as they dig up the sand in search of the small animals that constitute their food, creating a cloud about them. When asleep, or feeding, a boat can be put within several feet of them, and as the water is only about four feet deep, they are easily speared. In attempting this, ludicrous results often follow. The writer once, when sailing upon the reef, had a man as rower who weighed nearly 300 pounds, and who was extremely anxious to strike a nurse, and to oblige him the boat was put carefully among the nurses, that, all at once becoming aware of the presence of an enemy, darted off in all directions. The heavyweight becoming excited, hurled his grains at a large shark, and forgetting to drop the pole, was in a second jerked into the water, and in less time than it takes to tell it was flying along behind the affrighted animal, presenting a most laughable spectacle.

Although the water was shoal he could not obtain a foothold upon the bottom, on account of the rate of speed, and finally seeing that in time he must tire out the fish, he took it philosophically, grasped the line, and offered no resistance, allowing his strange steed to tow him about at pleasure. This performance was kept up for some time, the shark swimming round and round the great shoal, until finally the rider was intercepted by the boat and lifted aboard, and the nurse, well worn out by its exertions, hauled up on a neighboring Key.

Ashore, the nurse is seen to be of a brown hue above and whitish below. The eye is very small, with horizontally linear pupil, of a bead-like whiteness. The skin is covered with small, round, hard scales, that give it a decided value in polishing. The mouth is extremely small, as are the teeth, being only adapted for small animals. The nurse is also valued for its liver, from which a fine oil is made.

Though we have shown that at Tortugas sharks were not dreaded, this is not true of other portions of the reef, and probably not at this locality beyond the reef proper. Some years ago a smack was lying at anchor above Key West, and the men were in swimming, when the captain saw a shark approaching, and gave the word. All had reached the vessel, and the last man was hauling himself aboard, by a rope ladder over the stern, and was nearly at the rail, when a tiger-shark (*Galeocerdo tigrinus*) darted clear of the water and dragged the unfortunate man down before the eyes of his comrades.

A similar case is reported as having occurred on a man-of-war, a man being carried from the yard to which the boats were attached. Commerson relates a case of a shark that seized a negro that had been hung from a yardarm ten feet over the water; but fortunately these occurrences are rare.

Sharks do not always turn on their backs in taking food. The writer has observed them tearing at a dead horse and running their heads out of the water. A friend, however, saw a shark seize a man, and stated that it turned and took him by the waist, almost severing the body at a single bite. The victim was a man-of-war's-man, who, contrary to orders, swam from the vessel. The shark was seen approaching him, and a boat was at once sent to his rescue, but before they could reach him he sank from fright, and a moment later the boat darted over the spot, the rowers looking down into the water only to see the enactment of the terrible tragedy.

One of the most ferocious attacks by a shark occurred many years ago off Lynn, Mass. The victim, Mr. Joseph Blaney, was one of a party who had gone out fishing, and for some reason he took the small-boat and pulled off a ways from the others. Suddenly he was heard to cry out, and looking around, his friends saw him fighting and striking a huge shark, that repeatedly threw itself over the dory, ultimately crushing and sinking it, and carrying the unfortunate fisherman off, the others being unable to render any assistance.

Sharks occasionally attack boats, either thinking they are fish or with more vicious intent. For several years fishing-dories along the Maine coast were attacked from time to time by a huge fish that the men called the great biting-shark. It made desperate attempts to get into boats, and a fisherman at York said that his grandfather was attacked by it, and with difficulty drove it off, the boat nearly tipping over. Accounts were heard of the shark for a long time along the coast. A few seasons ago a fisherman was sitting in his dory off the Nubble, near York Beach, when a shark, nine feet long, deliberately jumped into the dory and began hurling the oars about, much to the astonishment of the fisherman. In this instance the fish had evidently made a mistake.

The Kanakas are said to be extremely agile and successful in attacking the shark, and armed with a sharp knife, they dart under the monster and disembowel it, either killing it or putting it to flight. The most terrible wounds, however, seem often to be disregarded by these brutes. The Greenland shark has been seen to feed along after its bowels had been cut, and its head repeatedly wounded by darts and lances.

The shark generally known as the man-eater of the American coast is Atwood's shark (*Carcharadon Atwoodi*), a rare and formidable creature, bulky in the extreme, and attaining a length of thirteen feet. It ranges from Newfoundland to Florida. One struck by a harpoon, some time ago, off Cape Cod, turned upon the boat, seized the cutwater in its mouth, crushed it badly, and only succumbed when it had been repeatedly struck with the harpoon and lance. The most ferocious of all the sharks belong to this genus. Fortunately, in our waters they do not attain their full size, but in the British Museum is a jaw of a man-eater (*Carcharadon rondelettii*), captured in Australian waters, that measured thirty-six feet and a half in length, twice the length of the largest so-called man-eater shark that the writer observed on the Florida reef. Such a fish would be a much more terrible enemy to encounter than a whale, and a match for the largest vessel. The jaw of such an one would well allow a man to stand upright in it, and a man or a horse would be but morsels to appease its appetite.

Among the predatory sharks is the mackerel-shark, a beautiful fish, somewhat resembling that after which it is

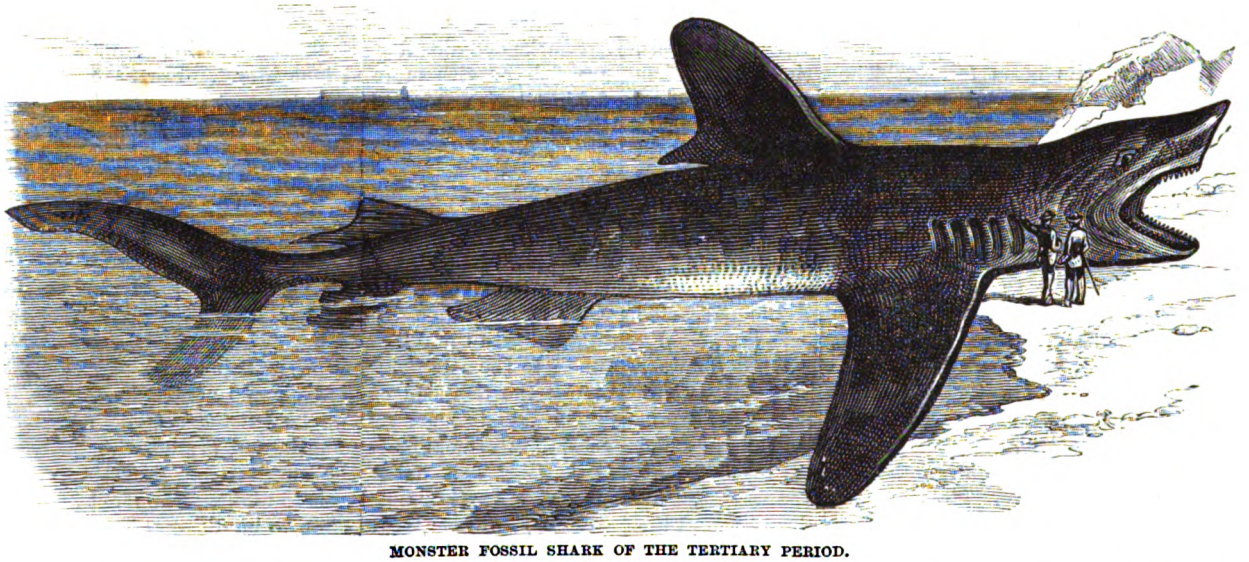
named. The lobes of the tail are equal. These sharks attain a length of ten feet, and a weight of 400 pounds, and greatly annoy the fishermen by biting off their hooks. Their oil is greatly esteemed by tanners. The thrasher (*Alopeas vulpes*) or fox-shark, attains a length of twenty feet, with a tail of nearly half that length, and presents a remarkable appearance; while others are the blue shovel-nosed, dusky, and hammer-head. The latter has two projections or lateral hammer-like prolongations upon each side of the head that bear the eyes, giving the fish a most singular appearance. They attain a large size, and are much dreaded for their boldness and ferocity, as previously shown.

It is not generally known that sharks live in fresh water; yet such is the case, one kind having been seen in Lake Nicaragua by Belt, the naturalist; and in the River Wai Levi, in Fiji, another shark, the *Carcharias gangeticus*, also lives. This shark is likewise found in the Tigris at Bagdad, 350 miles from the sea. In Viti Levi it breeds in a fresh-water lake above the falls, where there is not the slightest possibility of the water being even brackish. These may be considered the phenomena of sharks, and the list would not be complete without reference to the luminous shark (*Squalus fulgens*), that blazes with a wondrous light, and on several occasions in the East has astonished and startled divers while at their work.

In general appearance it closely resembles the black or brown nurse, or *Scymnus*, of our southern coast. This interesting light-giver was discovered by Dr. Bennett, and we cannot do better than give his version of the find: "Being dark when I first saw it shining in the net, it resembled a *Pyrosoma*, emitting, as it did, a bright phosphorescent light. This was in lat. 2 deg. 15 sec. S.; long. 160 deg. W. The length of my specimen was five and a half inches. It is not a little singular that my brother, the late Mr. D. F. Bennett, obtained a specimen of this fish in almost the same latitude, and another in lat. 55 deg. N.; long. 110 deg. W. The first was taken in the daytime, and was ten inches in length—much larger in size than my specimen. The second was taken at night, and its entire length was one and a half feet. Both were alive when captured, and fought fiercely with their jaws, tearing the net in several places. On putting my fish in sea-water, and observing it in the dark cabin, it swam about for some time, emitting a bright phosphoric light; and when this had become so faint as to be almost imperceptible, it was readily rekindled on the animal being disturbed or excited. My specimen was of a perfectly black color, and died about four hours after it had been taken. The luminosity was retained for some hours after life was extinct."

The above shark was an extremely small one, the adult attaining a length of nine feet, presenting a magnificent spectacle in the water.

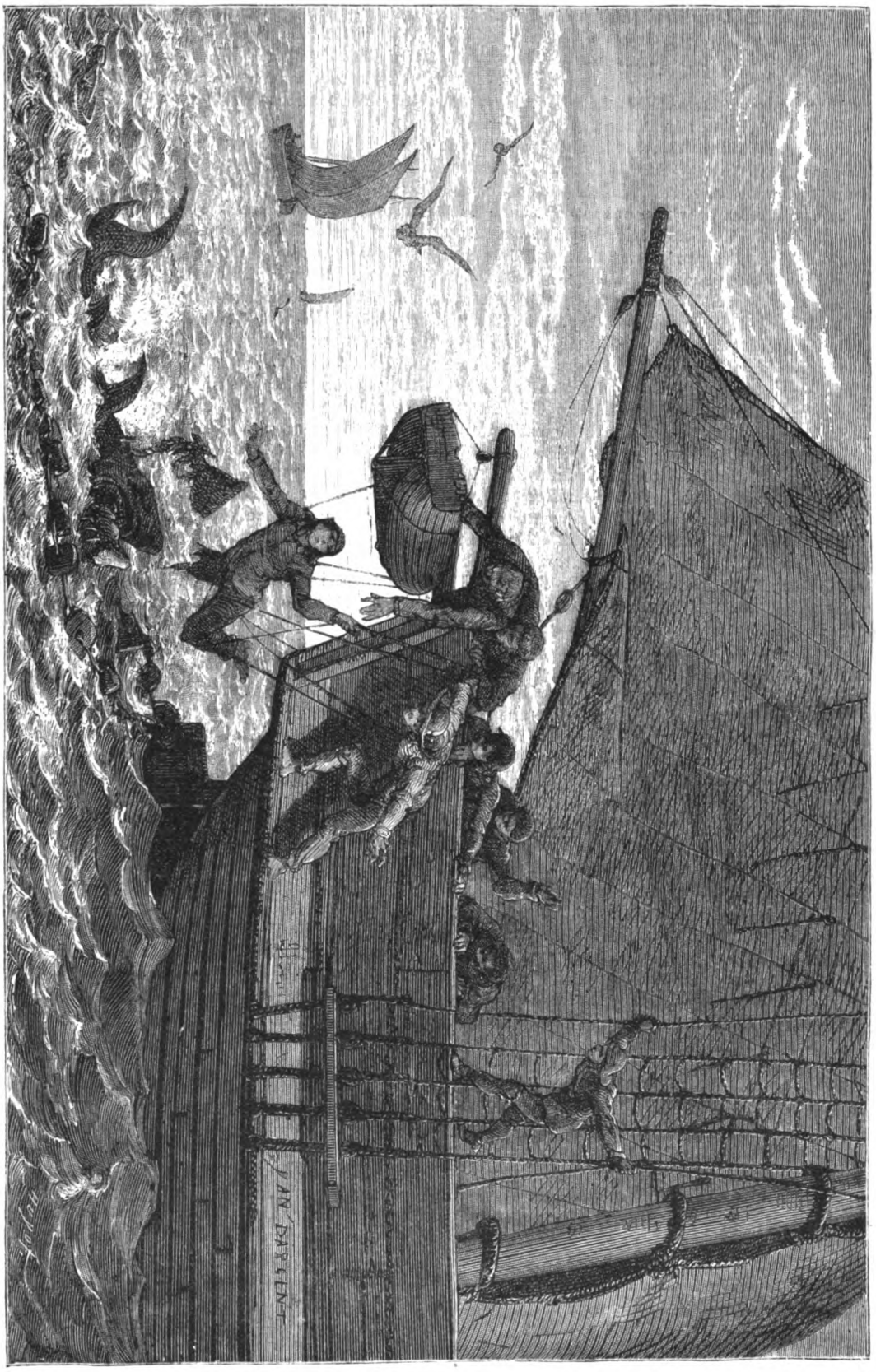
"When the larger specimen taken by my brother," says Professor Bennett, "was removed into a dark apartment, it afforded a very extraordinary spectacle. The entire inferior surface of the body and head emitted a vivid and greenish phosphorescent gleam, imparting to the creature, by its own light, a truly ghastly and terrific appearance. The luminous effect was constant, and not perceptibly increased by agitation or friction. I thought at one time it shone brighter when the fish struggled, but I was not satisfied that such was the fact. When the shark expired (which was not until it had been out of the water more than three hours), the luminous appearance faded entirely from the abdomen, and more gradually from other parts, lingering the longest around the jaws and on the fins. The only part of the under-surface of the animal which was free from luminosity was the black collar around the throat."



MONSTER FOSSIL SHARK OF THE TERTIARY PERIOD.

The man-eater, *Carcharias*, is by no means the largest shark. In the waters about the Seychelles Islands a shark is found that attains a greater size than many whales, some reaching, it is said, seventy feet. The native whalers often mistake them for those cetaceans and harpoon them, but their error is soon seen, and, it is said, so lightning-like is their rush and dive that the rope is often burned or entangled and the boat torn in pieces. In one case one of these monsters was struck, and as it dived, the men, seeing what it was, rushed to the line to cut it, but this was impossible. One man was caught in the coils and disappeared so quickly that no one saw him go. The men cried for help, and several dashed into the water and started for another boat, when suddenly the line became exhausted, and with a lurch the *Pirogue* and the rest of her crew disappeared and were never seen again.

The *Rhinodon typicus*—for this is the name of the monster—occasionally upsets boats by rising under them,



A SAILOR MAIMED BY A LEAPING SHARK.

evidently taking them for others of its kind, but otherwise than its terrible strength it is perfectly harmless, not having the sharp teeth and carnivorous nature of the man-eater, being in fact an herbivorous creature. The mouth, however, is not by any means a beautiful sight, being of enormous size, but furnished with extremely small teeth.

Comparatively few of these fishes have been caught. One of the finest specimens, now in the Colombo Museum, was captured in the Indian Ocean at Moratuwa last year (1883). Its length is twenty-three feet; girth, thirteen feet. It was taken in what the Cingalese call a *mahadthalle*, or great net, that they run out nearly a quarter of a mile into the sea. Mr. Ward, friend of Dr. Wright, of the Dublin University, measured one that was forty-nine feet long, and the latter saw others that exceeded fifty feet. He likewise obtained the assurance of competent witnesses that they had been seen seventy feet in length. Dr. Wright verified his statements of their great size by seeing specimens harpooned and photographing them.

This, with the exception, perhaps, of the basking-shark of our shores, is not only the largest living fish, but the largest animal in existence next to the great rorqual-whale. As has been hinted, these sharks, like the whales, prey upon extremely small and pelagic animals, and have certain modifications for this purpose similar to that of whales or the basking-shark. They are remarkable for their enormous bulk. The mouth, instead of being underneath, opens on a level with the snout, and in which are found cartilaginous bands, evidently for retaining small prey, analogous to the whalebone of whales. The gills are five in number, and in a shark twenty-three feet long were two feet three inches long. The general color is brown, spotted or mottled.

Equaling in size this monster, is the basking-shark (*Cetorhinus maximus*), of our own shores. It is known under a number of names, as, sun-fish, sail-fish, hock-mar, and bone or elephant shark. It is quite harmless, its food being the small pelagic animals that float at the surface of the sea; and if the mouth is examined, the peculiar modifications to enable it to secure such prey will be seen. The gill-openings are five in number on each side, the first pair almost meeting at the top of the back. They are of immense size, serving both for purposes of nutrition and circulation, as to their inner edges are fastened regular whalebone fringes through which water is strained, the fringes catching the small animals taken into the mouth. Thus the basking-shark has an arrangement similar to that of the whalebone-whale, and serving a similar end. On the Greenland coast they are caught in great numbers. The most important fishery is at Naorkanek, where three hundred or more are taken during the season (a short one), their livers yielding about two thousand four hundred barrels of oil, which is preferred to seal-oil, and finds a ready market and good price at Copenhagen, and other ports of Europe. It is extremely pure, resists the cold effectively, and is perfectly adapted for lubrication. Chemically it is comparable to seal-oil. The fisheries on the Greenland coast now extend beyond Fiskenaes and Proven, where the "spec," or blubber, of "hoowcalder," as the Icelanders call the great fish, is taken as a medium of exchange for tobacco, pipes, coffee, and other luxuries from the outer world.

There is a legend recorded by Mitchell that bone-sharks were formerly caught at Provincetown, Cape Cod, in paying quantities. Twenty years ago one was washed off Rockaway that was thirty feet long. Earlier than this one came ashore at Cape Cod, of such gigantic proportions that the inhabitants went to the beach for blubber, thinking it a whale. Seven barrels of oil were taken from its liver and sold in Boston for $104. In 1848 a number of them were caught off Cape Elizabeth, near the coast of Maine; and a tradition also exists there that bone-shark fishing was once a profitable industry in the neighborhood. About the Orkney Islands is a favorite place for them, where they are called the hocmar.

Mr. Daniel Perkins, a school-commissioner of Wells, Me., informed the writer that the fishermen of Gloucester claimed the largest shark—a monster seventy feet long. Later, to refresh my memory, I wrote him upon the subject, and the following is his reply: "Your remembrance of the shark story was mainly correct; the facts are these: The schooner *Virgin*, of Gloucester, Captain Charles Merchant, of which vessel one of my neighbors, now deceased, was one of the crew, caught a shark off Block Island from which they took eight barrels of liver. They lashed its head to the windlass-bitts, and his tail extended past the stern, so that he was longer than the vessel, which was of sixty-eight tons burden. They also struck another shark the same day, which they reported larger, but he took their harpoon and line. . . . . Several well-authenticated stories of sharks, of nearly equal size, are reported. My great-grandfather emptied a pan of coals on the back of a shark which was lying alongside of his vessel, on the Grand Banks, which he said was longer than the vessel."

Norway is a famous country for the sharker; indeed the people are a race of fishermen; 78,000 persons are engaged in the business, or four and a half per cent. of the entire population, and it is said that the yearly result of their work amounts to $16,000,000. The shark in greatest demand is known as the gunny, or *Somniosus microcephalus*, and is found along certain banks of the Polar Sea. These banks lie at a distance of fifteen to twenty miles from land, at a depth of 250 to 300 fathoms. Decked boats are used in their capture, although they seldom exceed fifteen tons burden, with a crew of five or six men. The mode of capture is by means of a line about four-tenths of an inch in diameter, to which a lead of six to nine pounds is attached as a sinker. This line ends in a tinned or galvanized iron chain about three fathoms in length, so that it cannot be injured by the familiar habit of the fish of winding itself up. The hooks are made of strong iron or steel, nearly four-tenths of an inch in diameter. As soon as the boats reach the bank they are brought to anchor and the cord is let down. Before this, however, a perforated box, filled with rancid or putrid seal-blubber, is fastened about two fathoms above the hook. This substance escapes through the holes of the box, and is carried along by the water, thus attracting the fish to the hook, which is also baited with seal-blubber. The fisherman holds the line in his hand, as in cod-fishing, and as soon as it is observed that the animal has taken the hook, by a sudden jerk this is forced into the mouth. As soon as captured, the shark rolls himself round and round in the chain, which is not injured by the rough, file-like skin, as would be the case with a line. The animal is then hauled up, sometimes by the use of a windlass. As soon as it appears above the surface it is killed, and held fast until the belly is opened and the liver removed. The swimming-bladder is then filled with air, by means of a pipe, so that the carcass will not sink. It is then fastened to the stern of the vessel. Sometimes other sharks follow the body of the dead one, being occasionally caught by means of gaffs. When the boats leave the banks a buoy is generally fastened to each fish, so that it may remain at the surface without sinking;

otherwise it would be eaten up by its fellows, who would neglect the baited hooks. The yield of this fishery is not only dependent upon the wind and weather, which are so inconstant in the Arctic seas, but also upon the variation in the size of the fish, and their abundance. Some of the fish furnish a liver weighing only twenty-five to thirty pounds, while from others livers of 220 to 450 pounds are obtained. Of late years the carcasses of these sharks have been brought ashore for the purpose of being manufactured into manure or guano, especially when they are taken ashore near the land, as is the case, in the Winter, on the coast of Finmark, where they are sometimes taken with trawl-lines. These trawls usually carry thirty hooks, six or seven fathoms apart, and are kept immediately above the bottom by means of glass floats. The annual yield from this fishery amounts to 8,000 to 10,000 barrels of livers, worth 150,000 gulden. The oil, obtained by steam-heating, is extremely fine, and is used for purposes of illumination. On the coast of Portugal is another great fishery. The fish are brought up from a distance of nearly two-thirds of a mile in the bay, and are invariably dead when they reach the surface.

Strangely enough, the smallest sharks are often the most dreaded. The simple dog-fish has it within his power to cut off the income of the fisherman almost entirely. On the Maine coast, during August, where boat-loads of cod, hake and haddock are brought in to-day, to-morrow not one can be had; the cause of this peculiar disappearance being the sudden appearance of immense schools of dog-fish. It would be impossible to estimate the vast numbers of these fish. All other fishing is given up; everybody goes dog-fishing, and after several hours the dories come in loaded to the water's edge. The fish are so ravenous that the men spear them while waiting to haul their trawls, and they bite at the sails that drag overboard, and even at the oars and boat. The water seems fairly alive with the starving horde, that bite and devour each other on the hooks. Their livers are worth three-quarters of a cent apiece for the oil, while the bodies are carried to farms for manure. The skin is also valued in the manufacture of sword-handles, covering for boxes, card-cases, etc.

In form, the American dog-fish (*Squalus Americus*) resembles the typical shark, only before each dorsal fin is a sharp spine, that is a disagreeable and effective weapon. Their food consists of whatever they can get. The writer examined several hundred, for the purpose of finding out if there was any special food, but in the stomachs of only one or two was there anything found, this being a deep-water star-fish (*Ophiacantha*). During September vast quantities of jelly-fish, cynanea, aurelia, etc., are found in the Maine waters, and it is said that the dog-fish eat them, biting out a piece from the centre of the jelly.

Concerning the voracity of the fish there is little doubt, and to fall overboard out upon the Banks would be fatal. Some years ago, during a run of dog-fish, a child fell from a schooner on the George's Banks, and the men reached the rail only to see a ball of dog-fish so large about the body that it could not be seen. A man at Town End was caught by them while swimming out to his boat, and the lookers-on from the shore saw him leap out of the water when attacked, seemingly literally covered with dog-fish, that tore him in pieces quicker than would a pack of wolves. The visitation of these fish is of yearly occurrence, generally during the month of August. The fishermen believe them to come from the Gulf Stream and warmer water, as they disappear upon the approach of cold weather. Most of them are females containing nearly full-grown young, but they breed at all seasons.

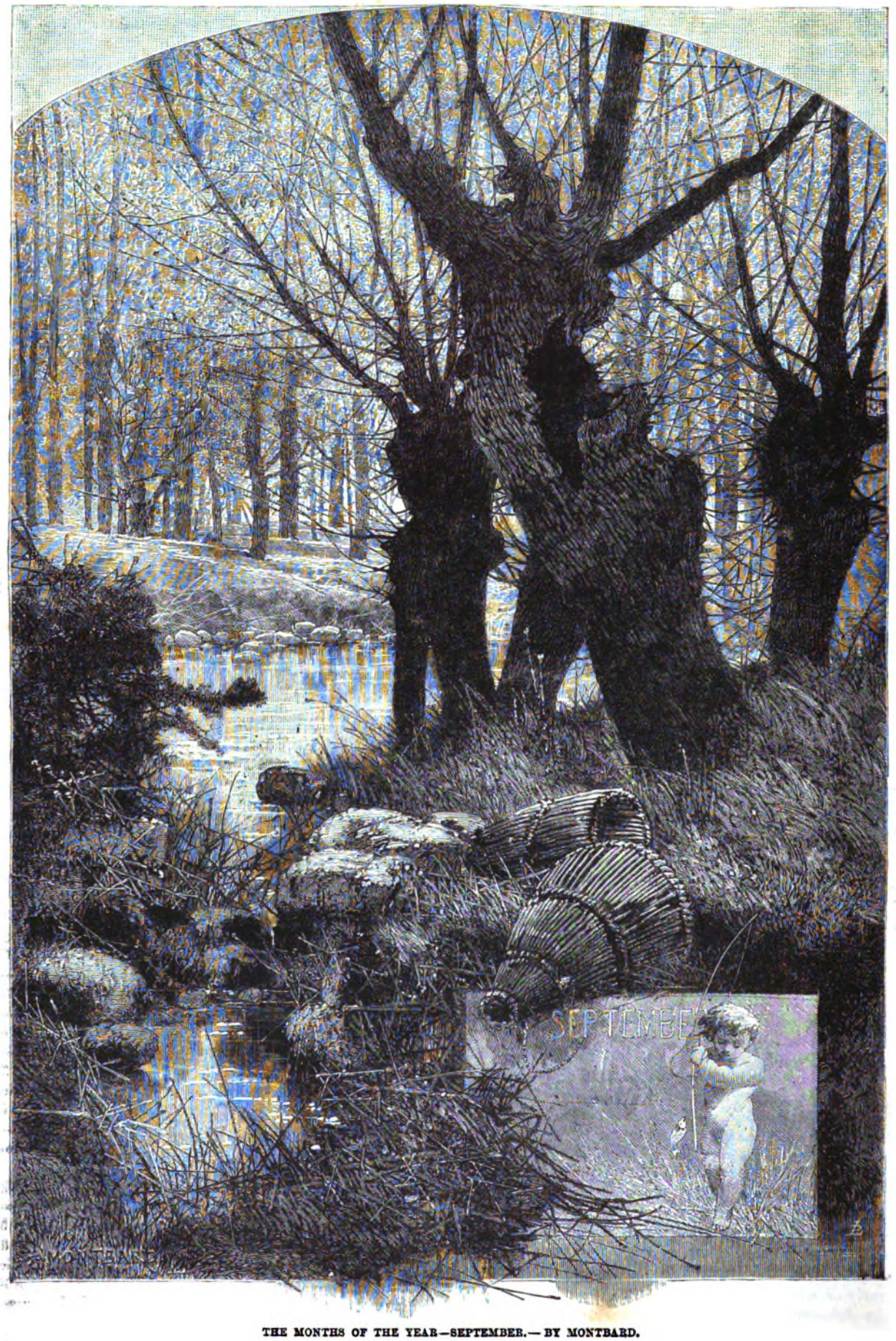
In English waters the dog-fish are equally a scourge, and as many as 20,000 have been caught in the single haul of a net. Their numbers are beyond conception. A fair example is a school of picked dog-fish observed by Professor Couch, who states that they extended in an unbroken phalanx from Moray to Aberdeen, and from twenty to thirty miles to sea. They are used as guano, and in many parts of the New England coast large signs are seen, "Dog-fish factories," "Dog-fish bought and sold," etc. Here the fish are taken, ground up, dried and prepared, and sold as soil-dressing, or as a substitute for guano. There are over thirty different species of dog-fish, all of which are looked upon as a scourge to the fisheries.

The economic value of sharks is not confined to their oil and hides. The negroes of the Guinea coast eat the flesh after it approaches the "high" state of excellence so esteemed by epicures in hare, venison, etc. In the Mediterranean the young sharks taken from the old ones are esteemed, and the ventral portions of the adult sharks. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of shark-fins are imported yearly from Calcutta to China, where they are in great demand for soup. On some parts of the African coast the shark is valued as a god, and dubbed the Jon-Jon. Its mouth is the sure and only way to heaven, and three or four times a year a human victim is sacrificed to it. In some of the islands of the Pacific the teeth are greatly regarded as weapons, being bored at their bases and lashed upon swords, daggers and spears, forming terrible arms, the serrated edges lacerating and tearing the flesh. As a protection from these the natives have a regular armor, made of cocoanut-fibre, fine examples of which may be seen, as well as the weapons, in the archæological collection at the Museum of Natural History, Central Park. The most formidable weapons are a pair of gloves, or long gauntlets, that cover the arms, and are faced with long recurving teeth. These are worn only by the largest men, who, in battle, rush boldly into the throng, seize a victim in their arms, and literally tear him to pieces.

The real value of the shark, however, is its work as a scavenger; it, with the vast droves of dog-fish, forming the purifiers of the sea.

The fossil sharks form an interesting chapter, especially from their gigantic size. The man-eaters of the Tertiary time attained 125 feet in length. The teeth of these great sharks are extremely common on the site of Charleston, S. C. Dr. Sir John Hunter says, in describing a tooth of one of these monsters, not of the largest size: "The length of the base of this tooth, from *Carcharadon megalodon* (Agassiz), is four inches eight lines, that of the longest of its sides, five inches ten lines; with it is placed a tooth of an unusually large specimen of the largest known living species of *Carcharias*, the length of the base of which is one inch eight lines, and that of the longest of its sides two inches three lines. This tooth is from a shark twenty feet long. The fossil shark, if bearing the same proportion to the teeth, must have been over sixty feet long."

Interesting in this connection is the Port Jackson shark, *Cestracion Philippi*, four species of which have been discovered in the Indian Ocean. It has crushers instead of teeth, and is altogether a most remarkable creature. But strangest of all, it seems one of the few forms of the ancient geological times preserved unto this, closely allied forms being common in the older geological formations.



THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—SEPTEMBER.—BY MONTBARD.

LITTLE MAY.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXXI.—At Millbridge.

Season after season came and went. A dreary Autumn twilight was falling over the busy town of Millbridge. Work-hours were over in the great woolen factories. A bell sounded, and the operatives came pouring into the street, like a flock of sheep—men and women—with specks of wool clinging to their coarse, common garments, and on their faces the pallor and weariness born of a long day in the stifling mills.

Some of the girls laughed and talked among themselves, flung light chaff at the men, and gave rough joke for rough joke; but there was one who, as she hurried forth with the others, looked neither to the right hand

nor the left—laughed not, spoke not. She was among her fellow-workers, but not of them. The very shabbiness of her cotton gown, her old gray shawl, her straw hat half covered with a cheap vail, served to emphasize the marvelous beauty of her face and figure. Under the coarse straw shone a coil of hair golden as the silk of ripe corn. Through the faded vail gleamed a skin like alabaster, and a pair of great pansy-dark eyes full of something strange; unutterable—sad as death. Few persons in Millbridge ever passed this girl without turning to look after her.

"You're tired to-night, Miss Smith," sighed an emaciated, hollow-eyed operative, as she hurried along at the heels of the person in the gray shawl.

"Yes—a little, Lizzie," answered the latter.

"God knows it's a hard life!" said Lizzie, with a cough that seemed to rend her thin lungs. "I've been spitting blood all day. I sha'n't last much longer here. Oh," with sudden childish eagerness, "do you know, Miss Smith, that there's a new music-teacher come to Millbridge, and some of the girls have been saving their money, and they are going to club together, and hire a piano, and take lessons after work-hours. Isn't that heavenly? How I wish *I* was of 'em; but you see, what with losing days and days with sickness, and buying medicine continual, *I* never have a cent to spare."

"Poor Lizzie!" sighed Miss Smith, gently.

The girl went on. No other person spoke to Miss Smith. She was no favorite with the operatives. For two years she had worked in the mills, and lodged with the herd of common men and women at the great boarding-house by the river, yet she was still a stranger in Millbridge. Nobody knew anything of her past life—nobody could boast of the smallest degree of intimacy with her. She did not lack civility, yet she had a way of keeping her fellow-laborers at a frigid distance.

Miss Smith did not hasten, as usual, to her boarding-house to-night, but turned mechanically from the open street into a secluded footpath that stretched along the river-side.

As soon as she had passed beyond the reach of curious eyes, she sank suddenly down in the faded fern of the bank, tore off her hat and vail, and threw back her old shawl, like a person suffocating.

> "'Oh, ye gods!
> Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
> And snatch them straight away?'"

She murmured the lines under her breath. The sunset died in the west, the river grew gray with twilight. A boat passed along its current, the oars splashing softly in the water. Miss Smith did not see it. She was sitting very still among the faded ferns, plucking absently at their brittle, frostbitten blades.

What was it that aroused her at last? The boat was coming back, going down-stream toward the mills. Through the dusky silence the echo of a voice was wafted to her ears: "I must go to-morrow, Denham."

Only those commonplace words—part of a sentence, evidently. Denham was one of the mill-owners, a hospitable millionaire. His pleasure-boats were often on the river, and usually filled with guests.

Miss Smith leaped to her feet. The hue of ashes fell upon her face, a choking sensation filled her throat. On went the boat, into a shelter of a clump of willows—she could barely distinguish its receding outline.

What strange trick had her imagination played her?—what morbid fancy had got possession of her senses? Was the buzz and whirr of the mills affecting her head? As she stood motionless, breathless, waiting for she knew not what, a man with a roll of music under his arm appeared suddenly in the footpath, passed Miss Smith, glanced backward at her statue-like figure and uncoverd head; stopped as if thunderstruck, then uttered a sharp exclamation, and the next instant stood, panting, at her side.

"My God! *Ethel Greylock!*"

She had not heard that name for many a day. She turned quickly and looked at the speaker.

"Don't be afraid of me!" stammered the new music-teacher of Millbridge, as he fell back from her a step.

"I am not afraid," she said, coldly.

"Thank God!" he cried. "I was mad at our last meeting, but I am sane enough now. How came you in this place, and this disguise?" pointing in an agitated way to her cotton dress.

She tied on her hat hurriedly, and drew the shawl about her shoulders again.

"It is no disguise," she replied; "I am an operative in the mills here, earning my living by hard work, and my name is not Ethel Greylock, but plain Miss Smith."

They stood face to face once more—Arthur Kenyon and the girl whose life he had once attempted. The man looked old and haggard and shabby. Time was now taking vengeance on him for the success with which he had so long withstood its ravages. There were crow's-feet under his languishing eyes, and streaks of gray in his abundant curls.

"I heard of your change of fortune," he said, with something like a shudder. "The affair got into the newspapers—they are always picking up such things. I was not particularly surprised, for I had always known you could not be Iris Greylock's daughter. I was once that woman's husband, you see, and if she had been your real mother, Heaven knows I should never have approached you as a lover! They cast you out, of course—the whole precious lot of them, with the baronet at their head? Faugh! Such love was not worth the having, Ethel!"

"I decline to talk with you about myself or my former friends," answered Miss Smith, with the haughty air that reminded him of the days of her power and splendor. "You must understand, without being told, that the sight of you is abhorrent to me!"

He winced.

"You are very hard! I am earning my living as a music-teacher—I came to Millbridge a few days ago to pursue that calling, never dreaming of meeting *you* here. Ah, you have not forgiven the cowardly assault which I made upon you two years ago!" He flung up his right hand wildly. "This is the hand I raised against your life; the deed ought to have withered it for ever. But remember, I had lost you—a misfortune great enough to turn any man's brain. I loved you more than my own soul, but I was mad—this is my sole excuse. Surely *you* ought to pardon though the rest of the world condemn me, Ethel!"

"I pardon you," she answered, sternly. "But Ethel Greylock has ceased to exist, and Miss Smith does not know you—can never know you!"

"That's a poor sort of forgiveness," he complained, weakly.

"It is all I can give you."

He cowered away from her a step.

"You have me at a great disadvantage, Ethel. What shall I—what *can* I do, to prove my repentance, and win your full pardon?"

"Leave me," she answered, pitiless as Nemesis, "and never return: at any time, nor in any place, dare to ap-

proach me again! There is no person living whom I would not meet sooner than you!"

He hung his head.

"It is for you to command and for me to obey," he said, in a stifled voice, and he turned and went away toward the town, never looking back.

Miss Smith lingered a while by the river, afraid to follow immediately in Kenyon's footsteps, lest she should encounter again this dark ghost of her past. When the danger seemed no longer imminent she started for her boarding-house.

The moon had not yet risen, and the stars shone faint and small in the far purple. The little footpath was now very dark and very lonely. Only the sad crickets chirped in its bordering grasses, and the river rippled softly on the bank. Involuntarily Miss Smith quickened her steps.

She had almost reached the street when two figures came sauntering toward her from the direction of the mills. It was impossible to distinguish their faces in the darkness, but the red spark of a cigar, the odor of the lighted weed, betrayed their sex. As the pair brushed by Miss Smith in the narrow path one chanced to jostle her.

"Pardon!" he said, politely, and disappeared in the night beyond.

It was the same voice which she had heard by the river.

Overcome with a sunden great terror, Miss Smith started and ran all the way to her boarding-house. Supper was over there, the other operatives had left the table. She drank a cup of cold tea, ate a few morsels of heavy biscuit, and flew to her own room at the top of the house—a closet so small that, luckily, it could not be shared with any other boarder.

She was shaking in every limb, and her eyes had the look of some hunted wild animal's. She locked the door hurriedly behind her. She must go, she must leave Millbridge by the first morning train!—leave the place where she had found work and shelter for two years, and fly forth again into the wide world. She opened a drawer in her toilet-table. There lay the money which she had saved from her labor in the mills—not much, but enough to take her to another home, and supply her needs till she could find new employment.

Mechanically she began to pack together her small belongings. While doing this she heard loud peals of laughter, mingled sometimes with a hollow cough, rising from the chamber below her own. The mill-girls had gathered for a frolic in the room of Lizzie, the consumptive—they often did so, but never had their mirth jarred on Miss Smith's ears as it did to-night. When her preparations were complete she extinguished her lamp, threw herself on her bed, without removing any of her garments. for she meant to be up and away by dawn, and fell straightway into a deep sleep.

Cruel dreams beset her. She heard the voice of Sir Gervase Greylock calling to her across a wide black river, whose current she could not pass. She was back again at Greylock Woods, moving down the great rooms in bridal white, with hands full of orange-flowers, and Strauss's waltzes throbbing upon the perfumed air around her. Then she bent over the white face of Godfrey Greylock, as he lay dead before the chancel-rail, in the light of the stained-glass window. Then she was flying for life, over gray lonesome tracks of salt marshes, to the low-ceiled keeping-room of Cat's Tavern, where Mercy Poole's furry family rushed upon her, spitting and mewing. Presently the snarls of the felines became a dull roar in Miss Smith's ears. This noise was succeeded by a loud crash. The sleeper awoke, with her heart in her throat. She sprang to her feet, in that small, dark attic, with a confused sense of something awful pressing down upon her.

Ah, the room was *not* dark, for a red, infernal glare wrapped its one window, and played over the four bare, whitewashed walls. The noise which had aroused Miss Smith was a blow, dealt by some hand, upon the door. Even as she stood clutching her bedpost helplessly, scarcely knowing whether she was still dreaming or not, the assault was repeated; hinges and locks gave way, the door crashed down into the room, and over it leaped a man—scorched, blackened, breathless. A terrific volume of smoke rushed into the chamber with him. He caught Miss Smith in his arms.

"The house is in flames!" he said. "They told me you were up here. Everybody else has escaped. Some girls in a room below upset a lamp in a frolic. Ah, God help me!" with a cry of despair which she remembered long after; "how am I to save you, Ethel?"

She felt one awful thrill of fear, like the thrust of a sword; then, with the blind instinct of self-preservation, she broke from Arthur Kenyon and ran toward the smoke-shrouded doorway. He drew her back.

"The staircase fell behind me," he said. "You cannot escape that way. The old house is like tinder—its walls can stand but a minute more. Outside, the street is full of people, but whether they can help us or not remains to be seen."

She began to comprehend something of his heroism. The boarding-house by the river-side was sheeted in smoke and flame without and within, and in this little room, at its very top, alone with midnight and death, she looked in Arthur Kenyon's begrimed but fearless face, in something like amazement.

"Why did you risk your life like this?" she said. "I might have perished in my sleep if you had not aroused me—that would have been a painless, merciful end. Save yourself somehow. As for me," the terror had all gone from her now, and she spoke quietly, almost cheerfully, "ah, life is over for *me!* I may as well close it here and now, as in any place or at any time."

The fire was curling around the doorway, and thrusting red hands into the room. After it came the smoke, in a black, strangling storm. The shouts and cries of firemen and spectators, assembled in the street far below, mingled with the din of roaring flames. Kenyon drew Miss Smith to the one window of the garret.

"There's but an instant between us and death!" he said, quickly. "Why did I risk my life to find you, Ethel? Because I owed you this much by way of atonement. None dared enter the house to search for you—none but *me!*" exultantly. "I was glad of that. I said to myself, 'I will save her or die with her! She shall see now that I loved her better than my own self—she shall give me the full pardon which she refused a few hours ago!'"

He seized a chair, and dashed out the small narrow window. At the same moment a ladder was planted against the wall outside—the cap of a fireman appeared at the top.

"Be quick!" he urged.

Kenyon lifted Miss Smith to the level of the casement, and forced her into the outstretched arms of the man. Something impelled her to look back. It was all the work of an instant. She saw Kenyon framed in the window, with the flames making a red background behind him. His hand touched the sill, and then—then—as the floor under his feet broke up like an eggshell, and went

down beneath him, he clutched once at empty air, fell back and vanished.

A great sea of flame surged resistlessly over the spot where he had stood, licked up the broken window with a hundred forked tongues—a storm of sparks soared up to the midnight sky, and all was over.

He was gone, and nothing more was ever seen of Iris Greylock's divorced husband, save a handful of charred bones, gathered by stranger hands from the ruins of the house by Millbridge river.

Down fell the wall, and the ladder with it, hurling the fireman and Miss Smith to the ground together. The latter was lifted up insensible and carried to a neighboring refuge, opened by some kind Samaritans to receive the homeless operatives.

When consciousness returned Miss Smith found herself confronted by the memory of Kenyon's tragic sacrifice, and certain grim facts that well-nigh took her breath. She was absolutely penniless. Her earthly possessions had perished with the house. Even the clothing had been nearly burned from her body in her perilous escape. How were her immediate and pressing needs to be supplied?

All the ensuing day the injuries which she had received kept her a prisoner indoors, but as night fell, and the necessities of another day approached, she arose, borrowed such garments as she needed, and prepared to go out.

Attached to a chain about her neck were two valuable rings, the last relics that she possessed of her past. They had been the gift of Godfrey Greylock. Money she must have, and at once.

She took the jewels and went out into the streets of Millbridge, to search for some place where she might dispose of them.

Through a sombre twilight Miss Smith hurried by the blackened ruins of the house where Kenyon had perished, turned a corner and plunged into a small, dark shop, in the one window of which watches were displayed, and various kinds of jewelry. A clerk was just lighting the lamps as Miss Smith walked up to the showcase, and laid upon it her two rings.

"I wish to dispose of these," she faltered.

The clerk threw down his lucifer and stared at the girl's pale, flawless face, and great ropes of yellow hair; then he examined the rings in a business-like way.

"What value do you set upon them, miss?" he asked.

She shuddered.

"I know very little about their actual value. Give me whatever you please."

"The proprietor has gone to supper. You'd better come again when he is here, miss—I'm not authorized to make such purchases."

The disappointment brought a rush of tears to her eyes. She picked up the rings to go—one slipped from her hold and rolled away over the floor. As she turned to recover it she became aware that somebody had entered the shop, and was standing close behind her—the man whose voice she had heard in the darkness by the river, the man who had once gone to Blackport Church with her, to utter marriage vows—the man whom she had thought to be thousands of miles across the sea—Sir Gervase Greylock! There he stood in that little Millbridge shop, looking straight in her face, with the grave, gray, overmastering eyes that she remembered only too well!

"Have I found you at last—at last!"

Those were his first words. Then he took her hands quickly in his own, bent down, and kissed her on her white, trembling lips.

"My betrothed wife!" he said, gravely and firmly, "you have never ceased to be that, you know!"

"Oh!" she gasped, striving to draw back from him, "do not mock me! Remember Hannah Johnson's story—remember all that stands between us now!"

He smiled grandly. His hold upon her tightened.

"Nothing stands between us. For two years I have been seeking you the world over. You escaped me on our luckless marriage-day, but you will never do it again. Nan! I have you now, to hold and to keep for ever! The Greylock pride is not so strong as the Greylock love. I care not whether you sprung from a gutter or a palace—enough for me to know that you are, and will always be, the best, the loveliest, the sweetest of women! Under any circumstances, it's not possible for you to be less than this, and more you could not be, if you were a born princess. Oh, my darling, my darling! I ask but this—do you love me still?"

"I love you still!" sobbed Nan, with the light of heaven shining in her great, glad eyes.

* * * * * *

"What brought *you* to Millbridge?" she said to him, after they had talked of many, many things.

"A mere chance," he answered. "Colonel Denham, whose acquaintance I made at a club in town, invited me here to visit his mills. I have been his guest for three days, and was on my way to the station to take the train back to Boston, when I saw and recognized you as you entered the shop. Now let *me* ask how you came to choose an insignificant village, less than a hundred miles from Blackport, to be your hiding-place, and how could you resist the countless advertisements, in which Polly and I entreated you to come back to your home and friends!"

"I never saw them," she sighed; "newspapers were scarce at the boarding-house. I never dreamed that anybody at Greylock Woods could be wishing for my return. As I was flying from the villa, I chanced to overhear two workingwomen, passengers upon the same train with me, talking of a lack of operatives in the factories of Millbridge. That conversation led me to the mills."

"And all the while," he said, "I was looking for you in every theatre, near and far. My poor child, as it is now more than certain that you are for ever done with Millbridge and everything in it, let us start immediately for Blackport and Polly."

CHAPTER XXXII.

POLLY SPEAKS.

At the end of two years I left school and returned to Greylock Woods. I had been at the villa but a few weeks when Nan came back to me, one black Autumn midnight, by the late express.

She was expected. Some hours before Sir Gervase had telegraphed the glad news of her discovery, and Aunt Pam and I were waiting with open arms to receive our wanderer.

"By what name are we to call her, Ethel?" sighed Aunt Pam.

"Her own," I answered, Nannette Harkness. Oh, I wonder how the baronet chanced to find her? Of course he could not explain that in his telegram. Aunt Pam, something tells me that he loves her still—that he has never ceased to love her! Has he not spent two long years searching for her everywhere, and wandering from America to England and from England back to America, seeking rest and finding none?"

Aunt Pam shook her head.

"My dear, you forget the immense social gulf betwixt

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.— FROM THE PAINTING BY KAULBACH.

those two. English baronets do not marry the daughters of clog-dancers."

"Nan has no living relatives to disgrace her," I replied stoutly; "she is kinless and alone in this world, with the education, the accomplishments, the instincts of a duchess."

Aunt Pam sighed, but answered nothing. I had sent the carriage to the station. It came back through the dark night, bearing Sir Gervase and Nan. No surprises awaited the latter at the villa, for the baronet had told her everything. Very gravely he led her into the great hall. How worn and pale she looked, and yet how radiant! I opened my arms, and the next moment the beggar children of Harmony Alley were folded in a long and close embrace.

"Welcome back to Greylock Woods!" I sobbed; "to your home, Nan; for it is, and shall always be, your home! I have nothing here that does not belong to you, also."

"And forgive me—pray, do, my dear!" entreated poor Aunt Pam—"for turning away from you that dreadful morning at the church, Fairy! I was quite distracted with the trouble which had overwhelmed us all. You cannot imagine how bitterly I have, since then, reproached myself for my heartlessness."

"Dear Aunt Pam," replied Nan, smiling through her tears, "there is nothing for me to forgive. You never did a heartless thing in your life. It was perfectly natural for you to turn from me that day. My only wonder," very sadly, "is that you have all tried so hard to find and bring me back to home and happiness."

There were shadows under her large eyes, and she had lost flesh and color, but she was my beautiful, peerless Nan still! Late as the hour was, a grand dinner waited for my guests, and when it was over, and we sat together in the drawing-room—for nobody thought of sleeping this night—Aunt Pam and I heard Nan's story.

"You shall never leave us again!" I said to the wanderer; "Sir Gervase knows my plans. I am going to divide Godfrey Greylock's fortune equally—one-half shall be yours, one half mine—even then, we both will be rich women, Nan."

The tears rushed anew into her lovely eyes.

"You will do nothing of the kind, Polly!" she protested. "Oh, you noble, generous creature, what will you propose next? I will never, never touch one dollar of your fortune."

"Quite right!" cried Sir Gervase, warmly, and then he turned to me with a laugh in his gray eyes. "You have had many doubts concerning me, Polly"—everybody, even to Aunt Pam, liked to call me by my old name—"but now I will put them all to rest. Nan cannot accept a home at Greylock Woods, because she is going with me across the sea. Our engagement has never been broken. At an early day she will be my wife, and I shall take her from you, but not one cent of the Greylock money with her. Her beauty and worth are an ample dowry. I ask for no other—I will accept no other!"

It was useless to argue the point with him—he was stubborn. My joy in his constancy was so great that I could not be angry with him. I put my hand upon his arm, looked up into his grand, glad, triumphant eyes, and cried out involuntarily: "Cousin, I am proud of you!" He raised the hand to his lips, and answered, laughingly, "Permit me to express a like sentiment in regard to yourself, Miss Greylock."

"Very well," broke in Aunt Pam; "my dear Sir Gervase, you may browbeat Polly, but not *me*. I have a fortune in my own right—Polly will never want it—she has enough of her own. Consequently, it is going to Nan—half upon the day of her marriage, half at my decease."

Ah! Nan already possessed a richer fortune than lands and money—I mean her lover's priceless love. How I rejoiced in this glad end of all her trials! It was like some pretty fairy tale—the prince had remained faithful, and for him and his lovely beggar-maid there could be nothing but happiness in the future.

Just one month from the date of her return to the villa, Nan, for the second time, stood in bridal fleeces with Sir Gervase, at the chancel-rail of the little Blackport church, and became Lady Greylock. Only the few that she loved were present at the ceremony, but there were plenty of congratulations and good wishes—plenty of heartfelt joy, not to speak of a faultless wedding-breakfast and many costly bridal gifts, for, after all, Lady Greylock was not permitted to go dowerless across the sea to her English home.

On the deck of a trans-Atlantic steamer Aunt Pam and I bade her farewell, with mingled smiles and tears. We had found her, only to lose her again.

"Good-by, Polly," she said, embracing me with happy eyes shining through wet lashes. "Both you and Aunt Pam will come soon to see me at Greylock Hall—you have promised this much to Sir Gervase, you know."

We stood in a pouring rain on the wharf, and waved our handkerchiefs to the receding steamer till we could no longer see it for our tears. She was gone, with her proud and happy bridegroom, and Aunt Pam and I turned sadly back to Greylock Woods.

"I suppose," said Aunt Pam, with dismal apprehension, "that my next blow will be *your* marriage, Polly! At some future date somebody will be taking you from me, as Sir Gervase has to-day taken Nan."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"You borrow trouble for naught, Aunt Pam. I shall never marry. You and I will live together at the Woods. I never had a lover—I never shall have one."

Aunt Pam stared.

"What nonsense you talk, child! Why should you not have a lover? Your marked Spanish style is very effective. I really think, my dear, that you had better close the villa and open a house in town for the Winter. I should like nothing better than to introduce you to fashionable society. I have many, many friends moving in the choicest circles, you know, and you cannot fail to create a sensation among them. Of course, you must be properly settled in life, like other girls."

"No, no, Aunt Pam, no match-making for me if you please; and I do not care for society. I would rather live with you at the villa. We will make a little world here for ourselves."

"Ah, but I am old," sighed Aunt Pam; "my time is short; and when I go, my dear, you will be left alone."

The days that succeeded the departure of Sir Gervase and his bride were quiet, even to dullness. I passed my leisure hours principally at the grand piano—for I had developed a passion for music—or in the library, amid Godfrey Greylock's books and *bric-à-brac*. Winter closed in early about my splendid hermitage, and seemed to shut me closer than ever from the world.

One night Aunt Pam appeared at our late dinner dressed in her heaviest crape and blackest bombazine, and with an uncommonly sad look on her dear old face.

"Do you know what anniversary this is, Ethel?" she said.

"No," I answered.

I had been playing one of Schubert's sonatas, and the music was still beating its delicious changes through my head.

"It is that of your father's death," said Aunt Pam, gravely.

My father's death!—the mysterious event which I had once heard Mercy Poole discuss, in a very strange fashion, with Regnault, at Cat's Tavern. I sat down silently to dinner. The meal was not over when Hopkins appeared at the door.

"There's a messenger waiting from Cat's Tavern," she announced. "Mercy Poole is very sick, and wants to see Miss Ethel without delay."

I had never entered the inn nor encountered its landlady since the day of Godfrey Greylock's death. I looked at Aunt Pam.

"How odd!" she exclaimed. "It is a cold, dark night—do not think of venturing out, Ethel."

"But she is sick," I answered; "and perhaps alone. I must go, Aunt Pam. You need not wait up for me."

"Then, pray, take Hopkins with you."

"No, indeed; I do not need company. Hopkins is old, and will be much better off in bed."

"Ah, you are such a fearless, independent creature!" sighed Aunt Pam, in a tone which implied that such characteristics in her niece were a cross to her.

It *was* a bitter night. I heard the wind roaring in the tops of the evergreens, and the frozen boughs of the chestnuts rattling like the dry bones of Ezekiel's vision, as I rolled away down the dark avenue, into the Blackport road. The coachman drove rapidly. It was not long before I alighted at the ancient tavern.

No light was visible, save in the old keeping-room. Without ceremony I stepped into the low, dark entry, lifted the latch behind which the lamp was shining, and so found myself face to face once more with Mercy Poole.

She sat before the fire, with all her cats snarling and rubbing around her. An old blanket covered her shoulders, and her bony, wasted figure, grown weak and tremulous with disease, was bent forward to the warmth. At sound of the opening door she started up—a sharp cry escaped her lips.

"Do not be alarmed, it is I," I said, for I thought my unceremonious entrance had frightened her. "You sent for me, and here I am."

She staggered to her feet. I could then see the startling change which two years had wrought in the landlady of Cat's Tavern.

Her iron-gray hair had become as white as snow. Her once erect body was now bent and emaciated. In her gray, shrunken face the hollow black eyes burned with a devouring light—terrible eyes, they seemed to me, as she beckoned me forward.

"Come in!" she cried, in a harsh, cracked voice; "I scarcely knew you. It's a cold night. Come up to the fire, Miss Greylock, and warm yourself."

I obeyed mechanically. Captain Kidd sniffed at my fur cloak; Ravaillac and Pontius Pilate mewed about my feet. Mercy Poole looked at me curiously—touched my warm garments, the thick rustling silk of my dress, with shaking fingers. So!" she said, "you're Polly no longer, but a rich woman—the richest in the county! I've heard your whole story—'twas the talk of Blackport for days and days. God only knows how I could have had Robert Graylock's daughter under my roof so long and never once suspected it!"

The hollow eyes flamed on me like great coals.

"Pray be calm," I said, soothingly; "I fear you are very ill."

"Yes," she gasped, as she fell back in her chair, "I'm done for—my time has come! If I hadn't known this, I shouldn't have sent to Greylock Woods for *you* to-night. And now that you are here, girl, what do you think I've got to say to you?"

The cats snarled and rubbed and mewed around their gaunt mistress. Apart from this sound, how still the old inn seemed! The very lamp on the mantel burned feebly. All life had departed from the place.

"I really cannot tell," I answered. "Often a sick person has many things."

"It was no whim that made me send for you."

"Perhaps you wish me to help you in some way? Surely you are not living here *alone*, in your present helpless condition?"

"There's a girl in the kitchen," she replied, "that's all. Nobody ever comes to the inn now—guests, I mean. And Dr. Vandine—he left more than a year ago. He's got a handsome house of his own, down the street, and some relative to keep it for him. He's growing rich—is the doctor. No, Miss Greylock, I want no favor of any one, and if I did, *you* are the last person on earth to whom I would appeal. I'm a bold woman, but, God knows, I shouldn't *dare* to ask help of *you!*"

Startled and uncomfortable, I could only stare at her.

"We two are all alone in this room," she went on; "there's nobody to hear us but God. Do you know what night this is?"

"Yes," I answered, "it is the anniversary of my father's death."

She nodded once—twice, and dropped her wasted hand on the back of Pontius Pilate, as he purred against her chair.

"The beasts haven't been fed," she explained, with a feeble smile, "that's what makes them so restless. I couldn't get into the kitchen, and the jade there doesn't like cats. Yes, it's the anniversary of your father's death, Miss Greylock, and I've called you to the inn to tell you about his murder."

I had never seen such wild, strange eyes! I held my breath, and waited for her next words.

"When he left the inn that night to go to Greylock Woods," she went on, her voice growing firm and strong, "I stole up-stairs, put on a long cloak and low-crowned hat belonging to my father, and followed him. All the way to the villa I dogged his steps through the darkness—I waited for him at the gate—back, down the hill, I went with him to the salt-pits, and there, I, with this hand"—holding up the shaking, emaciated member—"shot him dead! Do you ask what prompted me to do such a deed? Vengeance! He had broken my heart, and I had repeatedly sworn to myself to kill him, if we should ever meet. His evil genius sent him to the inn that night, and Godfrey Greylock's hardness drove him from the shelter of the Woods to his doom. You see, my soft woman's heart held me back from the murder till he was on his return way to the tavern.

"I never tried to screen myself—often I used recklessly to wish that I might be suspected and apprehended for my crime. I declared to Godfrey Greylock that his son had been foully murdered. I said the same thing to that worthless creature, Robert's widow! I have told others a like tale; but no one would ever believe me. If only a single voice had been lifted against mein accusation, I would have confessed everything, for Heaven alone knows what remorse I have suffered since that night—what agonies of regret! Often death would have seemed to me a blessed release from my misery. I loved Robert Greylock better than my own soul!"

I could only gaze at her in utter horror, as she sat rocking her gaunt body to and fro in the midst of her cats.

"You don't believe me, maybe?" she cried, wildly; "look at me, then—look at this hair! Isn't it whiter than that of a woman of eighty? and I've barely seen two-and-forty years. What but remorse is killing me now? With my strong body, I ought to have lived to a ripe old age. He gave me a look, as he fell, that I shall take with me into eternity. Ah, my God!" throwing up her hands before her eyes, with a bitter cry, "I see it yet!"

Then she started up a second time, and stood before—a terrible ghost of a woman. Her voice arose to a shriek.

"I am his murderess!—I killed him at the salt-pits—I loved him, and I killed him! I could not live another hour without confessing this to you, his daughter! Now, do with me as you will—punish me as you will—call in the officers of justice; I am ready to meet them. I will deny nothing. Come, do not look so dazed, but act quickly or death will cheat you, after all. A red-handed creature like me should never be allowed to die in her bed! Go now, and do your worst!"

She was *not* mad—of that fact I felt painfully sure. I sprang from my chair. The air of that low dim room choked me; the opal eyes of the cats glared upon me like the eyes of demons. I thought of the cairn which she had, with her own hands, heaped above my father's death-place—I thought of her nocturnal visits thereto—I thought of all her strange ways—the sanguinary names of her brood of felines, and I felt—I *knew* that what she had revealed to me was solemn, awful truth!

"You had better have died with your secret untold," I gasped. "God forgive you, Mercy Poole!"

A wan, bitter smile curled her lips.

"I could *not* die until I had made this confession to Robert's daughter! Something here!" clutching her breast, wildly, "compelled me to speak. It was part of my punishment to be obliged to tell you—to see the horror in your innocent young face—to see you shrink away from me. Well, go, I say! I shall be upon this spot to receive whatever you may send—go, avenge your father, as you ought—you would be no true daughter if you did not. I ask no favor, no mercy, only act directly!"

I left the self-accused woman in the midst of the cats, flew to my waiting carriage, and bade the coachman drive back to the villa.

Luckily, Aunt Pam had retired to her own chamber. I was not obliged to tell my ghastly story for a few hours, at least. Sleep I could not—I felt like a person in the horrors of a nightmare. As soon as morning broke, and before anybody was astir in the house, I put on my outer garments and started for the salt-pits.

An overmastering impulse, a power that I could neither understand nor resist, drew me thither. On foot, alone, I crossed the high road, and descended the hill, by the very path which my father had taken on the night of his death.

There was no snow on the ground. The old cairn stood up, ugly and dark, in the pink dawn. As I drew near to it, I saw, extended at the rude base, a human figure, wrapped in an old blanket—the limbs quite motionless, the arms flung outward, the face in the dust. I ran toward it. It was Mercy Poole, lying there on the very spot where she had murdered her false lover, more than twenty years before! I bent over her.

"Mercy Poole," I called, "you have nothing to fear from me! I have no heart to take upon myself the office of avenger, for I believe you have already suffered something worse than death!"

She did not stir or answer.

I raised her gray head. Her eyes were closed, and from their quenched fires the lids would never lift again. Her wasted face had put on a look, strange, supreme, unsearchable. In the shadow of the cairn, Mercy Poole, my father's murderess, was lying stark and dead.

(To be concluded.)

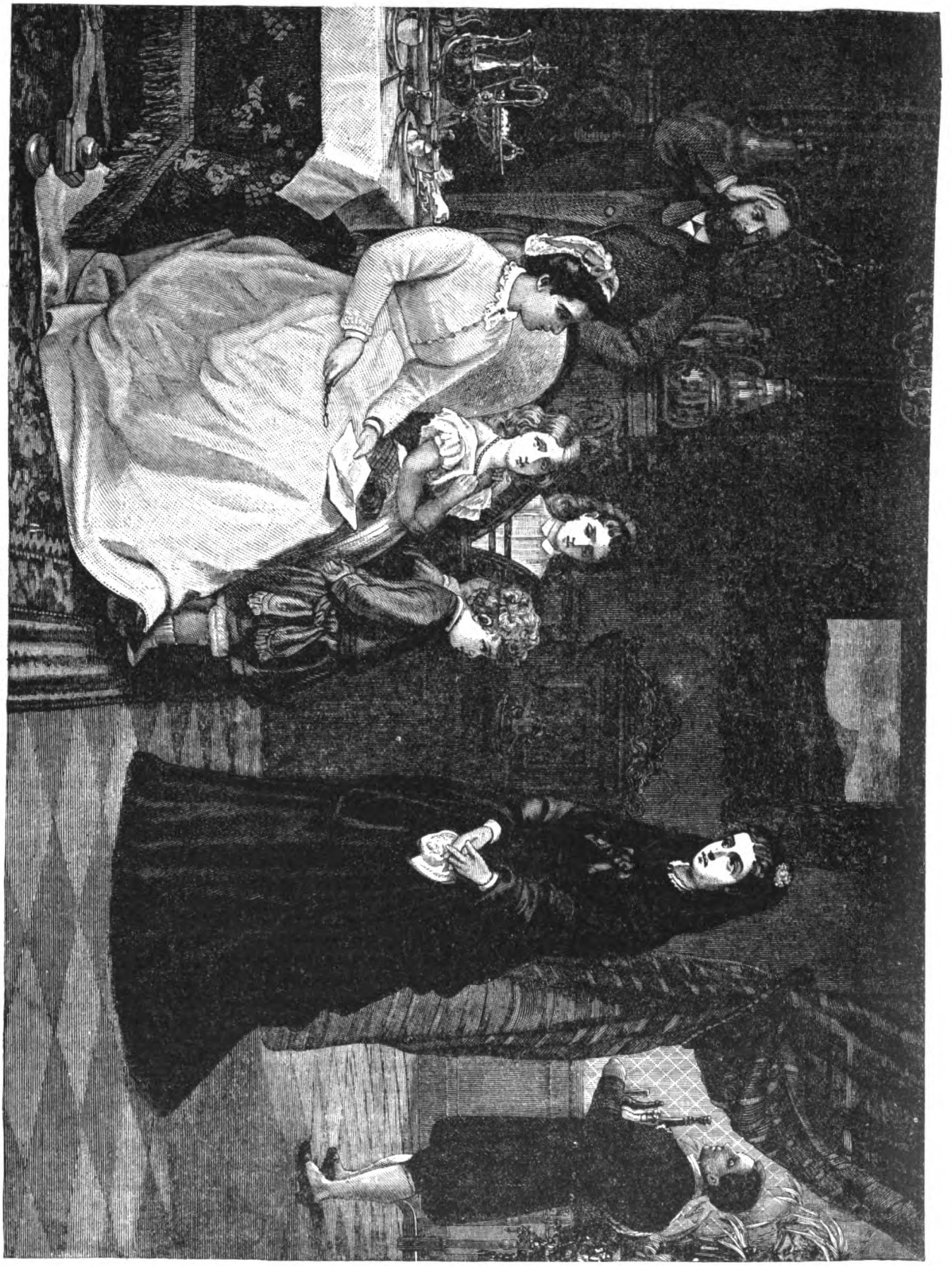
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SCHOOL FOR VERDANTS.

I WAS a precocious lad, and was thought at school to be something of a wag. Be this as it may, I was always an aspirant, from my earliest recollection, to the position of monitor, at least, in the School for Verdants. I took special pains and pride in influencing their actions and conduct. To this ambition I attribute the eminent success I have experienced in after life, and the high position I have attained to in the school.

The pupils of the school are recruited from the seven ages of man; from the mewling infant in the nurse's arms to second childishness, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. Even the brutes and fowls of the air, and fishes, more than any other of created things, furnish their quota. As, witness the dog in the fable that drops its bone crossing a stream for its own shadow reflected in the water, and the fishes, more verdant than all, that daily furnish the repasts of man. It is cosmopolitan, universal in the scope of its benefices. Experience is the primordial test of perfection in its curriculum; novelties, the stumbling-block through which victims wend their weary way. A quick perception often disengages one from awkward dilemmas, but just as often leads him deeper and deeper into the meshes set for him. Those local knowing ones are chiefly the most prominent and promising pupils in the school, leaving a name and a reputation behind them which serve to lure rather than to check their successors.

My first experience as monitor in the School for Verdants was fully displayed at the plantation of a relative in Louisiana when I was but a lad. In what were then esteemed to be sickly localities, there were always two residences: one, somewhat pretentious in its surroundings, on the plantation; the other, more simple but quite as convenient, in the pine hills, where was water more abundant, limpid and pure; and the air, impregnated with the healthful and refreshing odor of the pine, was invigorating and lovely. At both these residences the kitchen was invariably located in the back yard, more or less remote from the house, and would be the rendezvous of all the house-servants, after supper in the house, and the white children would delight in joining the social circle, listening to the ghost-stories, traditions and negro lore, or joining in an impromptu dance to the music of a good banjo, monotonously thrummed by some musical aspirant.

Aunt Becky, the cook, would meanwhile, perhaps, be busy in the preparation of that *pièce de résistance* to a negro's palate, a plump, fat possum, that had been captured the night before, and had hung in the frost to mellow and to sweeten it. The large Dutch oven would be placed on the dresser, cleaned to a nicety; the possum, previously stuffed with breadcrumbs and puckons (pecan-nuts), would be laid in the midst of it, as carefully as an infant is laid in its cradle, the vacant space filled-in with "swee'-taters"; then, with the old-fashioned pothooks, the oven



THE NEW GOVERNESS.

would be lifted to its place on the hearth, over a pile of coals, the lid taken from the flames, where it had been heating, deposited and heaped with live coals, and the contents left to sizz and brown. Meanwhile, the pot of *big* hominy hanging on the old-fashioned crane is occasionally stirred, and the plump, white grains tasted to see how it's doing. The hot stones of the hearth are swept clean for the ash-cake that lies waiting on the dresser, the moment it is to be deposited, and covered up with hot ashes, to do, and to become imbued with the flavor thereof. All these interesting and mysterious preparations of Aunt Becky are going on whilst the dance waxes furious in its childish, innocent *abandon*. The occasional lifting of the lid would fill the whole room with a savor so delicious that the mouth would fairly water; and the youngsters, squatted in silent expectancy, would give evidence of their satisfaction in murmurs and grunts. The baking possum! the stewing hominy, and the furious saturnalia! the *ensemble!* would lend a zest to the evening's entertainment absolutely irresistible. Then, when 'twas done! Ye gods! 'twas, indeed, a feast fit to set before a king! Charles Lamb's roasted pig dwindled into insignificance beside it. That is to say, when served up in the kitchen with all the sable surroundings. Possum fat and hominy! There's nothing half so delicious within my recollection. The "swee'-taters," brown and juicy with the absorbed possum fat, I tell you, sir, or madam, you've got to assist at such a feast, as I did, over and over again, to appreciate the full magnitude of its excellence. The crisp, brown skin crackling between the teeth of a darkey, and the gusto with which he *wallows* his ash-cake in the rich gravy, reaches the deepest well of the palate and creates an appetite nothing else will. In the midst of the feast the housemaid will, perhaps, put in an appearance, and, to the great discontent of the children, deliver a message: "Your ma say, you all must come in de house dis minit, an' go to bed!" and, in another tone: "Save me some o' dat possum, Aunt Becky. 'Clare to goodness, it smells better'n puddin!"

The evening's entertainment would vary with the seasons. In the Autumn, when the rare ripe persimmons are turned of a purplish hue, and made soft and mellow by the frost, and the pawpaws—a wild fruit, only eaten by children and negroes—lay on the ground, luscious in their golden rinds, coon and possum hunts would ensue. A couple of cur-dogs, trained to the work, would be important factors in the sport, the object being not to fight, but to tree "de ole coon" or possum. This effected, the tree would be felled, in the case of the coon, the dogs, and the negroes with sticks, tackle and put it to death. The possum would generally take to a persimmon-tree, be dislodged by some expert climber, and put into a sack.

Corn-shucking was a most popular and exciting entertainment. Thirty or forty negroes from the neighborhood, men and women, boys and girls, would assemble some night at the corn-cribs, and by morning have shucked two or three hundred barrels. Enlivened by a little rum or whisky, furnished by the master, and the usual license allowed them, the true inwardness and joyousness of the negro would be developed. The scene would be enlivened with their peculiar melodies and stentorian choruses, making the welkin to ring again and again.

Sometimes the white children would personate ghosts; a stick held upright, with a gourd at top, pierced with holes to represent the eyes and nose, and a lighted candle inside, the whole stick and figure enveloped in a sheet, or dough faces, the most cadaverous of similitudes, would be assumed, to frighten the darkies in the kitchen, or at the "quarters."

Mais nous avous changé tout cela! exclaims the Northerner. Alas, and alack, yes! sighs the Southron; but you have not destroyed our memories! The disease was violent, so the remedy must be commensurate. I would not be understood as regretting the manumission of the slaves. *Tout au contraire!* I am only sketching and enjoying, for the moment, the pleasures of memory; memories which often recur to most Southerners who have entered the sere and yellow leaf of their existence, as I have. I was merely comparing, in my own mind, the difference in the social relations of the black and the white: especially domestic relations. Then, they were genial, kind, hopeful and paternal; the man servant was proud of his inherited name, of his master and of his family. He was heir to all his cast-off garments, and imitated his master in his deportment and in his associations. There was no vain and detracting gossip, for he would not be the dirty bird that soiled its own nest. The maid, when going out to a party of her own color, wore her young mistress's gowns and jewelry, and presented herself for inspection before her departure. If she was to be married, she would be decked in the best the wardrobe afforded, and the ceremony would, most probably, take place in the "house," amidst the family circle. There was a mutual pride, the one in the other; and a confidence, love and affection which no power, save manumission, could eradicate. Now, the relations are sordid, mean and despicable. The children shun each other as they would a pestilence. A favor is never asked of a "colored person" now; but the employé is paid on the spot the value of the service rendered. There is no intolerance manifested; but a morbid lack of sympathy, the one with the other, pervades every community. The license which the negro now enjoys, which had become unnatural to him in the long years of his servitude, is fearfully abused, and often results in scenes of violence and rapacity.

Ah, me! The memory naturally reverts to the past; and I take a pardonable pleasure, I trust, in recalling the scenes of my childhood. There is a melancholy sensibility in the act, which soothes the troubled soul, and does no one any harm. Methinks I see now the rotund form of Aunt Becky, as she stands in the lanehead, neatly turbaned in a blue-check bandanna handkerchief, and thrown back in all the pride of culinary majesty; her bosom heaving with offended dignity as she calls to her young hopeful: "You Dandehy! Wy'n't you go long drive dem shoats out'n de pastur, deh! You stan' dar gazin', an gazin', an gazin' at dat are kite! I wish't you was a kite!" The latter ejaculation, *sotto voce*, but emphatic. Dandy was an idle, worthless boy of twelve or thirteen, with a black, sooty face, and an indolent air. He was my first scholar and victim in the School for Verdants.

It was on the occasion of one such symposium in the kitchen, I have sought to describe, that afforded me the opportunity of testing the value of my acquirements in the *rôle* that had been assigned to me. The moon, at her full, was shining with unwonted splendor in the heavens, shedding a dim, silvery lustre on all the surrounding objects; not a breath of air disturbed the autumnal foliage; the great pine-trees slept, and dreamed in their majestic splendor; all nature was quiet and in repose, and seemed to invite the fairies to their nocturnal sports. The dance and the romping were at the flood when, "Pee-u-u-u! m'ah! skunk!" with other like manifesta-

tions of sensitiveness and disgust, resounded in the mirthful circle. Dandy was squatted on the floor near the fire, watching his mother and the oven, as she busied herself 'tending the baking possum, and his olfactory nerves were sensitive only to the savory aroma that would emanate from the latter as she would occasionally lift the lid. So he sat, heedless of the strong odor of the skunk, which affected the rest of us. Very soon a disturbance was heard amongst the chickens in the hen-house. "Git up from dar, Dandy, an' go 'long out an' see'f dat critter ain't in de hen-house! 'Long wid you, dis minit! Don't stan' dar stretchin' you'self. Don't you hear de chickens squawk?"

Dandy had risen at his mother's first summons, and was stretching his limbs, apparently loath to leave the blazing fire, or a single whiff of the savory dishes simmering thereon. "Come, Dandy," said I, "I'll go along with you, and keep off the spooks. Come along, old fellow!" Approaching the hen-house, the odor of the skunk became more and more intolerable. "You go and look in, Dandy, and I'll go on the other side and watch for him." "Mas' Henny, I'm 'feard o' dat critter." "Psha! go 'long; there's nothing to be afraid of." Dandy crept cautiously up, and tried to get a view of the interior from a distance; at length he reached the hen-house, and placing his ugly mug against an opening in the slats, he cried "Shu!" The word was no sooner out of his mouth than there issued from the interior a stream of dense vapor, like the blowing off of a boiler, which struck the wretched darky fairly in the face. A stench succeeded so intense, so subtle, and so overwhelmingly disgusting, that one with difficulty could maintain themselves within its influence. All nature seemed suddenly to have fallen into corruption. The baleful influence extended to the entire premises, impregnating the atmosphere, and making abhorrent that which before was sweet and grateful. Dandy, poor fellow, the victim of such misplaced confidence, retreated, and casting himself on the ground, rolled and pitched and cavorted as though he was in a fit, foaming at the mouth the while, and ejaculating "Pee-u-u! m'ah! Ak-pte! dat was a dose't! Dat critter stronger'n pison!"

The commotion thus occasioned brought the denizens of the kitchen streaming into the yard. Old Uncle Abram, the boy's father, taking in the situation at the first glance, opened with wrath on the miserable victim. "Git up from dar, you misbul whelp!" quoth he. "Git up! an' go 'long down to de crik, an' wallow in de water an' in de mud. You needn't be a'feard a nothin'! Nothin' 'll come nigh you; dey'll run soon as dey smell you. Old master and old missus's ghosts, dey'll smell you a mile off, and run, too, quick enough. Don't you hear me? you 'tarnal tief, you! You smells worser dan a skunk, kase you got nigger smell, too, wuss kind. I boun' 'f'd give you a taste a this foot you'll mind." Dandy rose from the ground, and went off slowly and reflectively to the creek, as he had been bid, whilst we all returned to the kitchen, laughing immoderately, now that the paroxysm was over, at poor Dandy's mishap, and to listen to Uncle Abram's oracular description of the skunk and its attributes.

"Dis 'ere skunk is the curiestest varmint you eber see; 'ceitful, too, as he can be. He ain't much bigger 'n a rabbit, an' he's pieded black an' white, jes' like one o' dese pieded hosses. He's got a long tail, bushy, like a fox's tail; an' when he's mad it stan's out straight, an' brustles, ebery hiar stan'in' up. *Den*, I tell you, chillens, you better begin to git! His head's like a coon's head, ony a little bit sharper; his eyes shine like two a dese black beads, sha'p and cunnin'. He ain't a'feared a nothin'. He jes' knows he's got his belly-full a ammunition, an' kin squt it like a steamboat blowin' off de steam. He kin send it twenty foot, scatterin' it trou de hiars o' his tail. It's lightnin', I tell you! You all knows what it smell like. Ef eber you see one a dem critters in de woods, go way roun'. I tell you, chillen, go roun'! Dere's no use talkin', git up an git from dar." Uncle Abram having thus delivered himself, fell into a reflective mood, and smoked his black clay-pipe furiously.

The civetcat, polecat, or skunk, as it is indifferently called in this country, is, as Uncle Abram very justly remarked, the beastliest of all the beasts our country produces. With its constant supply of noxious fluid, which it is ever prepared to "squt" right and left at its enemies, no wonder that all living creatures fear and abhor it, and that its peregrinations are unchecked. Like the winds, it goes where it listeth, and no one knows whence it cometh until within the noxious influence of the odor it leaves in its trail. He is much given to prowling at night within the precincts of farmyards in search of food, and the knowing dogs skulk into some secure corner, whining and tails between the legs, giving his imperial majesty full liberty to pursue his peregrinations undisturbed. On occasions a dog of the School of Verdants will tackle one, but he soon retreats, howling and frothing at the mouth; an experience it never forgets to its dying day. Snakes, even, have been observed to writhe and squirm under the infliction of this terrible little beast.

Many years after my adventure with Dandy, and I had entered the army, that School of schools for Verdants, I became an assistant professor, and destiny took me to Florida. Here the skunk abounds, and may be encountered at every turn. The ranks of the army at this period (1838) had a considerable leaven of Poles, refugees from their own country on account of political troubles. I remember that, frequently marching through pine-barren hummocks, or swamps, the scent of the skunk would strike the column, and the soldiers with one accord would ejaculate, "Pee-u-u-u! skunk!" Some irascible neighboring Pole would immediately interpose, with scorn and defiance: "No Pole cat! Deuced American stink cat!"

The "school" lacked not for pupils. All was grist that came to its mill—the verdant surgeon, the newly-fledged lieutenant, and the ripe gray-haired colonel. One was skillfully led to believe that the fruit borne by the palmetto were Florida olives, and made an excellent pickle, so that the verdant actually put up a barrel of them in salt and water. This last victim proved himself "the biter bitten." He, forsooth, would sell a simple-minded, good-natured gambler by commissioning him to purchase for him in New Orleans a "bottle of beeswax." This learned professor in the "school" was himself sold by his subalterns. Hearing the order given, and knowing full well that there was no such article in existence, they prepared a veritable bottle, put it in a store in an intermediate town, and instructed their friend, the merchant, to charge five dollars for it. Meeting the returning victim of the colonel's sell, who deplored his failure in finding "beeswax in bottles" in New Orleans, they, very sympathizingly, suggested that he might find it at Mr. Blank's store in town. Delighted, he proceeded thither at once, and secured the bottle, cheerfully paying the price demanded. On his arrival at headquarters and seeing the colonel, the latter asked, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye: "Well, Mr. P——, did you find a bottle of beeswax for me?" "Oh, yes, colonel, here it

is." "What did you pay for this, Mr. P——?" "Five dollars; a big price, but I was bound to have it!" "Here's your money, Mr. P——." Then, in a stage-whisper: "I thought all the deuced fools were dead." Both were "sold," but the veteran verdant at the greatest cost.

I might fill volumes with examples of verdancy, but must content myself with a few "siftings":

Dr. B—— was a surgeon in the army. He was of good form, neat and comely in his person; a gentleman in the highest acceptation of the term. Reared in the City of New York, and educated in the best schools that city affords, he soon became one of the *dilettanti* in his profession, and the cynosure of the Fifth Avenue society. He might have become eminent in his profession and wealthy, but he was seized with an inordinate military taste; presented himself before the Board of Surgeons for examination; was passed with distinguished credit, and commissioned in the army. His first duty was with a detachment of recruits ordered from New York to Texas. Arriving at Port Lavaca by sea, the balance of the route was continued by land, a train of wagons being supplied to San Antonio, the headquarters of the department and distributing depot. It was on this march that the doctor first manifested his candidacy for the School of Verdants. Of course, a wagon had been designated expressly and exclusively for hospital purposes, and was more or less under the direction of the surgeon.

The beginning of marches are always more or less attended with accidents, breakages, etc. Now it so happened that the morning after they had set out, the hospital-wagon needed repairs; so the wagon-master reported to the commanding officer, as they were all standing round his camp-fire in the morning: "I shall have to put some *hounds* into that hospital-wagon, sir." "Very well!" responded the colonel. "Do it at once." The doctor, ever ready, with his New York learning, to jump at conclusions, instantly demanded of the colonel if he had understood his order to mean that *hounds* should be put in the hospital-wagon. "Yes," said the colonel; "you understood me correctly. Those were my orders." "Well, sir," retorted the doctor, anger and indignation ruffling his ordinarily placid countenance—"well, sir, I remonstrate and protest against any such brutality, and I shall not quietly submit to such a monstrous invasion of my rights. Steward! get yourself a big stick, and if any one attempts to put any dogs in the hospital-wagon, knock him down!"—proceeding to his wagon in person ready to assault any unfortunate offender. Observing the wagon-master approach with several men bearing certain mysterious appliances, and set to work on the front part of his wagon, the doctor began to "smell a mice," and concluded that he had "sold" himself. He began to moderate his transports, and to inform himself as to the different parts of a wagon; inquiring of the official the name of this, that, and the other, until he came to the part lying on the ground. "Those are hounds, doctor. These, you see, are broken, and we are going to replace them with those." A light flashed upon the unfortunate doctor, and he was greeted on his return to the fire with the *smiles* of his expectant comrades. But the good doctor, like a young bear, had all his experiences in the School for Verdants before him. He had many a hard row to hoe.

His first post was on the extreme northern frontier of Texas, distant from ours forty miles. We had no doctor, and a man having been grievously wounded in a skirmish with northern Comanches, an ambulance was sent to fetch Dr. B——. The route was over high, rolling prairies, the monotony of the landscape being relieved by occasional "motts" of "black jack" and plum thickets. The Autumn having set in, this fruit was in its prime, and the doctor supplemented his luncheon by indulging his appetite to the fullest extent. Whilst thus engaged he observed at a little distance off a strange and beautiful animal enjoying its midday meal. Seized with a desire to possess it, to add to a cabinet he was collecting, he cautiously approached the confident and cunning creature, whose small, round eyes twinkled at the thought of exerting its powers on this cynosure of New York society. Alike confident, his naturalistic enthusiasm aroused to the highest pitch, he ran in to make a grab. Heaven and earth! Instead of catching a pet, he had caught a Tartar. A skunk had lured the witless wight to his doom. A vapor, such as he had never experienced in his pharmacopœal studies for strength and nauseousness, enveloped him in such a manner that he could neither see nor hear, only smell.

Dazed at first by the unexpected onslaught, sickened by the overpowering odor, he scarcely knew which way to turn; all creation seemed suddenly to have been concentrated into a horrible stench; the plum thicket, into a forest filled with noxious and venomous reptiles. At length, recovering his senses and full consciousness, frothing at the mouth, and with an excruciating nauseousness of the stomach, he hastened to the ambulance, carrying the horrible odor along with him. Writhing and moaning, with occasional anathemas against all the villainous beasts in the forest, he laid on the grass for half an hour, flooding his stomach with water. "A pretty-looking object, truly, to present himself at a military post"—thus the crestfallen doctor moralized, as the ambulance approached the garrison. "Why, they'll smell me a mile off, and wonder what in thunder I am going to do with a load of skunks. I feel as if I had been sprinkled by the whole tribe of disgusting brutes."

On his arrival he was greeted with a—"Pee-u-u-u! Doctor, wherever have you been?" "Don't ask," said he. "For Heaven's sake give me a bath; plenty of soap, bay rum and eau de cologne, and a fresh suit of garments. Ask me no questions now, I'm too miserably disgusted for anything!" A bath, and the requisite appliances, including a fresh suit of clothes, were soon provided, and the doctor came out a wiser if not a better man. His vitiated suit of clothes were buried for a week, to sweeten them. He was so ashamed and mortified, that it was with difficulty we could extract from him a full confession of his untoward adventure.

Ah, doctor, notwithstanding your sad experience hitherto in the School for Verdants, your education had not entitled you yet to a diploma! Methinks I can see you smile now in all the haughtiness of your well-ripened experience, as you read this authentic history. Never mind, my old friend, let those laugh who win. He had come learned in the arts and sciences of medical lore, and the pharmacopœia of chemists, but could not distinguish between a mushroom and a toadstool, except by chewing and swallowing; as the philosopher did by chewing the bag to test the excellence of the pudding. The doctor actually ate a toadstool submitted to him by a young officer, to know its character, remarking, "If it's a mushroom, it will stick; if a toadstool, it will come up."

And it did "come up," and go down, too! In twelve hours he had lost forty pounds, and was so prostrated that he could barely articulate to the steward a violent remedy as a last resort. Ah, me! Those were the good old days of the "Brazorians"—the days when the good doctor, not yet satisfied with his former experience,

FAIR ITALY.

committed his terrible *faux pas*, returning from Austin with Mac and his bride, Major and Mrs. S., and Lieutenant G. You'll remember it, doctor; it would be unfair to tell it.

Apropos to the burying of clothes that have been contaminated with the vapor of the skunk, a good story is told of a countryman riding in a B.W. stage. He had seated himself beside a fashionably dressed lady, who occasionally flourished a pocket-handkerchief highly impregnated with musk. Leaning over toward her, he whispered, loud enough for others to hear, "Tell you how to get shet o' that." "Sir!" said the lady, with offended dignity. "Tell you how to get shet o' that," repeated the countryman—"Bury it!" The lady pulled the strap and vanished, amidst the smothered "smiles" of the passengers. A gentleman sitting next him asked the countryman what he meant by giving such advice to the lady. "You see," said he, "I had a tussle once with a skunk, and he scotched me bad, you bet! I went home, and the old 'oman made me bury my clothes, to get shet of the smell. The neighbors made all sorts of game of me, and called me skunk. I couldn't stand it; so, like the three flies, I thought I'd seek another clime, and I came to York, where I've been trading in skunk-skins ever since. We always bury 'em; it sweetens 'em. That's the reason I gave the lady that advice about her pocket-handkercher."

The late Lieutenant Tree, of the "Old Second Dragoons," was a great wag, and sensible and intelligent, withal; very popular in his regiment, and a noble, good fellow generally. Experience had perfected him in the "school," and he had graduated with high honors. He was regimental quartermaster, and having some dealings with a German, one day, which were protracted until the dinner-hour, Tree asked his friend to dine with him. Now, Tree's bill of fare was very limited, and consisted chiefly of a highly seasoned soup. The chiltapin pepper, which is indigenous to Texas, and found, of perennial growth, in the Colorado bottoms, and in the chapparal, westward, was one of the chief condiments of the soup, and a supply was always placed near him on the table. On this occasion the soup, which had been made hot enough, in all conscience, in the kitchen, was made doubly so by the addition of sundry chiltapin pepper-pods, Tree stirring the soup the while. Meantime the German, ignorant or indifferent to the *consommé* thus in preparation for him, bethought him of a word he had heard frequently in Texas. "Mr. Tree," said he, "vat ish dot dey call schtampede?" Tree made no reply, but continued to add more and more pepper-corns to the soup, and when he had gotten it to a satisfactory strength he asked the German if he would take some soup. "Yaas," he responded. "But you never tells me dot schtampede." "Eat your soup," said Tree; "I'll tell you after a while." The German took a spoonful of the soup. Pots tauzend! Mr. Tree, vat ish dot?" "Stampede," said Tree, in his quiet way, as the German broke for the water and never returned.

Captain W. was a distinguished officer in one of the scientific corps of the army. During his service of twenty years or over he had been continuously stationed in the East, being ordered to Santa Fé, and taking Fort Leavenworth *en route*, he very naturally consulted an old and experienced friend as to the necessary outfit. A list of articles he would need was accordingly made out; but his friend, in view of the extreme verdancy of the captain, could not resist the temptation of practicing a little on his credulity, so he added to the list two barrels of buffalo chips (*bois de vache*) and six dozen desiccated eggs, all of which, he assured the captain, could be gotten from old Rich, the post sutler. Rich promised to put up the articles for him, but when he called for them he was informed that his supply of buffalo chips and desiccated eggs were exhausted, but he trusted he would find the former abundant on the plains, and the latter in any one of the *mare's nests* he might encounter.

Thus it will be perceived the School for Verdants is universal, and numbers amongst its patrons pupils from every clime and from every rank.

BALLADE OF DEAD HOPES

By Robert Richardson.

We launched our hopes in the long ago,
  Or ever we wist what life would be,
Like nutshell boats on the stream's swift flow,
  With sail and pennon floating free;
They drifted down by lawn and lea,
  They drifted into the golden south;
But how many reached the brimming sea,
  And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

In the idle hours of the noonday glow,
  We built in pride and hopeful glee
Tall chateaus in Spain, row after row,
  Master-builders I wis were we:
And Time—the pitiless wizard he—
  Touched our castles, and knew no ruth,
And they faded like dew-mist silently—
  And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

Loyal je serai, we sang, heigho!
  We carved one name on pale and tree;
We courted the god of the fatal bow
  With service fair and bended knee;
  We knew but one divinity,
(Oh, laughing eyes, and rose-red mouth!)
  But which of us won the bright ladye,
And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

ENVOY.

Prince, we wasted the golden hours, I trow,
  Ere we woke from the dream and knew the truth—
Little it boots to wonder now
  Where are the dear dead hopes of youth.

CRANSTONE'S SENSATION.

Ours is a quiet country town, scarcely more than a village, and it has had but one sensation in many a year. That sensation was the work of one woman and *several* men. In fact, *all* the men in whom we take pride had a lesson of some kind from that fair and false creature.

It was two years ago—I have allowed time for "things to settle"—that the Ball girls drove round in their pony-carriage, with their usual dash and rattle when they have anything on hand, and announced the expected arrival of Amabel Arden. She was their cousin, and she was, of course, something superlative. Every one knows the Balls and their "way," so every one laughed over their speeches, and were curious, at the same time, to see Miss Arden.

I saw her first at an evening party they gave soon after she came, but I had heard of her from others more fortunate than myself, as something really out of the common. No one had told me she was beautiful or wise, or anything in particular, yet I had formed an idea that she was a brilliant, high-colored, clear-voiced, gifted being, who would strike me at once as a fascinating creature. In reality, I found a quiet, very pleasant, sensible girl, of apparently twenty-two or twenty-three, with a serene face, and calm eyes that looked one straight into their

own. She could talk, and did talk, fairly enough, with some sly little dashes into wit that created a laugh on all sides; but she was as often indolently quiet, watching and enjoying what went on around her. And there always was a great deal going on at the Balls'. Miss Arden could not have happened upon a better field for playing her part in life, which, I take it, was unsettling everybody else in theirs. A more audacious, determined, successful "gay deceiver" was never launched under manly colors than that same serene-faced girl. She lived for it, and, moreover, enjoyed it for its own sake. Her conquests were not public property, and my knowledge of them, in the first place, was gained accidentally.

I am the maiden aunt of some half-score youths and maidens, and if there is any other woman who reads this in the same position, *she* will know that I see young life under many aspects. Chips of the old block are cut sidewise, edgewise, crosswise, every wise even to contrarywise, and the respected family nature crops out before me in a new guise each day. It was not long until I saw that all my boys were "gone on her" in as many different styles, and it was the fact that they each confided something of a tender nature to me, which proved her a different girl to each, that aroused my suspicions and my interest. Here was a study evidently! A girl swaying, in a noiseless manner, every nature which approached her by yielding or guiding as suited each nature. What mischief might not be done in our midst! Then I began to watch her closely, and almost at once she knew it, and played into my hands adroitly. A thousand trifles fell in my way that were *such* trifles they disarmed suspicion, while all the time she worked her wicked will in a quarter far more open to ruin than my boys' idle young hearts.

The model couple of Cranstone was Mr. and Mrs. Harold Barrett. They had grown up among us from babyhood to bright, hopeful, careful youth, always loving each other better and better. They had married early, and were filling their lovely home with round-faced, happy, healthy children in a manner quite encouraging in these days of delicate wives, careless husbands, and sickly babies. His was a kindly, steadfast, faithful nature, with but little real knowledge of the world of men, and a consequent scorn of those whose lives were not like his own—clean, prosperous and highly respectable. Hers was less evenly balanced—narrower as a whole, and yet wider in certain respects. She was passionately fond of him; he, wholly devoted to her; both aspiring to the position of wise and tender parents. And all Cranstone knew their solid worth. We would have looked for the falling of the Milky Way into our High Street quite as reasonably as for a tragic ending to their sunlit life.

One night my favorite scamp—he *is* a scamp, I declare!—came to me in very low spirits. We were all going to an evening party at the Adairs', and he was in full dress, and as handsome as a picture, but sullen or sad, I could not tell which.

"I want you to walk down with me, Tidy Bloom," he said, putting his arm around me, and nervously pulling at the roses on the trellis over us. "Tidy Bloom" is the construction put upon Ida Brune by the latest arrival at my sister's.

"To be sure!" I assented. "You really look almost a man to be proud of, particularly in the twilight. But which of the brethren is on duty to-night? I thought it was your turn to go off for Miss Arden."

"Oh, bother the brethren!" was all he said until we were out of sight of the house in the avenue. I never ask a question at such times. The poor fellows come to me many a time, because they can fight it out unremarked under the shelter of my silent presence. Presently he began:

"Aunt Ida, do you know what is going on?"

"Where, my boy? Between Miss Arden and Tom? or Jim? or Paul? or the Symingtons?"

"No, no! I don't mean that. *That's* all nonsense, you know; but I mean *really!*"

"No, I certainly have no knowledge of anything real about Miss Arden. I have come to the conclusion she is only 'a phantom of delight,' and have ceased to trouble myself. But you are troubled. What is it?"

"Aunt Ida, she is a dreadful woman! Do you know—Here, wait, read that!"

He thrust a note into my hand, struck a light from his cigar-case, and held it close to the scented page. It was a dashing scrawl of a few lines, but it carried death to some soul in its meaning. Whose? I looked at the fair, proud, troubled young face visible in the dying flash of the light, with fright in mine. He took the paper from me, drew my hand through his arm, and turned to walk on in silence.

"Wait, Rex!" I exclaimed. "Of whom does she speak? That note is to some man who has a wife."

"Yes!" he said, in a low, stern voice; "it belongs to Harold Barrett. What do you think of it?"

I remember his exact words and his tone, and the shock it gave me. Harold Barrett! And I could not even doubt!

Then Rex told me all he knew. He had been at Mr. Barrett's that afternoon, to a garden party. Miss Arden was there, of course, and, like many others, had wandered from her party. Milly Ball sent him to tell her the carriage was waiting, and he met her coming slowly toward the house with Mr. and Mrs. Barrett. She made her adieu, and hastened away with Mr. Barrett, while he followed with the wife. At a turn of the path he saw this note lying before them.

"I knew the paper, Aunt Ida, for I had had one like it this morning, and I thought it was mine. I wondered, too, how it came there, but I sprang to pick it up. Mrs. Barrett jested with me about it, and claimed it, as found in her grounds without an address. I made a joke of it at first, but finally asked her not to speak of it, and she promised. When I went to dress to-night I emptied my pockets and found two notes. In my surprise I opened this, and one glance was enough. Aunt Ida, what shall we do? What shall *you* do, at least? I cannot come to the front."

"I shall tell her to-night that I have seen the note she lost this afternoon," I answered, promptly. "I shall tell her when we are alone, and promise to keep her secret if the affair goes no further. She will not think it so strange in me as in another, for she knows I suspect of her something more than shows on the surface. Heaven knows, until this hour, I never had a thought of more than a mature girl's amusement with boys, whom she half teased and half charmed. But I might have seen deeper. I can see *now*."

"You—must you say who showed you the note," asked poor Rex. "I would not like her to know that I have found her out. She has always been so sweet and good to me."

"I was at the Barretts', too," I answered. "I can spare my boy, and I will."

"Thank you," he said, and said it fervently, just as we entered Adair's gate.

The first person I saw across the rooms was Miss

THE 'CYCLIST IN DANGER.

CRANSTONE'S SENSATION.—"'HOW DARE YOU SAY SUCH THINGS OF MY HUSBAND!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'MY HUSBAND, WHO NEVER, NEVER GAVE YOU A THOUGHT, YOU FALSE WOMAN!'"—SEE PAGE 235.

Arden. She was sitting in a low basket-chair, against a background of airy lace curtain, a quiet figure in deepest black—not mourning, but some soft, dull, sweeping drapery, that made her fair skin fairer, and her brown hair lustrous by comparison. Her hands and arms—lovely white things made for caresses and caressing—drooped gracefully across her lap, lightly clasping a great round fan of shining feathers. Her face was turned toward me, and in perfect repose—the most innocent of faces, with its one beauty a lovely mouth, rose-pink, curved, with slightly drooping, deepened corners, and a look of freshness and tenderness most bewitching to a man, I could believe. She was alone, and watching the crowd. I went straight to her.

"Miss Brune!" she exclaimed, courteously and cordially as she always spoke to me. "Why, when did you come in? I saw Mrs. Lambert half an hour ago, with all her train except Rex."

"Rex was my escort through the lane," I answered. "I was detained, and he is my laddie always. But would you not like to walk out on the porch? You look delightfully cool, to be sure, but the evening is warm for me."

She rose at once, and we passed out through the window on to the wide, cool porch which ran round the house. At the far end, a gay little tented retreat was improvised with flags and lit with colored lamps. A sudden wish to see her face, when I told her, seized me, and I proposed that we take seats within its shelter.

"I would not have dared to carry you off, even for a few minutes, simply for my own pleasure," I said at once, when we were seated. "You are not the one to

yield 'the idle homage of an hour' from manly lips for a more charming woman than I am. Be frank, now, and own you are *fond* of the society of gentlemen, only *enduring* the companionship of women?"

Upon my word, the girl was splendid. I could see now her subtle charm; for, reading me with keen eyes, she threw off her disguise of commonplace mediocrity and became her own imperious, reckless, dominant self.

"You are right," she said, leaning back, and looking at me with darkening eyes across her slowly moving fan. "I *am* fond of gentlemen—of men, rather, for a gentleman is not always a *man*—and I—Don't let us talk of women! Like Madame de Staël, I rejoice that I am one, only because if I was a man I must marry one. As it is, I escape from them as often as I can with decency. I assure you their society is not at all congenial."

"And carry the same limit, I hope, with your intercourse with 'men'? I said, giving her emphasis to the word.

"Certainly, Miss Brune. Without going into heroics as to my father's daughter, etc., I am a lady from principle as well as from policy. Your 'laddie' can tell you that. He is truthful, and he knows me well."

"But I know you even better, Miss Arden," I struck in, seizing the opportunity she had made to turn the current of suspicion from Rex, "for I have found the note you gave to Harold Barrett this afternoon."

She never changed color, I declare, but looked at me with a cool surprise that was half amused.

"Have you, indeed?" she said; "then perhaps you can give it to me? It would be better to destroy it before Mrs. Barrett sees it, would it not?"

I looked at her now with more than surprise. What sort of a woman could this be who was shameless before her own sex?

"You have more to say, Miss Brune? Pray let us get it over with. I have told you—you asked me to be frank, you know—that I am fond of gentlemen's society, and really this grows dull."

She yawned a little, and smiled up at me, for I had risen in excitement. I could see more and more her charm for men—fair, soft, careless creature!

"Miss Arden," I said, relenting toward her as toward one who could not be evil, but was only ignorant, "tell me you are not flirting clandestinely with Mr. Barrett!"

"If I am not, what do you make of the note?"

I was silent. She looked me steadily in the eyes, and her fan stood still.

"Miss Brune," she said, slowly, softly, distinctly, "you have asked me to be frank. I will. After all, it is a poor triumph that is known only to the victim! I came here, to this Eden of love and roses—from a world where I am an acknowledged power—for evil or for good, shall we say? The rage for conquest had been kindled and fed so long, I found it burning even here—here, in this very place, Miss Brune, where men still love—or *did* love but recently—their own wives better than other men's wives. I am a wicked little serpent, and I have charmed Adam—several Adams, in fact—and paid off the debt of Mother Eve, perhaps. I have stirred the hearts of men who never felt a pulsing before, and I have made life another thing to Harold Barrett, I freely admit it. Consider the temptation! A man who held himself immaculate, who actually believed there was not another woman on earth so charming as his wife! Such narrowness was deplorable, and I had pity on him. I have even wasted time to undeceive him, for I ought to have gone to Newport two weeks ago," she concluded, meditatively.

Before I could say one word, the folds which closed one side of the pavilion stirred and parted abruptly to admit Helen Barrett.

She was very, very pale, and struggling violently for self-control.

"How dare you!—how dare you say such things of my husband!" she exclaimed, in the low voice of suppressed passion; "my husband, who never, never gave you a thought, you false woman!"

A defiant sparkle sprang into Miss Arden's face.

"Really, Mrs. Barrett! Then he is regardless of truth, for he has certainly told me differently."

Helen stood pressing her nervous hand upon her heaving breast, and looking at her, wildly.

"Go and bring him to us," she said, suddenly turning to me. "He shall face us both. He shall answer for himself, or it will kill me!"

I must own I was a much perplexed woman. But I went for Harold Barrett, and I brought him.

"Come in," said his wife, hoarsely; "Ida, you must hear him. Harold, what does she mean? How dare she boast that you love her? That she has spent the last two weeks in giving you a new experience?"

Her husband's face blanched whiter than her own, and a look of despair and shame fell on it instantly, like a darkening vail. From that hour Harold Barrett never looked his old self.

"Tell the truth, Mr. Barrett," said a soft, warning, caressing voice, that struck poor Helen like a blow. "Mrs. Barrett publicly accuses me of falsehood. Had I grounds for the remarks she overheard? Remarks drawn from me by officious meddling, not boasts?"

There was a dead silence.

"Speak, Harold!" cried his poor wife.

He turned slowly from her.

"It is all true," he said. "God have mercy on me, I do love her! Amabel, Amabel!"

And with a gesture of imploring passion, he threw himself toward her and caught her hand.

Miss Arden rose, calmly.

"Thank you, Mr. Barrett. I am glad to establish my reputation for reliability in Mrs. Barrett's eyes. But our acquaintance had better end here. A disagreement of this kind is so seldom pleasantly adjusted; it is scarcely worth while to attempt it. Allow me—good-evening! Good-evening, Miss Brune!"

She passed me with a mocking look, and a smile like an innocent child's on her lovely lips. Harold stood like a stone. Helen covered her face with her hands and sprang toward me.

"Take me away, Ida, take me away!" was all she said, in a piteous tone that wrung my heart.

"Mr. Barrett," I said, quietly, "go into the house and send a servant for Rex Lambert."

He went at once. What became of him for the next twenty-four hours I never knew. Rex came to me, and we took poor Helen home under pretext of sudden illness. The whole scene had not lasted ten minutes, and was without spectators, so we hoped to avoid a public scandal.

But both Helen and Harold were too unused to suffering and too little practiced in dissimulation to hide their ruined lives. The whole story came out in a few days, and for once, at least, Miss Arden had gone too far. Society in Cranstone had not acquired that polish which glosses its rents and scars on the surface. There was an indignant protest against her, and at the first inkling which reached the Balls, they raised a small whirlwind of their own and swept her from the face of the earth, so far as we are concerned. Rex wishes he could have seen her

under the torrents of their righteous indignation. I think even the Balls could not overawe that insolent, defiant, self-poised nature. It was long before Cranstone subsided into its old ruts. The Barretts have left us. Business troubles, sickness, death changed the aspect of time and eternity for them. They were reconciled to each other, took up their burdens together, with sad patience on her part and trembling penitence on his, and went away to a new home and a new life. But to this day our married ladies look with suspicion on any newcomer of innocent mien, and our married men are continually unvailing the widespread mysteries of Amabel Arden's silent work among them. Our young men, bless them! were easily consoled, and Rex learned a valuable lesson.

NEW YORK AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

THE FIRST SEAT OF GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.

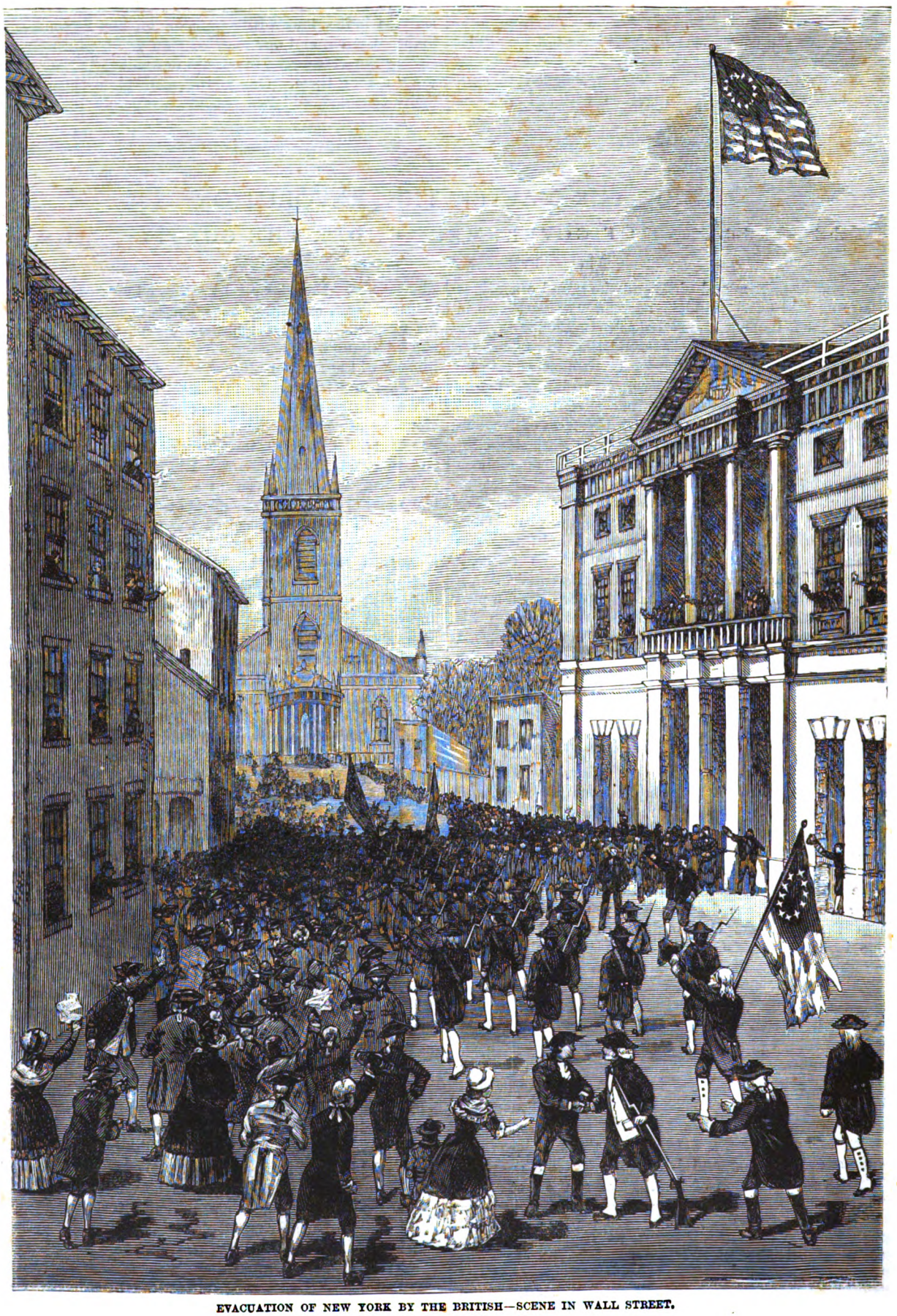
At length schemes and plots and the grand operations of the war died out. With the surrender of Yorktown in October, 1781, the hoyday of British confidence in New York was over; but there was ample time to prepare for relinquishing the prize and for the settlement of refugee loyalists in Nova Scotia, fully two years elapsing before the negotiations of peace were perfected and the last arrangements made. At length, on the 25th of November, 1783, the hour of deliverance for New York arrived—the memorable Evacuation Day, as it has since been termed, when by previous concert the British troops sailed away on the Bay as the American troops, passing the deserted posts on the island, entered the city. General Knox with his command—a corps of light dragoons—leading the way, first took possession as military governor. Then came Washington and Governor Clinton on horseback, with a civic and military escort and a procession of the inhabitants, Washington taking up his quarters at the capacious tavern of Sam Fraunces in Broad Street, where a dinner was given in the afternoon by Clinton to the officers of the army. At evening there was a brilliant illumination with bonfires and fireworks. The British troops at their departure were evidently desirous of escaping the mortification of witnessing the elevation of the American flag on the old staff at the late Fort George. So they nailed their own colors to the mast, removed the cleats by which the pole was ascended, and amply slushed its cleared surface. The unhandsome trick did not long avail them. New cleats were hastily prepared, and an active sailor-boy, nailing them to the mast as he ascended, soon supplanted the royal banner by the starry flag of Independent America.

An anecdote of the day has been preserved which exhibits the notorious Cunningham dismissed from the scene in a characteristic attitude. The British claimed the right of possession in the city till noon of the day of evacuation, and Cunningham was not the man to bate a jot of his authority. The keeper of a boarding-house in Murray Street early ran up the American flag. Cunningham ordered him to remove it, and upon his refusal, himself attempted to tear it down, upon which the lusty wife of the proprietor issued forth armed with a broomstick, and laying it over the head of the provost-marshal, dusted his wig with such good effect that he was well content to leave the flag flying.* So the unhappy Cunningham enters upon and leaves the historic scene at New York with a lesson of humiliation at the foot of the liberty-tree. Popular report follows him further, to the gallows itself, expiating his offenses at last, in England, for forgery. It is quite probable that the "confession and last dying words" assigned to him, in which he accuses himself of the murder of hundreds while in charge of the old Jail, may be wanting in authenticity.

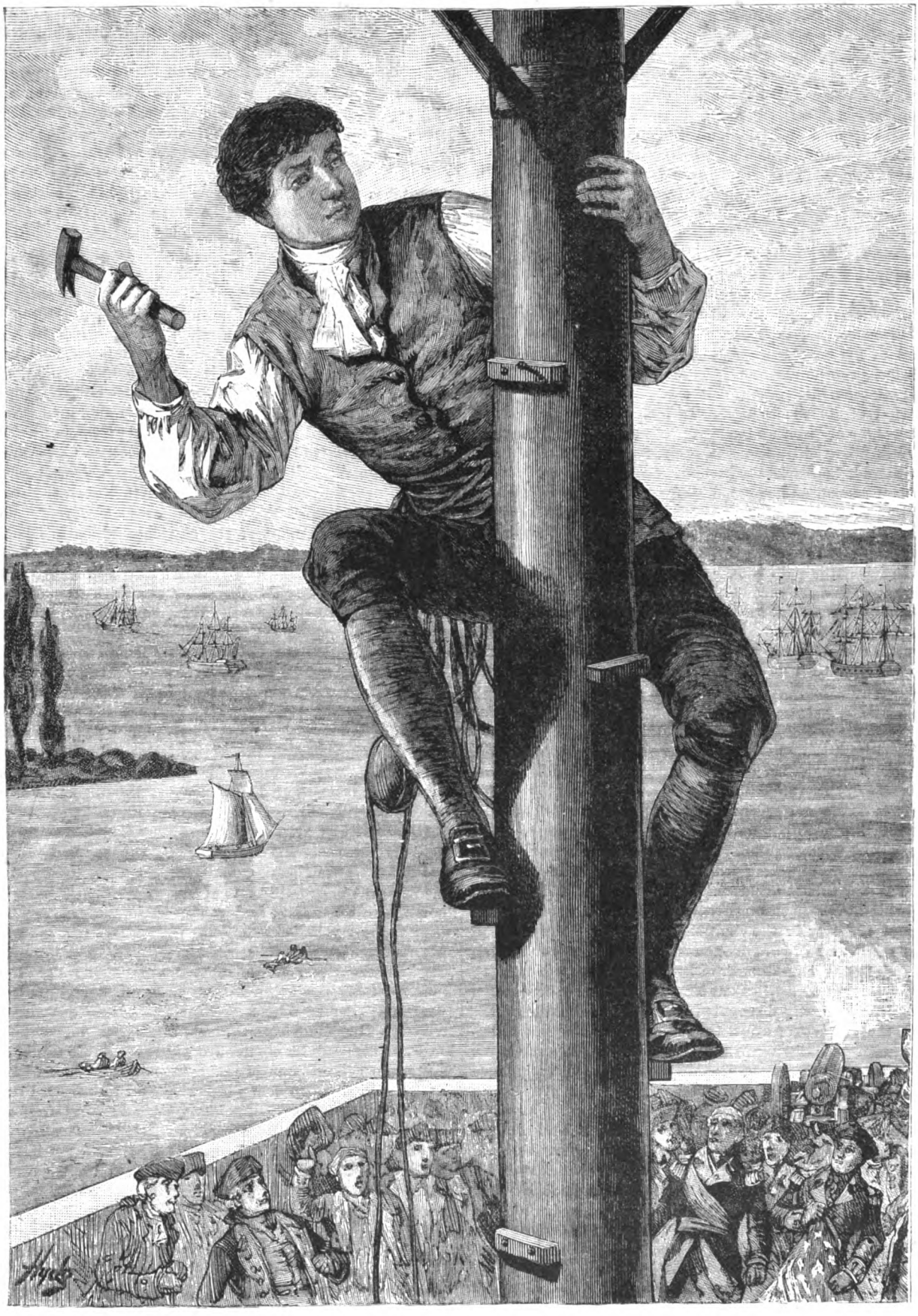
Washington remained in New York for a few days previous to his setting out for Annapolis to resign in the presence of Congress the military authority which he had received at their hands. His last hours, on the 4th of December, were given to a serious and affectionate leave-taking of his brother-officers assembled at Fraunces' Tavern. They were gathered together as he entered the room. Overcome with emotion, "filling a glass of wine, he turned to them and said, 'with a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' Having drunk, he added: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility; and not a word was articulated to interrupt the majestic silence and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving the room, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to Whitehall, where a barge waited to convey him to Paulus Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company, and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled." How strongly is this scene, thus described by Chief-Justice Marshall (it should be given in no other words), impressed by the solemn genius of Washington. In silence, sublime in its expression of deep feeling and respect, with no beating of drums, ringing of bells, or salutes of artillery, without a cheer or hurrah, the victorious general leaves the city whose surrender into his hands was the crowning recognition of his great achievements. All in simplicity and reverence—no provocation here of the vindictive Nemesis ever dogging human pride and presumption.

The British had departed. A vast continental system was left to be remolded by the people. Happily the work had already begun; had been forced on by the practical necessities of war; had indeed been in progress from the beginning of the colonial settlements. At the

* "Field Book of the Revolution," I., 839. Related by Mr. Lossing as a youthful recollection of the late Dr. Alexander Anderson, one of the editors of the *Constitutional Gazette*, the father of wood-engraving in America, whose life of honorable exertion was prolonged to the year 1869, when he met death, with his faculties unimpaired, at the age of ninety-four.



EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH—SCENE IN WALL STREET.



VAN ARSDALE CLIMBING THE FLAGSTAFF.

establishment of peace the infant States had their separate governments more or less perfected. New York, profiting by the wisdom of Jay, and others skilled in the work of legislation, in her new representative Assembly had, in 1777, adopted a constitution famed for its breadth and liberality. Under this, by a popular vote in all the counties not actually held by the British, George Clinton had been elected Governor. Born in 1739, in the vicinity of the Highlands of the Hudson; in youth trained on sea and land to war; educated as a lawyer; a faithful representative of the people in the old royal Assembly, hence a fit delegate to the Continental Congress, which, appreciating his civic and martial virtues, sent him to defend his native Highlands—the key of the military position in the North—in the maintenance of which and other interests of the State he was soon invested with a double authority and responsibility by the choice of his fellow-citizens as Governor, Clinton appears throughout, to the end of his career in the Vice-Presidency of the United States, prompt and energetic, inflexible in action, a man among men. His presence in the City of New York at the period of its reoccupation by its old inhabitants was a guarantee of order and safety. It is said that at this time, seeing a British officer borne on a cart to be tarred and feathered, he fearlessly rushed in among the mob with a drawn sword, and rescued the victim at the risk of his life.* At six successive triennial elections Clinton was elected Governor of the State. His residence in the city was in Pearl Street, opposite Cedar.

In its municipal affairs New York continued to be governed under its old Charter, the controlling power formerly vested in the Crown being now vested in the State. By the request of the Common Council, James Duane was appointed Mayor, the office being then held in such honor, that it was thought a suitable reward for a citizen of distinguished family, a lawyer of high standing, and a patriot of the Revolution, who had served with credit in the Provincial and Continental Congresses. Duane held the office for six years, leaving it to become, on the appointment of Washington, United States District Judge of the District of New York.

It is to be noticed how quietly the fiery spirits of the Revolution, whose names had formerly been pronounced in the city with so much of expectation or alarm, now fell into position, mingling with the citizens in the discharge of the new duties of peace. Hamilton, who had pursued a brilliant career throughout the war, whether as an officer of artillery in the campaign succeeding the battle of Long Island, in his eminent civil and military services on the staff of Washington, or in his command of a New York light battery of artillery at Yorktown, at the conclusion of peace ardently devoted himself to the study of the law, the legal profession thenceforth dividing his attention with the distinguished services he rendered to his country as a statesman. In 1783 he resumed his residence in the City of New York, beginning in his new career with the practice of the law.

General Alexander McDougal, after his faithful services to the State in his military capacity, returned to the city to become State Senator for the short remainder of his life. He also held the Presidency of the Bank of New York. The redoubtable Isaac Sears, who during the British occupation of New York was a resident of Boston, returned to the city, was elected a member of the Assembly in 1783, and engaging unsuccessfully in a mercantile business, made a voyage, to retrieve his fortunes, to the East Indies, whence he did not return, dying at Batavia in 1786.

* "Life of Clinton," Delaplaine's Repository.

Of the minor characters of the period, Rivington was at the time, perhaps, the most talked of. The wits and patriots were not disposed to forget the exasperating conduct of his paper during the war, and even the grave and venerable Witherspoon entered the lists against him, in a highly humorous parody of his petition to Congress. Many wondered at his remaining in the city when peace was declared; the secret of forgiveness is said to have been the services which he had of late rendered to Washington as a spy in the enemy's quarters, sending off his dispatches to the American camp bound in the covers of the books in which he dealt. Taking down the royal arms, he continued his paper under the title of *Rivington's New York Gazette and Universal Advertiser*, but only for a short time, his new public not being disposed to encourage the enterprise. He had his early calling, however, as a bookseller to fall back upon, finding a ready sale for the stock of English classics which he had laid in during the war, for the entertainment of the British officers. He died in the city in 1802, at the age of seventy-eight. Rivington's brother-editor, Hugh Gaine, who appears to have been an estimable man when he was not called upon to decide between conflicting sovereignties, petitioned the State Legislature for permission to remain, and it was granted. He was well peppered, however, for his late devotion to the royal cause by the small shot of Freneau's humorous verse.

The re-establishment of the churches which had been broken up by the war was now commenced. Dr. Rodgers, the head of the Presbyterian Church in New York, returned to the city the day after the departure of the British. Firmly allied to the Whig cause, he had at the outset of the war served as chaplain to Heath's Brigade when he was with the camp on New York Island in the Summer and Autumn of 1776, and subsequently as chaplain of the State Convention and Legislature under the new Constitution. He had also pursued his ministerial duties in Georgia and Connecticut. A few days after his arrival in the city, on the 11th of December, 1783, the day appointed by Congress for thanksgiving and prayer throughout the nation, he delivered a discourse "On the Divine Goodness Displayed in the American Revolution." This service was held in St. George's Chapel, neither of the two Presbyterian churches being then fit for use. The Brick Church having suffered less than the others, was first put in order, at an expense of between three and four thousand dollars, and reopened in June, 1784. It was not till a year later that the Wall Street Church was restored, at double the cost of the other. Dr. Rodgers long remained one of the most notable citizens of New York. In his pastoral relation he lived to take part in the foundation of four new churches of his denomination—the Rutgers Street Church, opened in 1798, where Dr. Philip Milledoler commenced his acceptable ministry in this city; the church in Cedar Street, in 1808, of which Dr. John B. Romeyn was the first pastor; an Irish Presbyterian church the following year, and a church in Spring Street in 1810. The clergy who were called to his aid as occasion required became distinguished in the city annals—Dr. John McKnight Milledoler; the learned and accomplished Samuel Miller, in 1792; and Dr. Gardiner Spring, who was installed collegiate pastor, with Dr. Rodgers, of the Brick Church, in 1810, and who for more than sixty years continued to be connected with the same Church organization. Dr. Rodgers died in May, 1811, in the eighty-fourth year of his age and sixty-fourth of his ministry, three months before the completion of the new Presbyterian Church in Wall Street, which had been erected on the site of the old.

He had been present at the laying of the corner-stone. The opening services at the new building were held by his successor, Dr. Miller.

At the close of the war the preachers of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York were solely represented by Dr. Livingston, who had passed most of the interval of the British occupation in the discharge of his clerical duties at Albany or the Livingston Manor. His former aged coadjutors, Ritzema and De Ronde, who preached in the Dutch language, did not return to the city, and Laidlie, after a ministry of thirty-five years, died in 1778. Services were at first held in the Garden Street Church, which, as we have stated, had been restored to its worshipers during the war. The North Church, after undergoing repairs, was reopened at the end of 1784; and the Middle Dutch Church, which had suffered greater injuries, not till the Fourth of July, 1790, when a patriotic sermon was preached by Dr. Livingston. Henceforth we may presume the preaching was mostly in English. The last sermon in Dutch, Dr. De Witt tells us, was preached to a very few hearers in 1803. The last schoolmaster in the city who taught exclusively in the Dutch language, says Mr. Dunshee, was Vanbombeter, about the year 1785.

Dr. Livingston remained in the city till 1801, when he resigned, to take charge of a theological professorship in New Brunswick, and become president of the revived Queen's, afterward Rutgers, College, in which, on his death in 1825, he was succeeded by Dr. Milledoler.

Many vexed questions which had agitated the members of the different religious denominations in New York, relating to church government, were buried with the past in the wreck of the old system. It would have been a very absurd conservative in the Dutch Church who would defer longer to the Consistory of Amsterdam in the new and independent order of things, which soon provided a well-organized domestic system of native growth. The Presbyterians no longer supplicated at the feet of royal governors in vain for a charter, but abandoning Scottish protection, availed themselves of the Act of the Legislature of 1784, which enabled all religious denominations to appoint trustees, who should constitute a corporate body, by which property might be held and all rights maintained. Nor were the privileged members of the Church of England in New York eager for Episcopal services, longer to seek aid and protection from the Bishop of London, when a way might be opened to secure bishops in America. There was, indeed, owing to the English laws which required from clerical candidates professions of allegiance to the British sovereign, some difficulty in the proceeding, which was met by Seabury, of Connecticut—the same who had been so unhandsomely abducted by King Sears in his days of power and vengeance—when he obtained ordination from the non-juring bishops in Scotland, in 1784, and which was presently entirely overcome by the action of Parliament, in specially providing for the consecration of American bishops. Under the enactment, Provoost, of New York, and White, of Pennsylvania, were ordained the same day, February 4th, 1787, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth.

Samuel Provoost, the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, and first Rector of Trinity Church after the Revolution, is a man of mark in our early annals. The descendant of an exiled French Huguenot family settled in New York, he was educated at the University of Cambridge, England, receiving Orders from the Bishop of London before his return, when he became an assistant minister of Trinity. Favoring the Whig cause, he resided during the war in retirement on the Hudson, occupying himself with the literary studies in which he always delighted. After peace was declared, and Inglis, the uncompromising Tory rector of Trinity, was about to return with the army to England, an election was held by the Vestry in the city for a new rector, which resulted in the choice of the Rev. Benjamin Moore, who had remained in town with the British. On the reoccupation of the city by its exiled inhabitants this was set aside as illegal, and a new Vestry, of Whig principles, conferred the rectorship upon Provoost.

When the Episcopal Church was organized on its present basis, Provoost, in 1786, was duly elected bishop. His moderation and Christian courtesy especially fitted him for the somewhat difficult position among the conflicting Churches of New York. He held the rectorship of Trinity till 1800, when he was succeeded by Dr. Benjamin Moore, who also succeeded him in the discharge of the duties of his office of Bishop, on his retirement, the following year. The mother church of Trinity, meanwhile, had risen, though slowly, from its ashes. It was not till 1787 that measures were taken for rebuilding the edifice on the old site. The new building, well proportioned, with an elevated circular portico, and spire springing from a square tower, the immediate predecessor of the present noble structure, was consecrated by Bishop Provoost on the 25th of March, 1790.

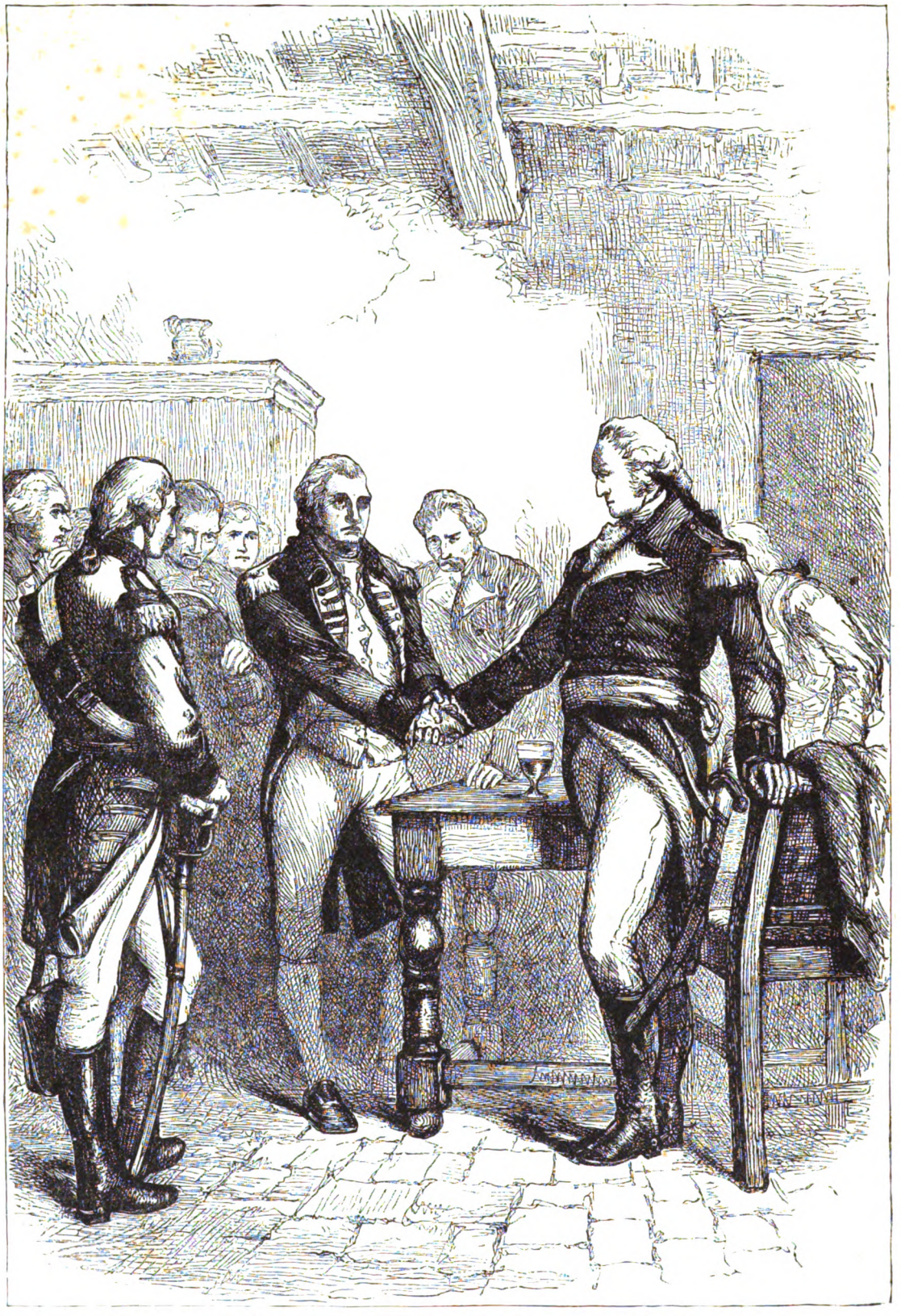
The next of the old Episcopal churches erected was "St. Mark's in the Bowerie," on the site of the chapel built by Governor Stuyvesant. The land was given by his great-grandson, Petrus Stuyvesant, with a liberal contribution in money, inducing the Corporation of Trinity to undertake the erection of the church. Trinity supplied the requisite funds, and when the building was finished, made liberal gifts of land for its support, conveying the whole to a body of trustees, to constitute an independent parish. The church was consecrated by Bishop Provoost in May, 1799.

St. John's Chapel, erected by the Trinity Corporation on Hudson Square, was commenced in 1803, and consecrated by Bishop Moore in 1807. Its cost reached the enormous sum, for those days, of nearly $173,000. At the time it was built the neighborhood, a wild and unreclaimed marsh, still presented a very uncouth appearance. So little had been the value of this land, known generally as the Lispenard Meadows, appreciated in connection with any possible growth of the city, that when a plot of six acres near the junction of Canal Street and Broadway was offered to one of the old Lutheran churches in the city, its trustees passed a resolution refusing the gift, "as the land was not worth the fencing in."

It was not many years, however, after the building of St. John's that the beautiful park bearing its name, with its fine avenues of trees, rose, surrounded by costly residences of the wealthy, to remain a fashionable centre for the generation, and then yield to the ever-encroaching commercial growth of the city—the trees of the park, selected by the ingenious traveler Simond, the delight of botanists, giving place to the enormous railway warehouse, surmounted by its bronze monument to the mercantile genius of Vanderbilt.

The old Grace Church, erected on the site of the burnt Lutheran Church, adjoining Trinity, was built with the assistance of that Corporation in 1805.

Roman Catholicism, one of the first fruits of the liberty of the Revolution, was also free to lift its head in New York. The Jesuit missionaries, in the seventeenth century, had visited the interior of the State, and Father Jogues, in his Christian work among the natives, had

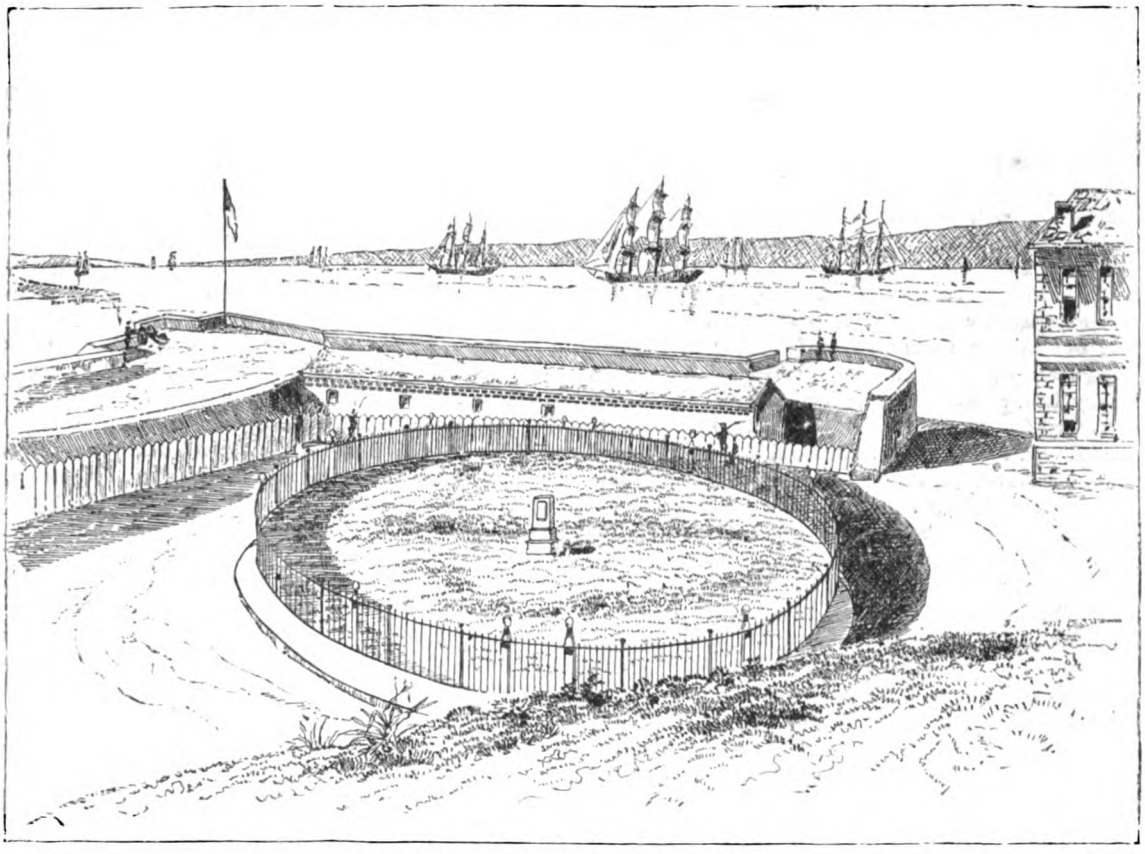


WASHINGTON TAKING LEAVE OF HIS OFFICERS AT FRAUNCES' TAVERN.

fallen a victim to their superstitions. Isolated members of the faith were to be found in the gathering of all nations at New York. Governor Dongan was a Roman Catholic, and the religion had certainly the goodwill of the royal proprietor, James II.

Had his reign been prolonged, the city might have witnessed the public performance of the Mass; but upon the accession of William a most stringent law was enacted, subjecting to imprisonment for life, and, in case of jail-breaking, to death, every Catholic priest who should in-

troduce himself into the colony. The plea for this intolerance was, doubtless, the safety of the state in its wars with Catholic France and Canada; but it was seconded by bigoted Protestant hostility, as was apparent in the City of New York forty years after, in the "Negro Plot" trials, when, as we have seen, an innocent, non-juring clergyman was hung on the vague suspicion of being a Roman Catholic. No permission could be obtained from the authorities to hold the service of this Church publicly in New York prior to the Revolution, but service was privately performed by Rev. Ferdinand Farmer. On the return of peace, measures were immediately taken to form a congregation in the city. The Rev. Charles Whelan was the first settled pastor, gathering his flock in a building on the Vauxhall Garden grounds, at the foot of Warren Street. The movement



A VIEW OF BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK, 1783.

was assisted by Don Diego de Gardoqui, the Spanish Minister; by St. Jean de Trevecour, the French Consul, and others of influence, so that a Catholic congregation became incorporated in 1785 as "Trustees of the Roman Catholic Church in the City of New York." The Vauxhall Garden accommodations proving inadequate, an unsuccessful attempt was made to procure the use of the Exchange in Wall Street, which was followed by the erection of a church at the corner of Church and Barclay Streets. This edifice, the original St. Peter's Church, built of brick, forty-eight feet by eighty-one in dimensions, was opened for the performance of Mass in November, 1786. This building remained under the successive ministries of Whelan, Nugent, O'Brien, Power, and Pise until 1836, when it was replaced by the present granite building, consecrated by Bishop Hughes, in 1838. The spacious St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Prince Street, the second Roman Catholic church in the city, was not built till 1815. Thenceforth the progress of this Church was rapid in the city, acquiring by purchase the vacated houses of worship of various denominations, and erecting others of an imposing character to meet the wants of the large immigration from Catholic countries.

The reopening of the College, after its period of abeyance during the war, was an event of much interest to the State. Its condition early secured the attention of the Legislature, which passed an Act, in 1784, altering the name, King's College, to Columbia, and committing its government to a newly created Board of Regents of the University, by whom its affairs were administered till 1787, when, by another Act of the Legislature, its original charter was revised with amendments, and its conduct passed into the bands of a special body of trustees. The first student of Columbia College presenting himself for admission to the Junior Class in May, 1784, was De Witt Clinton, the son of the patriotic Brigadier-general James Clinton, of the Revolution, and nephew of George Clinton, the Governor of the State, henceforth till his death to be intimately associated with the prosperity and good fame of New York. He graduated one of a class of eight at the first Commencement after the war in 1786. The first president, under the new charter, elected in 1787, was William Samuel Johnson, son of the first president of the college under the royal charter. He was no less noticeable a man than his father, of equal moderation of temper and purity of character, alike accomplished in liberal studies; through his mission to England on public business, the friend of Berkeley, Lansfield, Dr. Johnson and others of the day most eminent for religion and learning; at home distinguished as a jurist and statesman, renowned in the councils of his native Connecticut, and as her representative in the Federal

Convention, and subsequently as Senator in the first Congress of the United States under the Constitution—certainly Columbia College could not have entered upon her new career under a worthier head. He remained president till 1800, when from the infirmities of age—he was then seventy-three—he resigned, to pass the remainder of his life at Stratford, where he lived to the venerable age of ninety-three. Few things are more worthy of notice in these annals of old New York than the long periods of service in many of her representative men, including the leading clergy of the city, as Vesey, Rodgers, Livingston, whose prolonged influence imparted a consistency and stability of the utmost importance in a formative period of affairs.

The publication of the first New York Directory in 1786 enables us to introduce several interesting notices of the day derived from its pages. It was prepared by David Franks, an enterprising Irishman, who practiced as a conveyancer and accountant in the city. Nine hundred and twenty-six names of persons are given, with their occupations and residences, with various special lists and classifications of office-holders, members of the Bar, and others. The old Congress of the Confederation was then holding its last sessions in New York, presided over by his Excellency John Hancock, who resided at No. 5 Cherry Street, then a fashionable quarter of the city. Charles Thomson, perpetual Secretary of the Congress, lived at 28 King Street, as Pine Street was then called. The body had not then many distinguished members compared with those who attended its earlier sessions; but among them were Rufus King and Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, and Richard Henry Lee, Henry Lee, and James Monroe, of Virginia. John Jay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was to be found at No. 8 Broadway, and the Hon. Henry Knox, Secretary of War, at 15 Smith Street, the name then given to William Street between Old Slip and Liberty Street. The Hon. Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State, resided at No. 3 Broadway. The residence of Mayor Duane was at 26 Nassau Street; that of Richard Varick, the Recorder, at 46 Dock Street, as Pearl Street, between Broad Street and Hanover Square, was then named. In the list of lawyers, Aaron Burr, at 10 Little Queen Street—now Cedar—is followed by Alexander Hamilton at 57 Wall Street. A number of other lawyers were to be found in Wall Street, as Brockholst Livingston, William S. Livingston, Thomas Smith, Daniel C. Verplanck. Edward Livingston was at 51 Queen Street. Isaac Roosevelt was the President of the Bank of New York, which was open for business from ten to one o'clock in the forenoon, and from three to five in the afternoon, good citizens, we presume, devoting the intermediate hours to dining and repose. The rate of discount was six per cent. The "Society for Promoting the Manumission of Slaves and Protecting such of them as have been or may be Liberated," with John Jay for president, met at the Coffee House. A list of 167 regular members of the Cincinnati of the State of New York is given—Alexander McDougal, president, and Baron Steuben, vice-president. The members of the St. Andrew's Society of the State follow, and of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. A list of members belonging to the Society of Perukemakers, Hair-dressers, etc., closes the catalogue of the societies—a body not to be overlooked in the days of wigs and powder. A very few lines suffice for the arrivals and departures of the mails at the post-office. From November to May the New England and Albany mails were due on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 P.M., and for the remainder of the year at 8 P.M. The Southern mails came and went in like manner. The post-office was then a very simple affair.

Of the early local events in New York after the Revolution, no one for a long time was better remembered than what with a singular misapplication of phrase, showing the leaning of popular prejudice in the matter, was known as "The Doctors' Mob." The physicians were the sufferers; the mob was composed of the usual element. In small communities, where science is seeking to a foothold, and where the public hospitals and almshonses do not readily furnish sufficient subjects for dissection, there is apt to be suspicion and jealousy of the anatomical studies of the faculty, which require to be pursued with prudence and privacy. The old feeling which would deny to surgeons the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the practice of their profession existed in New York in the time of which we are writing, as it prevailed generally sixty years ago. Many years later, the eminent surgeon, Dr. Valentine Mott, then a student in the city, Quaker though he was, felt obliged to violate the law, and at the risk of personal safety and reputation, provide himself by stealth with the means of pursuing those studies by which he afterward so greatly benefited the world. His biographer, Dr. Samuel Francis, tells us of a midnight excursion in which, without companion or assistant, he mounted a cart dressed as a common laborer, and, proceeding out of town, received at the side of a field eleven bodies, which he carried in triumph to the Medical College in Barclay Street. The "Doctors' Mob," for which we may suppose there was some previous incentive, in rumor more or less exaggerated of rifled graves, originated in an accidental way. One Sunday—the 13th of April, 1788—a boy, playing with his fellows in the grounds about the Hospital, ascended a ladder or scaffolding placed against the building for repairs, and looking in at the window of the dissecting-room, saw various dissevered portions of human bodies. A younger surgeon who was present held up before him a human arm telling him it was his mother's.

It happened unfortunately, to continue the narrative in the words of an eye-witness of much that subsequently occurred, the late President Duer, of Columbia College, "that the boy's mother had died not long before, and was buried in Trinity Churchyard, and, taking the doctor at his word, he set off to inform his father, who was at work, as a mason, at Macomb's Buildings, in Broadway. He repeated his son's story to his comrades; who, seizing such of their tools as they could best use as weapons, followed their leader in a body to the hospital. Their force increased as they advanced, and when they arrived there, meeting with no resistance, they proceeded to ransack the building. Several *subjects* were discovered in various states of dissection, but none that could be identified. It was then proposed to examine the grave in which the body, to which the arm in question was supposed to have belonged, had been laid; and accordingly the whole party, with the new reinforcements it gathered on the way, proceeded to the churchyard. On opening the grave it was found empty It was forthwith resolved to repair to the dwellings of the doctors, in search of subjects, and with threats of making them. The first house they visited was that of Dr. Cochrane, nearly opposite to the church; but they found nothing there, although they ransacked it from the cellar to the garret. Fortunately, they omitted to open the scuttle and look out upon the roof, or they might have executed their threat of making more subjects where they found but one, for a certain Dr. Hicks, who was vehemently suspected to be the guilty party at the hospital, had taken

refuge there, and lay snugly ensconced behind the chimney. Night coming on, the search was discontinued and the mob in a great measure dispersed. Small parties, however, patrolled the streets during the night, and the next morning the assemblage was greater than ever. The mob was now joined by parties of sailors, headed by the steward of the British packet lying in the harbor, who became thenceforward the ringleader of the whole force. But in the meantime the militia had been ordered out, and the doctors had taken refuge in the jail. There they were besieged by the mob, and were in great jeopardy until the siege was raised by the military. Matters had now assumed so serious an aspect as to create a general alarm, and call forth the exertions of the principal citizens to aid in restoring the public peace. Among those who interposed their personal influence for the purpose was Mr. Jay, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs to Congress. In proceeding to the scene of action, he received a severe wound in the head from a stone thrown through the glass of his chariot. Governor Clinton (old George), accompanied by the Mayor, Recorder, and some of the principal inhabitants of the city, among whom was Baron Steuben, repaired to the jail to direct the operations of the militia. As they were passing along Chatham Row the Governor declared his determination to resort to the most vigorous and decisive measures for quelling the riot. The baron, in the benevolence of his heart, remonstrated with the Governor against ordering the militia to fire; when, in the midst of his harangue, he was struck in the forehead by a brickbat, which, according to the Governor's account, not only knocked the good baron down, but overset his humanity and brought his compassion with his body to the ground; which he no sooner touched, than he cried out, lustily: '*Fire! Governor, fire!*' I saw the poor baron brought bleeding into my father's house, and after he had retired to have his wound dressed, I heard the Governor relate the story."* The fire of the military dispersed the mob. Five persons were killed, and seven or eight severely wounded. The students, against whom the chief animosity had been directed, withdrew for a time from the city till the excitement subsided. A ludicrous incident connected with the affair was an attack by a portion of the mob upon the house of the British Consul, Sir John Temple. His premises were saved with difficulty. The illiterate marauders are said to have mistaken "Sir John" for "Surgeon."

The formation of the Federal Constitution is a national rather than a municipal topic, yet, during the period of its discussion few subjects more deeply agitated the City of New York. Certainly none could have been of more importance to its welfare in the establishment of that community of interest and national credit, the very life-blood of a commercial people. The politics of the State, however, in the new division of parties, were largely anti-Federalist. Jealous of infringement of State rights, and of the concession of new and untried powers to a supreme authority, Governor Clinton was at the head of the opposition to the new Constitution. When the vote for the ratification was finally taken, in the Convention at Poughkeepsie, it was passed by a majority of only three in a body of fifty-seven delegates, and after the requisite number of nine States had resolved in favor of the measure. Yet it was to statesmen of New York, their influence and earnest counsel, that the country was greatly indebted for the early promotion and final adoption of a work second only to the struggle of the war in the formation of the nation. In March, 1786, John Jay wrote to Washington, "An opinion begins to prevail that a general convention for revising the articles of confederation would be expedient"; suggesting at the same time that, if the project were entertained, Washington should take a prominent part in the council.

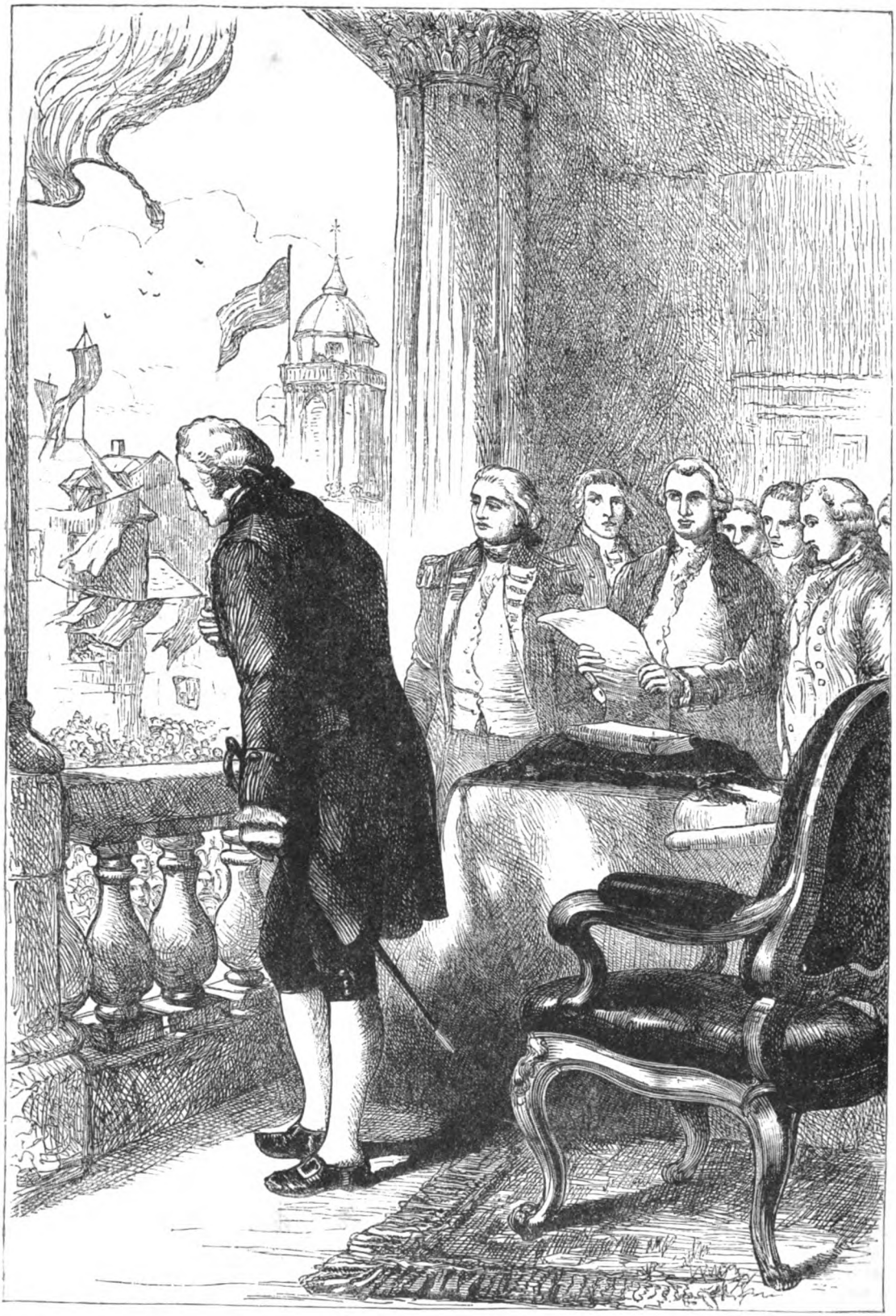
It was by the vote of the Legislature of New York, instructing its delegates to prepare the measure, that Congress was encouraged to appoint a day in May, 1787, for the meeting of the Convention at Philadelphia, with express instructions to report to Congress and the several Legislatures "such alterations and provisions in the old articles of confederation as shall, when agreed to by Congress and confirmed by the States, render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the Government and the preservation of the Union."

Hamilton was sent by New York to the convention, where he displayed his usual force of intellect, independence and candor; and when debate was over, and the proposed Constitution was on trial before the people, it was mainly from his pen that the masterly exposition and vindication of the work, in the papers of the "Federalist," proceeded. Of the eighty-five numbers of which the publication was composed, fifty-one were written by Hamilton; the rest, with the exception of five by Jay, were from Madison. Jay's contributions were arrested by the injury he received in his efforts to repress the "doctors' mob." A New York journal, the *Daily Advertiser*, first gave these papers to the world, between October, 1787 and the Spring of 1788, and the first three editions of the collected work were issued by New York publishers. In the State Convention the ability and exertions of Hamilton, Jay and Chancellor Livingston were chiefly instrumental in securing the acceptance of the Constitution, in face of the powerful opposition.

The ratification was passed at Poughkeepsie on the 26th of July, 1788, and is said to have been hastened by an imposing popular demonstration in the City of New York, three days before, in honor of the adoption of the Constitution by the requisite number of States. This great civic jubilee—for such it was in its spirit and proportions—was intended to commemorate also the action of New York, and had been delayed waiting the opportunity. As it was, it expressed in language not to be mistaken the estimate the city placed on the prospect of security, financial integrity, and all that goes to make the wealth of a nation, promised under the new government.

The Federal procession in New York, vying with that in Philadelphia directed by Francis Hopkinson, represented the intellect and various industries of the city. It was by a certain spontaneous action, a simplicity and effect, significant of the honest enthusiasm of the day. The vast array, marshaled in ten divisions, emblematic of the ten States which had already ratified the Constitution, was formed in the Fields, and paraded down Broadway to Pearl Street, thence to Hanover Square, and by the outlet of Chatham Street to an orchard in the grounds of Alderman Nicholas Bayard, near the present intersection of Broome Street and Broadway, where a brilliant festal entertainment was prepared. A troop of city light horse, with a company of artillery, led the way. In the first division a citizen personating Columbus, in appropriate costume, represented the era of discovery; foresters, with axes, suggested the clearing of the land; following whom came two distinguished citizens in farmer's dress, Nicholas Cruger and John Watts, the one leading six oxen attached to a plow; the other, a yoke of oxen and pair of horses drawing a harrow. Baron Poelnitz, a recent immigrant from Germany, who was cultivating a

* "Reminiscences of an Old New Yorker," p. 33-35.



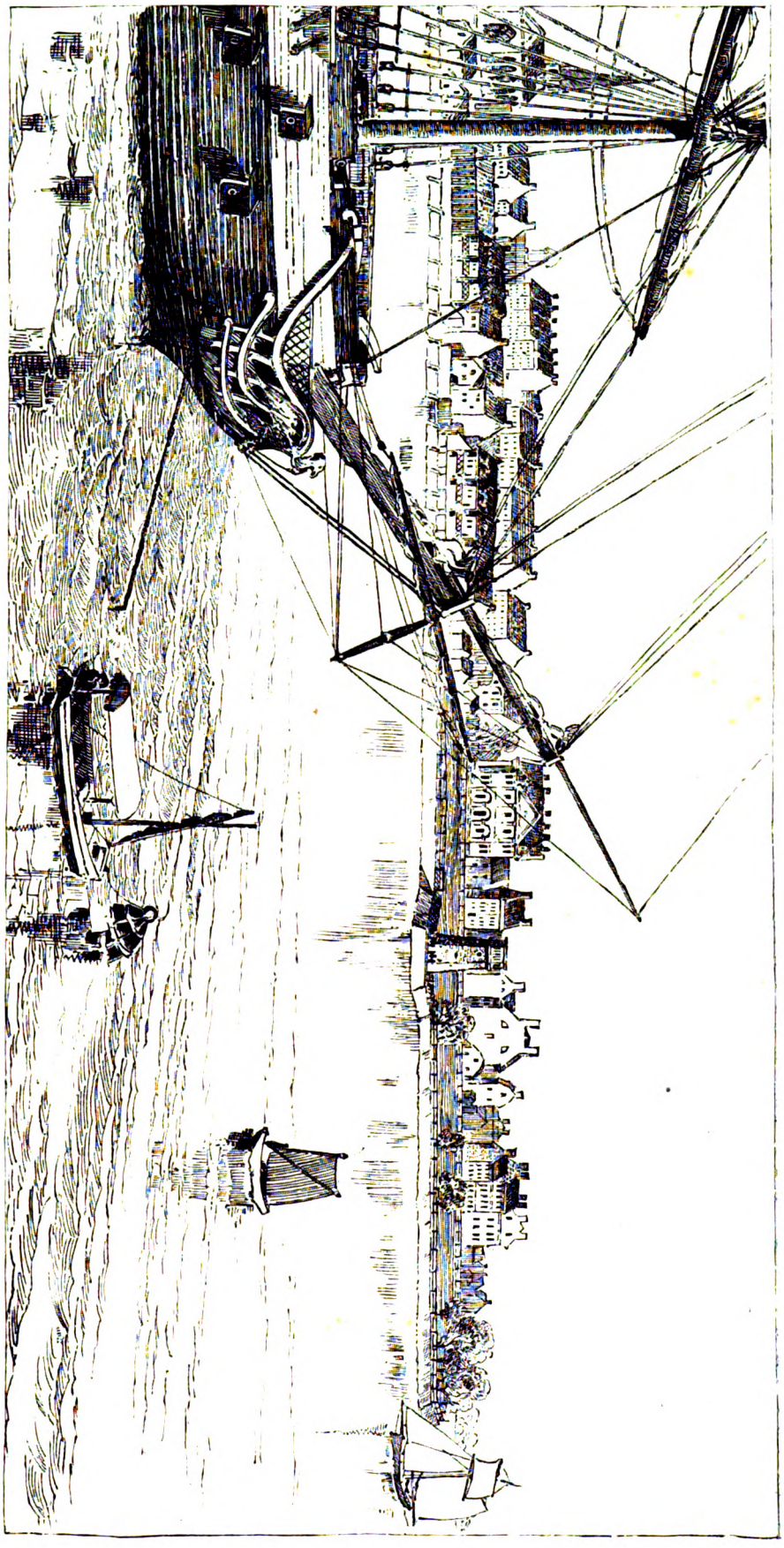
THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

small farm on the present Broadway, exhibited a newly-invented threshing-machine in operation.

The trades of the city were in full force. The bakers paraded on a platform, the "Federal Loaf," made of a whole barrel of flour; the brewers, a boy Bacchus mounted on a tun of ale and a venerable Silenus astride of a porter-hogshead; the coopers, decorated with oak branches, were hooping the Cask of the Constitution; the butchers, always conspicuous in New York processions, brought a bullock of a thousand weight to be roasted

whole on the grounds; a now obsolete class of artisans, the leather-breeches makers, appeared in buckskin waistcoats, breeches, gloves, and gaiters, with bucks' tails in their hats; the furriers were reinforced by Indians in costume and two bears mounted on packs of furs on a led horse. Hugh Gaine and Samuel Loudon, on horseback, preceded the printers, who were striking off from a press, upon a platform, and distributing to the people, an ode and song written for the occasion. The procession increasing in honor as it neared its termination, on came the gentlemen of the Bar in their robes, heralded by the sheriff and coroner, John Lawrence, supported by John Cozine and Robert Troup exhibiting the Constitution of the United States engrossed on vellum. The Philological Society was headed by its President, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, William Dunlap bearing the standard with its Latin motto. Graduates of Columbia College bore two large globes, after whom came the president, professors and students. The merchants were represented by the officers of the Chamber of Commerce; clergymen and physicians brought up the rear.

In the centre of this long procession—in which five thousand persons are said to have taken part (about one-sixth of the population of the city), the most conspicuous object of the whole, appeared the *Federal Ship Hamilton*, built expressly for the occasion by the ship-carpenters, a frigate of thirty-two guns, twenty seven feet keel and ten beam, completely rigged and manned with a full corps of officers, seamen and marines, under command of Commodore James Nicholson. Her manœuvres were worthy of her veteran captain's reputation. At the proper signal she was boarded by a pilot from Beaver Street, when she made sail for the fort at the foot of



VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY IN 1787.—FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS PRINT.

Broadway and saluted with thirteen guns the President and members of Congress who were assembled at that point. In Pearl Street a suit of colors presented by Mrs. Logan was received with cheers. At Old Slip the *Hamilton* returned the salute of the Spanish packet, and so passed on amid general rejoicing to the dining-grounds.

The genius of the French architect, Major L'Enfant, to whose taste and skill the exhibition doubtless owed much of its effect, was particularly shown in the arrangements of the building constructed for the civic feast, which appropriately closed the performances of the day. Three pavilions connected by colonnades formed an obtuse angle, the pavilion at the apex terminating in a dome, surmounted by a figure of Fame trumpeting the coming time. Other colonnades radiated from the centre, affording space for the numerous tables at which the guests were seated, including members of Congress, foreign Ministers, and strangers of distinction—for New York, having been the seat of the Continental Congress since 1785, was then the court city of the old Confederacy. The dinner closed with thirteen appropriate toasts, emphasized by salvos of artillery. So the City of New York, anticipating the action of her Convention, generously pledged herself, with full confidence of prosperity in store, to the new era of the Constitution.

The ratifications of the several States were submitted to the old Congress sitting at New York, which expired with dignity as it made the necessary appointments for the inauguration of its successor. Presidential Electors were directed to be chosen in January, 1789, to make their choice in February. The new Government was to meet at New York in March. There was but one man, the chosen of the people, for the Presidency, George Washington. Congress was slow in getting a quorum to receive the vote of the Electors, which was not counted till April. On the 14th, Washington was notified of his election by the President of the Senate, and two days after he reluctantly left his beloved residence on the Potomac to enter upon the duties of the Presidency at New York. His progress to the city was a triumphal procession; and certainly no conqueror ever bore his honors more meekly, or would have shielded himself from them with more satisfaction. All great undertakings begin in doubt and despondency, but a true man takes to the height the measure of his work, and no one in a world of uncertainties can be light-hearted under a sense of responsibilities. So Washington wrote in his "Diary" on the day of his departure from home: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations." Notwithstanding, as he passed on he must have been animated by the spontaneous tributes of a people's affection paid to him. At Alexandria, through Maryland, at Baltimore, at Philadelphia, at the scene of his military trials and fortitude in New Jersey, every honor that pride or gratitude could lavish upon him was bestowed. On arriving at Elizabethtown Point, on the morning of the 23d, he found himself in the hands of the Committee of New York, including the heads of the departments of Congress, and the Chancellor and other high officers of the State. The rest of the journey was to be performed by water across Newark Bay, through the winding lake-like passages which separate Staten Island from the opposite shore and afford an entrance to the inner Bay of New York. A barge, expressly built for the purpose, manned by thirteen master pilots, in white uniform, commanded by Commodore Nicholson, hero of the brilliant civic achievements on board the *Federal Ship Hamilton*, held the President and his suite. As they approached the Kills numerous boats dressed with flags followed in their wake. General Knox and other officers, in a large barge, presented themselves at the entrance into the bay, which was alive with gayly decorated craft eager to join the procession. The President was twice saluted by parties of ladies and gentlemen, who approached his barge in their vessels singing in his praise odes written for the occasion. On nearing the city the yards of the Spanish ship-of-war in the harbor were suddenly manned, and the flags of different nations sprang from every part of the rigging as a salute of thirteen guns was fired. The *North Carolina*, a Government vessel in the harbor, fired a similar salute. Everywhere the shipping of the port streamed with flags. The piers were crowded with spectators. On landing at Murray's Wharf, Washington was received by Governor Clinton and the chief officers of the State and city. A carriage was provided to convey him to his residence at the corner of Cherry Street and Franklin Square, a building which had been occupied by the Presidents of the old Congress, but he preferred walking, and he was accompanied by a long procession of the city military and a host of official personages, foreign ambassadors and others, followed by a crowd of citizens. Everywhere as he passed the houses were decorated with flags and various devices. In the evening he dined with Governor Clinton, and there was a general illumination of the city.

A week elapsed, when the citizens were again summoned to take part in a more imposing ceremony, the Inauguration of the President. The proceeding was conducted throughout with extraordinary solemnity and simplicity. On the morning of the 30th, the churches of the city were opened at nine, to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon the nation and its appointed guardian. After this earnest service the military gathered to lead the procession of civilians, the committees of Congress and other officials appointed to conduct the President from his residence to the City Hall in Broad Street, where Congress was assembled. This building, which now bore the name Federal Hall, had been enlarged and greatly improved, under the direction of Major L'Enfant, at the expense of a number of wealthy citizens, to meet the wants of the new Government. The front had been advanced to a level with the wings, new entrances had been made, and an open central gallery constructed leading from the Senate Chamber on the second floor, surmounted by an architrave and pediments supported by four Doric columns. A carved eagle and other emblematic devices ornamented the front; within, the decorations were of a significant and tasteful character. Upon the arrival of the procession in front of the Hall, Washington alighted from his carriage, and passed through the ranks of the military, drawn up on either side, to the Senate Chamber, where he was received by the Vice-President, John Adams. Arrangements were made for the ceremony of the day in the open gallery in sight of the assembled multitude, who filled the spacious street in front and occupied the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses. Here Washington, dressed in a dark-brown suit of American manufacture, with dress sword, white silk stockings, his hair dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, presenting himself to the people, bowed, and was cheered with great enthusiasm. He then retired to a seat by the side of a table, on which rested a richly bound Bible. The applause having been succeeded by the hushed silence of

expectation, Washington rose and advanced, with Vice-President Adams on his right, and on his left the Chancellor of the State, Robert R. Livingston, who immediately proceeded to administer the oath of office, Washington at the same time laying his hand on the open book which was held up before him. When the oath had been recited, he answered: "I swear—so help me God," and bowing, kissed the Bible. The Chancellor, then stepping forward waving his hand, said in a loud voice, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." A flag raised on the cupola at the moment was the signal for a discharge of artillery on the Battery; the bells of the city rang out their cheerful notes, the assembled multitude renewed their shouts of affection and applause. Washington then read his Inaugural Address in the Senate Chamber, and afterward, accompanied by the heads of departments, the members of Congress, and others, walked to St. Paul's Church, where prayers adapted to the occasion were read by Bishop Provoost, who had been appointed Chaplain to the Senate. In the evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks and a general illumination of the city, with emblematic transparencies in honor of Washington and America.

A series of festive entertainments followed this inauguration. Early in May a ball was given at the Assembly Rooms on Broadway, at which all the distinguished persons in the city were present, and when, we are told, Washington danced two cotillons and a minuet. At another, given by the French Minister, Count de Moustier, a character dance was introduced in which the French and American performers were interwoven, to represent the friendship of the two nations. On the arrival of Mrs. Washington, at the end of the month, a series of Friday evening receptions were held by her at the President's House, which were continued during the session of Congress. Washington was always present on these occasions. The furniture of the house was plain, and the ceremonial of a simple character. Washington seemed determined, while fully maintaining the dignity of his position, to set an example of republican economy. He had secured as his steward his old acquaintance, Sam Fraunces, renowned as a purveyor and inn-keeper, the landlord of the old Vauxhall Gardens and of the hotel in Broad Street which, it will be remembered, had been the residence of Washington when he entered the city on its evacuation by the British. In catering for the presidential table, Fraunces fell in at market with the first shad of the season, and served it up for breakfast. It attracted the attention of Washington. "It is very early in the season for shad," said he to the steward. "How much did you pay for it?" "Two dollars." "Two dollars! I can never encourage this extravagance at my table; take it away, I shall not touch it"—and it was removed accordingly.* There was no parsimony in this, but a conscientious frugality which often in Washington's career had been of eminent service to the public. In one thing he was willing to spend. He had a true Virginian's love of horses. When he rode out to take the air his carriage was drawn by four horses; on state occasions, as visiting the Houses of Congress, it was drawn by six. There are many interesting notices of the regularity of his mode of living preserved in his private "Diary" during his residence in New York. He records his walks around the Battery, his drives with Mrs. Washington, the coach taking "the fourteen miles round," which traversed the outer limits of the present Central Park; his exercise on horseback; the sittings for his portrait to Rammage, Madame de Brehan, to Savage, to Trumbull; his attendance at St. Paul's Chapel on Sunday forenoons, where his pew is still shown, the afternoon being given to his private correspondence; his dinner company and the frequenters of the levees of Mrs. Washington; his occasional visits to the theatre, the old building in John St., with the names of persons invited to a seat in his private box—General Schuyler and lady, Colonel Hamilton and lady, and others. On one of these theatrical exhibition he was startled by some pleasant reference to himself, introduced in an interlude written by Dunlap for the performance of Wignall, an adaptation of the part of *Darby* in the "Poor Soldier." There were graver scenes, however, than these for Washington in New York. Not long after his inauguration he was prostrated by a grievous illness which brought him to death's door. At the height of the disorder, conscious of the danger, he fixed his eyes upon his physician, Dr. Bard, and asked a candid opinion of his condition. "I am not afraid to die," said he, "and therefore can bear the worst." The doctor, expressing hopes of his safety, acknowledged his fears. "Whether to-night, or twenty years hence," said he, "makes no difference. I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." He thought with *Hamlet*, "There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all."

On recovering from this illness Washington left the city on a tour to the eastward. Some time after his return, in the beginning of 1790, he changed his residence from Cherry Street to the house in Broadway previously occupied by the French Minister and known afterward as Bunker's Hotel or the Mansion House. The rent for this building, probably the highest in the city, was $2,500. Meantime the Legislature of the State had passed an Act authorizing the Corporation to demolish Fort George and appropriate its site to public purposes. Space was reserved for the Battery, and a portion of the land facing the Bowling Green and Broadway was devoted to the erection of an imposing building, its front presenting a lofty pediment supported by open pillars, known as the Government House. It was at first intended as the residence of the President of the United States during the sessions of Congress in the city; but Congress having been removed to Philadelphia before its completion, it was never, as expected, occupied by Washington. It became the residence of the Governors of the State till the seat of Government was established at Albany, and was so occupied by Governors George Clinton and John Jay. It was then used as the Custom House and for other public purposes, and about 1816 was sold, when it was taken down and gave place to the block of private dwellings, afterwards altered to stores, but which for some thirty years were among the most elegant private residences of the city.

* Griswold's "Republican Court."

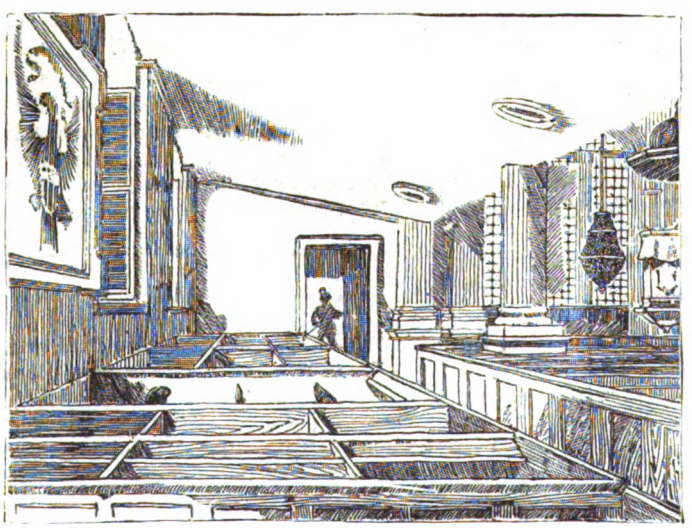
NORMAL WEIGHT.

It is desirable for all persons, whether suffering, in health, or otherwise, to know as nearly as possible what the normal weight should be. We are indebted to the late Dr. Hutchinson for weighing above two thousand six hundred men of various ages. There is indeed an obvious relation between the height and weight so particularly weighed and measured. Starting with the lowest men in the tables, it will be found that the increased weight was as nearly as possible five pounds for every

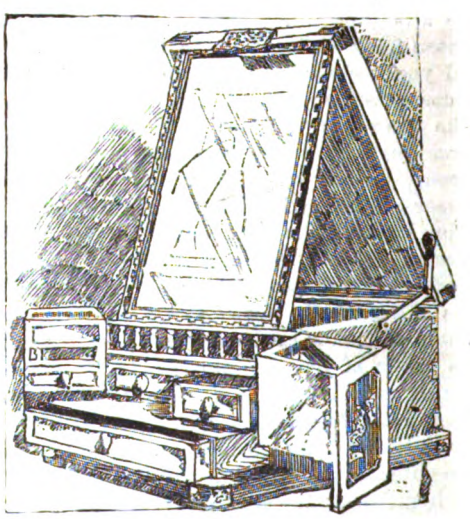
WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK AS PRESIDENT.

inch in height beyond sixty-one inches. The following shows the relative height and weight of individuals measuring five feet and upward : 5 ft. 1 in. should be 120 lbs.; 5 ft. 2 in. should be 126 lbs.; 5 ft. 3 in. should be 133 lbs.; 5 ft. 4 in. should be 136 lbs.; 5 ft. 5 in. should be 142 lbs.; 5 ft. 6 in. should be 145 lbs.; 5 ft. 7 in. should be 148 lbs.; 5 ft. 8 in. should be 155 lbs.; 5 ft. 9 in. should be 162 lbs.; 5 ft. 10 in. should be 169 lbs.; 5 ft. 11 in. should be 174 lbs.; 6 ft. should be 178 lbs.

THE MISTAKE OF A LIFE.—A young man once picked up a five-dollar gold piece lying in the road. Ever afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, in the hope of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly amount of gold and silver. All these days, however, he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature was beautiful around. He never once lifted his eyes from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure ; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along, and as many another foolish man hath done.



WASHINGTON'S PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.



WASHINGTON'S DRESSING-CASE.

CORA GRAY.—"'WHERE IS MY TOOTH?' 'IT IS HERE, MISS GRAY,' SAID THE DOCTOR, HOLDING UP THE OFFENDING MOLAR." SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE STORMY PETREL.

By R. W. W.

I.

'Twas when in the morning
The rainbow gave warning
To the sailors that traversed the wild raging sea,
That the music was neard
Of this stormy bird
As she skimmed o'er the mountain-wave free.

II.

'Twas a strange, wild thing,
With a motionless wing,
That touched neither ocean nor air as it flew;
But ever pursued,
With its phantom brood,
The white-winged ship and its dauntless crew.

III.

I had watched her flight
At the noon of night,
And wept for this bird of the tireless wing,
That hath no rest
On the heaving breast
Of the sea, with its ceaseless swing!

IV.

And she hath no home
But the snow-white foam,
This wanderer out on the wild, deep sea,
Where her chosen nest
Is the billow's crest,
When the storm pipes loud in his ocean glee!

V.

It is said of this bird
That her wailing is heard
When the mariner sinks to his final rest
And she glides away
O'er the darkling spray
When the sun goes down in the far bleak west:

VI.

That her wings are kissed
By the morning mist,
When the sun comes up from his ocean stream,
And she bathes anew
In the bright foam-dew,
When the day dissolves with his parting beam:

VII.

That there is no rest
On the ocean's breast
For this storm-loved bird of the wailing night,
That o er the sea
Flies ceaselessly,
Like the parting wind in its pathless flight!

CORA GRAY.

By the Author of "Beautiful Snow."

"He's the handsomest man I ever saw, I think, and all the girls in the town are going crazy over him; I'm almost so myself. And I'm afraid that if I wasn't already kind of partly engaged, as you may say, I'd set my cap straight at him!"

"Oh, but a dentist! What could induce the man to choose such a profession? There seems to me something repulsive about it."

"Repulsive! Well, I can't see what there is repulsive any more than a doctor, who cuts off legs and arms, and all that sort of thing. And as to there being anything repulsive about Dr. Morgan—for, you see, he is a doctor, a real doctor, anyhow—why, it's absurd. He's just as nice in his clothes as anybody I ever saw in my life—I won't even except that rich Mr. Courtney that came up from New York last Summer to visit the Gildes; and as to his shirt, why, I looked at the bosom when he was filling my teeth, and I tell you it was just elegantly stitched. Them that knows him say he's an awful particular man; and I'm sure he is, if his hands are to be taken for a sample, for they're just as white and clean as a lady's. Not that every lady's hands are clean, either!"

"But I shouldn't think Croyden was any place for him to establish himself in. I can't believe that he can get practice enough out of such a small town to give him a living."

"Oh, he doesn't care for that. Uncle John knows him and knows all his family, and he says that Dr. Morgan is rich, though he wasn't always so. He was very poor when he was a boy, and rose from being a boy in a dentist's office to being a dentist himself. Then one day an aunt of his, who wouldn't have given him a crust while she was living, died, and left him a heap of money. He didn't do like most folks would have done then. No; he just took it as quietly as ever, didn't give up business, but made himself perfect in it, and after that studied for a doctor, and was made one; but Uncle John says he prefers his first business of dentistry; and Uncle John says he thinks he came up to Croyden for practice on all sorts of teeth, for he's been teething all the poor people in town for nothing. Why, he even asked *me* if I could afford to pay, after he got through filling my tooth. I told him *my* pa was well off, and so he charged me two dollars, though pa was a little mad about it, and said that it wouldn't have done me a bit of harm to have kind of hinted the other way, and I'd have got off with a dollar."

"Which would have been just the same as taking a dollar from the poor. How old is this model dentist, Mabel?"

"Oh, he ain't more than twenty-five, Co, as far's I can guess. He's mighty good-looking, though, and Uncle John says he's highly educated. Why, you'd ought to see his dentistry-room. It's perfectly splendid! The handsomest furniture you ever see, and the pictures are awful nice, though I can't say I like the statues as well. They haven't got clothes enough on 'em to suit my taste. One of 'em he called the Venus de Medicine, I believe, or something of that sort."

"The 'Venus de Medici'; it's very celebrated."

"Yes, that's it. Then there was another he called Cupid and Shykey——"

"'Cupid and Psyche.' Another celebrated piece of sculpture."

"Then there was several little naked children which he called cherubs, and they were just as lovely as lovely could be. Oh, you'd ought to go, Co. He'd fix that tooth for you in ten minutes, and talk to you all the time about everything. Why, I'm sure you'd be delighted. I was. And what's the use of going all the way to New York to see a dentist, when you've got one right here, within a mile, that'll do it up splendid. Encourage native talent, I say."

This conversation passed between Mabel Dean, a pretty, good-natured, but somewhat uneducated girl of twenty-two, a dweller in the small town of Croyden, about eighty miles from New York, whose father was a wealthy shopkeeper of the town, and Cora Gray, an orphan, living upon a farm, half a mile distant from it.

Cora had not lived all her life upon a farm, but when at twelve years of age her father died, her mother, who was from New York, recognized what the father never did, the necessity of a little better education for Cora

than the town, or, rather, village, of Croyden could afford, and recognizing it, backed by plenty of means, she had sent her only child to one of the best academies for young ladies in the city, from which Cora had come, not only solidly educated and accomplished, but with a style and manner that made her the admiration and envy of all the girls as far round the country as her acquaintance extended.

They envied her, but they loved her. Nobody could help loving Cora. She was just nineteen, very beautiful, unaffected, and with a voice as soft and musical as voices can well be.

She was inclined to be tall, with a lithe, graceful form and movement that fascinated any one looking at her as they might be fascinated by the flight or pluming of some brilliant bird.

But while they looked on charmed and loving at a distance, the young men of Croyden never seemed to dare approach this rare flower.

The farm always had plenty of company, and Cora had scores of admirers, but they looked upon her as the brook looked upon the star, as "something afar." They loved, perhaps, but kept that love strictly to themselves, while Cora did not respond to it either near or far.

One year before the time of this talk with Mabel Dean, Cora had lost her mother, and, as had been arranged years before, her father's brother, John Gray, and his wife, had been called in to manage the farm. Uncle Gray was penurious to the last degree, and, though perfectly honest, made his honesty uncomfortable.

Aunt Gray chafed under the meanness of her husband, and would, had he permitted, been a little extravagant, but purely upon herself. Not being able to achieve this, she was ill-natured and carping; consequently, between the two, Cora did not have a very happy home, and, though it was the day before Christmas when this talk was taking place, the poor girl was not troubled with any very joyful anticipations connected with the day.

Added to this, she was made no happier by a dull, heavy toothache, which, proceeding from the only unsound tooth in her head, had for several days driven her almost wild with pain.

As to the toothache, neither her uncle nor her aunt extended any sympathy toward her for that. It was *only* a tootache, and the old couple had known that in every variety, until they had not a tooth in their heads. In fact, they had very little sympathy with her in anything.

They did not treat her as though she was the owner of the farm—and not only the owner of *that* farm, but of three or four others in the neighborhood, to say nothing of some stock in the Croyden Bank, and sundry United States bonds laying there on special deposit—but rather as if she might be a poor relative who was dependent on them for charity. And so it was that Cora did not look forward to Christmas Day with very keen ideas of enjoyment.

To be sure, they were to have a Christmas dinner, but who was to be at it? No companions of hers; they all of them had Christmas dinners at home; and, even had they been willing to forego their own to partake of Cora's they would not have enjoyed it in the society of her uncle and aunt, and the half-dozen old gossips and fogies whom they always invited. And the same rule would have held good had Cora attempted a party in the evening; in fact, she had left off party-giving for the same reason—that her uncle and aunt always invited their own friends, whose duty it seemed to be to make themselves as disagreeable as possible to Cora's.

When Mabel went away Cora sat down to think. Gracious! Wasn't it bad enough, on the coming Christmas, to have all these discomforts of an unpleasant home, made so by two disagreeable people? Wasn't it bad enough to feel that she had nobody to love, none to caress, and nobody to love her?

No, she could not say that. But, then, it was not the right kind of love; it was a special love she wanted and longed for. But why must she also have a toothache on this festive occasion?

A toothache—an unromantic toothache! No matter how painful, a toothache that was not dangerous!

Why, it was almost enough to make her cry in itself, it was so undignified. If it had not been for that view of it, she would have put on her bonnet and gone directly to Dr. Morgan and had it out.

And with this toothache she passed the afternoon, simply because she could not pass it without the toothache. Sometimes it was a dull, steady ache, and she would sit, holding her head between her hands, and bearing it until she almost imagined that she was growing to be a mummy, or some other preserved substance without life, and then she would be suddenly disabused of that idea by a twinge that would seem to tear her very head open with its intensity—a twinge that would be followed by a succession of its fellows which would send poor Cora walking the floor in agony.

And this was Christmas Eve, she thought in her pain and distress, as the darkness came down, and the moon came slowly up, and made the snow glisten like heaps of diamonds.

She looked out toward the town and could see the lights dancing, and fancied she could almost hear the sounds of merriment. She might have been there among her friends—she had received several invitations to join parties—but for this terrible toothache.

Every now and then a sleigh would dash by with a gay party who shouted toward the house, or sang in their flight.

Sometimes poor Cora would throw up the window and wave her handkerchief, but she always paid for it by still severer throbs and wrenches, until, at last, disgusted with herself and the whole world, she crept away to bed, crawled between the blankets and tried to sleep, but without success.

It was simply toss, toss, toss, turn, turn, turn, and groan, groan, groan, until the daylight came, oh! so slowly, and Cora was so glad to get up and dress herself, and go about certain work which she thought would distract her mind, and so alleviate her pain, but it did not, and breakfast came with still the raging fiend in her jaw. She was almost angry at her uncle when he said, while swallowing his coffee:

"Why didn't you have the darned thing out, Co? There's this new dentister to Croyden, and he'll whip it out for you in a minnte, and not charge you a cent, if you're a mind to."

"But I ain't a mind to, uncle. How do you think this young man can live if he charges all his customers nothing?"

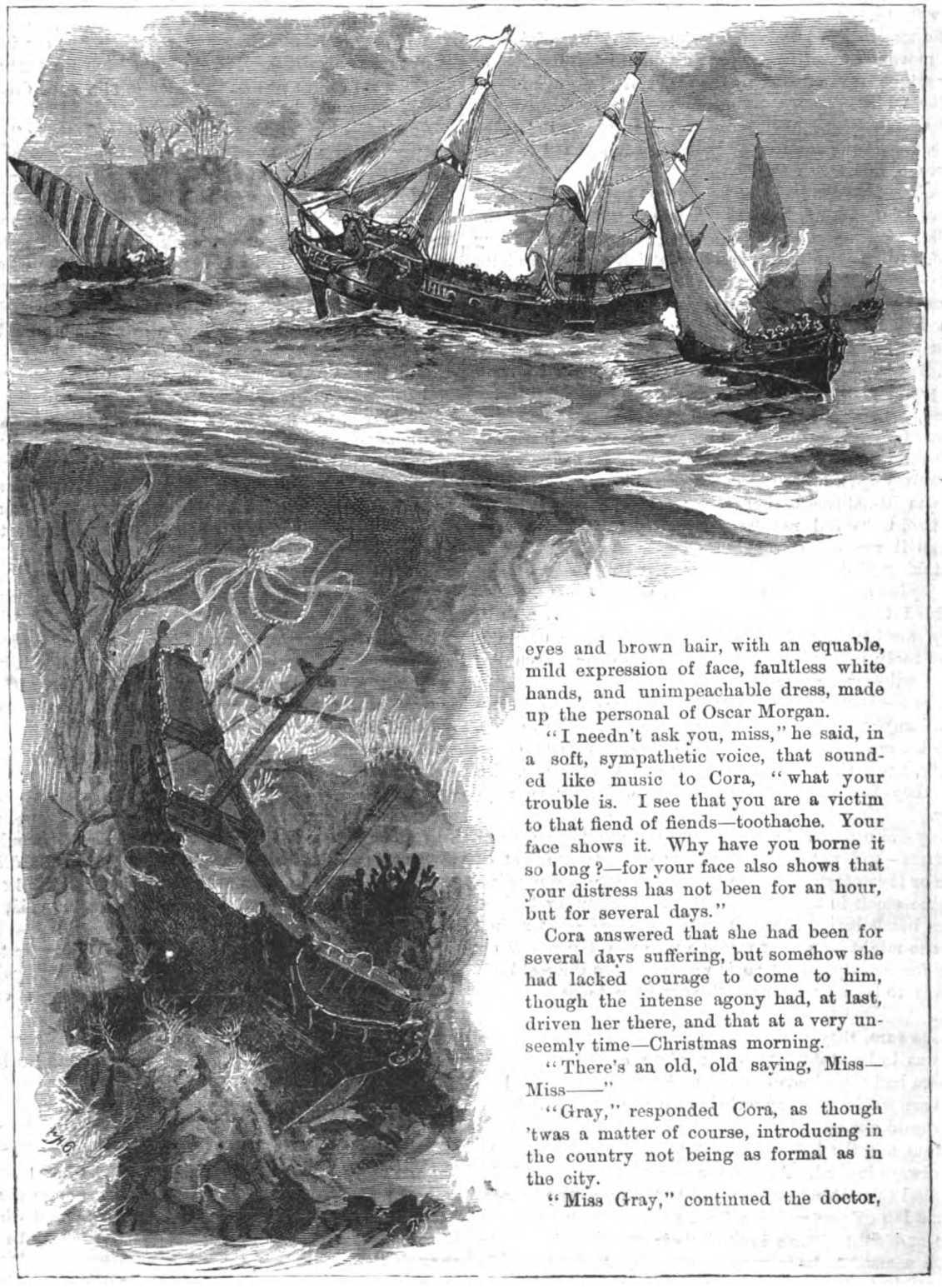
"Oh, no! he don't charge all on 'em nothing. There's Squire Bennett, now; he told the squire that he was a rich man, and he should charge him five dollars for pulling one tooth. The squire kicked, but he had to face it, and so he passed over a fiver. Then, as soon as the dentister got it, he jist put it into an envelope and directed it to Dominie Strouz, and asked the squire to be kind enough to hand it to the dominie with his compliments. Rayther rough on the squire, warn't it? His own church,

too, and they do say he hasn't given as much as that himself, this year. You'd better go to that dentister right away and have the darned thing right out, and feel comfortable for Christmas.

An hour or two longer and it was more than Cora could bear. She was almost crazed, and on the impulse of the pain, she hurried on her bonnet, threw a shawl about her, and rushed out of the house to go to Croyden. How she got there, she scarcely knew, but in less time than she had ever walked the same distance before, she found herself ringing the bell that led into the office of Dr. Morgan.

There was instant response, and Dr. Morgan stood before her, and, without waiting to ask her business, invited her to enter.

Well might Mabel Dean say he was handsome, thought Cora, for he was. Not very tall, and finely formed. About twenty-five years of age, dark complexion, brown



eyes and brown hair, with an equable, mild expression of face, faultless white hands, and unimpeachable dress, made up the personal of Oscar Morgan.

"I needn't ask you, miss," he said, in a soft, sympathetic voice, that sounded like music to Cora, "what your trouble is. I see that you are a victim to that fiend of fiends—toothache. Your face shows it. Why have you borne it so long?—for your face also shows that your distress has not been for an hour, but for several days."

Cora answered that she had been for several days suffering, but somehow she had lacked courage to come to him, though the intense agony had, at last, driven her there, and that at a very unseemly time—Christmas morning.

"There's an old, old saying, Miss—Miss——"

"Gray," responded Cora, as though 'twas a matter of course, introducing in the country not being as formal as in the city.

"Miss Gray," continued the doctor,

A SPANISH SHEPHERD.

"that the better the day the better the deed. All days are proper days for doing good. Sit down and let me see what I can do for you."

Cora obeyed, and seated herself in the dentist's great chair. He touched her chin with his white finger, and she opened her mouth. He looked in. There was nothing very romantic about that.

In fact, it rather struck Cora as being comic, and she looked up in the doctor's face with an inclination to laugh, but did not.

"You have beautiful teeth," he said, "and I don't know what right that ugly fellow that has been giving you so much trouble has to be among them. But nature will assert itself. He is one too many among them, and is the only one that is in the slightest degree decayed. Under ordinary circumstances, I should fill it, but I see that it crowds the rest, and must come out. Shall I administer the gas, or have you the courage to stand before this weapon, without?"

And the doctor laughingly held up a pair of forceps before her eyes.

Cora looked at them with a shudder. She had never had a tooth pulled; but she had a horror of it which she could not control.

"It is only an idea, Miss Gray," he said, with a smile. "The pain of drawing a tooth is only one of a minute, and if you take the gas there is absolutely no pain whatever. I have been making fresh gas this morning. A pretty employment for Christmas Day.

And he laughed, and pointed to a gayly painted retort standing in the corner of the room—"Nitrous oxide."

"I think I will do without the gas," said Cora, trying to smile through her agony, and looking with curiosity toward the retort. "But I have always had a curiosity about it. I should like to see somebody else take it."

"That you may have a chance to do this very morning," said Morgan. "I have a patient coming here this morning—a young lady—to whom I shall administer it, and draw a troublesome tooth. She sent me word only a few minutes before you came in. Meantime I will explain it to you."

And the doctor took up a little india-rubber bag, and began showing how the gas was administered, from which her attention was a little abstracted from her eyes wandering about the room, and gazing upon the Venus, Psyche and cupids, of which Mabel Dean had so admiringly spoken.

"One has only to place this over their mouth," she heard him say—"so. You see, it is like a mouthpiece to a speaking-tube, and then breathe just the same as they would breathe without it. I always advise my patients, when they take it, to think of something pleasant just as they are going off, and these thoughts are likely to follow them in their dreams while under the influence."

How handsome he was while he was saying all this, Cora thought, and how deftly and gracefully he handled the apparatus as he explained and touched the mouthpiece, which was of burnished silver, to her lips.

She knew that she was looking upon him admiringly, and that he must see it; but she could not help it. In fact, she caught his eye for an instant and there was a fascination in it that was marvelous to her.

She had never experienced the same feeling before in her life, and she was conscious of a blush that she could not control. He looked steadily at her for a minute after finishing his explanation, and Cora knew that in the look there was love. She forgot instantly the pain she had been suffering with, and tried to cast down her eyes, but in vain."

"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life," said Morgan, taking her hand gently, and pressing it to his lips.

Cora knew that she ought to be terribly angry at this. Such presumption from a stranger! But she could not help smiling, for she was very happy, and thought that at last somebody could speak their admiration outright, and perhaps he would his love, too, very soon, for it was love that she saw beaming out of his eyes.

She was not mistaken. Another pause of a minute or two, and he said, softly:

"Miss Gray, pardon me if this declaration seems too abrupt, but I cannot restrain myself from saying it. I may offend you, but if you will think one moment, you will see that I am truthful, and that I am not responsible for my own feeling. I love you—I love you most devotedly. From the instant I first saw you, which was before to-day—for I have seen you walking in the streets of Croyden, and found out who you were—I loved you, and have wished for this moment that I might tell you so. You will give me hope, Cora; you will let me love you, and you will try to love me in return?"

And once more he took up her unresisting hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Dr.—Mr. Morgan—sir!" stammered Cora, frightened almost, but still, in spite of it pleased, though she could scarcely define why; "this is so strange! You are a stranger to me. It is too sudden for me to understand all you say."

And Cora, forgetting all about her toothache—in fact, not feeling it at all in her agitation—rose to her feet.

"I must go!"

"Not yet—not yet, Cora! Listen to me," said Morgan, passionately. "I have told you that I love you, that I have loved you for weeks—weeks that have seemed like years I cannot expect you to love me in a moment, but give me hope—let me believe that the future may yield to my devotion. Let me know that you do not love another!"

What was Cora to do? She did love him; she loved him from the very instant her eye looked into his. What *could* she do? She could not tell him instantly that she loved him, but she could tell him that she did not love another, and she did so, almost in a whisper.

Again he caught her hand and smothered it with kisses and went on:

"Cora, I found in you the one for whom I have sought all my life. I knew from the instant I saw you first in the street that you were my fate, and I have trembled ever since, lest I might lose you. Give me only one little word of encouragement, one word of hope. Say that you will try to love me."

Cora could not help giving him a glance of encouragement, he was so handsome, he was so earnest! It was as good as though she had spoken, and so he interpreted it.

With an exclamation of delight he caught her in his arms, and before the unresisting girl knew his purpose, he had pressed a burning kiss upon her lips.

"Oh, my darling!—my darling!" he exclaimed, wildly, "how happy you have made me! But," he continued, lowering his voice and looking sadly into her eyes, while he still held her in his arms, "Cora, I am poor."

Cora did not seem to care how poor he was, even though he had been a beggar in rags, and she said so, though she qualified it by telling him that his room did not look like that of a poor man, and as for wealth, she had enough, and would give him all he needed.

He laughed, glanced about the room, pressed her once more to his bosom, and kissed her again.

"Do you love me, darling?" he whispers, softly. "Let me once hear the words from your lips, and I am content. Do you love me, Cora?"

"I love you, Oscar," she murmured, trembling and looking up into his eyes, while she wondered how she knew his name was Oscar, and remembered that she had read it upon the sign at the door as she came in.

"Then, my princess, you are mine for ever!" he exclaimed, proudly, holding her off from him and looking into her eyes. "Unknown and poor I have won you, and now I will confess to you, Cora, I am a powerful prince in the planet Mars, and I have come to earth in search of a wife—one who could love me for myself alone—and I have found her in you."

This declaration did not seem to astonish Cora a bit.

She felt as though Oscar Morgan, now that she did love him so much and told him so, might be almost anything. He looked like a prince, every inch a prince, and she was so happy that she felt like a princess.

"Fear not," he said, in the sweetest of voices. "Do not think, my darling, that in asking you to wed me, it is to take you away from your home on earth. No; I have the power to pass from this planet to my own with the quickness of thought—a journey of a few minutes, at furthest—and return as quickly at will. By the same power I can convey those I love, so that we can dwell there or here, though when once you see the place of my birth, with its grand mountains, its gorgeous and illimitable fields and forests, its palaces of gold and gems, its rivers of perfumed waters, its skies of unchanging brightness, you will never wish to return again to this gloomy, storm-ridden, plodding earth."

Cora thought that any place with him would be a fairy-land, and hung enchanted on his words.

"I am rich, my Cora," he continued—"rich beyond all earthly calculations. That poor dross which here is called gold, and for which men—ay, and women also—struggle and die, is with us but valueless savé as you use stone—to build our palaces with. I can bring you countless gems such as this earth has never seen, not only of those the wealthy of your world possess, but a thousand sorts of which they have never seen or heard. You shall have palaces on earth that shall surpass those of kings, and palaces in my own planet that shall surpass *them*. You shall have servants and attendants that shall vie in beauty and brightness with any creature that the art of the earth can accomplish. These which you see about you, and which the denizens of this world call Venus, Psyche, Cupid, and various names, are but copies of the dwellers in Mars, which have flitted through your artists' dreams, and which they have reduced to stone or canvas, and believe them creatures of their imagination. I can imbue them with life at a word and bid them serve you. They are my subjects. You see, my darling, this exquisite figure. You of the earth call him Puck, and your great Shakespeare one day met him somewhere in his wanderings—for the boy is a sad truant—and gave him earthly life. See, I will call him by his English name. 'Ho! Puck! Here!'"

In an instant, before Cora could think, the marble figure was transformed into flesh and blood, and came dashing through the air to Oscar Morgan's feet, and, with a clear, musical voice, sang: "I can put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

"No doubt you can, sir. But that is not what I want of you now. Hasten, and in less time than forty minutes bring the handsomest bouquet you can find in the gardens of my Winter palace for this lady, my future princess. And before you go just let me mention to you that those are Ariel's lines you have been using, and that it isn't you that puts a girdle round the earth at all."

"Ay, ay, master, I know that," said Puck, with a laugh; "but Ariel isn't here, you see, and he left 'em with me."

"There, that will do! Run away, and hurry back!" And in a moment Puck had disappeared like a flash. "And now, my darling little Cora, we will unloose some of these creatures who are now bound up in marble and canvas, that you may talk to them. They will tell you of the glory and greatness of my native world—a far greater world than this—and of the realms they inhabit in this and other worlds. Here, for instance, are three spirits chained in what you people of the earth call immortal marble. Why immortal? A few thousand years crumble it into dust, while those whom it represents endure for ever. These three figures are Earth, Sea and Air. I will give them life."

And as he spoke, Oscar waved his hand, and straightway the tiny group of marble—scarce a foot in height—sprang into life and upon the table.

Oh! but they were exquisitely beautiful, and Cora, in the enthusiasm of her admiration, would have caught them in her arms, if she had not been astounded by casting her eyes toward Oscar, and seeing that, without perceiving the knowledge of the change, he stood before her in the most beautiful costume she had ever beheld—dark-crimson satin and velvet, fairly glistening with rubies and carbuncles, with one grand diamond, pink in tint, and as large as an egg, glistening on his breast.

Ah, was he not gorgeous now? Was he not all the beauty and grandeur embodied in a king?

Cora felt that she could have fallen at his feet, and sworn fealty to him for ever, and, perhaps, he thought she was about to do so, when he caught her once more in his arms and, again pressing his lips to hers, led her to the table where the three spirits stood as if awaiting her.

She took their tiny hands in hers, fondled and kissed them, then listened to their sweet voices as they each in turn chanted their refrain:

"I am the Spirit of the Earth," sang the first, "I am deputed to its care. From me cometh the grain—the main fount of life—the luscious fruits, the plants that nourish and cure, the fair and beautiful flowers. I bring forth the grasses that serve as food for the beasts of burden, of pleasure, or of nurture. I serve man as man serves me."

"And I," sang the second, "am the Spirit of the Air, and serve man without return. He cannot serve me, and to him my ways are unknown. I bring him soft Summer winds and Winter's blast. I fan his cheek with spicy gales, or, with a whim, level his cities, or sweep his fleets from the sea. I bring him food in the wild fowl; I distribute the seed of the flower. I am the most powerful of the spirits. I——"

"And I," said the third, interrupting—a little testily, Cora thought—"am the Spirit of the Sea. The world could not move without me. Upon my bosom floats its commerce. I bring nations together, and give to man most important food, asking no return of labor save that which is necessary to carry it from me. I——"

"There, that will do, my gentle spirits," said Oscar, with a wave of the hand. "Back to your marbles."

And instantly the three figures resolved themselves again to stone, and took their places upon the pedestal.

"And now, my gentle Cora, what shall I do more to convince you of my power? There is none on this earth of yours that is human that can compare with it. I am

submissive but to One power," and Oscar bowed his head reverentially. "There is nothing that is of earth, sea or air but I can command through these, my servants. Shall I bring forth from these pictures the demons as well as the angels? See, here is one—'The Temptation of St. Anthony. It is called. I raise my finger thus, and you see how the crawling fiends and gnomes take form, and come out from the canvas. There, there! I see that you are terrified, darling. Back!—back, I say!"

YOUTHFUL PORTAIT OF WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND, LAST PRINCE OF ORANGE OF THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.—SEE PAGE 363.

And the gibbering monstrosities that were coming out of the canvas in scores shrank back from his upraised hand, and the picture was as before.

"Now, my darling, we will have something more pleasant. Let me lead you to the banquet. This is my Christmas feast."

And as he spoke, with one arm about her waist, and the other hand holding her hand, Oscar stamped upon the floor, and in an instant the room, with all its elegant furniture, pictures and statuary, rolled away, and Cora found herself in a magnificent hall, wherein a table was set, with room enough only for two.

Upon it were piled vases of crystal and dishes of the most exquisite porcelain, cups of glistening blue and scarlet, metals such as she had never seen before in her life; and knives and forks, the handles of which seemed to have been cut out of one single gem. About this table were grouped attendants—the most beautiful boys and young girls, all in the loveliest costumes Cora had ever seen, heard, or read about.

Very naturally, this caused her to glance at her own poor attire, when she was astounded to see that it had been transformed as rapidly and as grandly as had Oscar's a short time before.

She stood in lilac satin, embroidered with flowers so beautifully natural that they seemed to stand out in bold relief, while down the front, about her neck and upon her arms, were the most beautiful jewels.

Oscar seated her by his side, and instantly the attendants brought dishes, from which he helped her. He poured wine, which ran like liquid rubies and sapphires, from diamond flasks into wonderful cups carved from topaz, amethyst and amber. He heaped upon her plate fruits of midsummer, and some of the most delicious fragrance and flavor, such as were unknown to her, all the while talking to her in tones that were music itself.

"Ah, here comes Puck again!" he cried, and taking a watch, which he said was cut from a single diamond, from his pocket, and consulting it, as that gentleman landed on the edge of a crystal vase in the middle of the table. "Very well, my good boy! You have just been gone twenty-two minutes, which isn't bad."

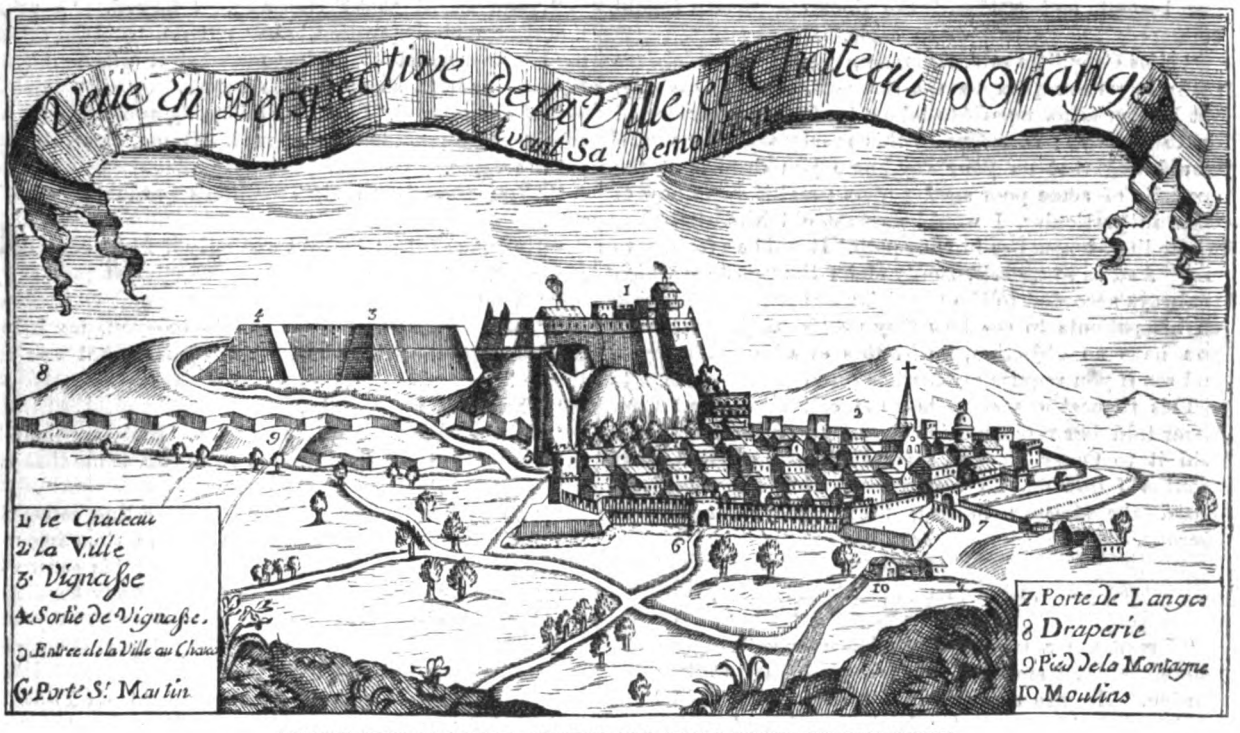
"No, indeed," answered Puck, with a wink of his eye and a flirt of an exquisite bouquet, as large as himself, which he bore, "especially as twelve of them were consumed in gathering the flowers."

Oscar took the bouquet from him, and examining it critically, handed it to Cora, and said:

"You might have done better, Puck. The passion-flowers have not as much dew on them as I like, and the jasmine has too many buds. There, you may go."

And Puck disappeared with the wave of Oscar's hand.

"My darling," he continued, "these simple flowers are but an example of what you will find in the future, when you visit the place of my birth. These are typical of my love—imperishable. They only fade with the life of the giver. Each of the dewdrops you see upon the leaves and buds is a diamond of the purest water, and the whole needs no nourishing to preserve its color, freshness and beauty."



ANCIENT VIEW OF ORANGE, SHOWING THE CASTLE BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION.

How deliciously beautiful it was! No such brilliancy, no such perfume had Cora ever seen on flowers before. While she was lost in admiration of them, and of all around her, music broke forth from some unseen musicians, and the lovely strains of Bellini and Donizetti mingled with equally enrapturing airs, which Oscar said were the popular ones of his own world.

The perfume of the flowers, the soothing of the music, and the fragrance of the wine, sent over her brain the most delicious languor, and turning to Oscar, she said, softly:

"Oh, I am so happy! I do so love you!"

"All right," he replied. "You're a brave young lady, Miss Gray, for a first trial."

With these words the grand hall, the table, the attendants, and everything but Oscar Morgan, disappeared like a flash, and even he had rid himself of his beautiful costume, jewels and all, and stood before her in his simple suit of black, while she sat in the dentist's chair. For almost a minute Cora stared wildly at the doctor, and then looked about the room and up at the clock.

There was something strange about all this. She remembered perfectly that the last time she looked at it, just before Oscar led her out into the grand hall, it was exactly eight minutes of ten; it was now two minutes of ten, six minutes later. Then she touched her tongue to where her aching tooth had been. It was not there, and in her astonishment she exclaimed:

"Where is my tooth?"

"It is here, Miss Gray," said the doctor, holding up the late offending molar.

"Then you gave me the gas, doctor?" she said, with a gasp.

"Yes, Miss Gray," said the doctor, laughing. "You grasped the mouthpiece and held it so firmly that I had some difficulty in getting it away from you. I hope the sensation was not unpleasant?"

"Delightful!" exclaimed Cora. "The most beautiful dream."

And then, with a profusion of thanks, Cora slipped on her bonnet, and tendered the doctor a piece of gold commonly known as half an eagle.

"Miss Gray," he said, seriously, "though I am always ready to relieve pain on the Sabbath, or on a holy day, yet I never allow myself to take a fee for work performed on those days; therefore, if this money troubles you, I would beg that on your way home you drop it at the domicile of some poor aged person; and if you know of none in particular, I would suggest old Mrs. Stebbins, whose little house lies in your path. It will be a fortune to her. And as to myself, I only claim the privilege which is always accorded to the physician or surgeon, of calling on his patients to see how they progress. Therefore, if you have no objection, I will this evening call on you and see if you require my further professional services."

This request was conceded, the call made; but Cora never told her nitrous-oxide dream to any one until she told it to Oscar Morgan, after they were married, four months following its occurrence, while they were on board the steamer making their honeymoon trip to Europe.

"WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?"

"I FLOGGED a boy for impudence once," said an old schoolmaster, "and was afterward obliged to beg his pardon. He was a pupil in a school established by a wealthy English family for the instruction of poor boys, in a part of the country where education was, at that period, almost unknown.

"The course was very thorough, and the classics received particular attention. I had one scholar—a large, strong-looking fellow, with fine features and broad shoulders, whose country speech was not quite calculated to suit many of the great folk who visited the school, but who, in spite of this, I always believed intended to be civil. He afterward became a very well-known lawyer, and won many celebrated cases, but he certainly looked more like a plowman than a man of letters.

"As a boy he was as plain-spoken as he was handsome, and so striking that every one spoke to him, his replies being always curt and sensible, but scarcely adorned with any touches of politeness.

"On one occasion, while the boys were at their Latin, my Lady Papillion happened to call. She brought friends with her, and fluttered into the schoolroom in her pale-lilac silk dress, with bonnet and parasol to match, in her usual state of fascinating condescension.

"'Don't disturb any one on my account,' she said. 'Let them all go on just as if I were not here.' And then she tripped about amongst the desks, speaking to the boys, and overwhelming them with her presence, as she delighted to do.

"Orson, however, neither looked up nor acknowledged in any way that he was aware of her presence in the room.

"I think this provoked her a little, such a thing being so unusual; and having remarked to me that 'that big fellow looked like a diamond in the rough,' she sailed down the aisle to his desk, and bending over him so that her laces and fringes swept his shoulder, asked him a question.

"What it was I did not hear, but his answer was plain enough. In his big voice, already changed and settled to its firm, manly tones, he answered:

"'"What's that to you?" my lady.'

"Lady Papillion stared at him, drew herself up to her full height, and walked back to my desk.

"'You heard that?' she said. I bowed. 'I asked that boy a civil question,' she went on, 'and he repaid my condescension by asking me what it was to me. I have never been so spoken to before.'

"'I am amazed,' I said. 'I humbly apologize for my scholar, who must have gone mad. Orson, come here.'

"He came.

"'You must beg Lady Papillion's pardon at once,' I said.

"He answered: 'I would willingly if I had committed any fault, but I have not.'

"'What did you say?' asked.

"'Oh!' I said: 'What—is—that—to—you, my lady?' replied Orson. 'Because she asked me what was my theme!'

"There was no mistake.

"'Sir,' said Lady Papillion to me, 'that boy shall be expelled from the school, unless you promise me that you will flog him.'

"'I will flog him, my lady,' I said, adding inwardly, if I can'. 'I trust that education will in time improve his manners, unless he has suddenly lost his senses.'

"'It really seems as if he had,' said Lady Papillion. Then she beckoned to the two horror-stricken young ladies who accompanied her, and they departed. Orson sat at his desk grinning.

"I called him to me. 'Orson,' I said, 'Lady Papillion insists that you shall either be flogged or expelled from the school. You value an education too much to relinquish it lightly, and my lady has great influence. I must flog you. A man should never speak rudely to a woman, and a boy should be respectful to his elders. Was Lady Papillion's question offensive, or did you think she intended it to be so?'

"'Oh, no,' replied Orson. 'Indeed, no. It was a fair question, and I gave her the proper answer, as I would to any one. You'll be sorry if you flog me, sir.'

"'If you turn on me, I certainly shall, Orson,' I answered. 'You are twice my size; but, then, as you know, you would be expelled.'

"'Go on then, sir, and just do your duty,' said Orson. 'I suppose you must flog me.'

"He took off his jacket, and I did my best to make the operation something more than a farce.

"He submitted to it in the most respectful manner, resumed his jacket, and altogether repressed the anger that he felt.

"'I'd not take it under other circumstances,' he said; 'and it's not what my father would like to see me do now. But I'll tell you what she asked me.'

"'Go on,' I said. 'It must have been a curious question to give you cause to insult a lady.'

"'I'll tell you, sir,' said Orson. 'She said, "Well, my good lad, what is your theme?" And then I answered, "'What's that to you?' my lady." Look at it yourself, sir. Here's the Latin, "*Quid ad te pertinet?*" Isn't "What's that to you?" a good translation of it to give to a woman who just wants the plain English out of curiosity?'

"I apologized to Orson on the spot, and wrote to my Lady Papillion, giving her the explanation, which I was sorry to say, came after the flogging, and assuring her that 'What's that to you?' was simply the English translation of '*Quid ad te pertinet?*'"

HUNTING AN EMPIRE'S GHOST.

(Some Leaves from a Bohemian Notebook.)

By Alfred Trumble.

Dear reader, did you ever go ghost-hunting? I did one day last Summer, and with no better weapons than notebook and pencil. To be sure my ghost was a very old one. It was, in short, a phantom of the Roman Empire, and this is how I ran it down.

When I left Lyons behind me for the sunny south, city and suburbs were so closely vailed in mist that it would have required no effort of the imagination for me to fancy myself thundering out of London. These fogs rise from the river-beds of the Rhone and Saone every morning with the early bird, but invariably regret their precipitancy and linger sluggishly as if only half awake till far toward midday. We did not leave the last fragments of this one, rent and dissipated by the broad beams of the sun, behind us, till the train was rushing through the opulent vineyards of the Eremitage hills. The first real picture, unmarred by any natural blemish which my special window of the carriage framed, was that offered by the little station Tain, with Tournon coquetting with its own reflection on the opposite bank of the Rhone, and the blue Alp chain closing the horizon on the other hand.

In a few minutes we were rattling through the bright meadows of the Isere, racing the cloud-shadows, and beating them, too, at a dead heat; rumbling over the bridge, diving into a tunnel long enough to make one sleepy, and then bursting out into dazzling day and sight of the City of Valence. Then came brown hills and purple crags, out of which the strange ruins of the Abbeys of Cruas and Rochemaure seemed to have grown, part of the rock itself; Montelimart, with its stately fortress—a donjon hoary with age and disuse; a stone monster whose rusted portcullis looked like the fangs of a giant grown old, looming tall in the distance; miles before its walls echoed the rumble of the train, the great Castle of Marnas—another mediæval crown upon the face of merry modern nature; and at last the first olives and cypresses, and the City of Orange.

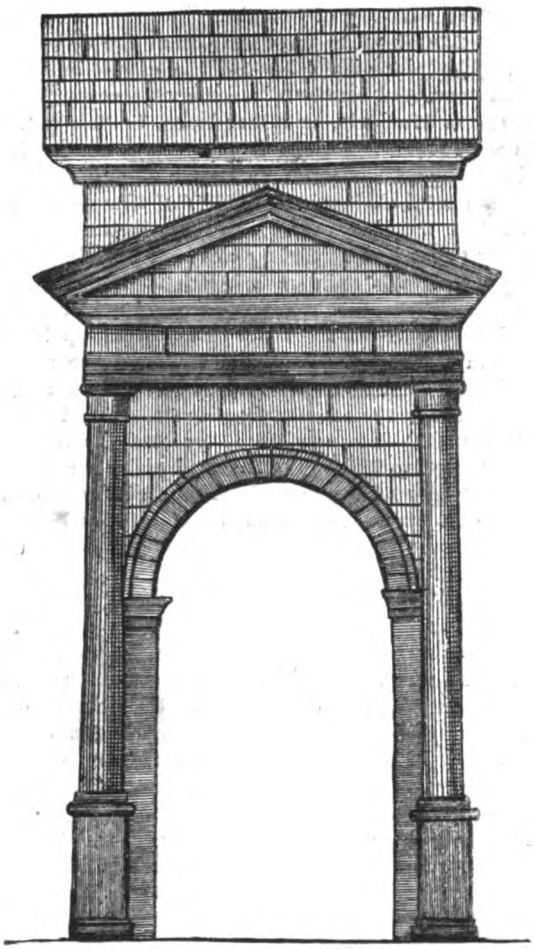
Orange, even in the Roman epoch, was one of the most prosperous colonies of the "Province," as its conquerors had christened Gaul. The legionaries knew it as Arausio. In 1531 it passed into the possession of the House of Nassau, which adopted from it the surname Orange. Orange remained in the hands of the family till the beginning of the last century. William of Nassau, otherwise known as William of Orange and as William III., King of England, died without leaving an heir, and Frederick I. of Prussia succeeded to his hold on the countship. From Frederick it passed to his successor, Frederick William I., who transferred it to France by a clause in the Treaty of Utrecht.

An avenue of plane-trees leads from the depot to the town. The place itself has all the characteristics of a French provincial community. From an unpaved square a labyrinth of streets, or rather lanes, branch out. The main ways traverse the city from north to south. Household economy, like that of an Italian city, is of the most unembarrassed character. The life of Orange is a public one, led for the most part with wide-open doors, if not in the very street itself. Grimy children play in the mud. Women and girls spin on a bench at the door, gossip with the shopkeeper at his open window, or exchange confidences with the mechanic who has set up his work-bench in the street. A kennel traverses the middle of each lane, mingling the evil odors of its dark and sluggish flood with the aroma of garlic and rancid oil which loads the air. How the place ever came by its name is one of those mysteries only the dead and gone godfathers of geography could ever explain. In all my wanderings through its unsavory highways and byways I never encountered a whiff of orange-perfume or a ghost of an orange-tree.

The gaping attention with which the good people of Orange honored me, told me plainly enough that the tourist was a rare bird of passage here. I soon found, in fact, that I was a curiosity which the citizens laid in wait for at its cage—I mean hotel-door. I hope they enjoyed me. It is a compliment I certainly cannot extend to them. My judgment of Orange, as Orange, was that it was not worth leaving the railroad, even with a stop-over ticket, to see.

But the ruins are a very different matter. They stand guard over the town, colossal sentinels which seem to frown on the puny life which eddies at their solemn feet. The country road, which enters Orange from the north, passes through a great triumphal arch, whose magnificent dimensions dwarf the modern city to a settlement of dog-kennels. The effect of this glorious structure is heightened by the fact that it stands alone, unobstructed to view by any disturbing surroundings, offering through its arches a perspective of open country very fair to see. But for some shrill-voiced children stoning one of the ornaments with fragments of others already shattered, I might have thought myself remanded to the time of the Cæsars, looking at a bit of ancient Gaul. The great central arch is flanked by two smaller ones. Above them is a splendid frieze and cornice. The bass-relief over the middle arch represents a wild battle, with horse and foot in savage and confused contest. Over the smaller arches are war trophies on the shields which form whose centres is carved the word "Mario." Mighty Corinthian columns elaborate the structure. On the ends, under the same trophies as adorn the front, are sculptured long lines of prisoners, two and two, with hands bound behind them. The friezes which surmount all represent gladiatorial combats. A glorious monument, truly; worthy of the proud conqueror of Cimbrian and Teuton, whose achievements it commemorates and whose name it bears.

In the Middle Ages this, like many another Roman relic in Southern France, was made to serve a defensive purpose. A veritable fortress was constructed in the arches, and it was not till 1721 that the disfiguring masonry was removed, by a Government proud of its new possession as a child of a fresh toy. During the Reign of Terror the echoes of the middle arch were awakened by the deadly rattle of a guillotine which performed its labor of blood underneath, and there are mold-marks on the stones blacker than their fellows, which the town-



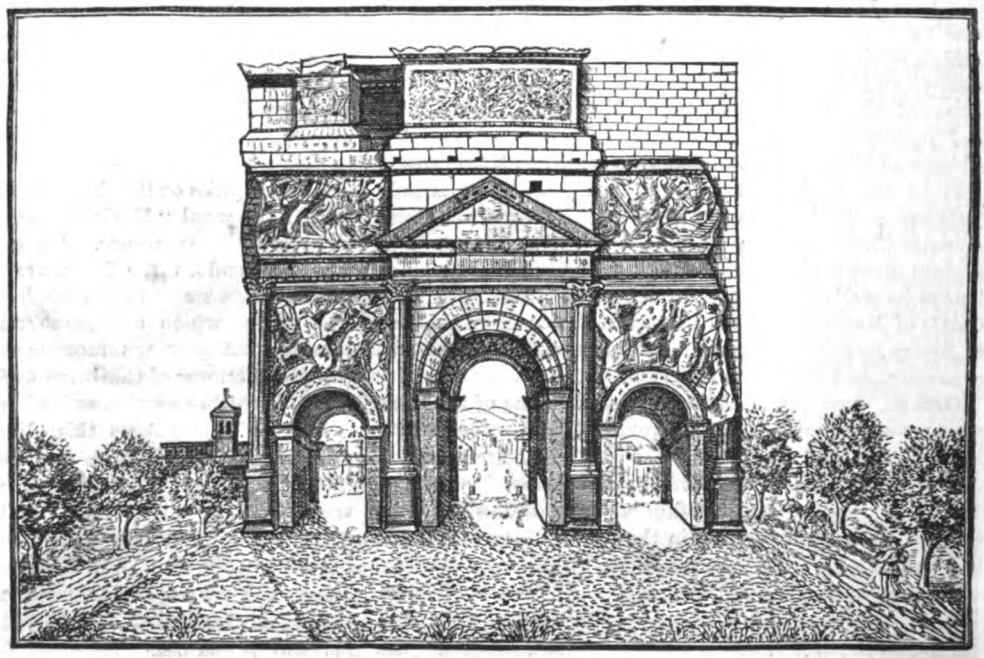
EASTERN ENTRANCE TO THE AMPHITHEATRE, ORANGE.

folks point out with hesitating fingers and speak of with bated breaths.

The Roman theatre balances the arch at the other end of the town. There is a chalk hill behind it, with a statue of the Madonna for crown. It was apropos of this statue that a wit once told the story of a modern tourist and her daughter visiting the ruins, to whom the guide pointed out the image. "That, my dear, proves," observed mamma, "that the Romans weren't such dreadful heathens as they were made out to be."

The theatre faces a row of modest, modern houses, whose insignificance lends additional grandeur to its vast proportions. The front consists of a wall pierced with two rows of arches, one above the other, surmounted by a frieze. The main portal is in the middle, with side-entrances right and left. The summit of the wall is capped with a row of stones with perforations in them, which once held the iron rods to which the awnings which sheltered the amphitheatre from sun and rain were fastened. Opposite the portal, on the other side of the circle, is the stage and proscenium. The auditorial seats sweep in a semi-circle from either end of the stage. The seats are cut in the chalk of the hill, which offered to the builders the desired rise for the tiers, and induced them to select this site for the edifice. From the top row of seats one can walk out on the hillside through a little door, and after a few minutes' scramble over chalky fragments, reach the statue at the summit. On each side of the theatre proper are large wings, which have communicating entrances with it. On the occasion of my visit the stage had been converted into a museum of antique fragments, which had once been the decorations of the theatre. There was a startling novelty in the shape of a modern circus-ring in the semi-circle, and a show from Paris was exhibiting in a theatre which had seats for 20,000 people, most of them remaining unoccupied, however.

On the summit of the hill once stood the feudal castle of the Counts of Orange, from whose race sprang Rambaut III., the Troubadour, Prince William IV. of Orange, his friend and patron, and a long and equally illustrious line. Here court was held, and open tables, and over the castle-gate a helmet hung, the sign of hospitality and an invitation to all passers-by. But tilt and tourney and banquet came to their end, as all good things of this earth do. The glories of the little court joined the phantom throng of many greater ones in the limbo of history. A couple of timid rabbits played about the Madonna's feet as I stood on the hill-top, and a train went screaming by, leaving a trail of smoke over the olive-groves like a black serpent. Some amateur musician, among the grassy ruins of the theatre, was practicing on a bugle one of those melancholy exercises which drive the neighbors of musical maniacs mad. The notes went wandering among the crumbling arches in a lugubrious



ROMAN TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ORANGE.— FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

"THE ANCHOR NEVER SPOKE."

"THE TALKING AWOKE THE LITTLE NYMPH."

echo, which would have well served for a dirge to the dead glories of Orange, or a wail from the phantom of a vanished empire I had hunted down.

LITTLE PEARL; Or, THE SEA-NYMPH'S QUEST.

I.

"Impossible!" cried Ripple.—"Impossible!" echoed Dimple; "you must have been dreaming."

"But I tell you I was not dreaming," answered little Pearl. "I was as wide awake as you are; and I saw it as plainly as I see you. It had great white wings hundreds and hundreds of times bigger than a seagull's, and it flew across the water almost without moving them."

"Well, all I can say is that it is a good thing it did not eat you up," rejoined Ripple; "and I think you are very foolish to go wandering about in the open sea, as you are in the habit of doing."

It was not surprising that Ripple and Dimple found it difficult to believe their sister's story, for they lived in a very lonely cavern near to a very dangerous coast, so that it was very rarely indeed that a vessel passed that way; and, as they had never seen a bird bigger than a cormorant or a guillemot, it was difficult for them to imagine this great winged creature skimming across the waves. Little Pearl, however, was rather put out with her sisters; and, in spite of Ripple's warning, she determined that, as soon as she had an opportunity, she would slip out of the grotto, and take another look at the wonderful monster. So by-and-by, when Ripple and Dimple were busy combing out their long yellow tresses, and plaiting pearls and tinted shells among the braids, she crept through the curtain of drooping weed which hung before the entrance of the cave, and struck forth into the open sea.

"SHE ENCOUNTERED THE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP."

For an hour or more she wandered among the rugged rocks at the bottom of the ocean, stooping now and then to pluck a piece of lace-like weed, or to admire the circle of blue beads on the crown of some anemone, till at length she reached the place where she had last seen the vessel. But what was her surprise to find that the great creature stood now with folded wings, and that a chain with a huge iron anchor was dropped from its breast, and lay among the rocks at the bottom!

At first little Pearl was afraid to come near the anchor, for fear that it should bite her; but finding that it lay quite still, and did not seem to be alive, she grew bolder. She even touched it with the tips of her fingers, but ran away directly afterward to see what would happen. But the anchor never spoke one word; so at last Pearl grew so brave that she sat down close beside it, and there she rested for a long while, looking up with wonder at the great hull rising and falling so lazily with the motion of the waves.

And now a new surprise awaited her, for presently a boat was lowered and in it was a sailor-boy—such a merry sailor-boy! He whistled as he

rowed along; and Pearl followed behind the boat, looking up at the gliding keel and the dipping oars, and filled with astonishment all the way she went.

Then the boat stopped, and the sailor-lad unshipped his oars. He was busy with something in the boat; perhaps he was preparing some nets or some fishing-lines; but whatever he might be doing, he was very contented and cheerful about it, for all the while he worked he kept on singing, and this is the song which little Pearl heard:

"Oh, merry the life that the sailor leads
When the west wind skims the ocean,
When the canvas fills, and the good ship speeds
With a calm and stately motion.

"Oh, cheery the life of a sailor still,
Though the north wind blusters loudly!
For he stands to his hawser, and heaves with a will,
And sticks to his duty proudly.

"Oh, fair is the sea in the rising sun,
And fair in the noontide glory,
And fair when the daily tale is done
And the moon takes up the story!

"Oh, fair when the masts point dark and tall
To the stars in their glittering beauty!
All, all are fair! but the best of all
Is the golden light of duty."

II.

Now the sea-nymphs, you must understand, with all their prettiness and sprightliness, and their joy in all things beautiful in Nature, know nothing about Duty. When the sun shines, they are glad; when the dark clouds come, they are gloomy; but they know of nothing beyond the present moment—no upward striving, and no self-denial. They are children of Nature, and know no life beyond the life of Nature.

But little Pearl had heard something that never a sea-nymph had heard before, and it had brought strange turmoil to her breast. All the next day she scarcely spoke a word, but lay amid the wrack and the sea-grass dreaming about the sailor-boy's song and the "golden light of duty." Ripple and Dimple played as merrily as ever, but little Pearl did not join them. She was tired of weaving the pearls in her hair, tired of playing with the star-fish and the hermit-crabs. For the first time in her life these things had no charm for her, and though she did not know what it was she wanted, she felt a longing desire for something which she had never yet experienced.

The next day, or it might have been the next to that, little Pearl was sitting in the grotto with her mother, whose name was Esmeralda.

"Mother," said the little nymph, "what is Duty?"

"Duty, my child?" exclaimed Esmeralda. "I never heard of it."

"It is more beautiful than the sunshine or the moonlight," said little Pearl. "The sailor-boy said so, and he had seen it. Oh, he seemed so happy!"

"I wish he had made you happy, too," said Esmeralda; "but you have grown as dull as can be; I can't think whatever has come over you."

"Ah, if only I could see that golden light!" sighed little Pearl.

Another day, and still another, passed away, and Pearl grew more silent and sad than ever. Esmeralda did all she could to divert the little sea-nymph. She got her new toys to play with—cowries and scallop-shells, and the rarest corals—but it was all of no use. She induced a little bright-eyed Goby—the prettiest fish you ever saw—to come and live in the cavern, on purpose to play with little Pearl; but it would not do. All day long the little nymph lay listlessly upon the sand or rocks, sighing for something better than all her toys or playmates—that golden light of which she had first heard in the little sailor-boy's song. So Esmeralda grew quite despairing, and was only too glad to have the opportunity of pouring out her trouble to a neighbor who called in just about this time.

This neighbor was one of the most comical creatures you can imagine. He had the most solemn face, but kept opening and shutting his jaws in such a funny way that the solemn expression only heightened the drollery of his aspect. It was a Codfish; and the sea-nymphs, I can assure you, thought the Codfish anything but comic, for he is looked upon by all the creatures which inhabit the sea as the wisest and most reflective of fishes.

Now it so happened that when the Codfish called to pay his respects little Pearl was fast asleep behind a projecting buttress of rock, and Esmeralda had not the slightest idea that she was near them. After a time the talking awoke the little nymph, and this is what she overheard:

"I assure you, my dear Cod, that I am at my wits' ends. I did seek the Crab's advice, but you know what a cross-grained old fellow he is! He would have it that it was all whims, and that at the time when *he* was young they did not dare to have such silly fancies as Pearl had."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Codfish, with a sage expression.

"Then I asked the Porpoise what he thought about the matter," continued Esmeralda, "and all he said was, 'Let her alone, and she'll outgrow it.' But I don't believe she will, dear Cod, for she gets worse every day, and goes about so moody and silent that it quite distresses me. I wonder where this 'golden light' of which she is always dreaming is to be found?"

"There is only one who can tell you that," said the Codfish.

"Oh, who?" asked Esmeralda, eagerly. "Do tell me!"

The Codfish whispered something in her ear, and then added, aloud: "*He* could tell you. Indeed, some say that he himself has seen this golden light, and that is why the tides rise and fall with such regularity; but I don't profess to understand the matter myself."

"But where could we find him? Oh, no! that would never do, dear Cod. We might search in vain all of our lives; and just think of leaving all our friends here and meeting the perils of the ocean all alone!"

"Very true, very true," answered the Codfish; "yet Father Neptune could tell you, and Father Neptune only."

III.

Little Pearl guessed, of course, that the conversation which she had listened to between Esmeralda and the Codfish was about herself, and when she heard the Cod's suggestion, a new hope sprang up within her bosom. Father Neptune, then, was the only one who could tell her what Duty was, and where to find it. But her mother would not go.

"Never mind," said little Pearl to herself, "I will go alone."

And she went. She started one bright morning when the sunbeams came struggling down among the rocks, spreading their light through the great green waters as they came.

All alone little Pearl threaded her way among the boulders, and crept along the gullies; all alone she plodded over long stretches of smooth sand and over beds of wrack; all alone she encountered the monsters of the deep—the cuttles, whose feet grow out of their heads,

whose goggle eyes glare like great lanterns; the dogfish, with his long snout and spotted sides; the wriggling conger, with his slimy body; and many another hideous or repulsive creature.

Now and then she would hide behind a rock while the shark darted past her, snapping his white needle-teeth as he went.

But all that day she sought in vain for Father Neptune, and when the night came she found a little grotto, where she slept.

When the sun rose she renewed her journey, and of every friendly creature that she met she asked the way.

She asked the Sea-urchin, with his pretty, pink-tipped spines; but he knew nothing of Father Neptune, and had never heard of Duty. Then she asked the Starfish, with his five legs and his million feet.

"Oh, Starfish, kind Starfish, can you tell me where to find Father Neptune? for I am tired of living a useless life, and I want to learn the road to Duty."

But the Starfish said that he was a slow goer himself, and had never met with Father Neptune in his travels.

And then she met a Lobster, armed with black armor, and adorned with two mighty horns; and him, too, she addressed:

"Oh, Lobster, mighty Lobster, tell me the way to Father Neptune and the golden light of Duty! I am so tired of being useless; are not you?"

But the Lobster, looking up at Pearl, blushed as red as if he had been boiled, and answered angrily that he was very far from being useless; that he and the Crab were scavenger and sexton and everything else, and a pretty state every place would be in if it were not for their labors!

And so she wandered all that day and all the next, and never saw one gleam of the golden light.

But on the fourth day of her journey she came to a rock higher than any she had passed; and she clambered up the steep sides of it till she was clear above the waters, and there she found the sea-fowl sitting in flocks upon its rugged surface.

But by-and-by they flew away; then she was all alone, except for one shag, which was busy fishing in the offing.

She sat there and watched him, with his dark plumage and his great green eye. He was so dexterous in the way he caught the fish and tossed them in the air, and so clever in the way he swallowed them headforemost as they fell, that little Pearl could not but wonder at him, cruel and greedy as he was. But at last the shag went away, too, for he wanted to try another hunting-ground, and then little Pearl was quite alone.

She could see the distant shore looming up faintly through the evening mist; but all around was the silent ocean, with not a ripple on its surface, and overhead the great circle of the sky, unbroken by a single cloud.

Suddenly, however, the stillness was broken by a wail like the cry of a wounded child.

It drew nearer, and seemed to grow harsher as it came.

No, it was not an infant's scream; it was a Gull sweeping round and round with his long tapering wing.

And sometimes he seemed to laugh, and sometimes to shriek; but every moment he drew nearer, till he got quite close to little Pearl, and then, at last, she could hear what he was saying.

He said that Father Neptune had heard all about little Pearl and her quest, for the Sea-swallows had brought him word about it from the Codfish.

And Father Neptune wished her to know that Duty does not need to be sought, but comes to all who wait for it and keep an open eye for the golden light.

So Pearl waited. The night passed; she saw the dawn break; she saw the sun get high, and she saw the sun go down, and she watched the light melt from tint to tint; but all this she had seen many times before. The golden light of duty did not come that day.

Then the next day she went to the shore, which was not so very far away, and lingered there: for she did not dare to travel any further, since Father Neptune had said that she must wait.

She sat upon the strand and watched the sand-pipers running to and fro and pecking at the worms and the little crabs, till by-and-by she thought she heard footsteps and a sound of voices; so she immediately put on her cap of darkness, and waited to see what would happen.

It was a poor widow and her little sick babe. She had come from the smoky city to get sunshine and sea-air for the poor child, for the doctor said that nothing else could save her.

And she laid her there in the warm sunshine, where the music of the lapping waters and the fresh breath of heaven could reach her; and everything around was lovely—but the baby never smiled.

Then a strange feeling crept over little Pearl—a feeling which she had never known before—what human beings call compassion.

And with it there sprang up a new impulse—a power impelling her to do something for the poor babe—a feeling of shame that she should thus suffer, and she, little Pearl should do nothing at all to help.

So she gathered the prettiest shells, and tossed them near the baby's hand, that she might have something to look at and to play with; she sprinkled the little fevered brow with cool, strengthening spray, and she fanned her when she was hot, and chafed her when she was chilly; and the little thing smiled, and the mother kissed her, and said what a deal of good the sea-breezes were doing to her little one!

Day after day the mother brought the babe, and day after day little Pearl tended her. But she always wore her cap of darkness, so that never once did the widow woman see her; only the baby saw her. For no cap of darkness could hide her from a baby's eyes, and that she well knew.

Little do we think what infants see when they lie with their eyes so round and wondering. You may be sure they see things that you and I never see—never have seen since we were babies, too.

Yes, the baby saw her and laughed—stretched out her tiny hands to catch her as she danced to and fro upon the yellow sands.

When the mother saw the little hands stretched out, she thought that the baby was trying to catch the big ships far out at sea, and laughed at the little ignorance.

But the baby knew more than the mother thought, and could see what her mother could not see.

So at last the child got quite well, and went back to the great city, and left little Pearl all alone upon the seashore — alone! with a glow in her heart, and a sense of having risen to a higher stage of being. For little Pearl had learned what Duty is, and had seen the golden light.

And she traveled homeward all among the rocks and seaweed, filled with a great peace, and feeling that, though she was only a sea-nymph, born to the merry thoughtless lives of the ocean spirits, for once she had been of some use in the world, and had seen that golden light which the boys and girls of the real world may see as often as they will—the glorious light of Duty.

A NEW DIVING-BELL.

THE brothers Imbert, of St. Chamond, have produced a very original diving-bell, which they have named "Neptune." It reminds one of Jules Verne's "Nautilus," and is well adapted to its purpose—scientific observations at sea. In form the apparatus resembles a huge bottle. It is 7m. 80c. in height, and three metres in diameter. Its sides and neck consist of two steel plates 12mm. thick, firmly riveted and bolted together. The neck contains a spiral staircase leading to the three superimposed chambers below, and is closed on the top by a steel cover through which the tubing of a pump used within for sinking or raising the diving-bell passes to the surface of the water. The cover itself is bordered with india-rubber, to render the bell perfectly water-tight. The compartments are separated from each other by steel sheets 25mm. in thickness, and supported by diminutive columns and angles. The upper chamber is furnished with reservoirs for compressed-air, telegraphic and telephonic apparatus, electrical piles, etc. Five eyeholes, filled with strong glass, enable the engineers to look about on all sides. The middle chamber is furnished with fourteen eyeholes, with lenses for taking observations, and in the centre is a large lens, eighty centimetres in diameter, to inspect the sea-bottom. The lower chamber contains the lighting and ballasting apparatus. The electrical machinery for projecting a light in all directions fulfills a two-fold purpose, for the electrical rays will undoubtedly attract the fish. The bell may be let down to a depth of 200 metres by filling the ballasting chamber with water, which is pumped out and filled with air when the diver is in the vessel.

LITTLE PEARL; OR, THE SEA-NYMPH'S QUEST.—"SHE SAT THERE AND WATCHED."—SEE PAGE 365.

A CLEVER NUN.

WHEN Mohammed Ahmed made his triumphant entry into El Obeid, he called on the Christians to change their religion and acknowledge him as the Messiah whose coming was foretold in Holy Writ. One of the French Sisters of Mercy, stepping forward, replied that it was said in the Bible that the Messiah would make himself known by his miracles, and he would remove all doubts as to his identity by kindly performing one for the benefit of herself and her colleagues. The Mahdi answered that her request was perfectly reasonable, but the time for the working of miracles had not yet come. Meanwhile, however, he should take the missionaries under his protection, with a view to preparing them for conversion pending the day when he would dazzle them all by his exploits. The courageous nun, in all probability, saved herself and her fellow-Christians by this clever reply, which placed Mohammed Ahmed in an awkward dilemma.

SHAKESPEARE AND WHIST.

OUR poet is an inexhaustible source of quotations for all sorts of subjects and occasions, says Mr. Rolfe, in the *Literary World;* and it is wonderful how pat these excerpts often are, though used in connections of which their author would never have dreamed. A correspondent in Columbus, O., has sent us a capital illustration of this, in the shape of an elegantly printed little souvenir of a series of games played by the whist club of that city. A few of the passages will serve as samples of the whole, and the point of each will be clear to every whist-player. "Whatever else shall hap to-night, give it an understanding, but no tongue. Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum; the business asketh silent secrecy. No tongue! all eyes! be silent. Be assured we come to use our hands, and not our tongues. I am fain to shuffle. Who leads? The most patient men in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace. I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Have I not here the best cards for the game, to win this easy match? One out of suits with fortune, and that could give more but that her hand lacks means. Our sport shall be to take what they mistake. I'll mark the play. Our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally."

ONE evening Carlyle was discoursing in a small but somewhat miscellaneous crowd about books, most likely his own, when a young Oxford man, a nobleman, too, advanced the view that he didn't think much of works that expressed the author's opinions and theories only, and he was particularly down on the theory business. Whereupon Carlyle said: "Young sir, once upon a time there was a man in France whose name was Rousseau, and he wrote a book which was filled with theories and opinions, and so on. And the young nobility and fops of the period said that the book was wind. But, young sir, it is an incident of history that *their skins went to bind the second edition of that book!*"

"THE BABY SAW HER."

THAT WIFE OF MINE.

By George R. Parrish.

"Are you sick?" It was the soft voice of a young girl asked this, and as I heard the words, half in a dream, I opened my heavy eyes, and looked up to what seemed for a moment a glimpse of Paradise. There were the dark-green leaves of the low bushes, among which I dimly remembered dragging myself, tired and faint, it seemed a year ago, and there, thrown upon their dark background, a girl's face, with soft sunny hair and great earnest eyes.

"Was she handsome?" you ask. No, I suppose not. I do not think there was a single regular feature in her whole face, still it always seemed lovely to me, and that morning, as I looked up at it, her face was as an angel's.

I was as nearly worn out as man could well be, and everything looked black and dreary, even in that bright summertime.

I was only a tramp then—not a ragged, dirty tramp, such as you drove out of your yard yesterday, perhaps, but a tramp nevertheless, and a kind word and a pitying face were now strange things to me. I had been what, thank God, I am to-day, a lawyer with—for a young man—a good practice, back in my Eastern home, but a love for drink—yet not altogether drink, but with it a reckless expenditure of money, of running into debt—had brought me down.

I remember the day that the final crash came, and how hard I tried to avert it, not waking to a realization of my situation until it was all too late. It seemed to me impossible that I, always so favored, should be, could be, penniless, and if not absolutely a beggar, still certainly in a beggar's friendless position. Unable to remain where I *was* known, for fear of my creditors, I struck off into new regions, and begged—yes, that's the word—begged for work, any honest work, and begged for it in vain. I did get odd jobs, here and there, but nothing lasting, only just enough for me to live along from hand to mouth—and sometimes it was poorly enough, even at that. The night before, with a fever burning in my veins, I had left Ridgefield—left without supper or money—and all the long night had trudged onward, down the great white country road. Sick, with the hot fever coursing through my veins and parching my tongue; faint with hunger, footsore and weary from long travel, disheartened, and caring but little whether I lived or died, just as the sun came up, I sank into the low bushes by the roadside, and lost all consciousness.

THAT WIFE OF MINE.—"ON HANDS AND KNEES SHE CRAWLED OVER THE LONG BRIDGE."

"Are you sick, sir?"

The question was repeated with even more earnestness than before.

"I fear I am," I said, pressing my hand to my throbbing temples to still the pain.

"Where are your friends, poor man?"

There was a look of pity in those great earnest eyes, that, if I should live for ever, I could not forget.

"Friends?" I echoed; the word sounded almost like a mockery to me. "Did you ever know such men as I to have friends?"

"Why, what have you done—are you a criminal?"

It was said with the action of a startled fawn, and I hastened to answer:

"A criminal?—Yes, of the worst kind, so people seem to think. I am 'guilty' of being poor."

"Oh, is that all!" What relief there was in her voice; sick as I was, I noticed it. "We are poor, too, mother and I; but still we have friends, and will never leave any one sick at our door without help. Can you walk at all, sir?"

"I will see," I said, faintly; and inspired by a new courage, with a hold on the thick bushes, I managed to gain my feet and staggered, rather than walked, out into the road; but when at last I got once more into the sunlight, the old dizzy faintness came over me, and in a swoon I fell forward in the dust.

For days following I was conscious of nothing but pain—a throbbing and aching of the head, a feeling of hunger and suffering throughout the body. I had closed my heavy eyes in the heat and dust, and even as I lay there, day after day, I seemed to be breathing the same dusty air, suffering with hunger, burning with the fever, and without water to quench my thirst.

When at last I opened them, I saw a cool, white curtain swaying to and fro before an open window, and now and then I could feel a breath of fresh air upon my cheek, and out beyond I could see, where the curtain was caught up, raindrops dropping and glistening among the leaves. I felt as if in Fairyland as I handled the clean, white coverlet laid over me, and looked about at the few cheap pictures and the neat, simple sweetness of the room.

"Where am I?" Unconsciously I spoke, in my surprise and wonder, aloud.

A curtain hanging at the head of the bed was suddenly lifted, which gave me a slight glimpse of another room, neat as my own. A young girl entered, and came quickly forward to the side of my bed. It was the face of my strange friend by the roadside; her sunny hair and earnest eyes had been with me, as something intangible, misty as a pleasant dream, all through my sickness, and I remembered it now—the promised aid and swooning in the dust.

"So you are at last awake," she said, laying her cool, moist hand on my temples—"awake, and the fever all gone. You must feel much better."

I could only look "Yes" with my eyes.

"Now, I don't want you to talk. You are my patient, and you must mind me."

"But where am I?"

In spite of all orders I must ask that question, for fear the vision might fade.

"You're safe enough in our house—mother's and mine. I told you we were poor, but you *would* faint right before our door."

"I'm very sorry!" I said, penitently.

"Hum! That don't help. Do you know how sick you've been?"

I protested my entire ignorance.

"Well, you've had a fever, and been wild sometimes," she informed me. "But now lie still until I get you something to eat."

As she said this, she got up from the little rocking-chair in which she had been sitting.

"No, don't go!" I caught her by the sleeve. "I don't want anything to eat, and I *do* want you!"

She sat down again with a little laugh.

"I'm afraid you don't know just what you do want," she said, pleasantly.

"Yes, I do; I want you. You won't go—will you?" My voice sounded very anxious in its weakness.

"Not without mother calls me. Now, go to sleep."

She settled the white coverlet about me very carefully.

"How did you get me here?" I asked, presently.

"Oh, one of the station-men helped me; and you were terribly heavy, if you hadn't anything to eat."

I lay back on my pillow, and watched her sitting there in the stillness of the room. It was a picture sweet enough for any man—more than that to me, for I had scarcely spoken to a woman for a long year, excepting to receive harsh answers.

The sun that came streaming into the open window, piercing here and there the network of vines, went slowly down, casting long shadows across the floor, and I fell asleep.

How those two women did watch over and care for me during the days that followed—days in which I got better very slowly—the old gray-headed, matronly mother and the little girl! What delightful, dainty little meals they cooked me with their own hands! And then one would fan and talk with me in the long, hot Summer afternoons.

One day, when the mother was out, I told my little nurse my whole history, concealing nothing, and watching the changing emotions of her face.

"You have told me everything but your name," she said, when I finished.

"That is simple enough," I replied. I was sitting up now, in the great, old-fashioned rocking-chair. "It is George Gray. And yours?"

"Florence O'Neil. My father was killed on the railroad several years ago, and the company gave me this little house, and we watch to "flag" the trains if the bridge should not be safe; the water in the river rises very high sometimes."

She said it all very simply, as if such a life was old and common enough to her.

The daughter of a railroad laborer, and I loved her—and I was only a tramp!

"Not very elevated," you think. Perhaps not in the social scale, but our hearts might be as true, our love as great.

In the days which followed, and under their tender care, I grew rapidly better, until at last the time came when I could frame no excuse for remaining longer. But nothing could now tear me away from the girl who had saved my life—whom I knew but too well I loved.

I never said one word of love to her, for I was only a tramp, and my love was too honest, too sincere, to give its object needless pain.

Deep in my heart I had resolved to work up to something more worthy her, more worthy myself. But, meanwhile, I could not altogether leave her, and finally, through their influence with men upon the road—men who had worked with O'Neil before he was killed—I received a position. It was only that of a brakeman upon the night express. Not much, you think. Perhaps not to you, my scoffing friend, with your credit at the bank, but it was everything to me. It was the first chance the world had given me. It was my first step upward, and I believe I was prouder in that brakeman's cap than I ever was in my first gold-and-black law sign in the old days of my profligacy and my profession.

I ran on that road—it was the P. D. and G.—for nearly two months, making every night the trip between Plattsmouth and Delaver, rain or shine.

Now and then of a Sunday I would go down to the little cottage of the O'Neils, and thus spend many a pleasant afternoon in talking over the events of my sickness with the mother, or wandering down by the river with Florence, my little love. I began to dream that she loved me, and it made me a better man.

One night, I think it was of a Wednesday, we made up our train, an unusually large one, and left Plattsmouth just before dark. It had been storming hard for two days, and it bid fair to be a dark, tempestuous night. A special freight train left an hour ahead of us, which we were to pass at Somerset.

The night, as it grew later, proved to be one of the roughest I had ever experienced; the wind blew a perfect hurricane from the north, the glare of the lightning was incessant, and the heavy peals of thunder rolled along the whole sky.

"Watch sharp for a red light at 'Bridge No. 2,'" I heard the train-master say to the engineer of the freight, as his heavy train pulled out of the yard.

"Bridge No. 2" was the one close by the O'Neils'; the long one over the river was just this side, and known as "No. 1"— their little cottage was nestled in thick woods between the two.

Just how it happened I suppose no one exactly knows, but it seems that "Bridge No. 2" had been swept away by the fury of the storm, and the red lantern, safely placed by careful hands to stop the advancing train, had gone out in the terrific gale. The heavy freight, propelled down the steep grade between the two bridges by its own weight, rushed with a scream by the little cottage and took the terrible plunge into the air, down fifty feet to the rocks below.

When I saw it, early the following morning, the wreck was complete, with the dead, mangled bodies of the trainmen wedged into the water and crushed down by the heavy timbers.

"And our train?" you ask.

Well, I'll tell you about that as it was told to me.

Florence and her mother were about retiring to rest, believing the lantern to be safely burning, when they heard the shrill whistle of the freight, and a moment later the fearful crash. Realizing in a moment what had happened, Florence grasped a lantern, and, amid the hurricane of wind, the deluge of water, the incessant glare of the lightning, and peal upon peal of thunder, left the cottage and started for the wreck.

Her light soon went out in the wind, but she bravely felt her way through the woods and falling timbers to the very edge of the rushing waters that covered the crushed and drowned men.

She could hear no sound to tell her that any one yet lived to relate the story of that horrible leap to death. She knew that the long night-express, with its load of passengers, was nearly due, and none to warn them of their danger; a lantern would not burn in the increased fury of the gale.

The telegraph-office at Somerset or Matland was the only place where the officers could be notified and the catastrophe averted. To Somerset was five miles, over hills and through the woods, and long before she could reach there it would be too late—the express would have gone down. Matland was only a mile, but between her and Matland was the river, ten or fifteen feet above its natural height, and to pass this she must cross over Bridge No. 1, fifty feet above the roaring, rushing water.

She must cross this bridge, four hundred feet long, with nothing but the ties and rails for support, the wind blowing a gale, and the foaming, seething, muddy waters below! Not one man in a thousand but would have shrunk from such a task; not one man in five hundred would have gone over at any price, or under any consideration.

But my brave, noble girl, with the nerve of a giant, never stopped to fear. Gathering up her flowing skirts, and on hands and knees, she crawled over the long bridge. Slowly tie after tie was passed. It was already time for our train to come dashing over the bridge and hurl her down to death amid the dark and muddy water of the rushing river. The blood from her lacerated knees has stained her dress, but she does not falter; her long hair is blown out from her net by the fury of the wind, but she must not stop.

At last she reached the shore, and almost flew up the track to the office, where our train was just ready to start. Breathless and in broken accents she told her sad, fearful tale, and then, faint and weak from her excitement, fell back into my eager, waiting arms.

Half unconscious, I carried her into the dry, warm office, and as I put her down, her great, earnest eyes opened wearily, for a moment, to meet mine, and to read the love in them, and her white lips smiled.

"You are saved!" she murmured, very low. "Oh, George, I never could have done it, but I knew it was your train," and I clasped the brave little heroine close in my wet arms, never more, please God, to let her go.

The sun of the next morning, as it came up clear and bright, glistening on the raindrops and peering over into the rocky chasm, where the wreck and the dead men lay, seemed like the sun of my new life rising to look down in pity upon the wreck and ruin of my past.

"How am I now?" did you ask.

That little cottage on the hill yonder is mine, and I am back in the old profession, working hard to keep my position, but happy as I never dreamed to be; and I owe it all to that brave little wife of mine.

THE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Edward J. Hallock, Ph.D.

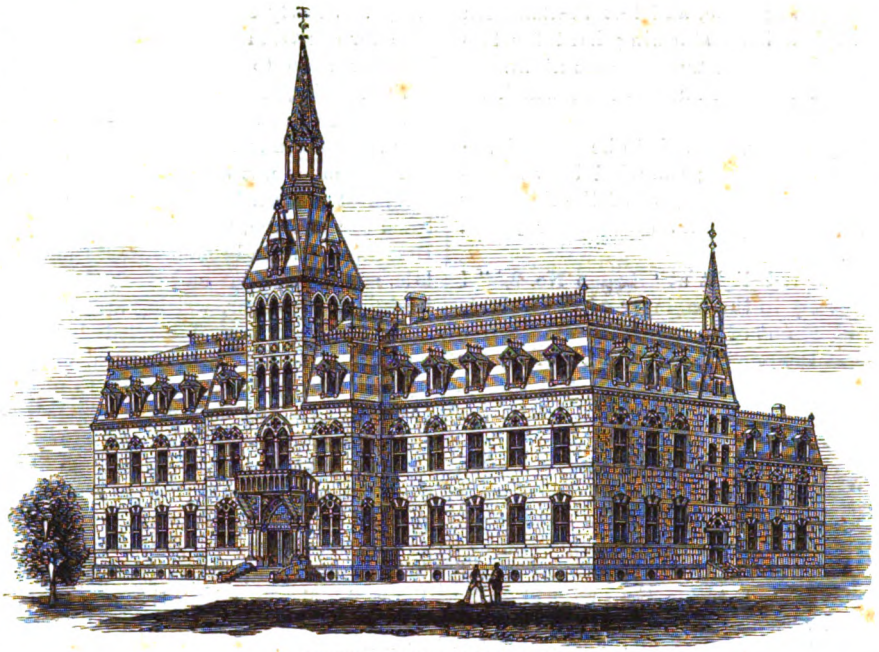
The practical American naturally looks with favor upon such schools as fit their students for a life of usefulness. In a new country, where man comes into a hand-to-hand conflict with Nature, a knowledge of Nature's laws is of more practical use than a familiarity with ancient history and classic lore. With an extensive territory to be explored and surveyed, with rich mines to be developed, requiring long stretches of railways, with great bridges and long tunnels, a scientific education possesses a high pecuniary value.

In response to the demand, schools of engineering first sprang up here and there, and schools of chemistry were next established. It is only within a score of years that mining-schools began to find favor here. When new and remarkable electrical discoveries began to astonish the world there arose a demand for physical laboratories, where practical instruction could be had in electrical measurements and electrical engineering. The discovery of the aniline dyes and of artificial alizarine directed attention to organic chemistry, but the lack of laboratories and of teachers, both for physics and organic chemistry, drove many Americans to seek such instruction in foreign laboratories. Even yet this want is but partially supplied, as will be seen in the following pages.

Suddenly a new idea took possession of the public mind, namely: that the hand and eye could be trained as well in the mechanic arts as in chemistry and other sciences, and there has arisen, quite recently, a demand for manual training-schools. Schools of engineering have added workshops to their laboratories, and the mechanic arts have been placed on a higher plane than unskilled

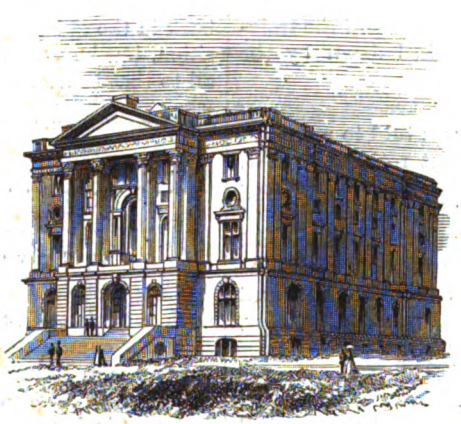
manual labor. The success of this plan in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and at other places, as Cornell, Hoboken, Worcester and St. Louis, is most gratifying.

In 1862 Congress distributed among the several States 9,600,000 acres of public land, the proceeds of which were to be used to establish and maintain colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts. In some cases this was given to institutions already in existence, but in most cases it led to the founding of a new college that should fulfill all the conditions of the grant. Few of the latter have acquired more than a local reputation, although most of them are doing a good work in their way.



STEVENS INSTITUTE, HOBOKEN.

In addition to the schools which owe their existence to this grant of land, nearly all of the old classical colleges have either introduced a parallel scientific course, or have permitted an independent school to grow up under their protection, or with their sanction, rarely giving it much pecuniary aid.



INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, BOSTON.

Very few schools of science have sprung up independently both of the land grant and of established colleges, receiving their endowment from private sources. A notable instance of a scientific school endowed by a private individual, and unaided by State or National Government, is the Stevens Institute of Technology. The Worcester Free Institute and Rensselaer Polytechnic are also of this class. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology owes its existence largely to the exertions of the late President Rogers, having been chartered previous to the land grant of 1862, although it subsequently received one-third of that grant.

More than forty agricultural and scientific schools have received Government aid, and twelve scientific have succeeded in establishing themselves independently of such assistance. A brief mention of each of these schools would far exceed the limits of a magazine article; we shall therefore limit ourselves to a general sketch of a few typical institutions, pointing out a few of the excellences, as well as defects, of each. Some, it will be found, offer special facilities for the study of engineering, others for chemical work; one is fitted up with assay furnaces, another excels in the department of organic chemistry; a few have excellent physical laboratories; others are better provided with machine-shops and lathes; some encourage original investigations and research; others have

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STEPHEN SALISBURY, PRESIDENT OF THE FREE INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.

FREE INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE, WORCESTER, MASS.

prescribed courses outside of which none are allowed to stray. The variety is such as to leave little to be desired by the student, and a high compliment has been paid to the American schools by Professor Newberry, who says: "It is scarcely worth while for an American to go abroad to study the practical applications of chemistry. There are no better technical schools anywhere than our own."

THE SCHOOL OF MINES.

The only large scientific school in New York city is that known as the "School of Mines of Columbia College." Although situated on the same block with the college itself, it is not a department of the latter, but is as much an independent institution as the schools of law or medicine. No student is allowed to attend lectures in both institutions, nor to pass at will from one to the other. Nor does the college deserve the credit of having organized and established the School of Mines, for it merely manifested the negative virtue of permitting it to come into existence and establish its right to exist. In 1830 the college had opened a scientific course, and professors were appointed in engineering, analytical chemistry and other branches; but the times were not ripe for it yet, and in 1845 it was discontinued for want of patronage. Subsequently a school of chemistry was established by Professor C. H. Joy in connection with the college, although the old classical institution did not look with favor on anything so practical. In 1863 Mr. Thomas Egleston presented to the trustees of Columbia College a plan for a School of Mines and Metallurgy. The parsimonious college, with unprecedented generosity, at length consented to the establishment of such a school on the condition that it should make no demands on the college treasury for financial aid. In January, 1864, Mr. Egleston was appointed Professor of Mineralogy and Metallurgy, and two rooms were assigned to him in the college building, with an appropriation of $500 to fit them up. After the inauguration of Dr. F. A. P. Barnard as president of the college, the new school had an earnest advocate in the board of trustees, and two more professors were appointed—namely, General Francis L. Vinton, and Professor C. F. Chandler, while Professors Joy, Peck, Rond, and Van Amringe of the college Faculty, put their shoulders to the wheel to set the new machine in motion. Rooms having been assigned for the laboratory in the basement of the main college building, the school opened November 15th, 1864, with twenty-five students. On the 1st of October, 1883, nineteen years later, the number of matriculated students was 286, an increase of 1,144 per cent, while the number of professors and instructors has now reached thirty. Instead of one basement-room the laboratories now occupy three floors of the large building on Fiftieth Street, and the number of lecture-rooms has increased from two to more than a dozen, occupying, with the various cabinets, etc., one of the largest school buildings in the city.

Much of this early success of the school was due to President Barnard, for it is a well known fact that no institution of this sort can be self-supporting, especially at the start. Not being pledged, like his predecessor, to make no appeal for funds, he succeeded in inducing the trustees to provide the means for giving the new experiment a fair trial, the results of which have been most gratifying, although it has never paid its own way.

In 1866 a very important addition was made to the Faculty by the appointment of Dr. J. S. Newberry, State Geologist of Ohio, to the chair of geology and palæontology.

The course of study was at first limited to such branches as related to mining and metallurgy. The only degree then conferred was that of Engineer of Mines. At present there are six parallel courses of study: 1. Mining Engineering; 2. Civil Engineering; 3. Metallurgy; 4. Geology and Palæontology; 5. Analytical and Applied Chemistry; 6. Architecture. No special students are taken, and a rigid examination is required of applicants for admission. The regular course occupies four years, with an advanced course for graduates of the school, on completion of which they receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This degree is not conferred on any one who has not already completed a regular course, and taken some other degree in this school.

The studies of the first year are the same for all the courses, and embrace mathematics, physics and chemistry, together with modern languages and drawing. Four hours a day are devoted to lectures and recitations, and the remainder of the time to chemical work in the qualitative laboratory, or to drawing. In the second year quantitative analysis and blow-piping are taken up, except by those pursuing the course in architecture. Lectures on chemistry are continued during the four years, and those who take the chemical course receive a very thorough drill in practical quantitative analysis. Mathematics are taught in a thorough and exhaustive manner, the quantity and kind depending somewhat upon the course taken. Assaying is taken up in the fourth year by all who are likely to use it in their future work. Mineralogy and blow-piping are taught, both theoretically and practically, by Professor Egleston, who is also lecturer on metallurgy. The course in geology and zoology, under Dr. J. S. Newberry, is very complete, and the students in all of the six courses attend the lectures of this distinguished geologist, whose reputation is world-wide, and whose authority is undisputed in this specialty.

The engineering department is under the direction of Professor William P. Trowbridge, successor of General Vinton, deceased. Professor William R. Ware, late of Boston, is at the head of the newly created department of architecture.

Professor C. F. Chandler, to whose energy and perseverance the success of the school has been so largely due, fills the double office of dean of the faculty and professor of chemistry. In the latter position he is aided by eight instructors and assistants, some of whom lecture on special subjects, while others instruct in the various laboratories or quize the students upon the lectures.

The buildings of the School of Mines form an L, situated on the north and east sides of the block bounded by Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, between Fourth and Madison Avenues. Each building has an average width of 40 feet, and their total length is nearly 300 feet. In the four-story building on Fiftieth Street are the laboratories, the drawing-rooms, the register's office, and several lecture-rooms. In the new five-story building, on Fourth Avenue, are the chemical, mineralogical and geological cabinets, with several lecture-rooms, each 30 x 40 feet, and the smaller laboratories for blow-piping, etc.

The assay laboratory, under the direction of Dr. P. de P. Ricketts, occupies the lower floor of the Fiftieth Street building. It is provided with ten muffle and thirty crucible furnaces, and work-tables for forty-three students. In a room adjacent are the crushers, rolls and stamps for sampling large lots of ore, worked by a fifteen-horse engine; also appliances for milling, amalgamating and concentrating ores; furnaces for roasting and smelting, and other apparatus for working ores on a large scale.

On the floor above is the quantitative laboratory, 80 x 40 feet, with eighty-five desks, under the charge of Dr.

J. S. C. Wells. The quantitative laboratory, on the floor above, is provided with seventy-six working-desks, and fitted up with drying-baths, hovels, batteries, exhaust-pumps, etc. The fine chemical balances occupy an adjoining room. This laboratory is under the charge of Dr. E. Waller and Mr. Henry C. Bowen.

The drawing academy occupies the fourth floor, and above it is the photographic laboratory, in charge of Dr. L. H. Landy. Organic chemistry is taught by means of lectures, a few of the students being allowed to dabble with organic compounds for a few weeks, but no regular organic laboratory yet exists.

The department of physics is under Professor Ogden N. Rood. Instruction is given in the first and third years by lectures and text-book recitations. There is no physical laboratory, nor opportunities for practical instruction.

An astronomical observatory is in process of construction, and will be in charge of Prof. J. K. Rees. Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford has recently presented the observatory, with his entire set of astronomical and photographic apparatus, including a thirteen-inch equatorial, and valued at $12,000.

The instruction in mining engineering is supplemented by visits to the mines during vacation, and civil engineers are drilled in the use of their special instruments. Thus, each department vies with the other in the effort to make the instruction as practical as possible, and to fit the graduate to do at least one thing well and understandingly. The positions held by the graduates speak well for the success of the system.

The collection of chemicals and the cabinets of minerals and fossils are very large and valuable, and as soon as they are arranged in the large building just erected for their accommodation, on Fourth Avenue, will well repay a visit.

Stevens Institute of Technology.

This institution is situated in Hoboken, N. J., north of the ferry and near the river, on a plot of high ground which was given for the purpose by its founder, the late Edwin A. Stevens. It was opened in 1871, and now has sixteen professors and assistants, and one hundred and fifty-two students. The Faculty embraces many names widely known as experts in their respective profession, as well as by their valuable contributions to science. Among others, we may mention President Henry Morton, and Professors Mayer, Leeds and Thurston.

The leading subject at this school is mechanical engineering, and nearly all of its graduates have taken this degree, and are now engaged in professional work. The full course of study covers four years, and instruction is imparted very largely in the workshops and laboratories. Mathematics and mechanical drawing naturally receive a large share of attention. The institute possesses an excellent mechanical laboratory, in which practical tests are frequently made, not only of materials of construction, but also of steam-engines, boilers, lubricators, etc. The students are given opportunities to take part in these tests, and other commercial operations carried on here, and to witness the construction of machinery and other work done in the workshop. In addition to this experience in the "testing laboratory," they often take part in the trials of steam and gas engines, air-compressing machinery, road-locomotives, steam-pumps, and waterworks machinery.

The workshop presented to the Institute by President Morton, in 1881, consists of a building 80 x 50 ft., with a high roof, and a gallery running round all four sides. It contains a twenty horse-power Buckeye engine, and is provided with lathes, drill-presses, milling-machines, etc. In the basement is a cupola furnace, a brass furnace, and the necessary moulder's tools and benches, with a large collection of carefully selected patterns. Each student is required to make a good mould in sand of each of these, including the making and baking of the requisite cores. The blacksmith shop contains four forges, anvils, and sets of tools, and a steam hammer.

During the freshman year the students practice carpentry, wood-turning, millwrighting and steam-fitting. Machinist work, blacksmithing, moulding and foundring, and pattern-making occupy the sophomore and a portion of the junior year. In the senior year the class go over a series of exercises in experimental mechanics, which include boiler and engine tests, setting slide-valves, measuring the flow of liquids, measuring power and friction, and testing steam-gauges and indicator-springs.

In the department of physics, which is under the direction of Alfred M. Mayer, Ph.D., special attention is given to the use of instruments of precision, and the student learns to make accurate measurements in chemistry, photometry, saccharimetry, etc. He then pursues experimental investigations in some branch of physics, under the direction of the professor, as is done in the best German laboratories. The Institute possesses such an excellent collection of physical apparatus that few other institutions are able to offer equal advantages for the study of physics.

Applied electricity will form a separate department, under the direction of Professor Wm. E. Geyer, Ph.D., the means for its inauguration having been furnished by President Morton. Laboratory instruction will be given in the management and care of batteries, measurement of force and resistance, with special attention to problems in connection with dynamos and electric lighting.

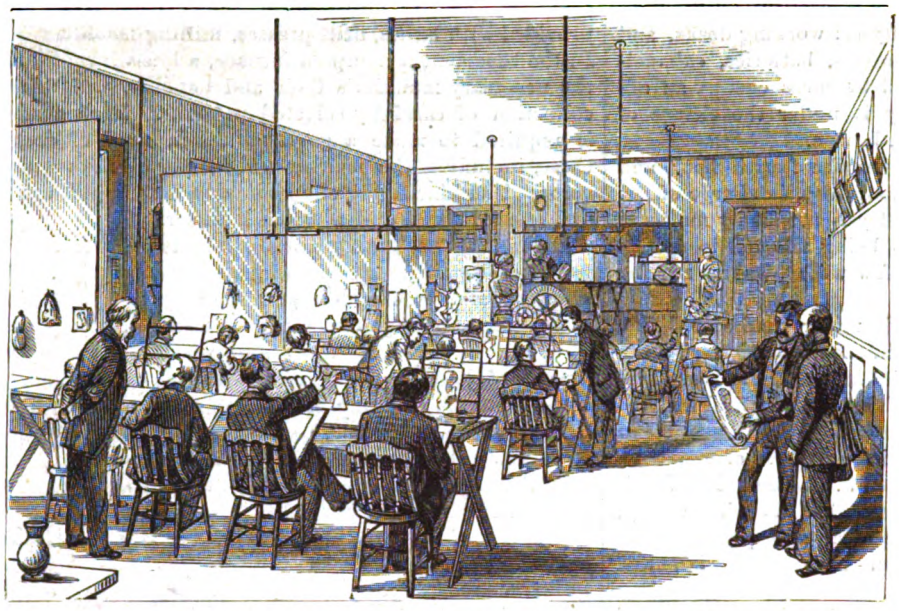
Instruction in chemistry is given by lectures and laboratory practice. Qualitative and quantitative analysis are taught to such an extent as to enable the student to analyze certain salts and common minerals. Organic chemistry receives but slight attention, although Professor Leeds has himself published many valuable papers on this department of chemistry.

A department of Belles-lettres is under the direction of Reverend E. Wall, and the modern languages are taught by Professor C. F. Kroeh.

Cornell University.

There is no institution in the Empire State that offers a wider range of practical instruction than Cornell, nor are history, literature and political science excluded. It was organized, as the Act of Incorporation states, "in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life," especially in such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts.

It was incorporated in 1865, and received the New York State share of the land grant of 1862, amounting to 990,000 acres in land script. To this Mr. Ezra Cornell added $500,000 and a farm of 200 acres, to be used in connection with the department of agriculture. In 1870 Hon. Hiram Sibley provided for the erection of a suitable building for the department of mechanic arts, and gave $10,000 for increasing its equipment of tools, machines, etc. He subsequently made a further gift of $30,000 for the endowment of the professorship of practical mechanics and machine construction. Still later he provided the means for erecting and fitting up a brass and iron foundry and a blacksmith shop. The University has been



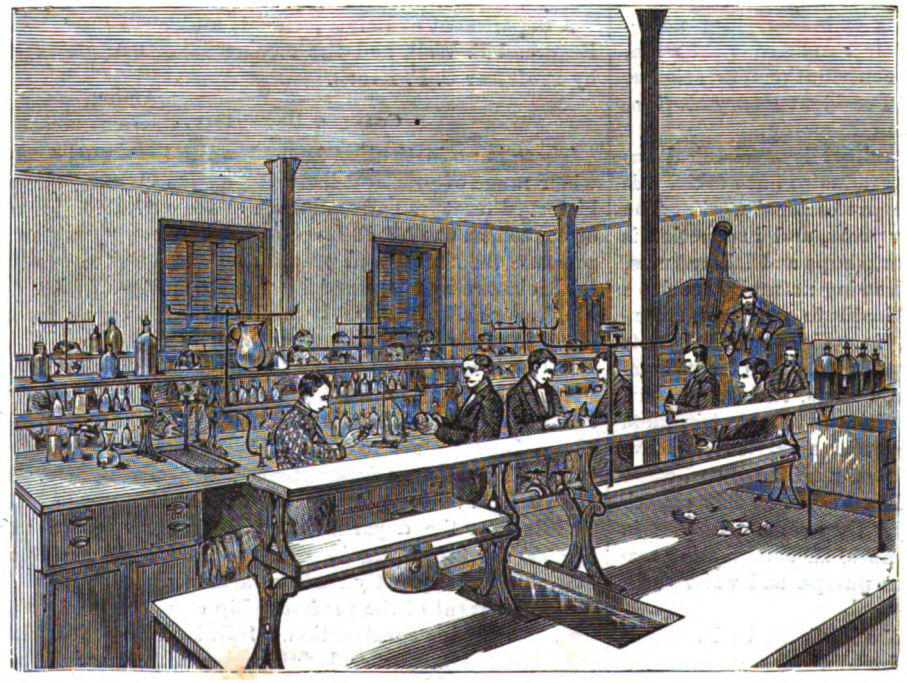
FREE INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.— FREE DRAWING-ROOM.

the recipient of other valuable donations, the last of which, that of Mrs Burt G. Wilder, placed the institution in the peculiar and awkward position of having more property than it is allowed by its charter to hold.

The University opened October 7th, 1868, and has at present, in 1884, a Faculty of sixty-four professors, lecturers and instructors. There are 412 undergraduate students, including eleven special students. Since 1872, women, over seventeen years of age, have been admitted on the same terms as men. There are now thirty-eight women on the roll, including three special students. Every Assembly district in the State is entitled to send one free student to Cornell, making the total number of free scholarships 512. They are selected by competitive examinations. Others are expected to pay a fee of $75 a year, in addition to board, fuel, books, etc., making an average expense of about $300 a year.

There are in the University five general courses of four years each, as follows: 1. Arts; 2. Literature; 3. Philosophy; 4. Science; 5. Science and Letters. The

THE FORGE-SHOP.

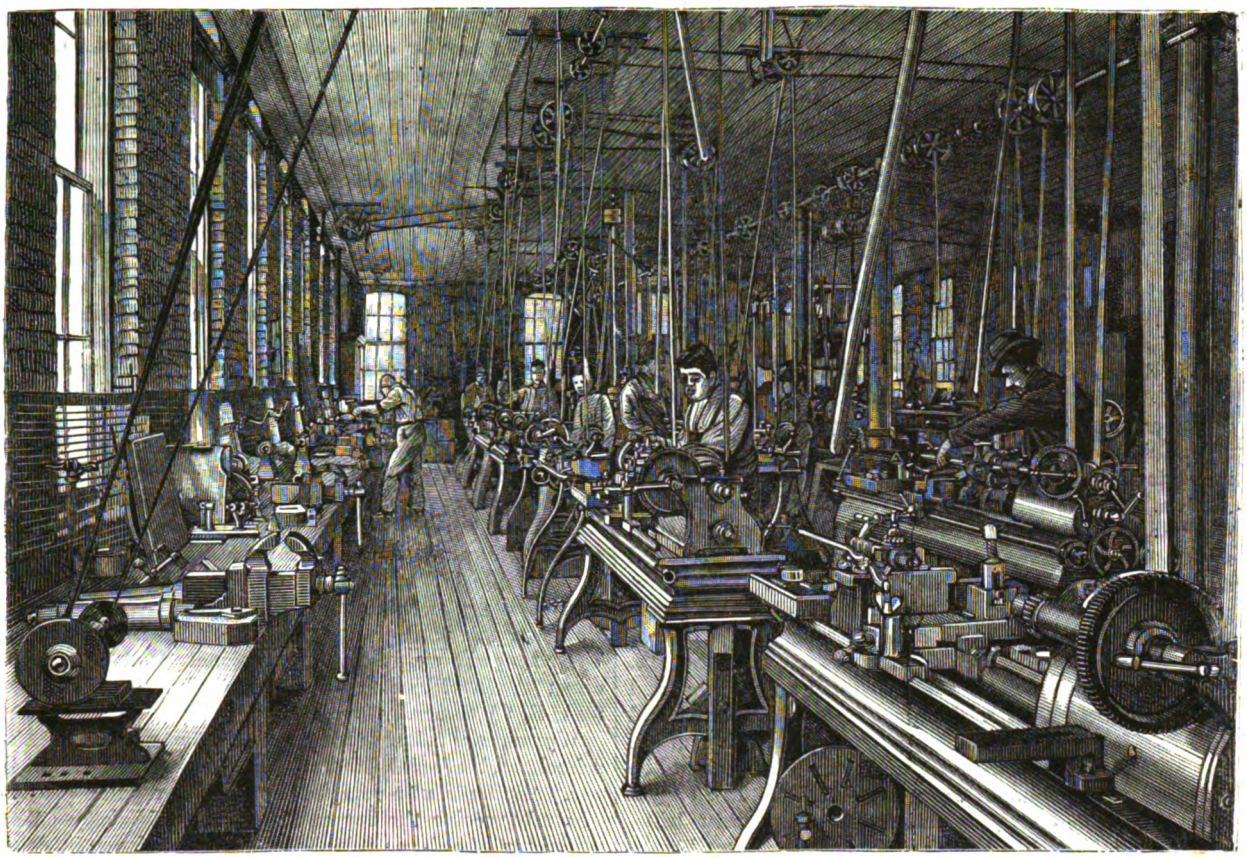


CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

course in science leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science is made to include two modern languages, mathematics, political economy, military drill, chemistry, physics, botany, geology and zoology.

In addition to the above mentioned courses there are the following special and technical courses: agriculture, architecture, analytical chemistry, chemistry and physics, civil engineering, electrical engineering, natural history, mathematics, mechanic arts, etc.

The chemical course, under Professors G. C. Caldwell, and Spencer B. Newberry, is very full and complete. Laboratory instruction is made a prominent feature of the course, and all students in science are required to devote a

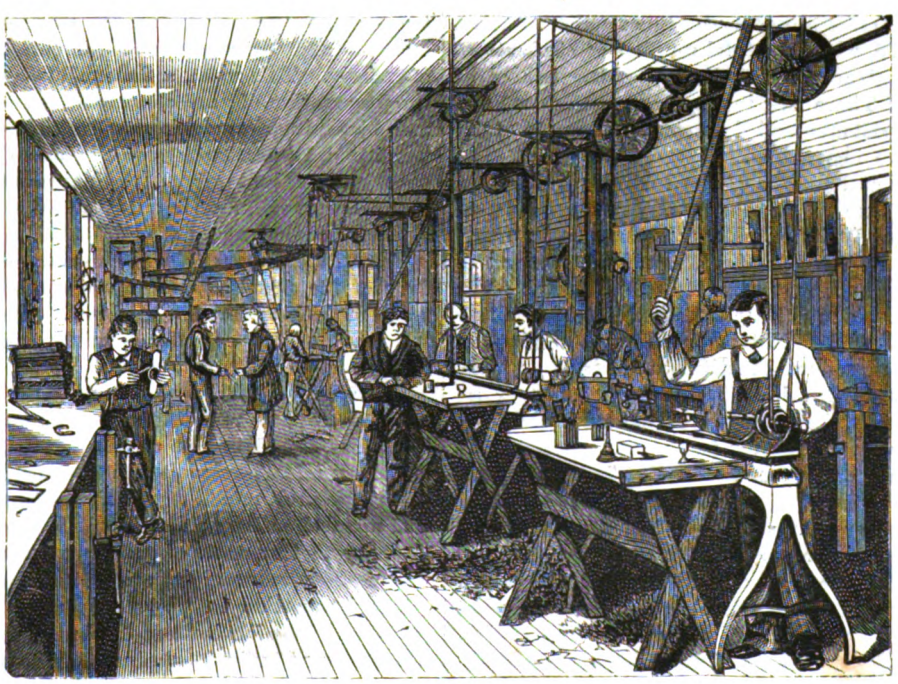


FREE INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.—THE IRON-ROOM.

certain number of hours to introductory laboratory practice, which consists in a series of experiments illustrating the more important general principles of science. Analytical chemistry, blow-piping and assaying are taught in the laboratory.

The department of physics is under the direction of Professors William A. Anthony and G. S. Moler. In this, as well as in chemistry, much of the instruction is of a practical nature, such as can only be obtained in a laboratory.

A new building for the department of chemistry and physics has just been completed. It is 144 feet long and 60 feet deep, three stories in height, beside the basement. The basement contains the assay laboratory; the large physical laboratory; a clock-room, which is kept at constant even tempterature, and several other rooms for special purposes that require very firm foundations. The large physical lecture-room, with its adjoining apparatus-rooms, occupies half of the first floor, the remainder being devoted to work-rooms for practical instruction in physics, including photometric and spectroscopic rooms. Among the instruments of precision is a standard clock that controls clocks in all parts of the building, chronographs, spherometers, spectrometers, galvanometers of high and low resistance, magnetometers, resistance coils and different forms of calorimetric apparatus.



WOOD-ROOM.

The mineralogical and blow-pipe laboratories, with the chemical lecture-room and museum, occupy the second-floor. The third-floor contains the laboratories for qualitative and quantitative analysis, the photographic laboratory, rooms for special work in organic-chemistry and gas analysis, balance-room, etc. All the principal rooms of this building are supplied with water; steam; oxygen, hydrogen and illuminating gases; vacuum and blast. The dynamos supply pure electrolytic gases at the rate of four or five cubic feet per hour. Many modern improvements have been introduced in the fixtures and arrangements of the laboratories and work-tables by Professor Newberry, whose recent travels and study abroad had especially fitted him for this work.

One distinguishing feature of Cornell is the facility offered for instruction in practical mechanics. This department, known as the Sibley College of Mechanic Arts, is under Professor J. L. Morris, and is similar in several respects to the Technological Institutes of Hoboken and Boston. The studies of the regular course embrace German, rhetoric, mathematics (including the calculus), mechanics of engineering, chemistry, physics, free-hand and mechanical drawing, and shop-work. The shop practice embraces work requiring the use of all hand-tools and of the machines ordinarily employed in machine-shops. Two hours daily are devoted to this work. The department occupies a three-story building and basement, 42 x 110 ft., with an engine-house, a brass and iron foundry, and a stereotype foundry, printing office, and pattern shop, connected with it. The cost of the building and equipment was about $42,000. In addition to lathes, planers, shaping-machines, cutters, twist-drills, and the usual hand and lathe tools, the laboratory is supplied with a twenty-ton Riehle testing-machine, Wood's steam-gauge tester, various forms of steam-engine indicators, injectors, inspirators, governors, link and valve motions, and steam-pumps.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

This institution was chartered in 1861, the plan embracing a Society of Arts, a Museum of Arts, and a School of Industrial Science. The school opened in February, 1865, in temporary rooms, in Summer Street, Boston. The first class numbered twenty-seven, of which fourteen graduated in 1868, while the total number of students at present in attendance is 499, including the School of Mechanic Arts. There are twenty-four professors, and twenty-eight assistants and lecturers, making a total corps of fifty-two instructors.

The inception and success of the Institute of Technology are largely due to the energy and perseverance of the late Professor William P. Rogers, who was for many years its president. One-third of Massachusetts' share of the Land Grant Fund, amounting to $120,000, was given to this institution, and private donations have amounted to half a million more. Not having, like the School of Mines, an old and endowed institution behind it, which, although reluctant, has helped to supply some of its more pressing needs, the Institute of Technology has had to fight its own way into public favor, with the old well-rooted Harvard already in the field. But Boston is practical as well as conservative, and the Institute has steadily grown in strength and popularity, so that now its annual income and expenditure are about equal.

In the year 1866 the Rogers Building was erected on a plot of land on Boylston Street, which was conceded by the State. This building, which is three stories, besides the basement, is devoted to the engineering departments, and to instruction in mathematics, mechanics, geology, mineralogy, and physiology. On the second-floor is an audience-room, known as Huntington Hall, capable of seating over 800 people, in which the Lowell Institute lectures are delivered.

A new building has recently been erected on the corner of Boylston and Clarendon Streets, which is mainly devoted to the departments of chemistry, physics, and architecture; while a series of laboratories, drawing and recitation-rooms, mainly devoted to work in the mechanic arts, and instruction in the Lowell School, are situated at the foot of Garrison Street. The charter, like that of Cornell, renders instruction in military tactics compulsory, hence a drill-hall and gymnasium have been added.

The course of study in the School of Industrial Science includes modern languages, history, political economy, international and business law, as well as science, so as to offer an education both liberal and practical. There are eleven scientific courses, of four years each, six of which are of a distinctly professional character, and three general or liberal courses, established for such students as do not intend to adopt a distinctly scientific profession. They are as follows: 1. Civil and Topographical Engineering; 2. Mechanical Engineering; 3 (A) Mining Engineering; 3 (B) Geology and Mining; 4. Architecture; 5 (A, B, C) Chemistry; 6. Metallurgy; 7 (A) Natural History; 7 (B) Preparatory to the Professional Study of Medicine; 8 (A) Physics; 8 (B) Electrical Engineering; 9 (A, B, C) General Courses.

Women are admitted to any of the courses of the school, and special laboratories are provided for their use. Students who complete any of the regular courses of study receive the degree of Bachelor of Science; that of Doctor of Science is awarded for proficiency in completing an advanced course of study. Special students are received both in the undergraduate and advanced courses. In all departments special attention is given to practical and laboratory instruction, for which this school offers excellent facilities.

Chemistry is taught by lectures and laboratory work. In general chemistry the student performs a series of experiments designed to illustrate the properties of the more important elements and the laws of chemical action. The instruction in analytical chemistry extends through two or more years. Industrial chemistry is taught by lectures and by work in the laboratory of industrial chemistry. This work, a feature of the school, includes the preparation of pure chemicals, experiments in dyeing and bleaching, tanning, glass-making, distillation, fermentation, the extraction of oils, and the production of dyes, paints and glazes. The instruction in organic chemistry consists of lectures and laboratory work, including original research.

The Kidder laboratories of chemistry occupy the fourth floor of the new building on Boylston Street, and afford accommodations for 450 students. Special laboratories are provided for organic chemistry and volumetric analysis.

Professor William Ripley Nichols, well-known for his valuable work on potable waters, and other hygienic subjects, has the direction of the department of general chemistry; Professor John M. Ordway, that of industrial chemistry and metallurgy; Professor C. H. Wing, of analytical chemistry; Dr. Lewis M. Norton, of organic chemistry. The name of each is a guarantee that good work is done in every department of chemistry.

The instruction in physics is equally thorough and practical. The Institute of Technology was the first in this country to offer its students a laboratory for instruction and research in physics. It was first constructed

and fitted up under the supervision of Professor Pickering, but is now in charge of his successor, Professor C. R. Cross. The Rogers Laboratory of Physics now occupies rooms in that building, and offers excellent facilities for obtaining manual skill in physical manipulations, for obtaining knowledge of a direct technical value, especially in electricity, and for original investigation. Advanced instruction will also be given in electrical measurements, including work with dynamo-electric machinery, and in testing telegraph lines.

In addition to the chemical and physical laboratories, laboratories are provided for applied mechanics, metallurgy, geology, mineralogy and biology.

One of the most important features of this Institute is the amount of practical instruction given in the mechanic arts. The laboratories of this department are in the new building on Garrison Street. They include a carpenter-shop, with forty benches, circular, swing and jig saws, buzz-planer, boring-machine, and thirty-six wood-lathes; a foundry, with cupola and brass furnaces, and thirty-two molder's benches; a blacksmith-shop, with thirty-two forges and seven vises; and a machine-shop, with twenty-two engine-lathes, fifteen hand-lathes, thirty-two vise-benches, besides drills, planers, milling and shaping machines, etc.

The school of mechanic arts is a subordinate department, established for those who are unable to take a full regular course, but desire to give special attention to hand-work in connection with high-school studies. The general plan is similar to that of the best technical schools of Europe. It is not intended to fit the pupil for a particular trade, but to give him good judgment, self-reliance and executive power, combined with skill in the use of tools and material. Instruction is also given in mathematics, drawing and physics. The workshops have already been described. The order in which the practical instruction is given is as follows: Carpentry, wood-turning, pattern-making, foundry-work, iron-forging, vise-work, machine-tool work.

There are now thirty regular and twenty-six special students in this school.

The Worcester Free Institute.

In 1865 John Boynton set apart the sum of $100,000 for the endowment of a free school, in which youth should be instructed in those branches and principles of science not usually taught in the public schools. To this gift Hon. Stephen Salisbury added a further sum of $200,000, and the citizens of Worcester built for it a commodious granite building at a cost of $15,000 more. The school was chartered in 1865, and opened, November 12th, 1868. In 1871 the first class, of thirty-one, was graduated. The present number of students is 136, with a corps of eleven instructors and professors. H. T. Fuller, Ph. D., is the principal and professor of chemistry.

Boynton Hall, built by the citizens of Worcester, is 146 x 61 feet, and contains the chapel, lecture-room, chemical and physical laboratories, and two large drawing-rooms. The physical laboratory is furnished with power from the shop, and contains thermic, optical and electrical apparatus. It is also provided with Fairbanks's testing-machine, a dynamo-electric machine, an electro-motor, electro-dynamometer, and other apparatus for accurate measurements.

The Washburn Machine-shop, so named from its founder, Ichabod Washburn, is a three-story brick building, 100 x 40 feet, with a two-story L, 77 x 40, and two wings, 24x40 feet. It is furnished with engine-room, engine and boilers, blacksmith-shop, tool-room, drawing-rooms and work-rooms, equipped with tools and machinery. Practice is had in wood-turning, machine-sawing, planing and boring, shaping and molding; in the iron-room, bench-work, work with speed and engine lathes, drilling, milling, planing, tool-making, the management of steam, including firing and care of boilers, are practically taught. In the senior year the students design and build one or more complete machines from their own drawings. Previous classes have constructed a 25-horse power Corliss engine, a 10-horse power upright reversible, and a 40-horse power Buckeye engine.

The course of study and practice covers three years, of forty weeks each. Of these, two half-days in each week are spent in the workshops, the hours being from 7 to 12, or from 1 to 5:45 o'clock. Those who desire to take the course in mechanical engineering must have previously spent one-half year in the "apprentice class." In this class the entire time—ten hours a day—is spent in the workshop, with the exception of fifteen hours a week devoted to drawing and recitations.

A peculiar and distinguishing feature of this school is the time given to practice in the mechanical department, with the intention of turning out skilled workmen as well as finished goods. Instruction is combined with construction, and the practice is on commercial goods, which find a ready sale. Among the articles manufactured for sale at the Washburn Machine-shop are engine and speed lathes, machinist's tools, emery-grinding machinery, hydraulic elevators and school apparatus.

Manual Training-school of the Washington University.

This University is situated in St. Louis, Mo., and has six independent departments, viz.: The undergraduate, school of fine arts, law school, Smith Academy, manual training-school and Mary Institute. There are 1,336 pupils in the six departments, and 81 teachers.

The Manual Training-school opened September 6th, 1880, with about fifty pupils. The object of this department is instruction in mathematics, drawing and the English branches of a high-school course, combined with instruction and practice in the use of *tools*. The course of instruction covers three years, and the school-time of the pupil is about equally divided between mental and manual exercises, two hours per day being given to shop-work. In the first year arithmetic is completed, algebra and natural philosophy begun. Physical geography, natural history, and the history of the United States, are studied. The rest of the time is given to drawing, penmanship and working in wood. The second year, mathematics, history, and natural history, are continued. In the shop the students practice forging, soldering, brazing, and the like. In the third year ethics and political economy are added to the course, also book-keeping and the elements of chemistry. In the machine-shop they are taught benchwork, turning, drilling, screw-cutting, etc., and finish up with the study of the steam-engine. Before graduation the student must execute a satisfactory project, consisting of the actual construction of a machine.

The aim and plan of the school resemble somewhat that of the Boston School of Mechanic Arts; special trades are not taught, nor are articles manufactured for sale. All the shopwork is disciplinary, and the scope of a single trade would be too narrow for educational purposes; hence the essential mechanical principles of all trades are taught, not of one alone. It is not an asylum for dull or lazy boys, nor is it assumed that every boy that enters the school will be a mechanic, but one great object of the school is to foster a higher appreciation of

THE GREEN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, PRINCETON.

the value and dignity of intelligent labor. We have too few of this sort of schools, and the success of this new institution is most gratifying.

The school occupies a three-story building, 100 x 106 feet on Washington Avenue and 18th Street, in which are accommodations for 240 pupils, with 194 enrolled for the present year. On the first floor is the blacksmith-shop, 40 x 40 ft., with twenty-two forges, anvils, tubs and hand-tools, and eleven sets of heavy tools. Opposite is the machine-shop, 40 x 50 ft., provided with sixteen lathes, a planer, drill and shaper, and ten vises and benches. The power is furnished by a Corliss engine of 42-inch stroke and 14-inch cylinder, run at a speed of sixty-five revolutions per minute. The schoolrooms are in the other wing. On the second floor are the carpenter and turning-shops, each 40 x 50 ft. In each are twenty-four benches, vises, speed-lathes, etc., with seventy-two sets of edge tools. Also a circular-saw, grindstone, and sets of tools for general use.

In the blacksmith-shop beginners practice on bars of lead, instead of hot iron, until they acquire some knowledge of its behavior under the hammer. They then learn to manage a fire, distinguish the various kinds of heat, and finally proceed to the operation of welding, which can only be practiced on iron.

The school is under the direction of Professor C. M. Woodward, Ph.D., assisted by ten professors and instructors.

The Sheffield Scientific School.

Yale and Harvard were far in advance of conservative Columbia in the introduction of scientific instruction. As early as 1843 Professor Benjamin Silliman began to give instruction to pupils in his own laboratory, on the plan of Liebig, and in 1847 the College organized a department devoted to philosophy and the arts, which was known as the "Yale Scientific School." For a time it languished for want of means, until, through the munificence of Mr. Joseph E. Sheffield, it was placed in a comparatively independent position. His united benefactions, extending from 1854 to 1860, amounted to over $100,000, and in 1861 its name was changed to the Sheffield Scientific School in his honor. Various other gifts followed, which, together with the land grant of 1862, have been of great value in carrying out the plans demanded by modern progress.

The Faculty of the school embraces a number of names well known to science, among whom we may mention Professor George J. Brush, the distinguished mineralogist; Professor William D. Whitney, Samuel W. Johnson, William A. Norton. William H. Brewer, William G. Mixter, and others.

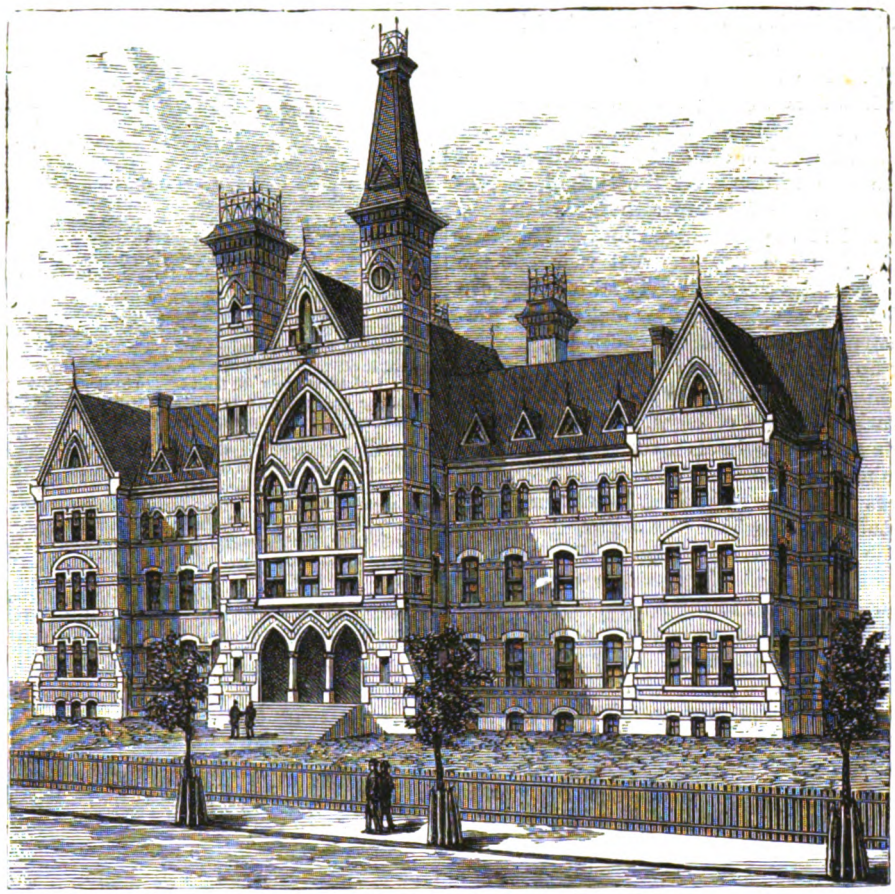
The course of study embraces three years, and candidates are required to pass an examination in Latin, mathematics, history, geography, and English grammar. During the first year, German, mathematics, physics, chemistry, botany, and drawing, are taught. The studies of the next two years vary with the different courses, of which there are eight, as follows: (*a*) Chemistry; (*b*) Civil Engineering; (*c*) Dynamical (or Mechanical) Engineering; (*d*) Agriculture; (*e*) Natural History; (*f*) Biology preparatory to Medical Studies; (*g*) Studies preparatory to Mining and Metallurgy; (*h*) Select studies

preparatory to other higher studies. Chemistry and metallurgy are taught by lectures, laboratory work, which includes qualitative and quantitative analysis, blow-piping, and assaying. Students in the chemical course also perform some experimental work in organic chemistry in the junior year. Physics seem to receive but slight attention, and no laboratory is provided for this purpose.

Instruction in comparative anatomy and histology is given in the biological laboratory, the student dissecting and examining the animal himself. Physiological chemistry is also taught practically in the laboratory. Botany and zoology receive more attention here than in many other schools of this kind. Students are required to collect specimens for their own study.

The school has an astronomical observatory equipped, with an equatorial telescope by Clark, a meridian circle, and other apparatus. The course of study for the degree of civil engineer comprises practical astronomy, with the use of instruments.

This school offers excellent facilities to graduate students for the study of different branches of chemistry, the laboratories of analytical and physiological chemistry being open seven hours daily. After suitable preparation the undertaking of original investigations is encouraged.



ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE AT TERRE HAUTE, OPENED IN MARCH, 1883.

Lawrence Scientific School.

This is one of the departments of Harvard University, and is located at Cambridge, Mass. It is richly endowed, and has a large and able corps of professors and instructors—twenty-seven in all. Among these are many names of world-wide celebrity, among which we may mention Wolcott Gibbs, Josiah P. Cooke, John Trowbridge, Joseph Lovering, Henry B. Hill, and Charles L. Jackson.

There are four separate courses of four years each—viz.: Civil and topographical engineering, chemistry, natural history, and mathematics, physics and astronomy.

The chemical course, under Professors Cooke, Hill and Jackson, and three assistants, consists of lectures and laboratory work. The classes begin with experiments in descriptive chemistry, whereby they become familiar with the laws of chemical combination. Qualitative and quantitative analysis follow; the latter includes assaying, water and gas analyses, and important commercial tests. During the third year eighteen hours a week are devoted to laboratory work in organic chemistry. In the fourth year twenty-three hours a week are devoted to original work as the basis of a graduation thesis. This, too, may be on some branch of organic chemistry. From this it will be seen that organic chemistry receives more attention at Harvard than in any other school in the East. Special students are admitted without examination.

Physics are also taught by means of practical exercises in the laboratory, including the use of instruments of precision in testing the laws of mechanics, acoustics, optics, magnetism and electricity, and an extended course in electrical measurements, under Professor John Trowbridge. Lithology is taught by Professor Whitney, and the class enjoy practical instruction in the laboratory.

Students who complete a full course receive the degree of Bachelor of Science (B. S.) Persons preparing to be teachers are allowed special facilities for qualifying themselves in the modern methods of teaching science by observation and experiment. The instruction is mainly given in the laboratories and museums of the University, and is of a most practical character, every student being taught to make experiments and study specimens. Special courses are also given during vacations, and some excellent chemists have received their first real scientific instruction in these Summer schools.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

This institution was founded in 1824, by the late Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, as a school of theoretical and practical science. In 1849 it was reorganized upon the basis of a general Polytechnic Institute. It has 18 professors and instructors, and 218 students. The only

regular course is that of civil-engineering; it extends over four years, and is both comprehensive and practical. There is also a Summer course of six weeks in chemistry and assaying.

The Institute is located in Troy, N. Y., and is provided with suitable buildings, laboratories and collections. The main building is 115 x 50 ft., four stories in height. The Winslow laboratory, 60 x 40 ft., and three stories in height, was named in honor of John F. Winslow, a former president. An astronomical observatory was erected for the Institute by the late Ebenezer Proudfit.

The Institute ranks very high in the special line to which it limits its attention, and many of the graduates occupy important positions.

EXPENSES.

The annual tuition fee is $200 at the School of Mines, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the Rensselaer Polytechnic. The Stevens Institute charges students residing in New Jersey $150; those out of the State pay $225. At Yale, Harvard and Worcester the fees are $150, but at the last named students from the County of Worcester receive free tuition. At the School of Mechanic Arts, in Boston, the fees are also $150. Cornell charges but $75, and at the Training-school of Washington University the fees are $60 the first year, $80 the second, and $100 the third year. Nearly all of the above schools have a few free scholarships, or make some provision for free instruction of worthy persons.

The above by no means exhausts the list of scientific and technical schools, but these may be taken as typical of the rest. Nearly all large colleges, and many of the smaller ones, have scientific schools associated with them. Among others we may mention the following as deserving of notice: Rutgers Scientific School, at New Brunswick, N. J., with 189 students, of which 61 are pursuing scientific studies. The John C. Green School of Science, at Princeton, N. J., with about the same number of students. The Towne Scientific School, in the University of Pennsylvania, in West Philadelphia, with about 170 students. The Pardee Scientific Department, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., and many others.

At Wellesley College young women may receive instruction in the natural and physical sciences; also at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. At Swarthmore College, Pa., both sexes have equal opportunities to pursue a scientific course. Industrial drawing and domestic sciences for women are made prominent at Ames, Iowa, Urbana, Ill., Auburndale, Mass., and in a few other places, and there is every indication that like facilities will be offered elsewhere as rapidly as there shall be any demand for them. The schools of domestic science are intended to fill the place in female education that manual training-schools do in that of young men, but as yet they have attracted much less public attention.

As a post-graduate school for pure science, the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, Md., stands without an equal in this country, occupying more nearly the position of a German University, in its facilities for and encouragement of original investigation and scientific research.

The Stevens Institute has a preparatory school connected with it, but most of the scientific high schools are content to obtain their material from other sources—viz., the grammar schools and the academies. Between the Kindergartens at one end and the scientific schools at the other, there is a long interval in which the pupil is taught to close his eyes to Nature and her ways, and to give himself up to books and words. What wonder, then, that he comes out poorly fitted for the school that he is about to enter. While the graduates of such schools as we have been describing are tolerably successful in their respective callings, our system does not seem calculated to produce original investigators of Nature's truths, and few great thinkers have been made. This is largely the fault of the intermediate schools, which, as Dr. Barnard says, invert the natural order of proceedings in the business of mental culture, and fail to stimulate in season the powers of observation. If we would fit a man properly to cultivate Nature, and not leave scientific research to the hazard of chance, we must cultivate her own processes. Our earliest teachings must be things, and not words. The objects first presented to the tender mind must be such as address the senses, and such as it can grasp. Store it first abundantly with the material of thought, and the process of thinking will be spontaneous and easy.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE German specialists who have been investigating cholera in Egypt and India, promise themselves much success. A bacterium has been found, a comma-shaped bacillus, thus far unconnected with any other disease, and one which may easily be recognized. It appears, even in cholera patients, only in connection with disturbances of the small intestine; and as the germs are not tenacious of life, succumbing readily to healthy gastric juice, the maintaining of a sound digestion is an efficient preventive. This bacillus has been found in certain sources of water-supply in India, which may have given origin to local infection. Whether in this disease inoculation will be possible or effective has not been determined. Our household animals are remarkably insusceptible to cholera, and it is not permitted to experiment on the human subject; but the study of this important matter is still going forward with the patient and painstaking completeness at each step which characterizes German students.

RECENT observations by Dr. McCook on the carpenter ant (*Camponotus Pennsylvanicus*) throw much light on the obscure subject of the founding of the colony. Briefly stated, it is proved that the females of this ant, when fertilized, go solitary, and after dispossessing themselves of their wings, begin the work of founding a new family, laying eggs which produce, first of all, the "dwarf" caste. This work they carry on until enough workers are reared to attend to the active duties of the formicary, as tending and feeding the young, enlarging the domicile, etc. After that the queens generally limit their duty to the laying of eggs, and, as in many other ants, they are continually guarded and restricted in their movements by a circle of attendant workers, who hold them as royal captives for the good of the community.

SINCE the colors and duration of twilight, especially at evening, depend upon the amount of condensed vapor which the atmosphere contains, these appearances should afford some indication of the weather which may be expected to succeed. The following are some of the relied upon by seamen, according to the inquiries of the U. S. Signal Service: When, after sunset, the western sky is whitish-yellow, and this tint extends to a great height, it is probable that it will rain during the night or next day. Gaudy or unusual hues, with hard, definitely outlined clouds, foretell rain and probable wind. If the sun, before setting, appears diffuse and of a brilliant white, it foretells storm. If it sets in a sky slightly purple, the atmosphere near the zenith being of a bright blue, we may rely on fine weather.

THE discovery of coal in the boothills of the Rocky Mountains, a short distance north of the boundary-line of the United States, is reported by the Canadian Geological Survey. This coal is in great abundance, and is bituminous, coking and anthracitic. Work on mines of the last-named sort has already begun. To geologists this discovery is especially interesting, since these coal-beds belong to the Cretaceous age, and rocks of this age have not been known hitherto as occurring in that region. Now, Cretaceous strata have been found on both sides of the continental watershed. The locality where the coal occurs is in the valley of Cascade River, on the upper Bow River, Northwest Territory.

IN the last (1883) report of the Geological Survey of New Jersey, the Bergen Hill and Palisade range of trap is discussed. The view of it maintained is, that this, the Watchung Mountain, and, in fact, all the trappean ranges alike, are of a later age than the red sandstone formation, and were intruded after the beds were raised to their present inclined position. Professor Cook states that the dip of the Triassic sandstone is not everywhere westward, as has often been said, but that over a considerable tract of country in the valley of the Raritan there is eastward dip.

THE flora of Spitzbergen is richer than that of any other country in the same latitude. The plants are not arctic, for the most part, but were generally derived from the continent, migrating in post-glacial times over land now submerged, which at that time connected Spitzbergen with Nova Zembla, Scandinavia and Russia.

ONE of the most common trees in the United States, and about the first to become green in the Spring, is the "weeping" willow. This tree is not indigenous to North America, but a native of the East, as appears in its specific name, *Babylonica*. None of the great numbers of these willows have reproduced themselves by seeds, owing to the fact that only those bearing female flowers are known to exist in the United States. The same fact is true of the silver-leaf poplar (the original of which is said to have been brought by Michaux), the Lombardy poplar, and probably many other importations. The poplars mentioned, however, are sterile, because in each case none but male flowers are borne.

A GERMAN botanist, studying the seaweeds, alleges that the presence of light is indispensable to their growth; but entirely ceases only with the absence of the chemical rays, to which the human eye is unsensitive as light. Direct sunlight is more favorable to the growth of green, while shadow has a tendency to produce red or brown algæ. Light has also an influence on the production and movement of zoöspores. This author thinks the colors of seaweeds are probably of physiological importance to them (as also are the pronounced taste and odor of various species) in a manner analogous to land vegetation.

OF the 140 species of fish catalogued from New Zealand, 67 species are considered peculiar to the coasts of that group; 75 are common to the coasts of Australia or Tasmania; while ten species are found in New Zealand and other places, but not in Australian seas. A larger proportion of these are marketable for food than of the fishes of the North Atlantic. In general the fishes of New Zealand resemble those found between Spain and Madeira.

THE Weymouth pine suffers from disease in Europe, and it is found that this is owing to the great thickness of its cork layer, which is suitable for the atmosphere of the boggy lowlands of its home in America, but dries excessively under the hot sun of Germany. This renders the tree particularly susceptible to destructive attack by various fungi.

MANY rare and novel minerals have recently been collected in Utah. Among these, one of the most interesting is conichalcite, in form similar to that from the only locality known hitherto, in Spain; while its chemical composition is also very near to that of the original mineral, a small amount of copper being replaced by zinc.

THE investigation of *The Talisman* expedition, and other studies, confirm the belief of conchologists, that the range of mollusks in the sea is not determined by the light and other factors, so much as by temperature. Polar species range at greater depths—that is, in colder water—as they advance toward the equator.

THE only case known of native iron from the sandstone formation, occurs in the Triassic shale and earth about three miles east of New Brunswick, N.J. An analysis obtained 76.12 per cent. of metallic iron. Native iron had previously been detected in the trap rocks of that State.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"YOU never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the prompt reply.

LADY—"Have you given the goldfish fresh water, as I told you, Marion?" *Marion*—"No, ma'am; and why would I? Sure they haven't drunk what they have yet!"

"DID you dust the furniture this morning, Mary?" asked the mistress. "No, ma'am," replied Mary; "it didn't need it. It had all the dust on it that it could easily hold."

"I SAY, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."

A POPULAR writer laments the fact that poets are declining. It is different with the poets themselves. They lament the fact that the editors of magazines and newspapers are declining.

"SHALL I take your love to your mother," said a lady visitor, who was going to see the mother in question, to a little child of three years. "She has my love," was the quaint reply.

"WHAT is the reason," said one Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind—she wants to be master and so do I."

"IS ANYBODY waiting on you?" said a polite salesman to a young lady from the country. "Yes, sir," replied the blushing damsel. "That's my young man outside; he wouldn't come into the shop."

HIS EXPERIENCE.—Conversation overheard between two children who were playing on the sands together. *Small Boy* (to little girl)—"Do you wish to be my wife?" *Little Girl* (after reflection)—"Yes." *Small Boy*—"Then pull off my boots."

A GENTLEMAN walking along the avenue saw approaching him a man in tatters, carrying a tray, on which were some small pies marked one penny each. As he got nearer to him he recognized a brother-officer who had served in the same regiment some years previously. He accosted the poor fellow, and was sympathizing with him on his sad plight and altered circumstances, when the other exclaimed, "Hang your pity! Buy a pie."

"WERE you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I should rather think so," responded the good man. "I have helped to bring up eight babies."

ONE OF THE OLDEST REMEDIES.—*Young man* (to chemist)—"Can you give me anything to remove superfluous hair?" *Chemist* (thoughtfully scratching his bald head)—"Hem! Why don't you get married?"

A LITTLE girl of seven exhibited much disquiet at hearing of a new exploring expedition. When asked why she should care about it she said: "If they discover any more countries they will add to the geography I have to study. There are countries enough in it now."

A LADY in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident, and couldn't stop. Finally the doctor was called in, but he couldn't quiet her; and she might have died laughing if a telegram had not arrived just then saying that her husband's mother was coming on a visit.

OVERHEARD COMING OUT OF CHURCH.—*She*—"Next time you want to sleep during the sermon you'd better go and sit with Mr. A., and lay your head on him. You'd be really comfortable then." *He*—"Why? Is Mr. A. nice and—ahem!—soft?" *She*—"No; but he's one of the pillars of the church."

A COAL-DEALER asked some law students what legal authority was the favorite of his trade? One answered "Coke." "Right," said the coal-dealer. Another suggested "Blackstone." "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a little man piped out, "Littleton," whereupon the coal-dealer sat down.

A RICH miser has a niece whom he proclaims to be his heiress, but who has never yet seen any of his money. "Your niece is twenty years old," said a friend; "you ought to do something toward getting her settled." "Oh, yes," replied the miser, after reflection, "perhaps I'd better pretend to be ill!"

HUMAN WISDOM.—Thus talks an old farmer about his boys: "From sixteen to twenty they knew more than I did; at twenty-five they knew as much; at thirty they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five they asked my advice; and I think, when they get to be forty, they will acknowledge that the old man does know something."

HARRY and Charlie, aged five and three, respectively, had just been seated at the nursery-table for dinner. Harry saw that there was but one orange on the table, and immediately set up a wailing that brought his mother on the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asked. "Be—because there ain't any orange for Charlie," said the disinterested little fellow.

A TRAMP once rang the bell of an upper story flat, and the Irish servant responded through the speaking-tube: "Who is it, and phwat d'yo want?" "Will yer plase give a poor feller a drink of coffee?" called back the tramp, pathetically. "Put your mouth to the thrumpet, then," responded Bridget, "an' I'll pour you down a drink." The tramp did not reply, but departed apparently in great disgust.

"I REALLY don't know what to think," remarked Miss Vassargreen. "When we visited the circus I supposed that Charlie would be able to converse fluently with the aborigines, because he spends almost every evening practicing with the Indian clubs. But he couldn't talk with them at all. Wasn't it funny? However, perhaps they all belong to a different club from those Charlie is acquainted with."

A GENTLEMAN, with same Christian and surname, took lodgings in the same house with James Smith. The consequence was, eternal confusion of calls and letters. Indeed, the postman had no alternative but to share the letters equally between the two. "This is intolerable, sir," said our friend, "and you must quit." "Why am I to quit more than you?" "Because you are James the Second, and must abdicate."

A NATIVE of whatever country you like, except our own, called upon one of his friends, who had just been made a Cabinet Minister, and squarely asked him for a sinecure. "Look around in my department," replied his excellency, "and when you find one I will think of it." Some days after the applicant called upon the Government officer and told him that he had found a sinecure. "A sinecure?" "Yes." "Ah, so much the better." "You will give it to me?" "No; I will suppress it."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

SEND your address on a postal-card for 100-page Book on the Liver. DR. SANFORD, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

MIDSUMMER.— FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN VAN BEERS.

AN INTOXICATING DRAUGHT.

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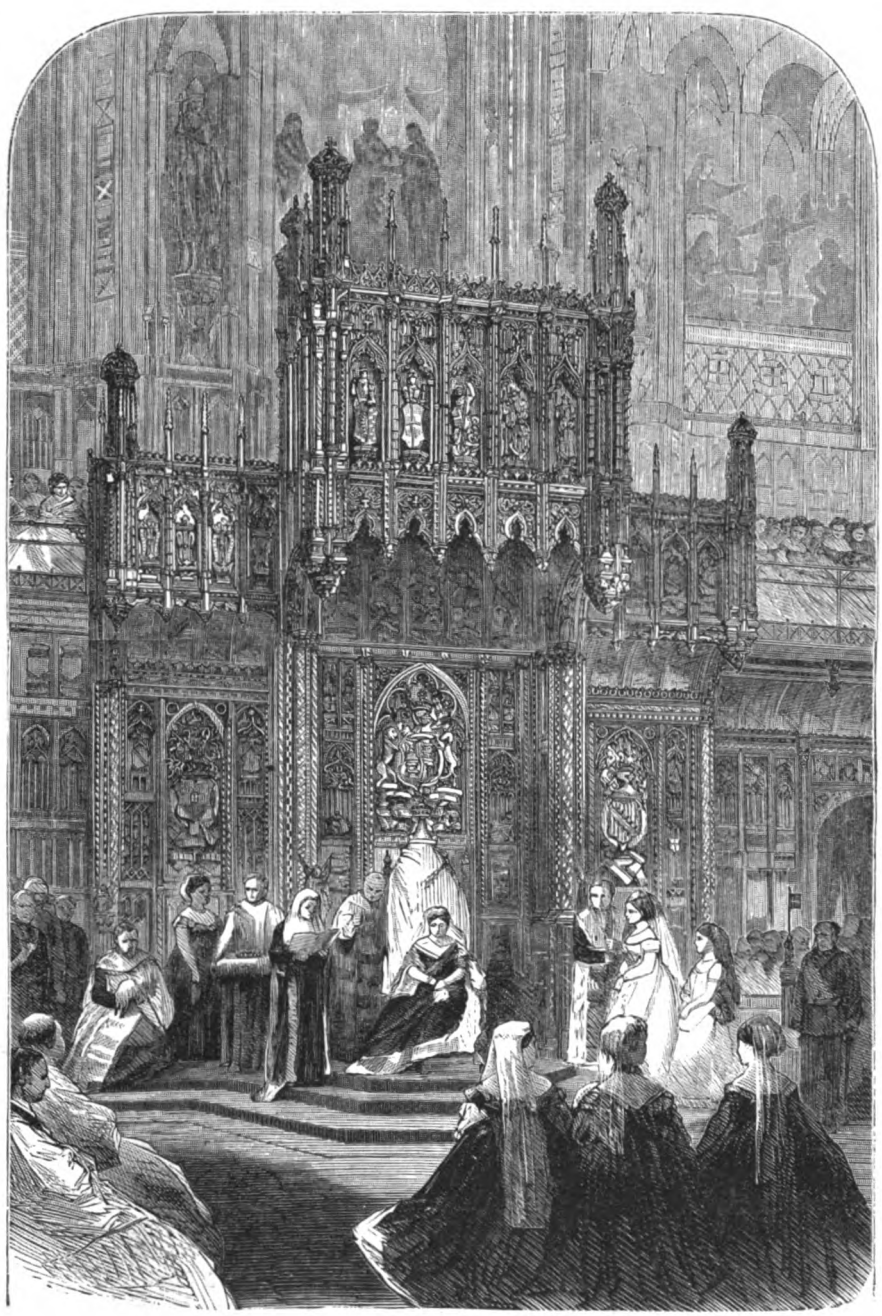
THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

AT a monster meeting held in Hyde Park, London, on Monday, the 21st of July, the following resolution was adopted with frantic acclamation:

Resolved, That this vast assembly, consisting of seven enormous meetings, composed of representatives of the unenfranchised agricultural laborers, miners, urban and rural non-voters, and other unenfranchised classes, and of trade organizations, political and radical clubs, Liberal associations, and other organized bodies, political and non-political, emphatically protest against the rejection of the Representation of the People Bill by an irresponsible and unrepresentative House of Lords, notwithstanding its almost unanimous acceptance by the people and the people's accredited representatives; and it approves Mr. Gladstone's action in advising Her Majesty to summon an Autumn session of Parliament, and his determination to send up the Bill again to the Peers; and further expresses its opinion that the continued existence of an unchecked power of impeding and obstructing the popular will, at present exercised by the House of Peers, is not conducive either to the welfare of the people or the peace and prosperity of the country. That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Prime Minister.



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The Prime Minister of England, Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, acting in and on behalf of the Liberal Government, of which he is the leader, early in the last session of Parliament introduced a Franchise Bill which was adopted by the House of Commons by a very decisive vote, the division showing 390 for the measure, and 210 against.

What the Bill proposes

to do is, in general terms, to establish throughout the realm what is known as the Household Franchise.

This Household Franchise is no new suffrage; it already exists in the boroughs and cities of England, having been extended to them in 1876 by the Disraeli Administration. Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill, when it becomes law, then, will simply place the English counties and the Irish boroughs and counties on the same footing as that now occupied by the boroughs of England.

In the English counties at present a man is entitled to be registered as a voter only when he possesses one or other of the following qualifications: (1) if he be seized of an estate for life of the yearly value of £5 per annum or upward; (2) if he be a lessee for an original term of sixty years of the yearly value of £5, or a lessee for an original term of twenty years of the yearly value of £50; (3) if he be an occupier, as tenant or owner, of lands or tenements *rated* (for taxation purposes) at £12 per annum; (4) if he be an occupier of lands *rated* at *less* than £12, but for which he pays a *rent* of £50; or (5) if he be the possessor of an *inherited estate* held in fee simple of the value of forty shillings per annum. A man may possess one of these qualifications in each of several counties, in which case he is entitled to a vote in each of these counties.

In Ireland, counties and boroughs, the franchise is very much more restricted. Without going into details, we shall best illustrate this inequality between the existing franchises of the two countries by the statement that, while in England one man out of every ten to-day has a vote, in Ireland only one man out of every twenty-three enjoys the franchise. For example, the County of Mayo, with a population of 243,030, has but 3,088 qualified electors; while the County of Lancashire (Northeastern Division), out of a population of 238,544, has 13,133 electors. The population of Dublin is 273,282, and its electorate is 13,580; while the population of Sheffield is 284,410, and its electorate is 43,350.

The Household Franchise which Mr. Gladstone proposes to establish instead of this state of things, consists simply in the bestowal of the right to vote on the rated occupiers of *any dwelling-house;* and every *room* held separately in a tenement-house is considered a "*dwelling-house*" for the purpose of this franchise as it now exists in the English boroughs. A little reflection will show that this Household Franchise is a very extended kind of suffrage. For, as there is no specified value set on the *room* that a man is to occupy to be qualified to vote, only the vagrant class, practically, are excluded from representation. It is, in short, the next best suffrage to our own Manhood Suffrage.

As was absolutely expected, the House of Lords, under the Conservative leadership of the Marquis of Salisbury, rejected the Bill, whereupon Mr. Gladstone announced his intention of holding an Autumn session of Parliament for the purpose of again passing the Bill through the House of Commons to the House of Lords, to again reject the measure at its peril.

A conflict between the Peers and the Commons representing the people was and is inevitable. The only open questions about the matter were the time and the occasion. The time has arrived sooner than most persons had conceived to be probable; and the occasion is the very best that could have been desired even by the most determined Radical in the country, had the selection been left absolutely in his hands. The sagacious genius of Lord Salisbury furnished the favorable opportunity for raising the question whether the House of Lords or the House of Commons shall govern the country, and the nation will not be slow in answering it most severely. No amount of controversy, explanation, or *finesse*, can change the battle-ground, though every effort will be made by the Peers, their Order, and their supporters, to raise side issues; and all kinds of crafty devices will be resorted to for the purpose of trailing the famous red-herring across the path. These, however, will be ineffectual for their purpose, for the great bulk of the people make no such nice distinctions in matters of language and policy as many of the Peers seem to imagine possible to palm off upon them. Nor is it desirable that they should. They have been cajoled over and over again, and they have become suspicious. The feeling entertained is vividly expressed on the banner of one of the most important trades of the country—a trade-union which, in point of numbers, wealth, benefits, and organization, is second to none in the world—in these words; "Deal with us on the square; you have chiseled us long enough." "Society" may not have discovered the strong under-current of public opinion which is sweeping onward with irresistible force.

It is there nevertheless, and the gondola in which the "upper ten" recline with such indolent and complaisant hauteur, floating on the smooth surface, with scarcely a ripple to disturb its equilibrium, while its occupants are enjoying the fleeting hour and gazing upon the azure sky, is borne toward the fatal cataract with a rapidity of which they are unconscious, and will suddenly be hurled into the seething abyss below. They are too deeply absorbed in their own pleasures and affairs to heed the murmurs of warning that might have reached the ears of ordinary mortals and enabled them to avert the catastrophe. They see not the danger, and they must pay the penalty.

The question upon which the struggle has arisen is one of great magnitude and far-reaching consequences, and the dilemma in which the Peers will find themselves is this: If they resist the demand of the unenfranchised for enfranchisement, a demand backed by the majority of those already enfranchised—as, indeed, the latter were in honor bound to do, by compacts made during the Reform agitations preceding the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867, by the accredited representatives of the classes then unrepresented in Parliament—and persistently veto the measure of the Government passed by resolute and overwhelming majorities in the House of Commons, the country will be up in arms against the Upper Chamber, for daring to interfere with the decision of the Commons House of Parliament to reform itself, by basing its power and authority upon a wider electorate than at present, and giving to the manhood of the nation a voice in its government and the control of its policy. The matter wholly affects the election of members of Parliament, and the country will not permit a non-representative and irresponsible body to dictate the terms and conditions under which the representatives of the various constituencies shall be elected, either as to the franchise of the voters or the boundaries of the electoral divisions or districts. The constitution and character of the House of Lords might be so perfect as to need no reform. That would appear to be the opinion of the majority of the "noblemen" composing it, if their recent vote may be taken as indicative of their convictions—not that either their vote or convictions will weigh much in the impending struggle.

But the House of Commons is conscious of its own defects. It has pronounced in favor of reform, and has decreed an extension of the franchise as the primary and

most pressing of the several matters requiring attention. In this it has shown its wisdom. It begins by laying the foundations, deep and wide, upon which to build up the superstructure of representative institutions. The Lords appear to think that the right way to build a house is to abolish "concrete," start without "footings," commence with a four-and-a-half brick wall, and gradually increase the thickness until they reach the top, and then to put on a coping-stone of immeasurable dimensions as a finish. The architects of the Pyramids thought differently. They were constructed with remarkable skill for that early period of history, with a wide base, tapering gradually to the apex. The "Peerage" would deem that to be a rude method, and, applying the simile to political society, are endeavoring to prop up a structure built upon a plan absolutely the reverse of those enduring monuments on the banks of the Nile, the apex being at the bottom, and the base at the top. The wonder is that they did not carry a vote in that sapient assembly instructing the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings to see that Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment, was erected on the latter principle, with a plentiful supply of props to "shore it up."

The struggle on which the Peers have entered with so much gusto is one of no ordinary kind, because of the vast interests at stake. But every one with a grain of common sense in his composition must see that it is altogether futile. Nay, more, it is absolutely absurd. It supplies a further illustration of the accuracy and appropriateness of Mr. John Stuart Mill's description of "the great Tory Party" as the stupid party; the House of Peers, as such, being the quintessence of stupidity. This does not mean, is not intended, to convey the notion that there are not in the House of Lords numerous noble and striking exceptions to the wholesale condemnation of the members of the Upper Chamber implied in the foregoing sweeping expressions. The large number voting in the minority, when the rejection of the second reading of the Representation of the People Bill was carried, shows that many of those having seats in that House foresee the danger of a conflict with the people. But the description applies to the House as a concrete body. Individually, some of the Peers, all of them, perhaps, are worthy of any assembly in the world. They can boast of ripe scholarship, of varied learning, and of art-culture; of capable statesmen, not a few brilliant authors, and men of high scientific attainments. But none of them so excel in those higher branches of science, literature and art, or statesmanship, as to eclipse men of similar tastes in the House of Commons; and certainly a selection could be made from the ranks to enable the Government to carry the Franchise Bill forthwith, which would vie with any of the noble Lords in every respect, except possibly that of wealth, were it advisable to adopt such a questionable course as that indicated by the senior (and only recognized) member for Northampton, namely, the creation by Mr. Gladstone of a "batch of Peers" to outvote the opponents to the Bill in the House of Lords.

Arts and learning, trade and commerce, science and statesmanship, would survive, and even flourish, if patents of nobility were altogether abolished, at once and for ever, by a Bill, carried simultaneously with the Representation of the People Bill, and to come into operation and force immediately. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but the Lords have provoked them, and must bear the consequences. They will now be reminded of many things which it would have been to their interest to avoid. In the matter of mere wealth, apart from landacreage, it is open to question whether the Peerage can boast of more wealth than the House of Commons. In clear annual income, possibly some members of the House of Commons may surpass a very large proportion of the Peers; and their title to such wealth and profits is far less questionable.

As "landed proprietors," the Peers probably would stand first, but they are unwise to sharpen men's memories about the land question. It is not too late to inquire into titles and acquisitions. The same power that created titles can revise or revoke them; and that power has become intensified and consolidated. The will of some five hundred great families cannot long withstand the more powerful will of the masses of the people; and the expression of that will cannot be averted, though it might have been somewhat delayed had prudent counsels prevailed. The Peers, as a body, have shown how utterly incapable they are of understanding the signs of the times, of rightly appreciating the march of events, and of weighing the consequences of their own rash and imprudent acts. They certainly have not gauged the temper of those whom they have insulted, as they will find to their cost. There is a moral conveyed in the old saw, "Let sleeping dogs lie," which they would have done wisely to heed. They will do well not to imagine that the slumberers' bark will be the only result. Having awakened the usually docile creatures, they should be cautious how they treat them. This is merely a hint by the way, but needful for the sake of peace and quietness. Many questions will crop up, are cropping up, as to the right of a handful of men to set at naught the solemn decision of those elected by the constituencies to do the nation's work, and register its decrees. The majority will remember that the House of Lords, believing in its own superlative wisdom and perfection, has refused to take measures for reforming itself, will not even admit that there is a necessity for touching the "venerable institution" with the view of bringing it into harmony with the spirit of the age and into conformity with the altered conditions of human society. Events ripen quickly, sometimes, and on this point they are ripening with a rapidity which is remarkable, not to say astonishing. And the Peers will be reminded, at every turn, of Milton's famous lines:

> "Man o'er men He made not lord
> Such title to Himself reserving."

The people will see that a House of Peers, as at present constituted, at least, is an anachronism in a Free State with Representative Institutions. They will be alive to the fact that such a Chamber is a standing menace to English liberties, and that it is provocative of revolution. The preposterous claims impliedly put forward in defense of the House of Peers will be brushed aside as so many cobwebs in a short space of time. No one believes in its immaculate wisdom or perfection—not even the Peers, though they will not admit the necessity for its reform. And there is against them a record of a long list of measures, both before and since the Reform Act of 1832, which they have opposed and resisted almost to the verge of revolution; while we look in vain for any grand measure for the benefit of the people which they have initiated. The good and beneficent measures which they have been compelled to pass have often been mangled, emasculated and delayed. There is no glorious roll of legislative achievements to their credit—nothing, indeed, to justify its continued existence as a Second Chamber.

Every schoolboy who learns history knows that the House of Lords is the descendant of the great council of

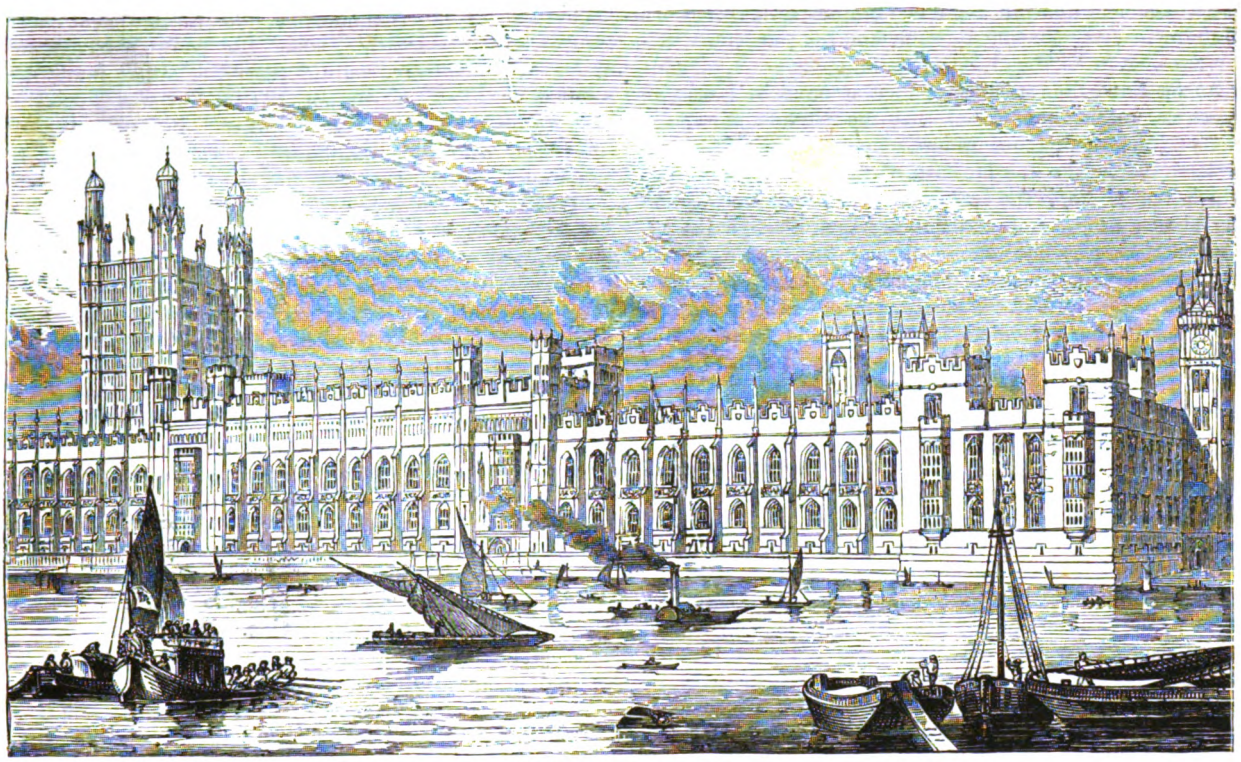
the realm, in which all tenants holding lands directly of the crown were present as of duty and not of right; that in course of time the absence of the less opulent tenants was condoned, and the attendance of only the most considerable was claimed; and that the persons thus summoned were reluctant in their attendance. The King directed his writs to whom he pleased. He rarely omitted any great lord, for as absence without leave was construed as a sign of disaffection, it was not likely that any powerful subject would be excused from waiting on the King. The presence of the opulent ecclesiastics, bishops and abbots, was similarly an obligation, which some tried to evade, setting up charters or other evidence of exemption from attendance. But the issue of a writ to other great tenants of the crown was at the pleasure of the sovereign, or even dependent on his caprice; for there are no two lists of units alike in the annals of Parliament during the times of the Plantagenet sovereigns. In order to insure attendance, the King took securities from the absentees, under the name of proxies, who were sureties for their fellows, and responsible for their action. In course of time what was intended to be a personal liability, and a serious one, too, was made the foundation of a most irrational and mischievous privilege — mischievous to a degree. Outvoted largely, if the assembly ever came to a vote at all, by the bishops and the heads of religious houses, who were far more numerous than the temporal lords, and much more regular in their attendance, the Lords relinquished to the Commons at an early date not only the practice of petitioning for redress of grievances, and for legislation, but the initiation of grants for the service of the Crown, and the habit of doling out supply as popular demands were satisfied or disappointed. It was the Commons and their leaders who, at their risk, curbed the prerogative of the Crown, and extended popular rights, in a rough and clumsy fashion, but with indisputable intentions; for the statute 7 Hen. IV., cap 15, under which the largest county franchise was accorded, a franchise not even conceded by the Bill which has passed the lower house, was enacted at "the grievous complaint of the Commons." The Lords have never, except on one occasion, when the country was unanimous, ever vindicated public liberty, or taken guarantees against arbitrary government, but have almost invariably been timid in the defense of public right, though eager and unscrupulous in maintaining and enlarging the privileges of their own Order.

When the religious houses were dissolved the temporal Peers became a majority in the House of Lords; but they either cared not or dared not to withstand the royal prerogative. Even the privilege of free speech was secured at the instance of the Commons, though Stroud's Act was not declared to be a general Act till a century or more after its being passed. It was in the Commons that the spirit of resistance to arbitrary government was matured during the reign of Elizabeth, to be translated into action during the long period between the accession of James, when Speaker Phelips took the lead against the court, and the election of the Long Parliament, when the King and the greater part of the aristocracy were marshaled on one side, and the vigor, wealth and conscience of the nation on the other.

THE VICTORIA TOWER.

In 1649 the House of Lords fell with the Monarchy. The Commons voted that "the House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." The next day a similar vote was passed as regards Monarchy. But in effect, it must have been in the minds of the Commons that the writs to the Peers had been issued by the authority of the Crown, and that their vitality was lost with that of their origin.

The Peers assumed a new and very different position after the Restoration. The struggle with the Crown as to the right of Parliament to impose taxes was over, and the King had no reason to regret that he had relinquished the claims of his father. But the Peers set up the most preposterous claims to independence and authority. They wanted to challenge the right of the Commons to the custody of the public purse. They claimed an original jurisdiction in suits, and in various appellate judgments they delivered the most grotesque and scandalous decisions, which lawyers declined to report.



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

They carried the doctrine of *scandalum magnatum* to an absurd extent. For many years they strove to carry a Bill, under which the trial of persons of their own Order was to be regulated, a Bill which the Commons regularly rejected. But their most audacious act was the resolution of June 18th, 1678, by which they asserted, in defiance of numerous precedents, that a peer could not by deed relinquish for himself and his heirs a title which had been conferred on him or on his ancestors.

The Lords had much to do with the Revolution of 1688, and a majority of them remained Whigs till the Treaty of Utrecht. During this time they formulated the reign of the families, which was continued till the revolt of George III. and the Administration of Pitt.

The House of Lords is now a body of over 500 persons, most of them having been ennobled in comparatively recent times, out of lawyers, military and naval persons, and opulent country gentlemen. If these persons commit felony they are triable by their own Order only, and if the trial takes place during the session of Parliament, by the whole Order. If they commit treason they are, by a statute of William III., conceded at last with great difficulty by the Commons, always triable by the whole of the body. As, however, Parliament is now constantly kept sitting with intervals of prorogation, and a new Parliament is also elected immediately on the dissolution of its predecessor, it is probable that any felony committed by a peer would be triable by the whole body, and that all the 500 odd would be summoned to the function. Since they have been tried by what is practically the whole of their own Order, only one has been capitally punished, viz., Lord Ferrers, in 1760; though not a few scandals have been created by the virtual impunity which so monstrous and absurd a

INSTALLATION OF A ROYAL DUKE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

court accords, as, for instance, the acquittal of Lord Mohun, in 1693, for one murder, and his pardon in 1697 for another.

As far as regards antiquity, there are not half a dozen peerages, other than baronies revived by the discretion of the House, and are therefore constituencies of a single elector which the Lords have themselves created, but which date before the Reformation. Every one knows the history of the Reformation peerages, though the representatives of some among these are among the most respectable, and, speaking historically, the most consistent in British annals. But little good can be said of those which were created in the Stuart period. The most distinguished is that of the younger branch of the house of Cecil, a family which became opulent in the first place by the plunder of the Church, a plunder which, when Burleigh was gorged, he was induced to stop. The first noble of the younger stock was the adviser of arbitrary taxation in the reign of James, and gave the earliest occasion for the quarrel which led to the overthrow of the Monarchy and the execution of the King. His son became a Parliamentarian, and as far as a peer could be, a regicide, for he sat in the Lords till the Commons extinguished it, on February 6th, 1649. The fourth earl became a Catholic, and was associated with the bigotry of James and the crimes of Sunderland. Thenceforward the family became obscure, was duly raised to the marquisate, and is now represented by the reputed leader of the Opposition, the Marquis of Salisbury.

The fact is, the traditions of the English Peerage are every way disastrous. The Order is protected against its own vices by secret and mischievous conveyances, which often give an appearance of opulence to members of the body, who are all the while impoverished, and who, generation after generation, defraud their creditors. The existence, even in a moderate degree, of a pauper section in the house, would be a serious scandal, and in consequence families, as is notorious, are bolstered up by private Acts of Parliament, and even by sinecure offices.

One of the silliest and falsest of platitudes is that of the fierce light which beats on persons in exalted positions. They have every opportunity to screen their doings, every inclination beyond a cynical contempt for public opinion toward doing so, and an abundant array of accomplices and parasites who will aid them in the process. The fact is, the institutions which protect English nobles assist the survival of the unfittest.

The surroundings of a young noble are most unfavorable to the growth of morality and the development of a reasonable judgment in him. With an assured position from his childhood, he is peculiarly open to temptation. He is flattered by the attention of lackeys, and the deference of all the family to himself. The wholesomest part of his education is at a public school, for boys are the most democratic of Tories, though even here, unless all our satirists are in the wrong, he is sure to meet with toadies, who are bidden to especially cultivate his acquaintance and to defer to him. At the University, if he goes thither, though some of the grosser forms of obsequiousness are abandoned, he is privileged. Over and over again at college noblemen have been condoned for misconduct which would in any other person have involved disgraceful expulsion, if not civil penalties. Over and over again the inquiry into outrages have been dropped, because it was known or suspected that noble youth had been petulant or profligate. And the same leniency extends to other escapades, even in maturer years.

No better illustration of the singular mental incapacity of the Lords can be shown than in their late most preposterous demand to dissolve the House of Commons at their will, and to claim a plebiscite from a limited number of electors on the question as to whether a number of other Englishmen should be admitted to the franchise. And here it may be remarked that it is not a little noteworthy that many of those members of the House of Commons who are of recent foreign extraction, and who came to England, as Juvenal says, *quo pruna et cottana vento*, are characterized by a vehement passion for a vigorous foreign policy, and a deep-seated distrust of their new countrymen, while they who are by descent Englishmen for centuries, many of whom are descended from members of the House of Commons, have shown a marked and unvarying trust in their fellow-countrymen. In this demand for the plebiscite, formulated by the House of Lords, some Englishmen, and most pseudo-Englishmen, have joined.

If the English people likes, it will keep the House of Lords and leave it alone with powers strictly limited, or reform it. But it will be vain, if we can judge from the past, to expect that this second Chamber will ever be other than an obstacle, or to imagine that it will give wise counsel or restrain rash action. When it cannot obstruct, its debates and its resolutions are of no more account than those of the Oxford Union. Hence it can only vindicate its existence by obstruction, because it is in this that its only vitality consists.

There is an institution familiar to the people, though unknown to the constitution, as we are told, which fulfills all the functions of a second Chamber. It checks irregular and hasty action, it invites debate, it lives by the popular will. Those members of it who are in the House of Lords are more or less amenable to public opinion, for their term of office depends on it. It can stop all legislation which it deems unsuitable, for the sturdiest private member has never following enough to defy it. It is constrained to be prudent, for if it gets the reputation of success, it bears the ill repute of failure. It is bound up with the Parliament which it controls. It checks its followers by one set of risks, its followers check it by another set of risks. It is called the Cabinet, and in my opinion it is not only the best second Chamber devisable, but the only second Chamber which is necessary.

The members of the House of Lords are divided into two classes, Lords Spiritual and Temporal. The Lords Spiritual are the two archbishops and twenty-four bishops of the English church, and one archbishop and three bishops from the Irish church: the Irish bishops have seats in the House of Lords by rotation. The question has been much discussed, by what right the Spiritual Lords have seats in the House; and they have been represented as sitting there by virtue of the baronies annexed to their offices. But the bishops formed a chief portion of the "Great Council" of Anglo-Saxon times, and were regarded as the most important and responsible advisers of the sovereign. It is therefore more rational and convenient to consider that their right to sit in the House of Lords arises from their having formed a chief portion of it in very early times, and long before the Legislature had assumed anything like its present shape. Another question has also been discussed, Whether, as the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal, though sitting together, form two distinct *estates* of the realm, the concurrence of *both* is not requisite in any determination of the House of Lords; just as the consent of both Lords and Commons is requisite to every determination of Parliament. It is now, however, settled, that the Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal are but one body, whose joint

will is to be collected by the gross majority of votes ; and statutes have been made in the absence of all the Spiritual Lords. The three oldest peerages date from the 13th century, and only four others go back to the fourteenth.

The Lords Temporal now form the great body of the House of Lords, though, before the Reformation, they were equaled, if not outnumbered, by the Lords Spiritual. This was owing to the circumstance that the superiors of many of the monastic establishments, under the names of abbots and priors, sat as Lords Spiritual. The suppression of these establishments greatly reduced the number of Lords Spiritual : but six more bishops were added to the House when the abbots and priors were removed.

The great body of the House consists of hereditary Lords Temporal, with twenty-eight Irish peers, who are each elected for life, and sixteen Scottish peers, who are all elected for each new Parliament. There is no limit to the number of English hereditary peers, who sit by virtue of their descent, or as being created by the Crown, and their only qualification is, that they be of full age, and not incapacitated by mental imbecility. The Lords Temporal, though each has an equal vote, are divided into classes, denominated dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons ; and they rank according to precedency. But though each class has its particular place assigned to it in the House, the ceremonious forms are not observed, except on state occasions. The Lords, on all ordinary occasions, sit promiscuously, with the exception of the bishops, who always retain their places.

The Lord Chancellor, by virtue of his office, presides as Speaker or Chairman of the House of Lords, but his authority is not so clearly defined, by any means, as is that of the Speaker of the House of Commons. But though Speaker of the House, by virtue of his office, the Chancellor can leave the woolsack, and deliver his sentiments in the course of any debate—a right which is perpetually exercised : whereas the Speaker of the Commons is expected to preserve a strict neutrality. When the Lord Chancellor leaves the woolsack, some other noble lord, at his request, takes his seat for him : the Chairman of Committees (which office has been long ably filled by the Earl of Shaftesbury) acts as deputy Speaker of the Lords.

In addition to its legislative character, the House of Lords has supreme judicial functions ; and it tries individuals who are impeached by the Commons ; peers on indictment ; hears and determines appeals from decisions of the Court of Chancery, as well as other appeals. When sitting as a court of justice, the House is open to the public, and the visitor may walk in unquestioned into the space below the bar. The peers in attendance on these occasions are usually only two or three law Lords ; it may be the Chancellor, with one or two ex-Chancellors, and perhaps a judge who has retired from the bench. Judges are not members of the House of Lords by virtue of their office. They are formally summoned to attend the House to give their advice, and on some particular occasions are expressly called on to do so. But it is only such of the judges as have been created peers that can sit and vote, which, of course, they do by virtue of their peerage and not of their office.

The site of the old Royal Palace at Westminster is now occupied by the Houses of Parliament, or, to speak more correctly, by the New Palace. This forms one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected in a single decade in Europe—probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world. Some idea of its vast proportions may be gleaned when I state that it covers an area of nearly nine acres ; that to the eastward it presents a frontage of nearly 1,000 feet ; that the great tower at the southwestern extremity reaches the gigantic elevation of 350 feet ; that towers of lesser magnitude crown other portions of the building ; that fourteen halls, galleries, vestibules, and other apartments of great capacity and noble proportions, are contained within its limits ; that it comprises eight official residences, each first-rate mansions, fit to receive families of distinction ; that twenty corridors and lobbies are required to serve as the great roadways through this aggregation of edifices ; that thirty-two noble apartments facing the river, are occupied as committee-rooms ; that libraries, waiting-rooms, dining-rooms, and clerks' offices, exist in a superabundant measure ; that eleven greater courts, and a score of minor openings, give light and air to the interior of this superb fabric ; that its cubic contents exceed 15,000,000 feet, and that the structure contains not less than between 500 and 600 distinct apartments, amongst which is a chapel formed out of the crypt of old St. Stephen's.

Viewed from the river, the building presents a frontage of nearly 1,000 feet, and consists of a centre portion with towers, two wings, and wing-towers at each end. The wings have two stories above the basement ; the centre and wing-towers, three stories. The wings and centre portions are divided into 35 bays by hexagonal buttresses.

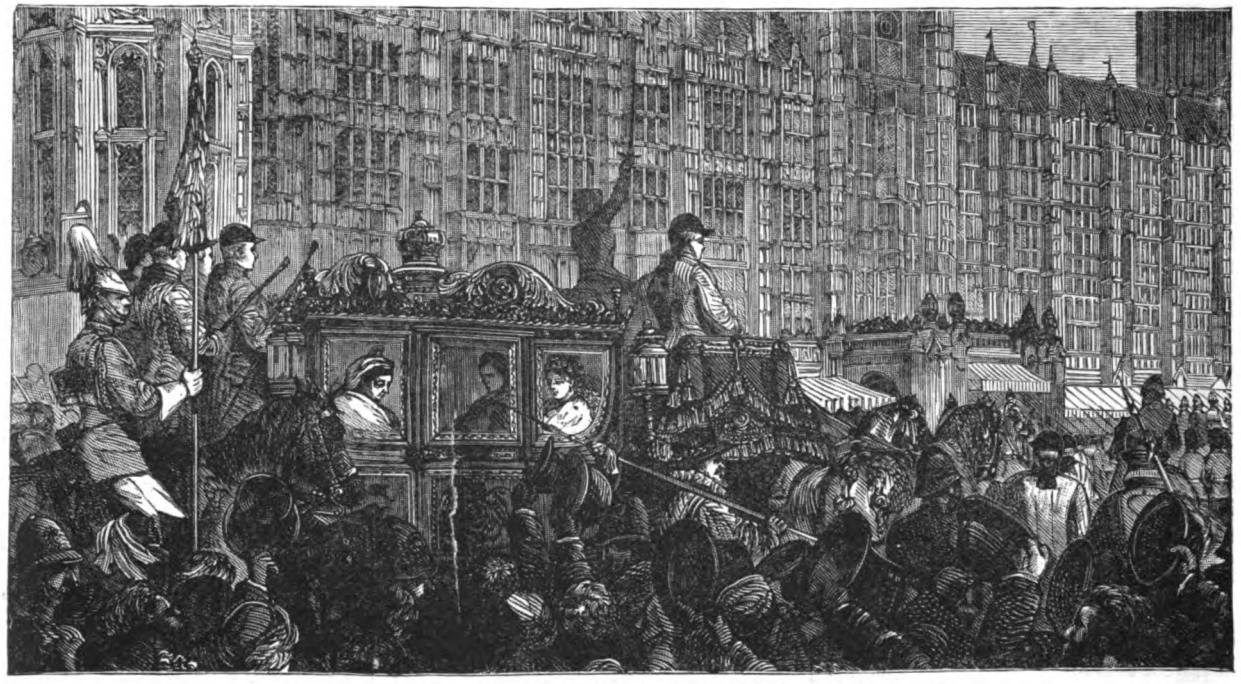
The House of Lords usually meets in February, and continues its sittings to the middle of August. That their lordships are nobly housed I shall now proceed to relate.

The Royal, or Victoria, Tower, through the gilded gateway of which the sovereign enters the House of Lords, is one of the most stupendous works of the kind ever conceived. It is 75 feet square, and rises to the height of 350 feet. Compared with this magnificent altitude, all other towers shrink into insignificance. The royal entrance beneath the tower is most striking, effective and superb. The loftiness of the vaulted groining, the rich and varied bosses at its intersections, the canopied niches over the doors, and the exquisite variety of the details, all unite in producing a charming whole. The royal staircase is entered from the Victoria Tower, and is very beautiful of design. There are three flights of eight stairs each, leading to a vestibule of exquisite beauty, having clustered columns supporting a very elegantly groined roof. Groups of pedestals, with statues, are at the bases of the statues. In this vestibule are doors of entrance into a guard-room and into the Queen's Robing Room.

The Robing Room is a lofty and spacious apartment, with a canopied Throne at the further end, opposite to which is a fresco from the "Legend of King Arthur." There are two doors to this room, one close upon the porch, the other nearer the Throne ; and Her Majesty, entering at the former, comes forth at the latter into a noble hall, 110 feet long, 45 wide, and 45 high. This is called the Royal Gallery, and is decorated with frescoed illustrations of the "Death of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar," and the "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo," by Maclise. The windows are filled with stained glass, and the ceiling is richly adorned with gilding and heraldry.

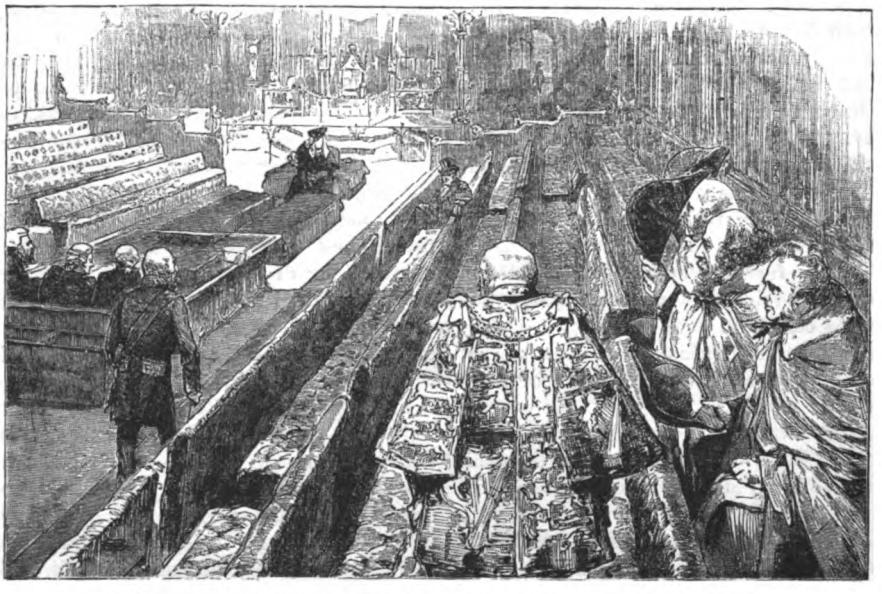
Passing from the Royal Gallery, the visitor enters the Prince's Chamber. This apartment is decorated with equal splendor to that just described ; it contains a noble marble group, by Gibson, of "The Queen Supported by Justice and Mercy."

The House of Lords, which we now enter, is nearly 100 feet long, 45 wide, and 45 high. The chamber presents a *coup d'œil* of the utmost magnificence, no expense



THE QUEEN PROCEEDING TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.

having been spared to make it one of the richest in the world. The ceiling first attracts attention. It is not arched, but perfectly horizontal; massive ribs, carved and gilt, divide it into 18 compartments, and each of these is subdivided into 5 minor compartments, or panels, the ground of the panels being azure, enriched with heraldic devices. The ribs are, of course, supported by corbels and spandrels, perforated. At each point in the ceiling where the ribs intersect each other there are pendants which greatly enhance the beauty of that portion of the building; but there are no depending lights, no lustres, no chandeliers, to conceal elegance or cover deformity. The House of Lords betweeen its windows is richly frescoed, the fresco of "Henry Prince of Wales Committed to Prison for Assaulting Judge Gascoigne" being especially remarkable. In eighteen niches are life-size statues of the Magna Charta Barons. The gallery allotted to strangers bearing peers' orders occupies the north wall, and contains accommodations for 150 persons. The Throne and the Reporters' Gallery fill spaces of nearly equal extent, but at opposite ends of the House. With the exception of those spaces, there is carried round the entire apartment a light gallery with seating space for 200 persons. The railing which protects these seats is a very beautiful specimen of brass-work and enamel. The Reporters' Gallery is placed in front of the Strangers' Gallery, but considerably nearer to the floor, and immediately over the bar. The floor of the house presents to the eye of the spectator three principal divisions, which extend transversely, viz., from east to west, each occupying the full breadth of the apartment, but unequal parts of its length. In the upper or southern division is the Throne, together with spaces on either side assigned to distinguished foreigners and the eldest sons of peers. Next comes the central region, or "body of the House," the table and Woolsack occupying the middle portion of the floor. On each side of these are placed, on ascending steps, five lines of benches, covered with scarlet morocco leather, which are reserved for the exclusive use of the Peers. The northern or lower boundary of this division is called the "bar." Here the Speaker, accompanied by the assembly over which he presides, stands when summoned to attend Her Majesty or the Royal Commissions. From that place gentlemen of the long robe address the House in its Judicial form; witnesses are



SALUTING THE LORD CHANCELLOR AS HE ENTERS THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

HALL BETWEEN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND HOUSE OF COMMONS, AFTER A DEBATE, IN 1871.

also there examined, and culprits are arraigned. The space below the bar affords standing-room for two or three hundred persons, who are entitled to admission there.

The Throne is distinguished by an airy, light and graceful appearance, which harmonizes at once with the building and its surroundings. The platform on which Her Majesty's chair stands is ascended by four steps, and constitutes a sort of central compartment, on either side of which, forming, as it were, two wings, are minor elevations, where stand two other chairs of state, one for the Prince of Wales, and the other was placed for the late Prince Consort. The former is on the right of the throne, and the latter on the left. The framework of Her Majesty's chair of state is carved in gilt, and studded with crystals. In other respects the structure of these seats is conformable with the established fashion of such furniture, being cushioned with velvet and gold embroidery. The royal arms are emblazoned on the central chair; those of the heir-apparent, on the chair appropriated to the Prince of Wales; the other chair is adorned with the shield of the late Prince Consort, surmounted by the multitudinous crests which Germans of gentle blood are usually entitled to display. In the most elevated and conspicuous part of the Throne are five niches, in which are placed statuettes, fully armed, each in the costume of one of the chief British Orders of Knighthood.

Passing southward, through the Peers' Lobby and corridor, we reach the grand central octagon hall, above which rises the central tower, 60 feet in diameter, and 300 feet high to the top of the lantern surmounting it.

The Refreshment Rooms of the House of Lords are the most luxurious apartments imaginable; the beautiful ceiling, the richly-carved doors, screens and panelings, the fittings-up, the crimson and green paper-hangings, and the general decorations, being extremely striking and harmonious. The Refreshment Rooms are situated on the river front of the Palace, behind the Lords' Library, and are approached from the House of Peers by the Bishops' Corridor, which communicates with the Victoria Lobby. These rooms are divided from each other by an elaborately carved screen, or bar, at which the refreshments are served by means of elevators from the kitchens below. The rooms are lighted by windows on one side only which give on the Peers' Court. On the opposite side the walls are paneled and have fireplaces of rich and beautiful design, the stone chimney-pieces being highly decorated with vines and foliage.

I have enjoyed some luxurious luncheons in these palatial apartments, and after a turtle-steak and a veal-cutlet, washed down by Dry Monopole, or one of the Chateaux, have felt "every inch a lord."

NUMBER NINETY-FOUR.

"YES," said Roland Glenavon to his friends when the servants left the room after the dessert had been handed round, "I know you all want to hear how it was I married at last. Nay," he added, seeing some deprecating gestures, "my wife is fully aware of my previous character, and won't mind my telling you the story. Will you?" inquired he, turning to the hostess, pretty Mrs. Glenavon, who was assisting her husband to entertain a party of men.

"Certainly not," replied she, laughing. "But I may as well leave you to your wine and cigars. The story will be better told in my absence."

And, rising with a smile for her husband and a gracious bow for young Denton, who held the door open, she left Roland to amuse his friends with the tale of his courtship, which I now give my readers as I heard it.

The previous history of Roland Glenavon must, however, first be briefly told. Heir to a fine estate in the Midlands, he was left an orphan while still an urchin in petticoats, and the result of a long minority was, that when he took a first-class at Oxford he came into a very handsome sum in Consols, as well as a good rent-roll. Roland, though something of a rowing and riding man before he went up, was studiously inclined, and had been infected by that Balliol enthusiasm which turns out prigs and fine fellows in almost equal proportions. His love of sport saved him from being a prig, and his love of books prevented him becoming a mere athlete. A deep friendship formed at a private tutor's, and cemented at Oxford, induced the graduate to forego the temptations of London and the attractions which were the more powerful that they were still untried, in order to accompany an eclectic young theologian on a prolonged foreign tour, which ended only when the influence of the Church of Rome had induced Roland's traveling companion to modify his views and change his future plans. So at four-and-twenty young Glenavon began his first London season with all the freshness of inexperience, and yet with the University angles rounded off by foreign travel. Well-grown and good-looking, a pleasant companion, an excellent dancer, a fair tennis-player and a cultivated man, he was sure to become popular; and his income of over fourteen thousand pounds made him decidedly *the* catch of the season among the commoners. When July drew toward its close, however, Roland Glenavon was still uncaptured, and after a round of country visits he retired to Glenavon Castle—a fine old feudal residence in the Midlands—to shoot and hunt with a party of friends. Several years rolled on, and at last even the most enterprising of dowagers put Roland down as "decidedly not a marrying man." He still danced from April to July, and flirted occasionally, but he remained to all appearances heart-whole, and he was so careful that no big brother nor over-anxious mother had yet dared to ask him his intentions. Sometimes an elderly aunt—a widow—took the part of hostess at Glenavon, and then the old house was filled with young married couples, with bevies of laughing girls, and with men who were not always selected from the most fashionable clubs, but who were always good company at home and in the field. During the hunting season the stables, which Roland had rebuilt, were filled with horses for friends, and there was no more enthusiastic votary of the chase than the host himself, who offered stable room to men possessing their own studs, and mounts to those who did not keep horses. He entertained royally, and no one was more popular. But he was rapidly approaching his fortieth year, and yet he did not marry.

It is now time to let Roland resume his own story.

"You may remember last Winter," he said, "that we began cub-hunting very early, and that there was no frost to stop us till February. Most of you fellows were here then, and there were a lot of women, too, about Christmas time. The ladies rode harder than you did, and what with big runs and long days, and the chapter of accidents, I had scarcely a horse fit to go when New Year came. I must have turned some of you out, or left you at home to play billiards, if I had not thought of running up to Tattersall's one Saturday to pick up a few. I would not say what I was going for, or I know many of you would have left Glenavon rather than put me to trouble and expense: so I said I had business with my

lawyers, left dear old Aunt Veronica and Vickers there (nodding at a man at the foot of the table) to look after you, and bolted. Of course there were all sort and sizes up for Monday's sale, and with the assistance of my vet. I soon spotted a few that might suit us. In looking down the Fourteen Stall Stable I was much struck by a dappled gray, whose coat was of a remarkably beautiful color and brilliancy. He did not look much like a hunter, and he had no character in the catalogue ; but the horse was so handsome, and had such a singularly intelligent head, that, when I marked the hunters I had proposed bidding for, I returned to have another look at him. 'That is not your style at all,' remarked the vet. 'Don't look like jumping a bit, either ; has some Arab blood in him, I should think.' This thought had struck me, also, for the horse had that very small, black muzzle, wide forehead, and deep jowl of the desert-born, while his silvery coat was of a finer texture than I had ever seen before. 'He might do for a hack,' I said, and ordered him to be brought out. His action was showy, and in the daylight he looked still handsomer than in the stable. The surgeon could not pronounce him unsound. Still I was fain to confess that he was not the sort of horse I had come to buy. At most fifteen hands, with somewhat straight shoulders, he looked fit neither for the field nor for a covert hack. So I went back to my club, and there again referred to my catalogue, which simply said, 'No. 49, Rajah, a gray gelding.'

"Nothing could well be less satisfactory, and on that day I thought no more about him. But Monday was a fine bright day, and when Rajah was brought out, and his beautiful coat glistened in the sunshine, while his intelligent head was stretched out, his large eyes gazing wonderingly at the crowd, and his inflated nostrils showing the fine pink, shell-like skin, I could not resist making a bid of five-and-twenty for him. To my surprise he was knocked down to me, and when I bought four hunters, I took the afternoon express down. The horses came on next day, and you may remember that most of you laughed at my anxiety about Rajah, and laughed still more when you saw him.

"I was quite fascinated by that horse. I fancied that he gave me a look of recognition when I brought him into the stable-yard, and certainly, when I went up to him in his box, he rubbed his nose against my face in the most affectionate way. But I had not the cheek to ride him to the meet, and to face all your chaff, for I was sure that he had some terrible defect which I should discover in half an hour's hacking. I was determined to try him myself, and alone. Nor was an early opportunity wanting. There was to be one last day's shooting in the Hedgebury Spinnies, to finish the season, and we fixed the Wednesday for it, as there were no hounds within reach. I left you fellows over the lunch, and sneaked home to get Rajah saddled. I rode him down the avenue at a walk, and he went as quietly as possible—rather sleepily, perhaps, but still at a fair pace. I then trotted and cantered across the park, and his action was unexceptionable, while his mouth was light as a feather. Well, thought I, he is at any rate a charming lady's hack. From the park I turned into the Dipston Road, and then through the farmyard, round the end of the outlying spinnies. I did not want you to see me, but was rather anxious as to how you had got on, so turned into Hedgebury Lane, which, as you know, takes to those crossroads in the woods where my property joins my late neighbor's, Mrs. Wycherley's. I was cantering along the grassy lane when one of you fired. Rajah stopped as if he had been shot himself, and thinking it was only natural nervousness, I allowed him a moment to recover, then patted his beautiful neck, and gave him the slightest touch with my whip. He did not move an inch, so I patted him again, talked to him, and let him have a very tiny hint from the spurs. Still he would not budge, but looked round at me with a very curious expression in his large eyes. I began to get impatient, and gave him a good cut. He planted his forefeet firmly in the ground, and would not move a step forward, but again looked round at me, as I thought, almost wonderingly.

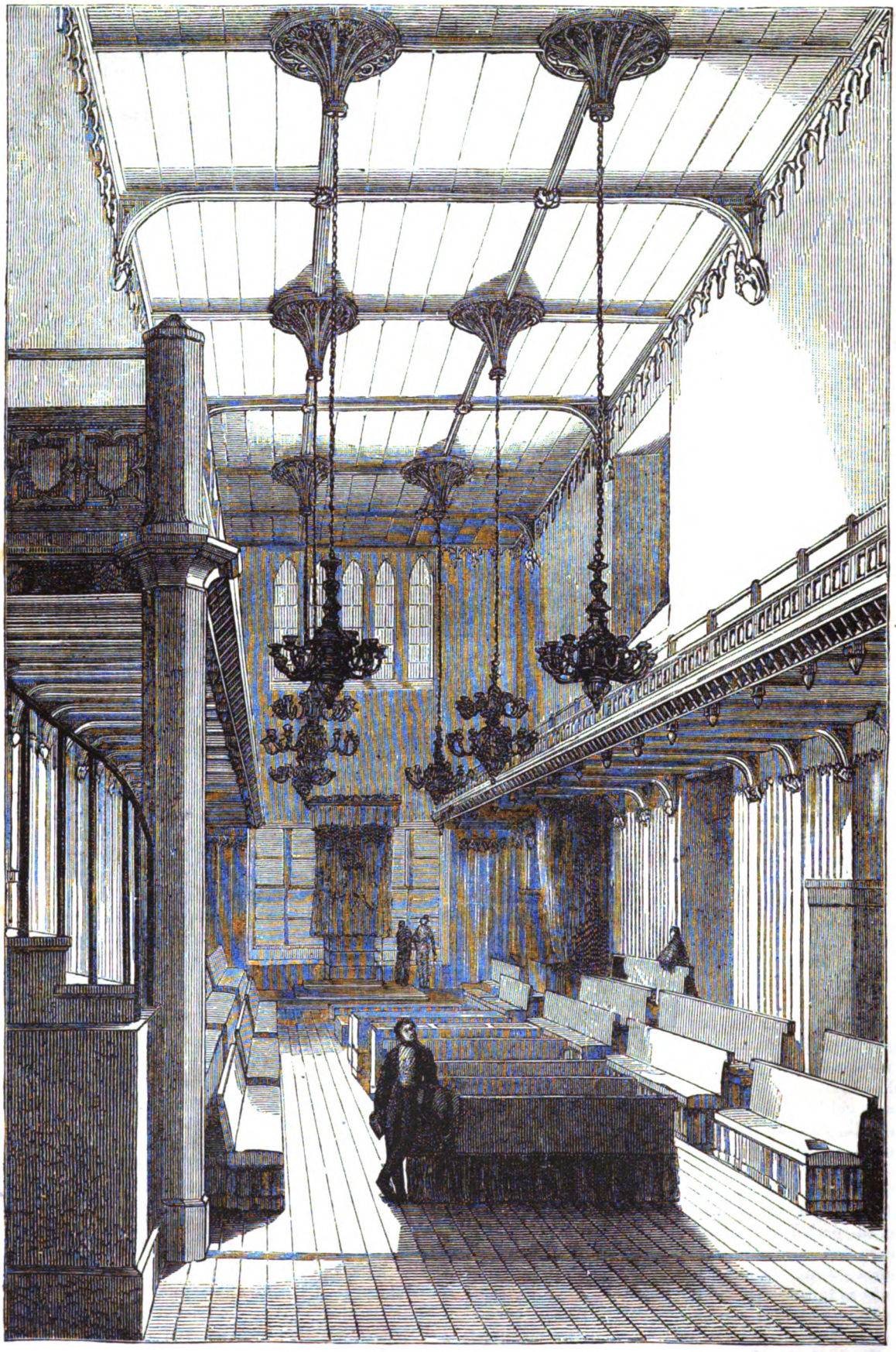
"At last I made up my mind to give him a severe dressing, and I shoved the spurs into him, while administering some very sharp cuts of my whip. He turned his head again, and I almost fancied his eyes were moist with tears ; but he seemed still determined not to move, so that I am sorry to say I quite lost my temper, and thrashed him most unmercifully. The chastisement finally produced some result, for he dashed off at full gallop, and tore down the lane as hard as he could go. I was not unwilling to test his paces, and therefore let him have his head. He was in full swing, and we had just reached the crosroads, when there was another shot from your party. He stopped still more suddenly than before, and taken unawares as I was, I was sent clean over his head, and came down against the root of a tree, with one leg under me. I felt a violent wrench, and tried to get up, but unsuccessfully. I sank down again in agony, with the conviction that my leg was broken. But I was fully possessed of my senses, and watched the mahœuvres of the horse with ever-increasing surprise.

"When he saw me attempt to rise, he stretched out his neck and looked at me with the same wondering expression I had noticed before ; but when I sank back again on the ground he seemed more satisfied, and neighed loudly. He then knelt down by my side and sniffed me all over. Apparently content, Rajah rose to his feet again, and proceeded to push a quantity of dead leaves toward me, working with his nose and his forefeet. There were plenty of leaves about, and in a very few minutes he had pushed up quite a respectable heap, which he tried to cover me with. I could not move my injured leg in the least, and was in mortal fear lest he should touch it with his hoofs. But he seemed very careful, and having made a large heap, gently pushed the leaves over me with his nose, till some were scattered pretty fairly all over my prostrate body. Then, as I wondered more and more, he galloped away down the lane toward Crampton, neighing loudly.

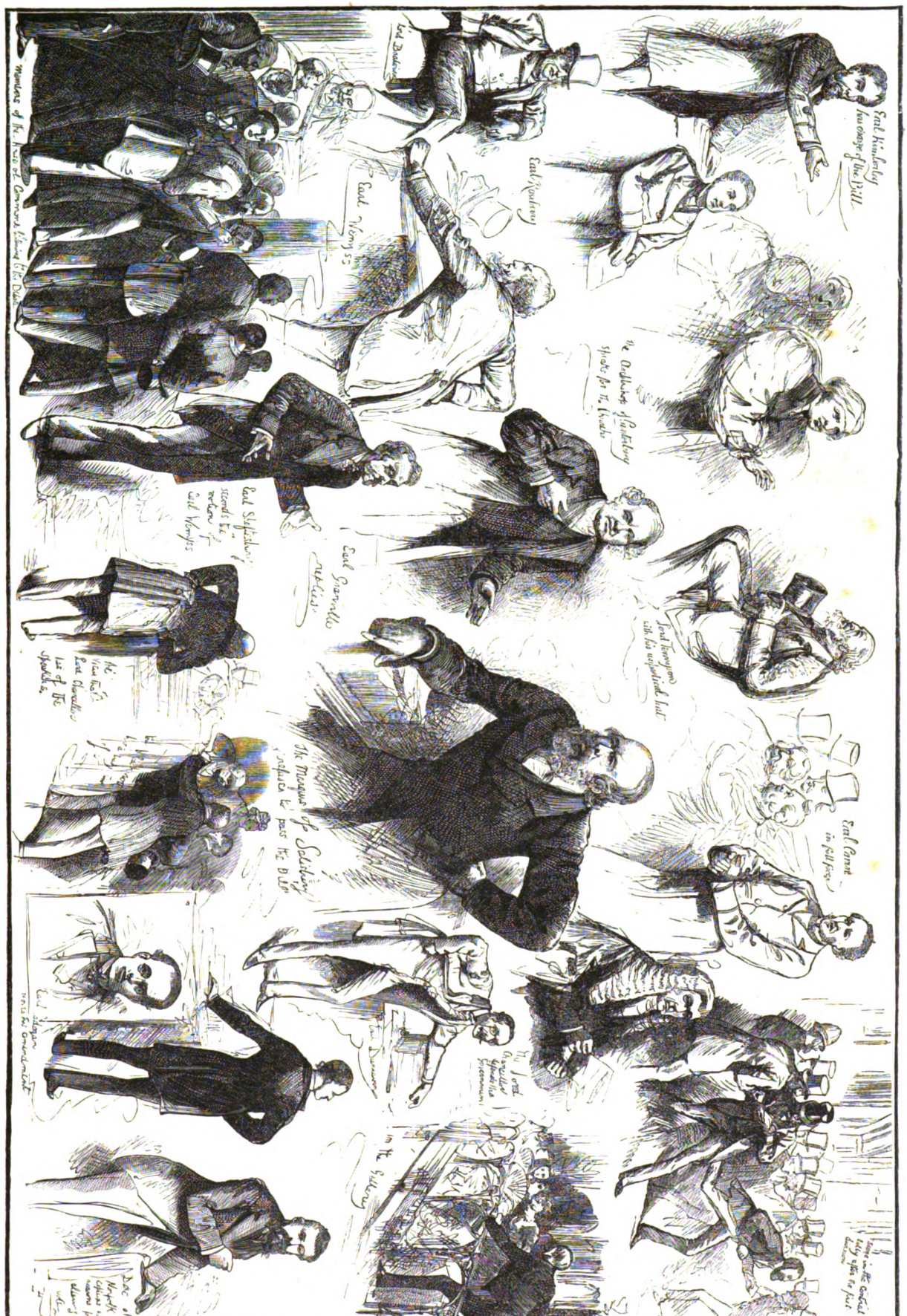
"I had heard no more shooting, and it was evident that you fellows were working toward home, which was more than three miles off. It was not of much use to shout, and I felt faint and weary, and therefore thought it better to wait for a chance passer-by. Nor had I very long to suffer in solitude, for very soon I heard the tramp of a horse down the lane, and the next minute Rajah reappeared; still neighing. He galloped up to me, and seemed satisfied at finding me in the same spot. He looked toward the lane ; so did I, and from it emerged a pony carriage, driven by a lady, whom I soon recognised as my amiable and charming neighbor, Mrs. Wycherley, who had lost her venerable but (excuse my saying so) very tiresome and silly old husband the year before.

"'Why, there is somebody under those leaves,' she exclaimed to the lady who accompanied her, and pulled up the ponies. 'It is Mr. Glenavon, I declare !' she continued. 'What on earth are you doing there, Mr. Glenavon ?'

"'I am afraid I have broken my leg,' I answered, meekly. 'At any rate I can't move.'



THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1835.—SEE PAGE 385.



SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS DURING THE DEBATE ON THE FRANCHISE BILL.

"In a moment she was out of her carriage. 'Charlotte,' she said to her companion, a lady of more than mature age, 'you are something of a doctor. Can you find out what is the matter with him?' And she turned away to look at Rajah, who was standing by the phaeton in the most composed manner, with a self-satisfied air, which would at any other time have made me roar with laughter. As it was, I could scarcely help shrieking with pain, even under the light touch of the lady doctor.

"I think Mr. Glenavon's leg is broken,' said this lady; 'we must either take him home or send for help.'

"'Oh, take him home," answered Mrs. Wycherley, quickly; 'your husband can attend to him at once. Dr. Clarke and his wife are stopping with me,' she explained, 'and he can set your poor leg at once, if you don't mind. The groom will walk back, and Mrs. Clarke and I will drive you. It is not half a mile to the house. and it's ever so far to Glenavon.'

"In a few minutes the ladies had piled up all the cushions in such a manner as to make almost a horizontal couch of the front of the phaeton, and while I endured tortures the three helped me into it. Mrs. Wycherley sat down beside me on the bare boards, while 'Charlotte' perched herself on the seat behind, and the little groom led Rajah back to Glenavon. It was a very short drive to Mrs. Wycherley's pretty home, and the rugs and cushions made it fairly easy. There was, however, time for me to admire my fair companion's eyes, which were large and liquid, and seemed full of pity and anxiety; her dainty gloved fingers, which so deftly handled the reins and whip; her—— But why describe her, gentlemen? You have seen her and know her. Excuse the enthusiasm of a husband who is still a lover.

"To resume, Dr. Clarke had me carried to a spare room and set my leg at once. He absolutely prohibited my being removed for a week at least. He, his good wife and Mrs. Wycherley took turns at nursing me, and when after a few days his professional avocations called him to town, Mrs. Wycherly was my constant companion. An invalid-couch was brought, which enabled me to be wheeled into the adjoining room, and my fair hostess was so kind, and made my convalescence so pleasant, that I was quite sorry when I was able to hobble about on crutches, and had no longer an excuse for trespassing on her hospitality. The party here broke up when you heard of the accident, of which you could not guess the details, and you were all good enough to come and pity me, while *I* felt that I was the happiest man alive. You know the rest. As soon as I recovered the use of my leg I knelt at Mrs. Wycherley's feet, and she is now Mrs. Glenavon."

"But what about Rajah?" we all asked.

"Oh! Rajah's history is this: I discovered it afterward. He came out of a traveling circus, and had been taught to perform as a Life Guardsman's horse in Egypt. His master was supposed to be wounded by a shot from an Arab, and to fall off. Rajah had then been trained to bury him in the sand all but his head, and to gallop away to fetch an ambulance. The poor horse expected me to fall off at the first shot, and was very indignant at my not doing so. When at last I tumbled, he was grieved and astonished at my not remaining motionless like the circus rider. He then covered me with leaves, as there was no sand, and galloped off for the ambulance, which he met in the shape of Mrs. Wycherley's pony phaeton.

"Her attention was, of course, attracted by the riderless horse, and his neighing and other extraordinary antics induced her to follow him, with what result you now."

"What have you done with Rajah?" I inquired.

"He has the best and most comfortable box I could build," replied Roland, "and my wife rides him from May till August. In the shooting season he is led about by a lad for fear of accidents, and when he gets old he will be pensioned, for he has made me the happiest man alive."

FRUIT IN SUMMER.

THE bland varieties of fruit (says a medical contemporary) are the most wholesome and nutritious—strawberries, apples, pears, grapes and gooseberries. The last named, however, with currants and raspberries, are less wholesome than the others. Stone-fruits are apt to disagree with the stomach; but the more watery, as peaches and large plums, are better than the smaller and drier, as apricots and damsons. The pulp of oranges renders them heavy. Among foreign fruits, bananas are wholesome. Dried fruits and the skin of fruits in general are indigestible. Cooking removes much of the acidity from crude fruit, and renders it lighter as well as more palatable. So treated, it is productive of good, and no harm; but it is a fundamental principle that whatever fruit is eaten uncooked must be fully ripe and not over-ripe. This may sound trite, and, indeed, the principle is commonly admitted, but not, it would seem, by all; for we still find people, and not a few, who will themselves deliberately take, and worse, will give to their children, green gooseberries, green apples, etc., the very hardness of which, apart from their acid pungency, suggests their unfitness for digestion. Such people use as food an acid irritant poison, whose necessary action is to cause excessive intestinal secretion, with more or less inflammation. Hence arises diarrhea. On the other hand, fruit which is over-ripe, in which fermentation has begun, is a frequent cause of this disorder, and equally to be avoided. It should never be forgotten by any who incline to follow the season in their feeding, that the want of such precautions as the above may produce that dysenteric form of diarrhea which is occasionally as rapidly fatal as the more dreaded Asiatic type of that disease.

A CZAR'S LOVE ADVENTURE.

THE father of Peter the Great, Alexis Michaelowitz, was one of the most popular czars Russia ever had, and he would have been one of the greatest if his brilliant son had not eclipsed him.

Like many other crowned heads we have read about, Alexis was wont to dress in a plain civilian's garb or a common soldier's uniform, and move among his subjects, thus finding out their likes and dislikes, their wrongs and grievances; and very frequently the monarch's *ukases* were the result of the private's experiences among the people.

Not far from Moscow lived a poor nobleman named Matwies, who often received visits from the czar in his various disguises. Although Matwies recognized the czar every time, he was always careful to treat him according to his diguise, so that the other members of his family were entirely ignorant as to the real character of the visitor.

One day the czar visited Matwies dressed as a captain of the "guards." While conversing together a young lady entered the room where they were, but immediately retreated when she found it occupied. Alexis saw enough of her to notice that she was beautiful.

"Who is this young lady, Matwies?" he asked, after she had closed the door. "I never saw her here before."

"That is Nathalie Narajchkin, a distant relative from the country. She is poor, but amiable, and is an apt pupil. I have adopted her in my family, and love her as my own."

"Well," answered the czar, "take good care of her and teach her well, and I will find her a husband and give her a wedding-present. Does she know me?"

"She does not, sire. She never goes out. She never saw you."

"Introduce me to her as a simple captain, and do not let her know who I am."

At dinner the czar met Nathalie, and found her a very intelligent and highly interesting maiden, so much so, indeed, that he fell desperately in love with her, and the great Czar of all the Russias was conquered by a modest girl.

From that day the czar came more frequently than ever before, and being handsome and gallant, it was but a short time before Nathalie found herself longing for the visits of the captain. Although no declaration was made, yet she was not blind to the captain's devotion to her.

Matwies, however, saw with alarm their growing attachment to each other, as he was aware of the fact that the czar was about to choose a wife from among the most handsome noblewomen of the empire, and he feared that his acquaintance with Nathalie would end ignominiously.

On the day before the one appointed by the czar for the choice of his czarina, he once more came to Matwies as captain.

"Matwies," he said, "you know that to-morrow I shall make a choice from the ladies of the Kremlin as to who shall share my throne with me. I desire Nathalie to be present and choose for herself a husband from among my courtiers, and whoever the fortunate man shall be I will rapidly promote him."

"Your will shall be obeyed, sire," said Matwies.

"Well, then, remember that for twenty-four more hours I am the 'captain' to Nathalie."

On the evening of the long-expected day the entire city was illuminated, and the palace, the Kremlin, was gorgeously decorated, while the brilliant lights threw their beams far across its surroundings; inside all was gayety, but with the handsomely attired ladies there was a general feeling of anxiety.

Who would be the happy one? They all rivaled each other in the splendor of dress and sweetness of manners. One, however, was more confident of success than all others, and that was the handsome but haughty Elizabeth, who was considered to be the belle of Moscow.

As the czar had been wont to mingle with these ladies occasionally in various incognitos, while one of his courtiers was representing him, none of the ladies knew whether the czar was present or not. Added to this the gentlemen were all masked. Consequently the ladies were anxious for the time to approach when the czar should command the masks to be lifted.

A long way back in a corner, with Matwies, sat the humble Nathalie, with a plain dress, and not a single diamond to adorn her beauty.

She thoroughly enjoyed what was to her so novel a scene. Suddenly she recognized among the masks her lover, by his captain's uniform. As soon as the captain's wandering eyes had found what they looked for, half hid in a corner, he came to her. She asked him whether or not the czar had made his choice yet.

"No, not yet," answered the captain. "But come with me, and I will bring you nearer to the monarch, and who knows but what he may choose you when he sees you."

"Oh, no!" said Nathalie, "I do not desire a crown; and how can I compete with so much beauty? Moreover," she added, looking archly at his eyes, as they shone through his mask, "I am happy enough now."

"You are very modest, Nathalie. Remember you may add to the happiness of your czar."

"I do not desire to be a czarina. Please, do not insist any longer," she answered, rather reproachfully.

Alexis saw that the only woman he cared for loved him also.

Going a few steps away from her, he commands—"Lift your masks!"

A deep silence pervaded the room, and every eye rested on the czar. The ladies trembled with fear and expectation, while the noblemen were curiously waiting to see to whom the honor should fall.

The czar took his crown, and placing it on the head of the modest Nathalie, said:

"Noblemen, see your czarina!"

The masked gentleman with whom the haughty Elizabeth had been promenading, and whom she felt sure to be the czar, was the court jester!

"I HOPE YOU'LL WHIP HIM!"

COLERIDGE was about seven years old, when one evening, on severe provocation from Frank, he rushed at him, knife in hand. Mrs. Coleridge interfered, and Samuel Taylor, dreading chastisement, and in fiercest fury, ran away to the banks of the River Otter.

The cold evening air, it was reasonably calculated, would calm his nerves and bring him quickly home, but the calculation was incorrect. He sat down in resolute stubbornness on the banks of the river, and experienced a gloomy inward satisfaction from reflecting how miserable his mother would be.

It was the end of October; the night was stormy; he lay on the damp ground, with the mournful murmuring of the Otter in his ear; but he flinched not, nor relented; with dogged determination he resolved to sleep it out.

His home, meanwhile, was in a tumult of distress and consternation. A search in all directions was instituted, and before morning the ponds and rivers were dragged.

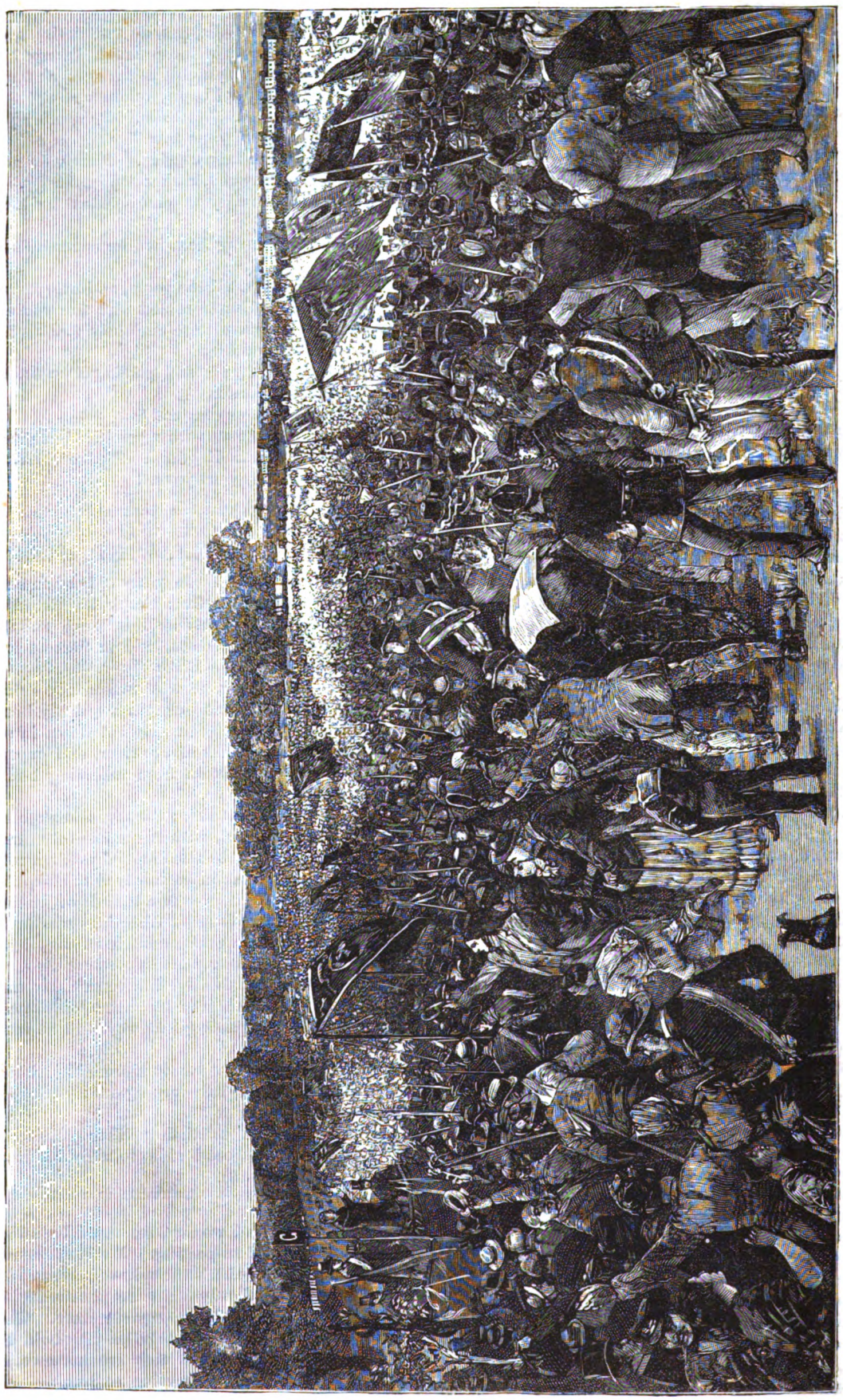
At five in the morning the little rascal awoke, found himself able to cry but faintly, and was utterly unable to move. His crying, though feeble, attracted the notice of a gentleman who was passing that way, and he was borne home.

The joy of his parents was inexpressible; but, meantime, in rushed a young lady, crying out: "I hope you'll whip him, Mrs. Coleridge!"

Coleridge informed us that neither philosophy nor religion was ever afterward able to allay his inveterate antipathy to that woman.

TO BE true men and women, we must be self-poised, self-directing and self-respecting. We must never hang our opinions upon another's thought or a party's dictum; we must never indolently shift responsibility or sink into mental captivity to a stronger nature. The most modest of us all, however lightly he may hold his own powers, must remember that they are his own, and on that account are of priceless value to him.

OPEN your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of reputation and wealth shall, at least in repute, be great.



GREAT PUBLIC MEETING IN HYDE PARK, LONDON, TO DENOUNCE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—SEE PAGE 385.

MY SISTER'S SWEETHEART.—"THE DOG-CART SUDDENLY TURNED THE CORNER, AND, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MAUDE PULLING ME HASTILY FROM UNDER THE HORSE'S NOSE, I SHOULD INEVITABLY HAVE BEEN KNOCKED DOWN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TO ——— WITH A WATER-LILY.

By F. Hardyman Parker.

(*Translated from the Norwegian of H. Ibsen.*)

See, loved one, what I bring—
A white-plumed flower!
Dream-weighted in the spring
Erewhile it slumbered,
On stillest streamlet sailing
'Mid lily cups unnumbered.

Clasped in the nunnery of thy soft breast
Wilt thou, dear, closely wear it?
Rocked on thy heart in a sweet unrest,
Do thou, love, softly bear it?
But the stream of the mountain-tarn,
Fly, oh, fly!
There dangers lurk, and, sweet, to dream there
Is to die.
The Water Spirit lures on sleep,
And the lilies float o'erhead on the deep,
Beware! beware!

Ah, child, the world is the mountain-tarn,
And to dream there, dearest, is to die,
And overhead the lilies lie,
And the Water Spirit with his song
Lures deep sleep and Death along.

MY SISTER'S SWEETHEART.

By M. Norcott.

Chapter I.

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false, or false for true!"
—Tennyson.

Among the earliest remembrances of my childhood is that of being nearly run over by a dog-cart drawn by a large golden chestnut, and driven by a young man in a gray overcoat. This, to the best of my belief, was the first time I ever saw Valentine Druce, my sister's sweetheart.

We had been blackberrying—my sister and I—and when about to cross the road in search of richer spoil, the aforesaid dog-cart suddenly turned the corner, and, had it not been for Maude's pulling me hastily from under the horse's nose, I should inevitably have been knocked down.

The young man, who had been driving at a good pace, certainly did his best to pull up, which he did with such a sudden jerk that his horse reared and plunged in a most alarming manner. He shouted his apologies and raised his hat, and would, I think, have liked to have spoken to us; but Maude bowed and hurried me away in the opposite direction, my heart thumping from the shock I had received.

A very handsome young man was Mr. Druce. I did not know him to be then, as I do now, our best friend and benefactor, but I felt an irresistible liking for him from the first, in spite of our *contretemps* with the dog-cart. His was essentially a good face, with truth, honesty and intellect written clearly in every line and feature, a beautiful soft smile and a gracious sweetness of manner:

"A mouth for mastery and manful work,
A certain brooding sweetness in the eyes,
A brow the harbor of grave thought, and hair
Saxon of hue."

That day, as he drove past us in his handsome turnout, smart groom and glittering harness, he seemed, to my youthful fancy, one of the princes out of my fairy tales, and quite the handsomest person I had ever seen.

"Maude, who is he?" I asked, as soon as I could command my trembling voice.

"Who is he?" repeated Maude, in a dreamy voice. "Oh, that is Mr. Valentine Druce; he owns that pretty place over the river opposite us. Now, darling, you had a narrow escape. Take care in future. It was his fault, though; he ought not to drive at that pace round a corner."

A very pretty girl was my sister. In the Gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, there is a picture of which I am very fond, which reminds me strongly of what Maude was in those days. It is a study of a girl's head by Greuze. The golden-chestnut hair, with the little band of blue ribbon running carelessly through it, the deep-set, earnest blue eyes, the full red lips, form a lovely face, breathing softness and life.

It is, I fancy, a well-known picture, for artists are always more or less to be found surrounding it with their easels. As I said, that picture recalls Maude's sweet young face to my mind, only her complexion lacked the vigorous, healthy glow of Greuze's little maiden; Maude's was a pale, transparent skin, with rarely any color.

"Oh, tell me something about him," I continued; "why have I never seen him before?"

"He hasn't been home long, and there is nothing to tell you, dear, except that he lives all alone, poor fellow, with his sister, that lady with the white shawl and curls, you saw in church last Sunday."

"Poor fellow, how dull he must be," I replied, with a vivid recollection of the plain, uninteresting-looking countenance of the lady in question; "was that he in the drawing-room, Maude, yesterday? I saw a hat and stick in the hall, and nurse said I wasn't to go in, as it was a young gentleman come to see you. So I obeyed her, as in duty bound."

"Nurse had no right to prevent you coming in—yes, it was Mr. Druce; he brought some flowers from his sister; but, come, we must turn back now, as our tea will be waiting, and we have plenty of blackberries to make a tart for supper."

So we retraced our steps homeward, along the smooth, level country road, with the hedges on each side rich with Autumn tints, and overhung with nut-trees, brown copper-beech, mountain ash, with its brilliant berries, and dark fir and pine trees, behind which the hills rose up.

Ah, me! when I think of our sweet home in the Wye Valley, the tears rush into my eyes. How dear to me were those rambles, returning home to our comfortable house beside the river, with a frosty, wintry smell in the air, knowing a bright fire and pleasant tea were awaiting us.

The Germans have a word called "*heimweh*," for which we English have no equivalent—we cannot translate it into such ugly words as "home-sickness," or "home-longing." It has a peculiar beauty of its own, which can only be felt by those who have experienced it.

We were orphans, my sister and I. Our father—our last remaining parent—had died a year previous to the time of which I write. We had few relations in the world, and those we had were in India.

So in the quiet Wye Valley we lived, away from every one, with our old governess, who acted on occasions as chaperon to Maude. We had our friends all the same, but as they lived some miles off, we seldom saw them. Therefore it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Druce's appearance caused me some little excitement, and speculations about him occupied a great deal of my thoughts.

Chapter II.

Not for a week after our blackberry expedition did I see Valentine Druce, or any trace of him. During that week I extracted from my nurse all that she knew about him, the sum total of which was that he was a very rich young gentleman, and supposed, by the domestic portion of our establishment, to be courting, as nurse termed it, my sister.

This gave me a new and profound interest in him and his affairs. I longed for Maude to make me her confidant, and hinted darkly sometimes about my future should she marry; upon all of which occasions Maude quietly said she had no intention of ever getting married.

Besides Valentine Druce, there was another who favored Maude with his attentions—a certain Sir Frederick Lewis, a young man of about twenty-eight, who lived close by.

From the first I hated him. A stout, thick-set figure, a thick, heavy, square face, with a very dark complexion, horrid, sleepy black eyes, that always had a disagreeable, odd leer in them. In short, Sir Frederick was as great a contrast to Mr. Druce as could be found anywhere.

I was never tired of telling Maude how I disliked Sir Frederick, more especially as I guessed the reason of his frequent visits to us; but I need have entertained no fear as to Maude's feelings on the subject, as she cordially agreed with me in detesting the very sight of him.

One day my sister and I were walking in the lanes before breakfast, but not alone this time. We were accompanied by Valentine Druce, who looked quite as handsome and princely on foot as he did driving. He and Maude were chatting gayly, his merry laugh and his full manly tones blending most harmoniously.

A thick mist had risen from the river, sometimes completely enveloping the two figures on before me as I lingered behind, gathering an Autumn nosegay, diving into the woods and long, damp grass in search of treasures; for, with a child's quick, intuitive perception, I felt I was in the way. I liked Valentine, and was desirous that Maude should like him as well.

Soon, I think, they forgot my existence, so taken up were they with each other, conversing in low tones, Maude's cheeks flushed with youth and health, and he such a splendid young fellow, tall and stalwart. But I must not digress.

Once I heard Maude say, in answer to something he said:

"I will think about it, Valentine."

My eyes glistened. Here was a romance! She had called him Valentine! Would that blessed privilege ever be mine? Then he seemed to monopolize the rest of the conversation as well as Maude's hand, while she listened; and so our walk continued.

I was just beginning to realize that, with the best intentions to the contrary, playing gooseberry did become an insufferably dull task after a time, and that flowers, blackberries and even nuts, were not a "joy for ever," when a diversion appeared on the scene in the shape of Sir Frederick Lewis on his gray horse.

Maude and Valentine started a distance of several yards apart, and appeared deeply interested in the hedges, while the latter exclaimed, angrily:

"Here comes Lewis; what a tailor he looks on horseback; he has a nice animal, though."

"Horrid man; I quite detest him," answered Maude.

Meanwhile the innocent subject of their remarks was approaching, his usually scowling face looking blacker than ever at the sight of those two; he saw Maude's heightened color, and, if I am not much mistaken, he saw those two start asunder at his approach.

"Good-morning, Miss Dacres. D'ye do, Druce? I wonder you are not afraid of catching a cold on your chest such a morning as this; the fog is as thick as pea-soup. I didn't know you were given to this sort of healthy exercise, Miss Dacres, walking before the sun is up! I'm sure I wouldn't be out now, if I could help it; but I have to get to Chepstow about some business, and be back by lunch-time. Don't you pity me?" and he looked sentimentally at Maude, with his head on one side, with an expression that was intended at once to be interesting and captivating. It was, however, wasted, as Maude, looking away from him, said:

"Indeed, I do not, Sir Frederick. I think nothing could be nicer than a good long ride this lovely morning."

"Lovely morning!—ha! ha! I like that: Well, tastes differ; any way, I don't fancy you'd care for the ride or the lovely climate alone"; and he looked at Maude, who was looking away over the river to the picturesque little village of Brockweir, where some fishing-boats lay in the mud waiting for the tide. Some children were playing about—fat, fair children, with chubby red cheeks and yellow curling hair—their shouts came over the water to us, to Valentine and me, who were waiting, perched on a a stile at some distance from the other two, Valentine all the time helping himself plentifully to the nuts and blackberries in my basket. Sir Frederick noticed Maude's inattention with a little pique. He had not usually to repeat his remarks twice for the benefit of his friends.

"You seem preoccupied this morning, Miss Dacres, so I will say good-morning!" he remarked, somewhat testily; and Maude, awakening to the position, answered, quietly:

"Well, if you have so far to go, and so little time to do it in, perhaps you had better."

'You did give him a capital snub," remarked Valentine, as Sir Frederick put spurs to his horse and cantered away.

Valentine then took Maude's arm within his own, and marched on with an air of proud possession; neither of them thought of me, with damp shoes and wet frock from my contact with the long damp grass and dripping trees. For their every moment was golden; they were in a world of their own, supremely happy.

But all things have an end. Valentine left us at our gate, and we found a nice hot breakfast awaiting us.

That evening Maude told me of her engagement to Valentine, and I think my joy almost equaled hers. It was such a novelty, too, to think of having a brother-in-law in prospect.

We wept a little, too. What women do not in such cases? There is always a gentle touch of melancholy attached to one side of the question, and I am sure we made the most of it.

After that Valentine was a good deal with us, and the more I saw of him the more I loved him; and Maude—well, I think she would have died for him, her devotion was such.

Often Miss Druce came to see us, and the flowers she left behind her were the wonder and astonishment of the neighborhood. Sometimes we went to see her. Maude liked that better than visiting Mrs. Walker, Valentine's married sister, who lived some miles off, and whose house was always full of visitors. She—Mrs. Walker—was a kind woman all the same, but I am sure she was disappointed at Val not choosing some one richer than Maude for his wife, Valentine being what she termed her "young brother."

She had always expected great things of him, and made a great fuss with him, and the number of eligible heiresses that were invited to stay at the Grange for his benefit had been legion.

Valentine, however, hitherto escaped heart-whole, only to fall desperately in love with my portionless sister, who had, however, the truest, noblest nature in all the country round.

However, Mrs. Walker resigned herself to the inevitable, and sent Maude a card for a ball she was giving, but from which my sister excused herself on a plea of her mourning for my father.

THE WHISTLE-MAKER.

Valentine was disappointed, and began to entertain serious thoughts of not going himself, for which he was severely reprimanded by Maude.

"You silly boy, of course you must go; you will have to entertain the people, and I promise not to be jealous if you dance more than twice with Miss Banks—isn't that *carte blanche* for you? So go along, and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

The Miss Banks in question was the last imported heiress at the Grange—really a nice, pretty girl—but Maude knew very little of her, she being a young lady who preferred gentlemen's society to ladies'.

Chapter III.

One day, as I was returning home from a walk with my old governess, we met Sir Frederick Lewis coming out of our gate. He was walking fast, with an angry scowl on his face, and took no notice of us, only when Muff, our dear Skye terrier, accidentally ran across his path, he kicked him out of the way with muttered curses. I ran quickly indoors and found Maude in the drawing-room, standing like a statue in the middle of the room.

"Maude, what is Sir Frederick angry about? We met him at the gate, and he looked in such a rage, and kicked poor Muff."

Maude's lips curled with disdain.

"Did he? How like him! Yes, he is a wicked man," she repeated to herself.

"Maude," said I, suddenly approaching her and speaking in a whisper, "I am sure he wants you to marry him, and he's angry because you like Val best."

"Hush, child! What makes you think of such nonsense? Come and help me move these plants into the room. We must make it look pretty, as Val is coming to tea to-night."

And a bright, joyous light came to Maude's face as she stepped through the lace curtains into our pretty conservatory.

Maude's face among the flowers, stooping every now and then to smell their perfume; the neat, small head, with the wealth of yellow hair, gleaming from among the palms and ferns—this is a sweet picture that has never faded from my mind.

Suddenly a head was put in at the door—Val's. He saw the pretty figure in the conservatory, not a motion of which missed his observant eye. He ran to Maude's assistance with the flowers, and we were all busy together, when our parlor-maid entered.

"Mr. Beeching is in the dining-room, ma'am, and wishes to speak to you."

"All right, Jane. I'll come in a moment. Val, show the child how to play chopsticks while I am gone. What can the man want, I wonder?"

And Maude danced out of the room to interview our landlord.

In the meanwhile Val, who had mastered the treble difficulties of chopsticks under Maude's tuition, vainly tried to impart his knowledge to me. Perhaps he had not the gift of teaching—it is a gift, I believe—or perhaps he missed the stimulating influence of Maude's presence—anyhow, my progress was slow, and I had scarcely mastered the first variation, when the door opened to admit Maude, with a long, horrified face.

A NIGHT ON THE BERGLI.—"ON THE FOLLOWING DAY THE BODY WAS CARRIED DOWN TO GRINDELWALD."

"Val, we must leave this house. He wants to sell it."

We both started to our feet.

"The deuce he does! What! do you mean to say Beeching has given you notice to quit?" exclaimed Val.

"Well, he didn't say so at first," answered Maude, looking very frightened and speaking in a strange voice; "but he said he wanted money, and had had a good offer for it, and would I prefer to buy it or leave?"

"Confound him! The scoundrel!" from Val.

"So I said I was sure I could not buy, as we had only a small income; and so I—I supposed we should have to go."

And Maude finished her sentence with something that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

"The villain!"

And Val, clinching his teeth, strode about the room, while I sat scared and horrified, but still confident that nothing so dreadful could possibly happen to us; while Maude continued:

"He suggested writing to Mr. Hill, our lawyer, but I told him it would be no use; we had no spare money. Oh, Val! I know it is cowardly, but I feel too miserable when I think of having to leave this dear house."

"You sha'n't, either, rest assurred! There must be some mistake. I'll go and see Beeching myself, and find out what he's about, the old idiot!" said Val.

"Well, after all, if the house is his, and he wants money, we mustn't blame him," replied Maude. "He can't be supposed to consider our feelings in the matter so much as his own. Take care what you say to him, Val." And my sister, with a miserable pucker on her pretty brow, followed Valentine into the hall.

Val snatched up his hat and stick.

"Don't worry yourself, darling; it will be all right. The house sha'n't be sold, if I can help it," I heard him say; and in a few moments the hall-door shut with a bang, and he was gone, and Maud came back into the

A NIGHT ON THE BERGLI.—"ALL NIGHT LONG THE TWO MEN LAY ON THE SNOW, EGGER SLOWLY BLEEDING TO DEATH." SEE PAGE 411.

warm, pretty room. It was quite dark then, and the fire threw out a comfortable glow of light into the room, falling like a golden halo round Maude's figure as she sat on the rug, her head bent down upon her hands. She was crying softly to herself.

I seated myself beside her, mingling my tears with hers, and rubbing my little smeared countenance against her hand as a token of silent consolation.

"Don't cry, Maudie. Val will make it all right."

Val did not return that night, but next morning came a note saying all was right, and he would explain all to us that afternoon. He was going then on horseback to Chepstow on business.

About three o'clock Valentine rode up, splashed from head to foot, for it was a damp day and the roads were muddy. He looked radiantly happy.

I like to think of him as I saw him then, in his strong health, his flushed young face, with the happy, conscious, almost bashful, look upon it as we ran out to meet him.

He gave his horse to the gardener, and ran up the steps to us. He drew from his pocket some thick parchments, and hold them up to Maude.

"Wouldn't you like to look inside? What do you think it is—eh?"

"Oh, Val, tell me!" from Maude.

Val looked delighted, and held the papers high above his head to elude my hand, as I was making furtive springs at them.

"Oh, Val, tell me!" begged Maude.

Down came the papers into her hand. Val could no more have resisted that voice than he could have flown.

Maude opened it, with a gentle fluttering at her heart and a bright color in her cheeks as she gazed at two or three sheets of closely-written paper in a copper-plate hand; then she looked at the end, where some names were signed.

Meanwhile, Val watched her face with dancing, joyous eyes.

"Well, can you make it out?"

Maude raised her eyes, full of astonishment.

"Why, Val, does it mean that you have bought this place?"

"Just so; or, in other words, I am your landlord."

A long silence.

"Well, don't you like me? Sha'n't I be strict if you don't pay your rent to the day! Won't you catch it, just!"

At this I was fairly too overjoyed to do anything but half smother Val with embraces, and had to get on a chair for the purpose.

Maude's eyes were overflowing with tears; she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, Val, you are the best and kindest boy in the world! There is no one like you! Come in and tell us all about it!" I cried.

And, together, we dragged him on to the sofa in the drawing-room.

"Well," began Val, when we were seated, "I settled it all last night with Beeching. It seems some man from Leicestershire has had his eye on this place for some time, and offered Beeching a good price for it. Beeching, being only of human nature, could not withstand anything so tempting, especially as he wanted money; so he came away straight to you. Well, I found him rather hard work at first, but he came round after a time; and when I bid a trifle higher for the house than the gentleman from Leicestershire, he quite snapped at it, and we arranged to meet at a lawyer's this morning to sign the deeds, and here they are; that's all."

From that day forth Valentine was placed—in my estimation—on a pedestal miles above any other person on earth.

"Now, Maude, when we are married, you can have your choice of coming over the river to me at Kilmorey or remaining here."

"We will take it turn about," answered Maude, laughing.

"By-the-by," said Val, drawing a letter from his pocket. "I have just had a note from Kittie. She wants me to go over there to-morrow morning. She says they are getting up some surprise for the evening of her ball—she doesn't say what. I hope she does not want me to black my face and do a nigger with a banjo. I don't want to go. I want you to ride with me, Maude."

"No, Val. Of course you must go. We will have our ride next day; and I will take the opportunity to drive over and see Beatrice Ashton."

"Very well; then I'll tell you what you must do. After your visit, drive on to Kittie's; if you don't meet me on the road, drive on to the house. It's an age since you have been to see her; and she will be offended if you don't."

Maude smiled. She had a pretty good idea of how much Mrs. Walker would be offended, and also of that lady's indifference to her; but she answered, gayly enough:

"Very well; I'll come." And then, as Val rose to go, she said, smiling: "But don't flirt *too* much with Miss Banks."

Val gave her a delighted look, and then answered:

"I'll do my best to withstand the fascinations of that charming damsel; but I am but mortal."

Here a scuffle took place. Maude was threatening to box her boy's ears; her victim, feigning the most abject terror, was calling to me for protection in the most piteous and heartrending accents; then the hall-door banged, and then both passed the window arm-in-arm.

I watched them disappear; Maude was evidently seeing him safe off the premises. How pretty she looked, clinging to his arm and laughing brightly up in his face, the sun streaming on her yellow hair!

Chapter IV.

The next day was a bright warm one—a day we often meet with in September, and so much appreciated because so unexpected. Maude, in her pretty hat and plume, looked radiant as we drove away from the house along the weary, up-hill road toward Chepstow.

"Punch" was a lazy pony, fat and well-cared for, and that afternoon he felt no inclination to hurry himself as usual; I administered the whip at intervals.

Passing first Tintern Abbey, nestling down in the pretty village, and so on up-hill till the Wyndcliff was reached—the beautiful, majestic rocks—we stopped to look back and admire the glorious view, the winding, graceful river twining like a silver thread among the meadows, and in the faint, hazy distance a bright streak of water—the Severn.

Maude's friend was from home, so we drove straight on to Mrs. Walker's in quest of Valentine. We soon reached the park paling, and then swept into the drive.

A lovely old Elizabethan pile of red brick; a smooth, sloping lawn; tall brown copper beech-trees against the blue sky; croquet-hoops everywhere, and peacocks strutting about. This is my remembrance of "The Elms."

We were shown into a long drawing-room, handsomely

furnished and hung with gorgeous drapery; the room was pervaded with the smell of fresh lavender—a scent that, if I smell at any time now, brings back vividly to my mind that day.

The room was empty; but at the end hung thick velvet curtains, which partially concealed a room beyond.

From this room came voices which, as we drew nearer into the room, we heard distinctly. The voices were without doubt Miss Banks's and Valentine's, speaking not in low tones, but in distinct, audible utterances.

Miss Banks was speaking, and, from where we stood, we could see part of her long silver drapery within the curtain.

"Do you dare to address me thus, sir, when I know it is evident to every one that your affections are given to another?"

Then Valentine's voice, clear and distinct:

"Do not speak so. You would judge me less harshly did you know the truth. I am indeed promised to another; but how bitterly I regret that one rash act no words can tell. I love you and you only—and you know it!"

Here the curtains opened to admit Sir Frederick Lewis; he looked surprised to see us, and advanced eagerly to Maude.

"Miss Dacres! You here? I am glad." Then, receiving no greeting from Maude, who was staring at him with a white, agitated face, he said:

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

Maude steadied herself with an effort in the interval before she spoke. We could hear those two voices still talking behind the velvet hangings from which Sir Frederick had emerged. My sister's voice sounded strange.

"Tell me, please, was that Valentine I heard speaking to Miss Banks?"

"Of course it was," answered he, staring at her in astonishment.

Suddenly he started as if a sudden thought had struck him, and into his eyes came a quick, eager look.

"You heard what he said, did you?" he said, lowering his voice, and his eyes glittering and bright like a serpent's "You heard him tell her he loved her, did you not? You should have heard him just now; he asked her to elope with him. I always told you he was not the model young man you thought him. Ha! ha!"

How I hated him as he stood there, and how I longed to take up the cudgel for Valentine; and yet how could I, when with my own ears I had heard that treachery to my sweet sister?

Poor Maude! how I pitied her! She sat staring at the curtains, scarcely seeing Sir Frederick, though each word sank deep into her heart.

Suddenly the curtains opened, and Miss Banks stepped into the room, followed by Valentine. He had a book in his hand, which he threw on a chair as he came forward to greet us.

"Maude, when did you come?"

Fortunately for us, just at that moment Mrs. Walker entered from another door, so my poor Maude advanced to meet her, and talked with her on all subjects, as if in a dream. Not once did she raise her eyes to Valentine, who was standing near her. Then a move was made by Miss Banks, who suggested that we should all stroll out into the garden, which we accordingly did. Maude kept behind, between Sir Frederick—who attached himself to her—and Mrs. Walker, and Val and Miss Banks walked on ahead; we walked slower than the couple in front, as we stopped continually to admire some plant or shrub. Coming to a turn in the avenue, Mrs. Walker said:

"Will you excuse me for a minute, Maude? I have forgotten something," and she walked back to the house.

Maude turned to Sir Frederick.

"I do not think I will go further to-day, thank you, Sir Frederick. Perhaps you would kindly call my pony-carriage round; it is getting late."

Sir Frederick was off in a minute.

"Oh, Maudie! won't you wait for Val?"

"Certainly not! Why should I?"

The tears came into my eyes. What a miserable visit this was! However, we had no time to talk. The carriage was waiting, and Sir Frederick ready to help us in. He pressed Maude's hand, and whispered smilingly to her, but she took no notice, and bowed coldly as we drove away down the avenue.

We did not talk much; each was occupied with the same thoughts—the words heard behind those velvet hangings.

Oh, how my idol had turned to clay!

Maude had given the reins to our little tiger in the back seat, who made Punch fly at a rate hitherto unexperienced before by him.

Maude sat with her hands folded, deep in thought. So we flew over the ground. It was getting dusk, and there was a frosty smell in the air which penetrated my bones. I had brought no cloak, neither had Maude; it had been so warm when we started.

"Maude, aren't you cold? I am."

Maude roused herself.

"Are you, dear? Never mind, we shall be home soon. By-the-by, dear, what do you think if we went to X—— to-morrow to stay with Dr. and Mrs. Burton?"

This *was* startling. I could only gasp, "To-morrow?"

"Yes; why not? We have promised them so often, and I think we must go to-morrow."

"Oh, Maude! they are such stupid old people; *must* we go?"

"Yes; and I should like to start to-morrow. I've made up my mind, so don't ask me any more questions. I am very unhappy."

I sat wondering at this sudden move, but immediately guessed the cause of our sudden flight. Maude wished to avoid Valentine, and no wonder.

So we flew along, the hedgerows being the only objects that met our gaze. What a miserable drive it was! but nothing compared to the misery that came after.

That night we packed till midnight—Maude having telegraphed to Mrs. Burton our intention of visiting her.

When the morning came I ran up to my sister's room. I met her at the door with a note she had just written in her hand. She called a servant to take it over to Kilmorey, to Mr. Druce, and then we both went down to a hasty breakfast.

Chapter V.

The journey to X—— was a short one—two hours at the most; but we were, nevertheless, glad to reach our destination, and to find Mrs. Burton, a little fat, fair woman, with a smiling, pleasant countenance, at the station awaiting us. She had been a great friend of our mother's, for whose sake she was willing to love us a great deal.

She made us at home at once, and assured us the dear doctor was dying to see us. The doctor was fond of ladies, young ones particularly. This we found by experience a few hours later.

That same evening, as Maude and I were sitting by the open window, gazing out at the black river with the black barges at anchor, their masts and rigging showing

A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—CAMDEN PLACE, CHISELHURST, ENGLAND, RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON III. AND EUGÉNIE.—SEE PAGE 412.

finely against the sky, the moon shimmering out bright upon everything, I said:

"Maude, isn't it like Venice, those old tumble-down houses over there, and the great tower rising up from among them?"

Maude smiled.

"It isn't a compliment to Venice, but all the same it is beautiful. How calm and cold the moon is, and how clear its reflection in the river! How still everything is!"

I looked at Maude. Her face looked white, and the eyes looked restless and miserable. It was a tired, weary face. Oh, how different from the one that I had seen pass the window a few days since on Valentine's arm!

I sat thinking over it all and felt very miserable, when I was suddenly aroused by the noise of a carriage driving rapidly up the quiet street. It stopped at our door, and two men, which we distinguished by the gas-lamp's glare to be policemen, jumped out, and rang loudly at the bell.

Maude and I watched them attentively, stretching our necks out of the window and gazing below. In a few moments Dr. Burton issued hastily from the house, and, together with the two men, jumped into the fly and drove rapidly away.

Maude and I drew in our heads and looked at each other.

"Some one must be very ill," said Maude.

"Or, perhaps, they are taking him to the police-station," I volunteered.

Our surmises were put an end by Mrs. Burton entering the room in a dreadful hurry, wringing her hands.

"Oh, girls, fancy! there has been a dreadful railway accident between this and B—— A special train is waiting to take the dear doctor, and he has just gone. How providentially you have escaped, my dear children—the very line you came by this morning!"

"How dreadful!" said Maude, in a hushed voice. "Are many hurt?"

"Oh, yes, several killed; but, of course, they cannot tell to what extent. The train ran off the line and tore through some plowed fields. They are preparing beds at the hospital; but I am sure they will not have room for them."

A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—SEE PAGE 412.

A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.—SEE PAGE 412.

We talked on in awestruck voices, looking out into the pale moonlight, the white moon as radiant as ever.

What a scene of horror and misery she was now illuminating miles away among those dreary fields! How many now were lying cold and dead who, but a few hours since, were well and strong!

Where were they all now? Were they all safe up above in that clear, vaulted sky? Ah! who can tell? I could only wonder in my child's way, frightened and awestruck at this near approach of death.

* * * * * *

I opened my eyes to find it was eleven o'clock, and I had been fast asleep; the room was very warm, and lamps were burning on every table.

Mrs. Burton and Maude were by the window, looking out. I joined them. The moon was nearly above our heads now, and a million stars were visible. I felt tired and stiff.

"How are the poor people, Maude?"

"We are sitting up for the doctor, dear. He has sent us word to get some beds ready here, so we have prepared the dining-room. You go to bed now, dear."

"No, let me stay with you. I will be quite quiet."

Receiving no direct refusal, I retired again to my chair in the corner.

Maude had run down-stairs on some errand for Mrs. Burton, when we heard the sound of wheels again coming up the street, driving slowly this time.

"They are coming now," said Mrs. Burton. "You remain quietly here, darling;" and she ran down-stairs.

I rushed to the window, threw up the sash, and gazed out below. Some men were carrying a stretcher from the fly into the house, on which lay a form covered up.

A thrill of horror ran through me. Shall I ever forget that hour? I hastily drew in my head and sobbed bitterly, with my face in my hands. Suddenly I was aroused

by a piercing scream ringing through the house. Maude's voice. I rushed to the door and tore out into the passage.

There, in the hall below, lay my sister, her head on Mrs. Burton's breast, who was kneeling beside her; she warned me back as I ran hastily down the stairs and entreated to be told what was the matter.

"Nothing, dear child. She will be better soon; she has fainted. It was a great shock for her; it seems she knew the poor young man in the room yonder; she said his name was Valentine. Did you know him?"

Chapter VI.

Next day was a day of misery and mourning. Yes, true enough, it was our Valentine who lay pale and death-like in the hushed, quiet room below.

But he was not dead, though unconscious from a fractured skull. An eminent doctor had been telegraphed for, and was expected that afternoon.

Maude and I were too miserable to do anything. Neither of us had moved from the stairs all night long, waiting from hour to hour to hear if he had regained consciousness, or was to go out from us for ever without one word, one look, or even the knowledge that those who loved him were near.

As the afternoon wore on and still the doctor had not come, Maude, from sheer exhaustion, fell asleep on the sofa in the drawing-room, while I sat on a stool at her feet, with my head on her lap.

We were aroused by a servant opening the door and announcing, much to our profound astonishment: "Sir Frederick Lewis!"

He came toward us hurriedly, while Maude started to her feet.

"You are surprised to see me, no doubt, Miss Dacres. I have come, with Mrs. Walker and Miss Druce, as soon as we heard of this shocking affair. I have left them below. I could not rest till I had seen you and explained everything."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this—that I helped you that day at The Elms to imagine what was false, instead of telling you the truth—that they were only rehearsing their parts for some theatricals Mrs. Walker was getting up."

Oh! Maude, my poor sister, my heart bled for you! She sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, moaning, "Oh, Val, Val!" Sir Frederick continued:

"I know you will hate and loath me more than ever now, but I can't rest till I have told you. Druce refused to act at all, but, in the absence of young Smith, consented to personate him and read his part, as you heard him. When I came into the drawing-room I thought, on my honor, that you were aware of the whole proceeding. It was only when I saw your astonished, horrified face, and heard you speak, that I guessed you were misunderstanding things. I think then Satan must have entered into my soul, tempting me to make the most of my opportunity, and letting you quietly think him untrue to you. What will you say to me? Oh, Miss Dacres, forgive me!"

He sank on his knees beside her, his face—no mistake this time—looking haggard and miserable.

Maude sprang away from him, her eyes flashing with rage.

"How dare you speak of forgiveness! I would kill you if I could. Go, leave me; you have ruined us both, and killed him! Oh, Val, my darling!" and throwing herself down upon the sofa-cushions, she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

I cannot tell what Sir Frederick would have done next, for the door opened to admit Mrs. Burton, accompanied by Valentine's sisters. She understood now in what relationship Valentine and Maude stood. Sir Frederick took the opportunity to slip away out of the room.

"You must not give way so, darling," said Mrs. Burton, stroking the golden head that lay half buried in the cushions.

"Mr. Druce is better. He is quite conscious now, and the doctor is with him."

Maude raised her head and looked at Mrs. Burton, and as she read in her face the confirmation of her words, her own face changed, a look of sudden joy took the place of the intensely-miserable one that had possessed it.

"Oh, is it true? Thank God!"

* * * * * *

So Valentine, before whose eyes the gates of the Eternal City had been slowly opening, was given back to us; the golden gates were shut, and he awoke, hour by hour and day day, to realize the glorious truth that he was to "live, and not die." The Angel of Death that had been hovering over us spread his dusky wings and left us; how happy we all were together then, and how far dearer he was to *us* than ever.

It was a long, tedious illness, however, and it was not till the very end of November that Val could be pronounced well enough to return home. How well I remember the afternoon before that remarkable day. Maude and I had been into town to make some purchases; when we got back to the house it was quite dark, we went straight up to the drawing-room, where we knew we should find Val. Maude opened the door gently and entered. The room was dark, a bright fire was burning on the hearth, and before it was Valentine, laying back in a low armchair. He did not look round as Maude came in, but he knew she was there; he felt her presence, felt the sweet rush of outer air which clung to her clothes.

"How dark it is, Val! Won't you have candles lit?"

"Not yet, love. Come."

Val stretched out his arm and turned a face, haggard and pale from suffering, but full of love and entreaty, to her.

Maude moved across to his chair and knelt down. He drew her soft head down upon his breast.

"Darling, how soon shall we be married?"

"Whenever you like, Val."

"I have a fancy that I should like you and I to begin the new year together, and I think, as I am an invalid, you must humor me in this. Will you, Maude?"

A pause.

"Speak, love—say you will?" asked Valentine, again.

"Yes, dear, if you wish it," replied my sister, and I, feeling I was no longer wanted, rose quickly and left the room.

A NIGHT ON THE BERGLI.

The Geneva correspondent of the London *Times* writes, under date of November 19th: "A strange, and to one of the concerned a fatal, accident occurred a few days ago in the Bernese Oberland. On Sunday last the weather, as it has been for a month past all over Switzerland, being fine and abnormally mild, Herr Anderfuhren, engineer, of Interlaken, set out from Grindelwald for the Bergli hut, which he has undertaken to reconstruct. He was accompanied by the guides Egger and Kaufman, and by a porter of the name of Schlegel. The first part

of the ascent was accomplished with ease, but in the afternoon deep snow was encountered, and the progress of the party became slow and difficult. Then Schlegel fell ill, and half an hour before the hut was reached they were compelled to leave him behind. He thought that with a short rest he would be able to follow them; and it was agreed that after the others had cleared a path and opened the hut the two guides should return to meet him. A little higher up they had to cross a crevasse, which Schlegel could not have got over alone; and as soon as the hut was in view Egger went back to help the sick man over the obstacle, and to fetch the bag of provisions, some candles, and the lantern that Schlegel had been carrying. But when Egger neared the crevasse there was no sign of Schlegel, and, fearing that he might have become worse, and would require rather to be carried than merely helped, he went back for Kaufman. By this time night had fallen, and a light of some sort being indispensable, Egger knocked the bottom out of an empty wine-bottle which they found in the hut, and by putting a candle into the neck improvised a fair lantern.

"Thus equipped, the two guides made their way to the crevasse, where they were rejoiced to hear a shout from Schlegel, and to learn that he was not so bad as they feared, and that he required only the help of one of them. On this Kaufman, after giving Egger a lift over the crevasse, returned to the hut, leaving his companion to bring up the porter and his bag. By this time it was seven o'clock and quite dark, and a few minutes afterward Egger's candle went out. Unable, for lack of a match, to relight it, he was compelled to grope his way partly on his hands and knees in the direction of Schlegel's voice, whom he eventually succeeded in reaching. Then the two men, seated side by side on the snow, began to seek for matches and trim their lanterns. Just as Schlegel struck a light he heard Egger call out that he had cut himself. It was too true; the poor fellow had severed the radial artery of his right arm with the jagged edge of his bottle lantern. After vainly trying to stop the bleeding, Schlegel set off for the crevasse, with the intention, if by any possibility he could make his voice heard, of summoning the others. But he had only gone a few yards when Egger called him back; he felt that he was dying, he said.

"All night long the two men lay on the snow, Egger bleeding slowly to death, and Schlegel, by reason of his illness and long exposure to cold, little more than alive. In the meanwhile, Anderfuhren and Kaufman remained in the hut, ignorant of what had befallen their companions, and utterly unable to afford them any help, or even to ascertain what had become of them. Egger had taken the only candle they had, the others being in the bag, and the night was so dark that to have ventured forth among the precipices which surrounded them, and the rifts which in every direction intersected the track, would have been to court destruction. Toward three o'clock, however, the darkness being by that time somewhat less intense, they left the hut, and, roped firmly together, made with the utmost caution for the crevasse. This they safely crossed, and, guided by the light of Schlegel's lantern, succeeded in reaching the spot where the two men lay. Both were in a pitiable condition, and Egger's arm was still bleeding profusely. Herr Anderfuhren's and Kaufman's first proceeding was to take off their flannel shirts and give them to their disabled comrades, who had suffered terribly from the cold. Then, after a hurried consultation, they resolved to descend to Grindelwald with all speed for more strength and a surgeon.

"Long before they could return Egger was dead, and on the following day his body was carried down to Grindelwald. Schlegel is seriously ill, and it is doubtful if he will recover."

HOUSEKEEPING.

Every good wife must work out the practical details of housekeeping for herself. We are at last gradually learning to admit the great influence our daily food, and consequently our digestion, has on our daily life. The next thing to do is to put this newly-acquired wisdom into practice. If you wish to be a good housekeeper, begin by realizing that, as in other trades, there is no royal road to success, and that, beyond certain hard and fast rules, you have several very uncertain tastes and wants to take into account. "One man's meat is another man's poison," says the old proverb, truly enough. You may draw up an ideally perfect housekeeping code on paper, and in practice it will break down hopelessly at the first start, because you have totally forgotten the warning given in that old saw. The list of daily and weekly fare occasionally given by some of the correspondents of the newspapers have possessed a deep, unholy fascination to us. How, in the name of all that is wonderful, were they carried out, not by mortal men, but by mortal maid-servants? The thing is, that every one may be right in his own particular case, but wrong in expecting every one else to go and do likewise. If your household is to be comfortable and healthy, you must, to a certain extent, study individual tastes and wants, and not insist on reducing all to the same orthodox level. Give a little real thought to your daily bills of fare, for nursery, kitchen and dining-room alike, and you will be amply repaid. A wise man once said that the road to people's hearts lay through their stomachs. Well, why not? Our temper undoubtedly depends a great deal on our digestion, and we are far more likely to be grateful to and fond of the people who study both, than we are of the good folk who stump along regardless of either.

CHINESE METHOD OF SHAVING.

Chinese shaving is a slow process. The customer seats himself erect on a stool or bench, with the knowledge that an hour must pass before he is released. The barber begins operations by carefully washing the victim's face, ears and head with very warm water, wiping off the dripping parts with a wet towel. He then begins shaving the head, or rather around the crown where the cue begins, commencing over the right ear and moving along until the forehead and lower part of the backhead are cleaned. He next passes to the face and afterward to the neck. The ears are shaved and carefully brushed out and cleaned with delicate brushes and ingenious instruments. The face, neck and head are then washed and rubbed until the skin assumes a healthy pink. The second part is somewhat like the "Swedish-movement cure." The barber begins to turn and manipulate the head and neck until every cord and muscle has been stretched, pinched and pulled. The shoulders, arms and back are also scientifically pounded and pulled until the victim expresses a desire to have the manipulator stop. The cue is then unbraided, combed and cleaned, and again braided and put in place. Occasionally, when a barber desires to show great attention to a distinguished customer, he rubs and pulls his fingers and even his toes, until the joints crack.

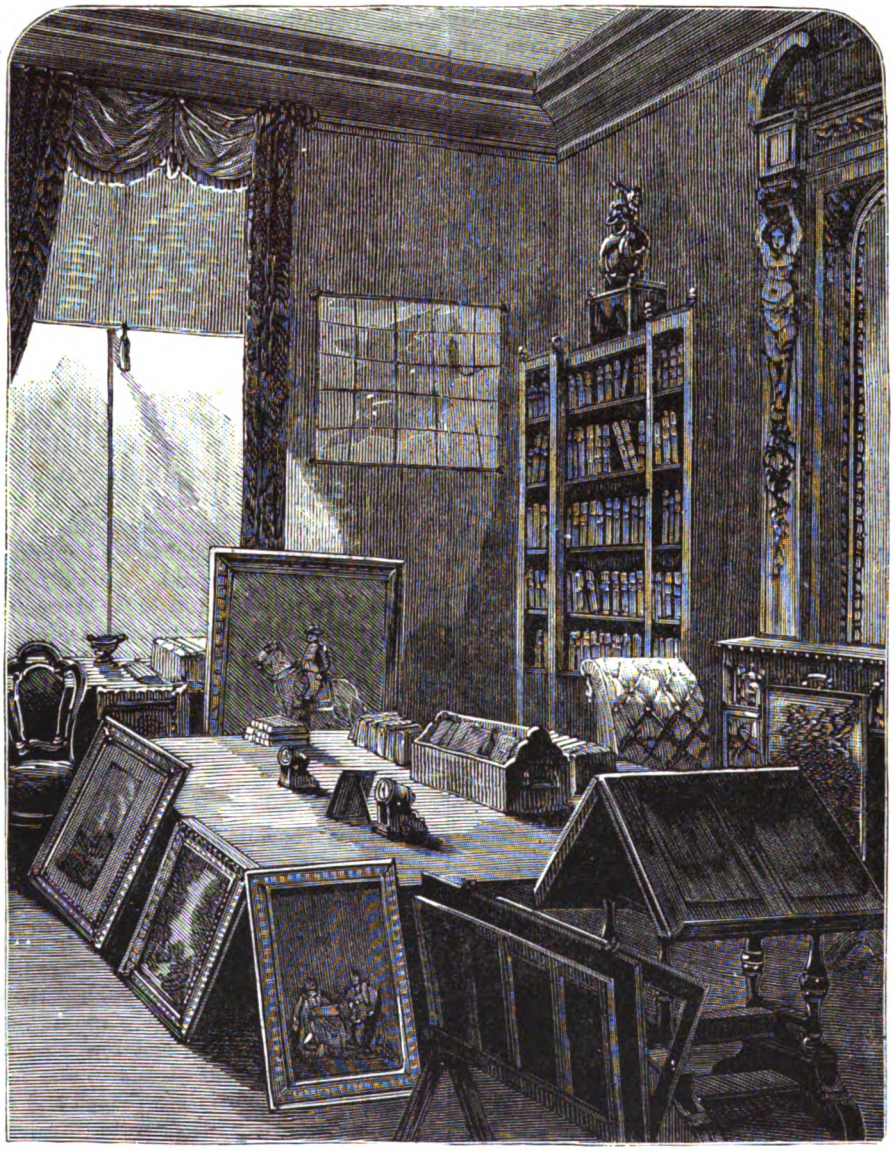
A DAY AT CHISELHURST.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

An hour's ride from London brought us to one of the prettiest but saddest of English towns, Chiselhurst. As we walked up the smooth, white roadway leading from the station to the village, so like the streets of ancient Rome, an exquisite landscape lay before us. On either side, the high walls, which always inclose an English home, were matted with ivy. Above these were great hawthorn trees, covered with red, pink or snowy blossoms, and here and there a laburnum with its golden clusters.

The houses, half wood and half brick, with large piazzas and broad lawns, looked restful and inviting. One, with its profusion of flowers, was so attractive that we ventured to ask if three Boston women might walk about the grounds. With a cordiality that made our hearts warm toward the English people, Mrs. Powell, a descendent of the famous Mary Powell, bade us welcome, asked us to take refreshments, which we felt would be too great a tax upon her hospitality, and sent her servant to cut us a bouquet of choice flowers.

The large brick house in front and rear was covered with pink and yellow roses, while one end was as white with clematis as the ground after a snow-storm. Great beds of pansies, white and red daisies, brilliant tulips, purple rhododendrons, red and white azaleas and yellow narcissus and honeysuckle, scattered about the lawn, made a picture, rich in color, such as one rarely sees in a lifetime.



PRINCE NAPOLEON'S STUDY.

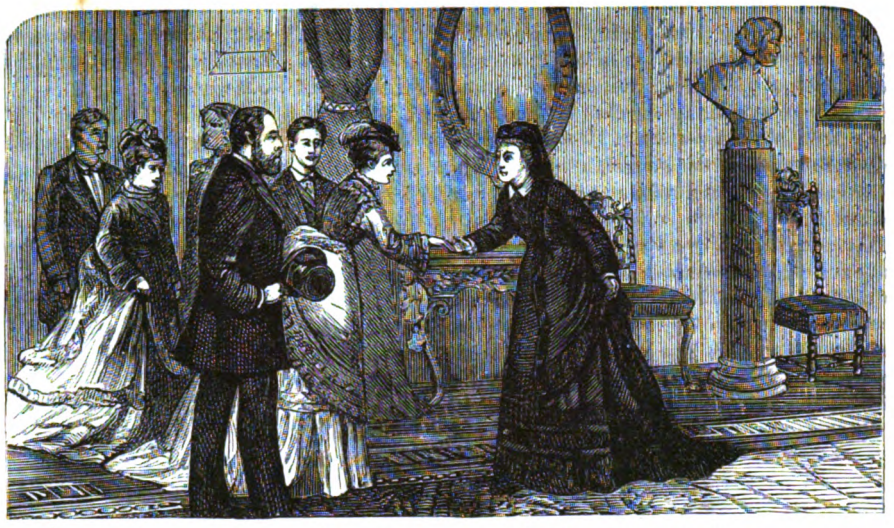
A half-hour's walk brought us to Camden House, the home of the Empress Eugénie, a cream-colored brick mansion with red brick trimmings, in Italian style, half hidden by cedar trees. In front stretches a great open space, filled with golden furze, and in the distance is the little vine-covered St. Mary's Church, where her husband and son are buried. What a history has this home! As we sat before it on this exquisite June day, we remembered how Eugénie, at one time the most beautiful woman in the world, had fled thither from the Tuileries in her waterproof and thick black vail, while the half-mad populace shouted, "A bas l'Impératrice! A la guillotine! la déchéance!" She did not come, however, by her own will, for, at the last moment, as she was almost dragged out of the palace by Prince Metternich, she said—being Regent while Napoleon was at the front—"I have no more right to abandon my post than a captain has his ship when the tempest rages. Leave me, prince. I know how to die; my place is here."

Mr. Strode, the owner, who had long been the friend of the Emperor, offered Camden House to her as soon as she arrived in England. At her request he received rental, but expended it in making the place more attractive.

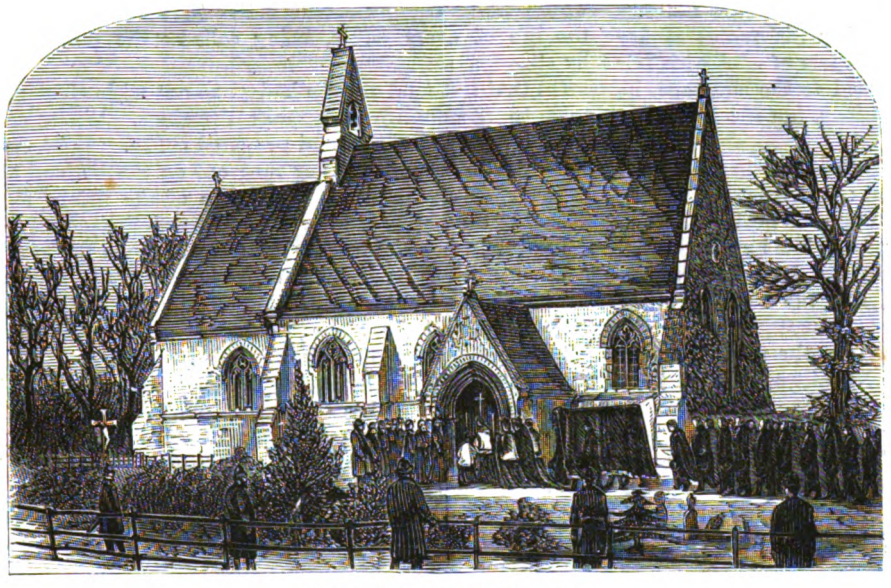
Here Napoleon came in 1872, after the humiliation of Sédan and the captivity of Wilhelmshöhe, to die. Down that graveled walk, and across the common to the church, 30,000 persons followed the body of the fallen

Emperor, once an exile in America, a prisoner at Ham for five years, then the great ruler of a great people.

But, beyond all this, Camden House is fragrant with memories of a noble boy, the Prince Imperial, whose fate is as pathetic as anything in history. For the birth of no child was there ever more magnificent preparation. Three rooms were filled with his twelve dozen embroidered robes and other wearing apparel. Paris sent a rosewood cradle in the form of a ship, with an eagle of precious stones at the prow, and at the stern a figure in gold, representing the city. When his birth was announced the streets were gay with flags, bells rang, 101 guns were fired, the city voted $20,000 for poor infants, and the peasants made the babe a present of $150,000, no person being allowed to give over five cents. As a thank-offering, Napoleon established a society to aid respectable poor, which in five years loaned over a million dollars. His baptism at Notre-Dame reads like a fairy tale, so gorgeous was it, with its hundred bishops, soldiers and state carriages. Three hundred balloons, filled with bonbons, were sent up into the air, to break for the delight of the children. The Emperor and Empress stood godfather and godmother by proxy, to 3,000 born on the same day as their darling son.



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE IN HER WIDOWHOOD RECEIVING FRIENDS.



ST. MARY'S CHAPEL, CHISELHURST.

No child was ever more idolized by his parents, or returned it perhaps with more obedience, purity of character and devotion. He was generous to the poor, always emptying his pockets if he saw a person in need. Once, at a party of his mother's guests, he passed around his hat for money for a poor woman who gathered sticks on the street. He wept when reproved for discourtesy, and returned the funds, which were soon made up to him.

DRAWING-ROOM AT CHISELHURST.

When Louis was five years old, he was presented with a striped donkey from Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. This he determined to ride up the Tuileries steps and through the palace. The animal stoutly refused, but the prince commanded the servants to lift the donkey's feet, stair by stair. The spirited boy conquered, and rode through the rooms, much to the amusement of his imperial parents, who watched the proceedings from behind a curtain.

His playthings were miniature cannon and muskets. At fourteen, he went with his father to the Franco-Prussian War, and at Saarbruck received, as the Emperor wrote back to the Empress, his "first baptism of fire." Months after, the boy would start in his sleep, as he dreamed of the horrors of war, exclaiming: "The poor soldiers!" When sent to England for safety, both father and son wept at the parting. Later, when told of his father's defeat, he said, in a manly way: "The Emperor has done his duty, and could not expect a better fate than his soldiers"; but when alone, he threw himself on a sofa and sobbed aloud.

After his mother had safely escaped, and joined him in England, he was sent to Woolwich to receive his military education, Queen Victoria furnishing his rooms at her own expense. There he won the hearts of all by his fair and noble nature. Though unused to the language, he would accept no private examinations, nor receive favors of any kind.

When summoned to Camden House, on the illness of his father, he said to an attendant: "Tell me the worst; I can bear it." His mother fell upon his neck, sobbing: "My Louis! my Louis! I have no one left but yourself." After embracing again and again the dead body of his father, he motioned all to kneel, and the boy of sixteen prayed earnestly.

After the funeral, as he passed up the walk from the gate, the men shouted, "Vive Napoleon IV.!" but he waved his hand, and said, in a firm voice: "My friends, I thank you, but the Emperor is dead. Let me join you in the cry of 'Vive la France!'" and this was taken up by all. Then, in the drawing-room of Camden House, this boy received the fealty of the thousands who had come from France to honor Napoleon III.

On his eighteenth birthday, when, by his father's last will, he attained his majority, Chiselhurst was again filled with his admirers, 8,000 coming from one station in Paris. A branch of chestnut, brought here from the Tuileries garden, he laid reverently on his father's tomb. In his address, he said: "United to my mother by most tender and grateful affection, I shall unceasingly strive to acquire knowledge, and thus forestall the march of time. If the hour ever arrives when another government shall accord me the majority of the country's votes, I shall be ready to bow with respect to the decision of France. My courage and my life belong to her. May God watch over her and restore to her her prosperity and her grandeur!"

After completing his studies at Woolwich, where he graduated with honor in 1875, he remained at Camden House for over three years, studying and writing; but the quiet life was depressing to his eager and ambitious spirit. His political opponents in France accused him of cowardice and inactivity, which was most cutting to one who was brave even to recklessness.

England—whether justly or not—had engaged in the Zulu War. The whole nation had been stirred by the butchery at the camp of Isandhlwana, where out of 1,500 only 30 escaped. Many Woolwich officers were to start at once for the scene of action, and were anxious for the prince to join them. Here was an opportunity for him to serve the country which had given him a home, and to show to his own nation that he was no coward. At first his mother tearfully opposed his going, but finally consented.

On the day before his departure for Africa, thousands of telegrams came from all parts of France. In answering some of these, making his will and writing letters, he sat up till two o'clock in the morning, and at half-past seven went to receive the sacrament in St. Mary's Church. He lingered so long in prayer at his father's tomb, that a messenger was sent to hasten him. Forgetting to say good-by to the old lady who kept the chapel, he returned, lifted his cap and apologized for the omission. The Empress accompanied him as far as Southampton, and parted from him with the deepest anxiety and sorrow.

Although the English authorities requested that the prince be carefully guarded, he seems to have been permitted to go wherever his boyish spirit and bravery led him. He loved skirmishing, but expressed a hope that he might never die that way; but if "in a great battle, if Providence willed it, all well and good."

He was greatly beloved in both hospital and camp, would never occupy a tent better than others, and was the life of every circle, being called "the dear boy" by all.

On that last fatal day he had gone out with eight persons to reconnoitre and make drawings. When near some huts, all alighted, and prepared coffee. As he gave the order to mount, a volley rang out on the air, and the Zulus were upon them. The horse of the prince took fright, but he sprang after him, grasped the pommel of the saddle, when the leather gave way! Then the heroic youth turned and met his foe face-to-face, first using his revolver and then his sword. His comrades had fled for their lives, and he alone was left to the savages. He fell pierced by seventeen assegai wounds.

All night long the prince, so tenderly reared, lay in his blood in the rank African grass. When found he was lying on his back, his arms crossed on his breast, one of his mild blue eyes open, the other put out by an assegai, his clothes gone, but around his neck, untouched, a locket with his mother's picture, given on the very day they parted from each other. Her Louis had loved her till the last. No wonder these words were found among his writings: "In France the true order of things is reversed. Children no longer respect their parents; and when parental authority is abnegated that of the law follows. I intend to set the example of honoring and respecting my mother."

The slight form was wrapped in blankets, embalmed as well as it could be, and sent back to the stricken Empress at Camden House. The whole world wept with the heart-broken mother around that coffin from Zululand. All night long, after the body came, the Empress sat or knelt beside it, and in the morning was carried fainting to her room, where for weeks she lay more dead than alive.

Again thousands gathered at Camden House. Queen Victoria came and knelt and prayed at the foot of the coffin, and laid on it a wreath of gold laurel-leaves, tied with a white-satin ribbon, and a card in French in her own handwriting. Princess Beatrice—the world believed they loved each other—brought an exquisite porcelain wreath, that it might last for ever. Albert Edward and Alexandra, in their own handwriting, gave a wreath of purple violets and white clematis, "In token of affectionate regard for the prince who lived the most spotless of lives and died a soldier's death, fighting for our cause in Zululand." On and around his coffin were over five

hundred wreaths, mostly of sweet-scented violets, roses and immortelles.

Six horses drew the gun-carriage on which was placed the purple velvet coffin, covered with the Union Jack and the Tri-color, and his hat and sword. Then followed the royal pallbearers, the favorite horse of the prince, "Stag," in crape and riderless, and the vast concourse of people. The muffled drums beat, the minute-guns were fired, bells tolled, and then the coffin, covered with flowers and borne on the shoulders of the cadets who loved him, was laid in St. Mary's, opposite the Scotch-granite sarcophagus of his father. To me there is no place more touching in all England than this grave of buried hopes. I doubt if any have ever stood there unmoved to tears. The saddest memento of all is the wreath of flowers recently placed there, gathered by his mother, in Africa, where her boy's blood wet the sod. Victoria has marked the spot by a cross, with the words, "He fell with his face to the foe."

On the common, in front of Camden House, with the furze all abloom, is a Greek cross in granite, over thirty feet high, erected by the people of Chiselhurst, with the words:

EUGENE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH,
PRINCE IMPERIAL,
Killed in Zululand,
1st June, 1879.

On the opposite side are the lines: "I shall die with a sentiment of profound gratitude for Her Majesty the Queen of England, for all the Royal family, and for the country where I have received, during eight years, such cordial hospitality."—(*Last Testament of the Prince.*)

And thus ended a beautiful life, whose keynote was the prayer found written by him: "I pray not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles from my path, but that Thou mayest permit me to overcome them. . . . Grant, O God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love, and who are dead, shall see all my actions. My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my inmost thoughts shall never make me blush."

Was his death best for France? Who shall say. We who love a republic hope that at last France is able to govern herself, but Napoleon IV., doubtless, would have been a wise and able ruler.

We walked away from St. Mary's silently, the pink roses and yellow honeysuckles, growing among the ivy on her walls, seeming to take away something of the harshness of death; crossed the meadows so yellow with buttercups that not a spear of grass could be seen; lingered under the full-bloom horsechestnut and hawthorn trees; heard the cuckoo as she sang plaintively above the quiet churchyard, and went back to busy London thinking that life is a strange drama.

AN ENGLISH CONVENT IN PARIS.

THE oldest British institution in Paris has celebrated its fifth jubilee. The Augustinian Convent of Our Lady of Sion was founded in 1634 by the exertions of Pinkney, *alias* Carr. During a long period it received, as nuns or pupils, members of the leading English Catholic families. During the Reign of Terror the nuns were prisoners in their convent, the inmates of two other English nunneries being lodged there with a throng of French women, about a dozen of whom only left the building for the scaffold. The adjoining Scotch College, where the brain of James II. was last year discovered, was likewise full of political prisoners. During the Consulate and the First Empire the pupils were necessarily French; and a little later on George Sand (whose grandmother and mother had both been prisoners here) passed three years in the convent, which she has graphically described in her memoirs. The pupils are still mainly French, numbering seventy to eighty, one attraction to parents being the facilities for learning French.

HOW THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS" WAS WRITTEN.

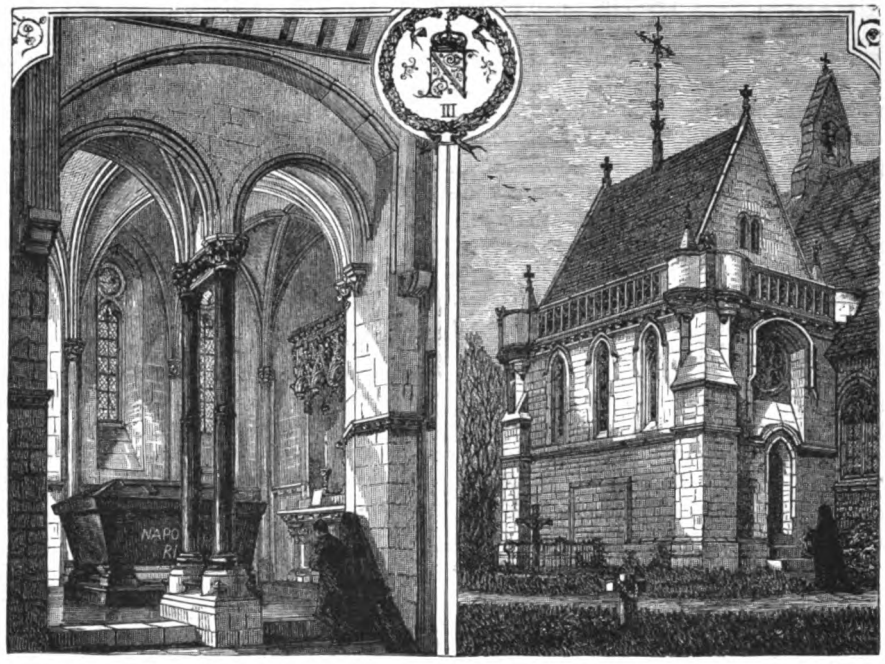
THE "Arabian Nights" is as much the work of a single mind as the Book of Proverbs. Instead of being a story, emanating, as is commonly supposed, from one person, it is doubtless a title on framework for a vast collection. It is a vehicle for many tales told by various story-tellers with very different degrees of ability. Many of the stories in the Rich MSS. present a remarkable similarity to Western anecdotes. Nor will any reader be surprised at this who remembers how closely connected is the old history, first told by Galland in a Western tongue, of Schahriar and Schahzenan with that of Astolfo and Giocondo in the twenty-eighth canto of Ariosto's "Orlando," or the Genie imprisoned in the brazen vessel, in the story of the "Fisherman," with the Diablo Cojuelo in a vial of Luis de Guevara, or the "Sleeper Awakened" with the induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," or the "Enchanted Horse" with Chaucer's "Steed of Brass," on which Pierre carried off the fair Maguelone, afterward imitated by Cervantes.

LOST COUNTRIES FOUND BY COINS.

IN citing the historical information derivable from coins, the geographical facts we acquire from them are of equal importance. A case was stated some time ago how an island of the Ægean, which had been lost, was disdiscovered by means of a coin (the piece not bigger than a half-dime), and how recent soundings proved the existence of this isle. There was a lost city which owes place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told that at Pandosia King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he overran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger on Pandosia. Eight years ago a coin came under the eye of a numismatist. There were the letters, Pandosia, inscribed on it, and what is still better, there was an emblem indicative of a well-known river, the Crathis. Then everything was revealed with the same certainty as if the place had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position, Bruttium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a quarter of a dollar, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia, was worth to the British Museum $1,000, which was the price they paid for it.

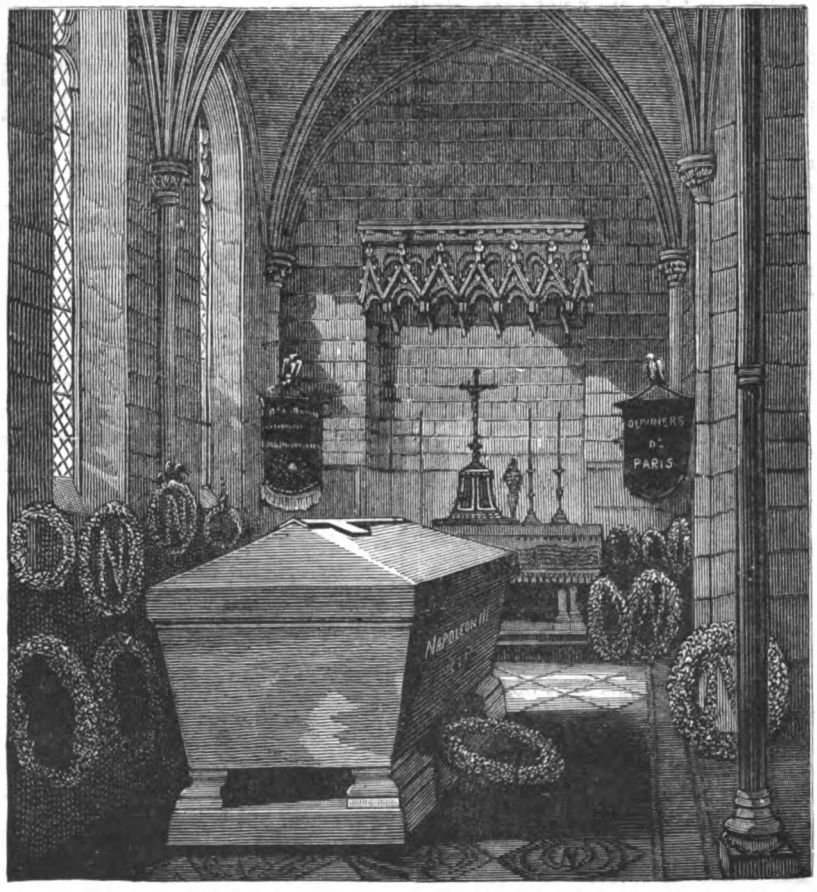
THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

MANY persons imagine that French is the language of France. It is the language of books and newspapers, but the great mass of the people cling to their old patois. In many parts of Brittany the priests still preach to their congregations in a Celtic dialect. The Iberian tongue is



A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—MORTUARY CHAPEL IN MEMORY OF NAPOLEON III.—SEE PAGE 412.

still the idiom of the Basques. The inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine speak a dialect resembling that of the Swabian minnesingers. In French Flanders there are local newspapers and popular books printed in Walloon and Picard. In Burgundy the farm people talk and sing in dialect, and south of the Loire the peasants still speak the various Provençal dialects of Poitou, Dauphiné, Limousin, Saintonge, Périgord, Gascony and Languedoc, besides the Provençal Maillane and Orange, which has remained the least corrupt, and which is the basis of the language written by Mistral and Maillane. This Provençal vernacular threatens a sort of revival, an association of literary men having agreed to use it in place of the state language. This is the speech which Dante thought of adopting for his epics, but finally decided in favor of the Italian. It is the language of the troubadours, and used to be the language of all Frenchmen south of the Loire, and which is still spoken in various dialects by 14,000,000 people from the Loire to the Pyrenees, and even beyond the Pyrenees in Catalonia. For the language is the same in spite of the differences of color, of accent, and pronunciation, that nature imposes on it in different districts, whether it be called Roman, Provençal, Catalan, Limousin, Majorcan, or Languedoc.—*American Queen.*



A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—TOMB OF NAPOLEON III.

REPROVE NOT WITH ANGER.—Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say; "I talk to them pretty much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a good thought. There is not one child in the circle round the table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown; but, amid all, let memory call them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned—where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

BELIEVE nothing against another but on good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.

"TO FAMILIES OF DISTINCTION."—"WHILE THE UPROAR WAS AT ITS HEIGHT, THERE WAS A STIR IN THE PASSAGE, AND PRESENTLY HE—MR. FLETCHER—WAS LUGGED INTO OUR MIDST BY A POLICEMAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TO OCEAN.

By Charles Grindrod.

To watch thee, Ocean, from the level shore,
Coming and leaving, like a common friend
That has, or has not, liberty to spend—
This is a wanton pastime, and no more.
But, like a free bird, to be skimming o'er
Thy billowy bosom—in the wilderness
Of thy wild waves to feel man's nothingness,
Yet feel man's guardian nearer than before—
To be a part of thee—free to caress
And be caressed—by turns to laugh and brood,
And mark thy spirit in each changing mood,
Seeing in thy mirror our own changefulness—
Rightly to love thee, and to learn thy lore,
This, Ocean, is the way thou must be wooed.

"TO FAMILIES OF DISTINCTION."

By Annie Thomas.

I had always admired my Aunt Barbara intensely for her wonderful gift of seeming the thing she wished to be at the moment! But I had never seen her make such a stupendous use of her exceptional power as she did on the occasion of this advertisement to families of distinction first meeting her eye.

"I will answer that before I'm an hour older—or, rather, Edith, you shall do it for me," she said, handing the newspaper over the breakfast-table to me, and pointing out the paragraph with a finger that trembled a little from pardonable emotion.

"But you're not 'a family of distinction,'" I humbly suggested.

She looked at me as if she felt sorry for the weak grasp I had of possibilities, and replied:

"My position as the widow of your uncle, a man whose whole life was devoted to the study of that momentous question of the merits of vegetarianism, gives me *some* little claim to distinction, I trust."

This being a vexed question between us—for my lamented uncle had never practiced the vegetarianism he preached—I put it aside and proceeded to read the advertisement.

It ran as follows:

"To Families of Distinction—A middle-aged gentleman desires to meet with accommodation in a well-appointed house, where he can have cheerful society when he pleases, and his privacy be perfectly undisturbed at other times. Private sitting-room, bath-room, and a cab-stand close at hand, absolutely indispensable. Liberal terms will be given, and first-rate references required."

Dear Aunt Barbara was one of the sweetest-natured and kindest-hearted of women, but she was not endowed with any great gifts of prudence or discernment. During the five years I had lived with her in her pretty, thoroughly old-lady-like and comfortable house in the Brompton Road, I had been obliged to employ all the arts and science of which I was mistress in order to keep her out of debt. Her extravagances were all so entirely unselfish, and so harmless to others, that I frequently had hard work with my own feelings to check them.

Her income was not a large one. The house and furniture was her own, and she had just £400 a year to keep it on. As she had generously burdened herself with my maintenance since the death of my father, it may be imagined that at times we had to draw the purse-strings rather tightly in order to tide over current difficulties.

It was a tall, straight house to look at outside, exactly like its fellows apparently; but inside, the architect had given play to his imagination, and had devised rooms and passages in unexpected places. And these rooms and passages were filled with furniture and pictures that had been accumulating in Aunt Barbara's family since the days when James II. was King. It was not the modern high art revival furniture, but it had about it that higher art of perfect truth and harmony which things that were *really* made in the period they affect to represent are apt to have.

There were four sitting-rooms in the house—the comfortable crimson-hued dining-room, with its massive carved mahogany appointments; the drawing-room, that was patchy and scrappy with its variously-dated pieces of furniture, but that was still wonderfully pretty; the breakfast-room, where we spent half the Winter days, because its wide windows let in all the morning sun there might be in the skies, and "the study," as dear Aunt Bab persisted in calling a little room of old-fashioned luxurious comfort that was the resting-place for the couple of dozen books that she possessed.

"It is the very thing for us, Edith," she said, pursuing her idea with ardor. "A wealthy, refined, middle-aged gentleman will be a great acquisition to me in many ways. He can have the study for his own room, the cab-stand is just outside, the bath-room would satisfy a real prince, and——"

"But how about the cheerful society?" I interrupted. "*You* are always sweet and nice; but if I were told to 'dance before the King,' my feet would cleave to the earth."

"I shall never request you to dance before him, Edith," she said, gravely; "but you sing and play pleasingly, and I shall occasionally have little friendly gatherings, which I hope he will enjoy."

"You've made up your mind he's coming, Aunt Bab?"

"Quite, my dear! I feel convinced that, at last, I am going to do a very prudent and remunerative thing, and *you* shall benefit by it, my child. I shall be able to make you a better allowance, and it will be a greater pleasure to me than I can express, Edith, to see your pretty face and figure set off by better dress. When I die, you shall have all I have, of course; but while I live I want to do more for you."

The loving tears were in her gentle eyes as she spoke, and in the teeth of so much thoughtful affection I could not bring myself to give expression to the strong feeling of aversion I had to being benefited by means of the possible boarder.

Accordingly, without further let or hindrance from me, she responded to the advertisement, and the air of well-bred veracity and simplicity conveyed in that response, I suppose, struck the advertiser, for, without waiting for further references, he agreed to come, and came!

His terms were very liberal—seventy-five pounds a quarter, paid in advance, and for this he did not seem to require much in return. Well-made coffee and a roll at eight in the morning; the privacy of his own sitting-room sacredly observed whether he was out or in during the whole day, and a dinner well served at eight in the evening. Mortal man, paying seventy-five pounds a quarter, could not ask for less!

It was promised to him with promptitude, and before either Aunt Barbara or I had even seen him, the middle-aged gentleman had become an inhabitant of our house.

When I did see him, the day after his arrival, at dinner, I was favorably impressed with him at once. He had the most benignant expression of countenance I ever saw out of Seymour's sketches of "Pickwick," and his manner was as agreeable as his face. Dark eyes, hair slightly silvered, and a fair, smooth, pale skin on the top of a tall,

well-grown figure, made up a most prepossessing appearance.

How was it possible, I asked myself, that such a man should have lived to unmistakable middle age without giving hostages to fortune in the form of wife and children?

He did not join us in the drawing-room this evening, but waited in his own room—"the study"—till he heard the dinner-bell ring. Then, as Aunt Bab and I crossed the little hall, he came out and followed us into the dining-room, where he was introduced to me as Mr. Fletcher, and he was told that I was Aunt Barbara's very dear niece and companion, Edith Haviland.

Aunt Barbara and her old cook had given grave thought and consideration to the dinner, and it was a triumph in its small way. There was a something about that oyster-soup that would have tempted the strictest abstainer from shellfish to break his or her vows of abstinence that day. The turbot was boiled to perfection; the sweet-bread, the roast capon, the crowning *bouche-bouche* of snipes, and the rice-pudding, were each and all perfect as freshness and cookery could make them.

Mr. Fletcher manifested further facial development as he partook of each delicacy, and, when dinner was over and we were taking our winding-up cup of fragrant coffee, Aunt Barbara said, in a glow of satisfaction:

"Your society to-day has made such a pleasant charm, and given such a pleasant promise of sociability to my niece and myself, that I do think nothing will occur to put an end to our existing arrangement for a long time, Mr. Fletcher."

He bowed his nice-looking, silvery-haired head, and acquiesced in her hopes; and then I ventured to say:

"But we don't fulfill the chief one of your advertised requisites, Mr. Fletcher; we can't claim to be a family of distinction?"

He smiled upon me with a forgiving, superior air, that I found hard to bear, as I felt that I was not his inferior, and had not done aught to offend him, and said, deliberately:

"I merely inserted that clause in order to protect myself from the herd of boarding-house people who would have replied to my advertisement if I hadn't taken some such precaution. As it is, I may safely affirm that I have 'struck oil.' To find myself admitted into the sacred centre of such a household as this, is a boon I had no right to suppose even money would have procured for me."

Aunt Barbara blushed and smiled approbation of the laudatory sentiment. She was as fresh as a girl in her feelings, and I felt the more time-worn woman of the two as I began perplexing my brain as to the probable causes which had conduced to make Mr. Fletcher settle down at such a sumptuous rate of remuneration into our humdrum life.

"Shall we have the pleasure of your company in the drawing-room to-night?" Aunt Bab said to him as we were separating; and he lifted his hands and shook his head in gentle deprecation of any such festive intention being his.

"I am a mere student—a mere student," he said; "my whole time is devoted to the acquisition of knowledge of various sorts, and I greedily devour every work I meet with that may help to enlarge my mind."

"My late husband's library was small, but well selected," Aunt Barbara remarked, with proper pride; and again Mr. Fletcher bowed his benevolent head, and smiled his bland smile.

"To what special branch of study was the late Mr. Haviland more especially devoted?" he asked, patronizingly; and when I hastily answered, "Chemistry!" at random, he lifted his hands aloft and murmured:

"Singular, singular! I, too, am an ardent and indefatigable seeker into the mysteries of chemistry; indeed, Science in all her branches is the sovereign whose sway I own."

"Mr. Haviland was just like that; he and you would have got on so well together," Aunt Barbara, said, delightedly, and then our interesting and sympathetic inmate shook his head in sorrowful resignation and remarked:

"Such a happy conjunction was not to be; my dear brother-lover of science has departed from this world of uncertainty and small motives, and all I may ever glean of his lofty aims and earnest aspirations will be from your graceful reminiscences of him, my dear lady."

"Uncle Haviland was a great lover of art, too!" I blurted out—not that Uncle Haviland had ever expressed any rapturous feeling on the subject, but simply because I wanted to find out how many tastes in common this redoubtable stranger possessed with Aunt Barbara's dear departed husband.

"A lover of art! Doubtless a painter, or a sculptor, or, at any rate, a creator of something beautiful and true in color or form?" Mr. Fletcher said; and as we had slid unconsciously almost into the drawing-room, he sent his eagle glance round the room, in search of anything that might serve as a clew.

"My husband's talent was not executive," Aunt Barbara said, modestly, "but he had a rare eye for beauty."

"*That* was proved by his choice," Mr. Fletcher said, bowing to my dear, sweet aunt, who, at fifty, was so devoid of vanity that I believed she blushed more with pain than pleasure at the implied compliment.

It is a fact that, despite his blandness and benevolence, I began to hate the man from this moment. A premonition of something evil that would happen to us through him flashed into my mind, and I had work to suppress all appearance of the groundless suspicion I felt of him. His suavity, his politeness, the way in which he went on being satisfied with everything as, day after day and week after week passed, satiated and sickened me.

I saw his influence growing over dear Aunt Bab, and intuition taught me that it was a bad one, for she ceased to confide in me, and to rely upon me as she had done.

"Why should this stranger come between us?" I asked myself, passionately, and two or three times I was on the point of having the matter out with Aunt Bab, but foolish pride prevented me.

Had I done so, the awful end that did come might have been averted, and Aunt Barbara and I might still have been living together in peace in our happy seclusion.

I could not bring it against Mr. Fletcher that he was *exigeant* or gave trouble in any way. His days were spent in his study, from whence he rarely emerged till evening, unless I went out. When I did this, I heard from the servants that he would quietly creep into the drawing-room, and "bear the missus company." But on this information I could not act in any way, since Aunt Barbara did not give to me herself.

As a companion, though I hated him, I had no fault to find with him. He played well and sang with great skill and feeling, and with a voice that was a marvel of power and fresh sweetness for so middle-aged a man. Our evenings were all musical now. Aunt Barbara began to hint that she might even commit the extravagance of buying a new piano.

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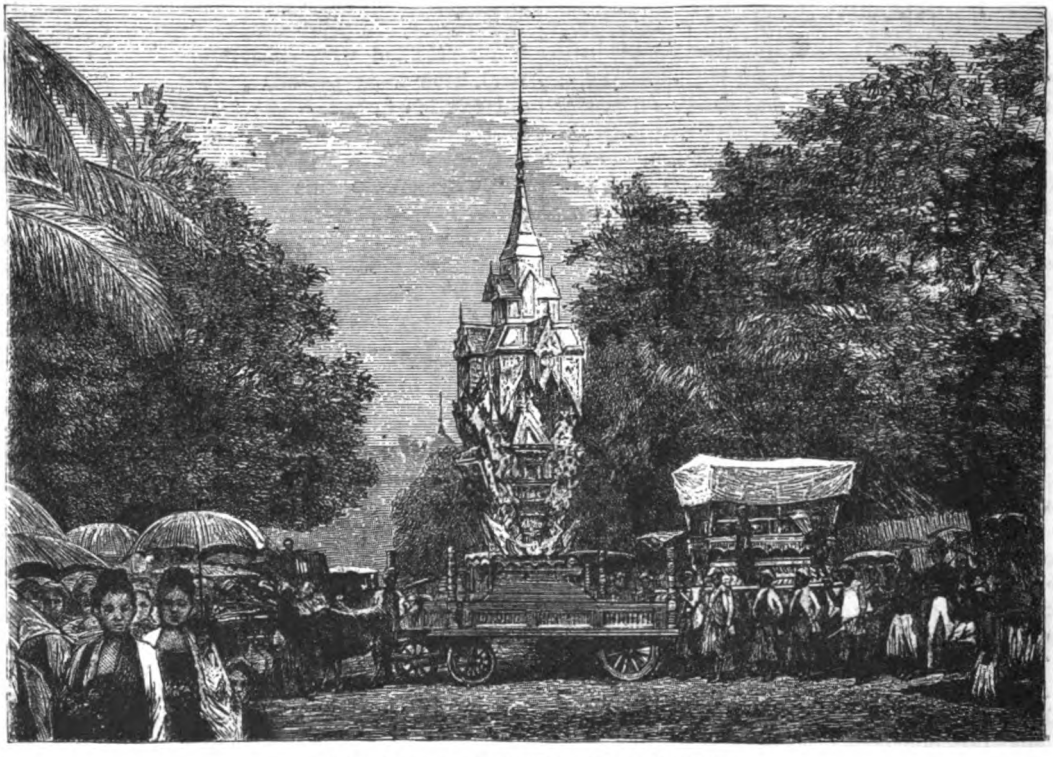
"But why?" I urged, when she made this reckless determination known to me first. "The piano is better than my playing, therefore the piano is good enough for me."

"But it's not good enough for Mr. Fletcher's playing."

"You don't look forward to Mr. Fletcher playing it permanently here; perfect boarder as he is, dear aunt, I do look forward to the day when we shall have ourselves and our home to ourselves again."

"A man in the house is a great safeguard, Edith; un-



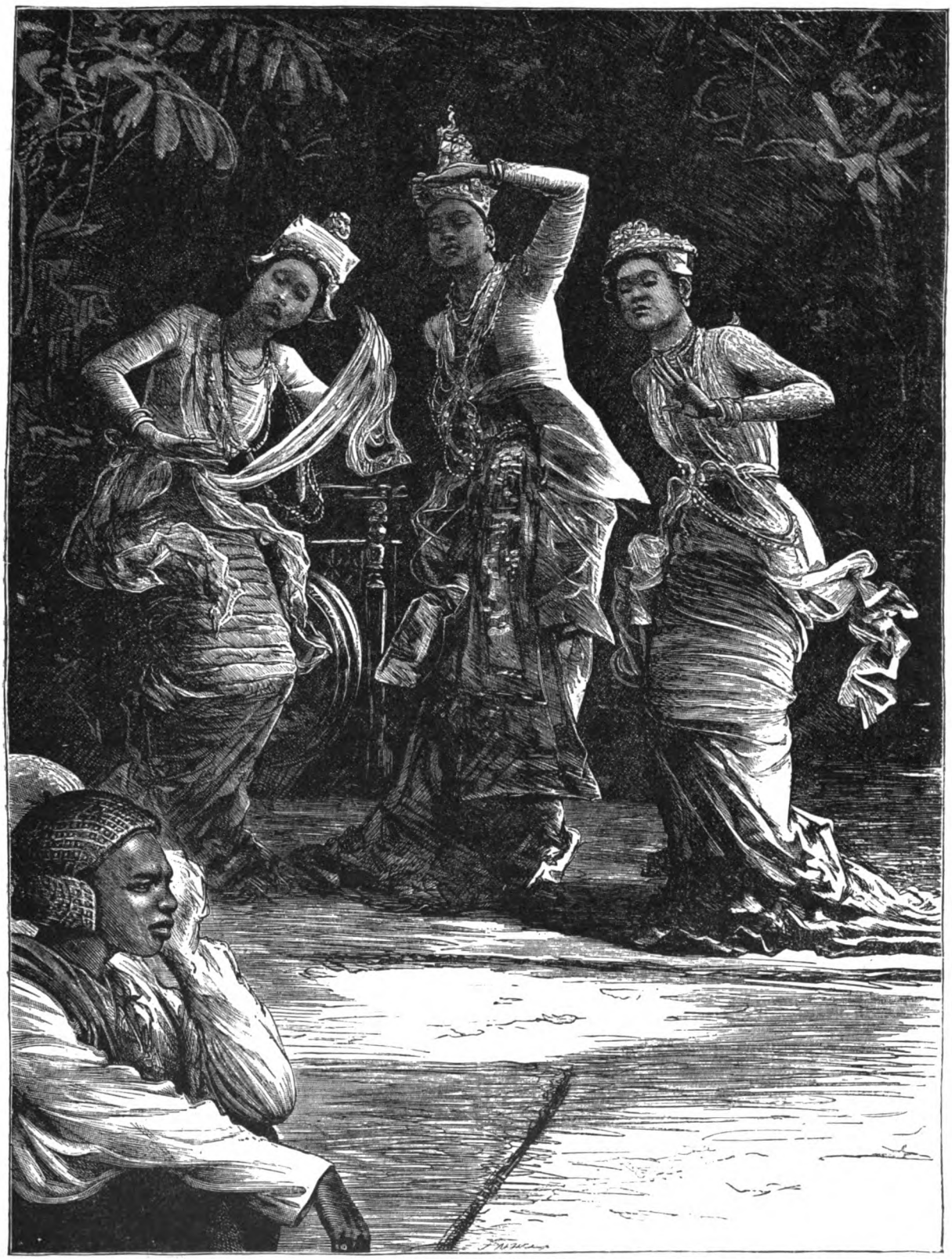
FUNERAL PROCESSION OF A HIGH DIGNITARY.

protected women run a great risk in London, especially if it is known that they have any valuables in the house. Mr. Fletcher was saying only last night that my plate ran a nightly chance of being stolen while we lived alone, as he says the best of servants will talk, and burglars soon get to know what houses are worth breaking into."

"How did Mr. Fletcher know that you had so much valuable plate, Aunt Bab?"

"We happened to be on the topic of plate and jewelry, and, somehow or other, I scarcely know how, but I told him."

"My dear Aunt Bab, Mr. Fletcher is indefatigable



BURMESE DANCING-GIRLS.

in gaining information on almost every point," I said, bitterly.

"He is indeed," Aunt Barbara said, admiringly, "such a superior man, I count it quite a privilege to know him."

"But it's only in the to-be-looked-for order of things that he will leave us in time," I pleaded; "and then when you hear me strumming upon it, you'll regret having got the new piano; let us stick to our own old tried friend, Aunt Bab, though it is a little worn and given to getting out of tune. Believe me, old, tried friends are best."

"Why do you say that?" she asked, nervously. "New friends are sometimes quite as true as old ones. Thank Heaven, my heart is not too narrow to contain love for and trust in all—old and new."

I ceased to argue, but my heart grew heavier than it had been since my dear father died. Aunt Barbara was reposing too much trust in this stranger; so much was certain. Whether or not she was foolish enough to be lavishing love upon him remained to be proved.

Shortly after this, when Mr. Fletcher had been with us about two months and a half, I received a pressing invitation from some old friends of my father's, up in Derbyshire, to go and stay with them.

They lived at Buxton, and promised me many an excursion into the wildly romantic Peak district.

My heart had long been set upon seeing some of the wonders of that region. I longed to clamber up to Peveril's ruined castle, on the lofty crag at Castleton, and penetrate into the mysterious caves that run deep and far into the bowels of the earth. But a sense of duty to Aunt Bab, and an altogether unaccountable reluctance to leave her, made me hesitate to accept the invitation.

But Aunt Barbara would not hear of my refusing it. It would stir me up, and the beautiful Buxton air would rejuvenate me, she said; and Mr. Fletcher, who was present during the debate, smiled in the blandest manner, and avowed that it "would clear my mind of cobwebs."

The end of it all—or, rather, the beginning of *it* all—was that I went.

"Take care of yourself, dear Edith, and don't go tumbling down any precipitous places," Aunt Barbara said, as she was parting with me; and I replied:

"Take care of *yourself*, dear aunt; I feel half-guilty in leaving you."

She smiled her own sweet, serene, loving smile, and it haunts me still, for it was the last time I ever saw it on her dear face.

In spite of my misgivings, the first ten days passed very happily with me. The crystal brilliancy of the Buxton air invigorated me both in body and mind, and I entered with avidity into every scheme of pleasure that was proposed.

We visited Chatsworth and reveled in its priceless collection of every description of work of art, and dreamed of the glories of the great Past in the ruins of Haddon Hall. We climbed up Kinder Scout, the highest point in the Peak district, and familiarized ourselves with the weird beauties of Chapel-in-the-Firth. And then all my joy in these innocent diversions came to an end, for I got a letter from Aunt Bab, telling me she was married.

"Married to Mr. Fletcher!"

The words danced before my eyes, and I saw a long vista of wretchedness stretching away before us all as I read them.

"Married to Mr. Fletcher!" Actually married, without having made a sign to me!

"I have told my dear husband that I wish your home still to be with us," she wrote; "he will add a postscript to tell you how heartily he desires this to be the case."

There was a good deal more in the same strain, and then I came to her signature, "Your affectionate aunt, BARBARA FLETCHER." And after that followed his postscript.

It was brief, but I read through the lines:

"DEAR MISS HAVILAND—I shall give you a cordial welcome as your uncle and host as long you make yourself happy and comfortable. I am convinced you will sensibly agree with your aunt that a master's hand is requisite in a household. Your affectionate uncle and sincere friend, EDWARD FLETCHER."

"The brute!" I cried, in my impotent wrath. The whole tone of the man's postscript was galling and insulting to me to the last degree. My soul sickened as I thought of the humiliating feeling of dependence he would force upon me, and it sank to still lower depths as I pictured Aunt Barbara in her helplessness becoming hopelessly the slave to his mendacious, bland benevolence.

"There will be war to the knife between that man and me," I said to my friends and myself; "he means to alienate Aunt Bab from me—but he shall not do that without a struggle."

In due course of time I went home, taking care not to arrive there until the newly married pair had come back from their short tour.

I found all things altered. The drawing-room was cleared of much of its valuable old china, and, when I ventured to inquire for it, Aunt Bab merely shook her head and told me she "couldn't tell; dear Edward had taken it away to show to some friends."

"The study" was his own peculiar sanctum still, and he always kept it locked and the key in his pocket when he was out of it; therefore I had no opportunity of gaining any insight into the nature of the occupations which employed the hours he spent in it.

For a brief space of time things went on much as usual. Then one morning Aunt Bab came to me with a woe-begone face, and told me that a great trial had come upon them.

"Poor Edward has just heard that he has lost every scrap of his property," she said, dolefully; "the news has come in a most unfeelingly curt letter from his lawyer, and he is literally penniless."

"Poor, poor Aunt Bab," I cried, "who is his lawyer?"

"My dear, what *does* that matter?" she said, peevishly. "My husband has told me he is ruined—why should I worry him with questions?"

"Is there any money of his in the house?—did you receive his second quarter in advance?"

"I was his *wife* when the second installment fell due," she said, proudly. "I never thought of the money. I was his wife—not his paid hostess any longer."

"Aunt Bab, you're an angel!" I murmured, hastily.

"And so is he, Edith."

"No doubt, only I'm slow to believe in masculine angels, someway or other; but whatever he may be, he is your husband, and, I hope, will always be good to you—he will owe everything to you now."

"My dear Edith! quite the reverse! I have settled everything I have upon him; he has promised to take care of you if I die before him, and, while I live, you will be with me."

"No, Aunt Bab, not as a dependent on Mr. Fletcher's bounty," I said, sorrowfully; and that same day I went out and searched for, and found, a governess's situation.

Aunt Bab wept copiously when I told her what I had done, and prayed me to reconsider my resolve, and be content to abide with her still.

But even if I had been willing to do this, the hearty and unfeigned approbation Mr. Fletcher bestowed upon my resolve to be independent, would have compelled me to leave the house that had been my home, and the woman who had been a mother to me.

It was not in the nature of things that I should be a frequent visitor to the house whose atmosphere was so changed for me. I went at intervals of about six weeks; but though Aunt Bab always greeted me lovingly, I could see that she was in a state of nervous perturbation the whole time, fearing her husband might come in and find me there.

She would check herself midway in a speech, and get up and move about the room in a flutter if she heard the door of his study open, and begin to talk in a loud voice about some commonplace topic.

I felt that she feared he might fancy she was giving me her confidence, and my soul rose in arms against the tyrant as I reflected that probably he would punish her afterward in some way for it.

One day he happened to be out, and then she spoke freely, and told me that a new figure had appeared on the canvas—another Mr. Fletcher, a nephew of her husband.

"He's a handsome, young, dark-haired man, with a thick beard and mustache; otherwise he's exactly like dear Edward," she told me. "He must be the *fac-simile* of what dear Edward was at his age."

Carelessly I remarked that I should like to see him.

"And I should like you to see him," she replied. "I have ventured to ask Edward to let me ask both of you to dinner, but he objects."

"To his own nephew as well as to your niece?" I asked.

"Yes, oddly enough. He doesn't seem to care at all for his nephew. It has so happened that whenever the nephew has called here his uncle has been out, and missed him."

Suddenly I found myself wishing, with curious and unaccountable vehemence, to see his nephew.

"Do manage it. Send for me one day when he is here; please do?" I pleaded.

"I will, if Edward is out," she promised.

Weeks passed away, and I began to give up all hope of receiving the wished-for summons, when one day it came.

"Mrs. Fletcher's love, and could Miss Haviland step round for an hour?"

I was living in Sloane Square, so the distance was nothing. I was at my aunt's house as soon as her messenger, and, entering the drawing-room unannounced, I found her sitting chatting with her husband's nephew.

I went in softly, and stood for a moment unseen by either of them, my hand still grasping the handle of the door against which I leaned, in a staggered, confused state of mind that I cannot describe.

Somewhere or other, at some time or other, in real life or in dreamland, I had seen this man before!

Then he looked up, and could not check the recognition that flashed into his eyes for a moment. But in another moment it had passed away. He was gazing at me blankly, and I was compelled to believe that the recognition had never been there.

He was almost as suave and polite to me as his uncle had been at first, when Aunt Bab introduced us, and after a time I found myself talking to him pleasantly enough.

But still, ever and anon, it flashed across my mind that I had seen him before, and that he remembered it.

Rather timidly Aunt Bab asked me to luncheon, and I staid. I could see she was listening the whole time for her husband's footstep, but it did not fall upon her expectant ear, and about an hour after luncheon the nephew gave up waiting for his uncle in despair, and went away. I remained about half an hour longer, and hoped I should escape this dreaded uncle altogether; but just as I was leaving the house he drove up in a hansom, and showed his teeth to me in a savage smile of salutation.

Some instinct made me loiter until he had gone into the house, and then I hailed his cab and told the man to drive me home. When I got out the same irresistible instinct made me ask:

"Where did you take up your last fare?" and he gave me the number of a house in Sloane Street.

Fortunately I put that number down as soon as I got into my room. Why I did it I do not know, but I felt I ought to do it. Having noted down the number, I ceased to think about the Fletchers for a time, for my duties were onerous and all-absorbing.

When Aunt Barbara had been married about six months, it chanced that the family with whom I was living went out of town for a fortnight, and before they left they begged me to have any lady friend I liked to stay with me in their absence. Not having any lady friend to ask, it occurred to me that it would be a delightful opportunity of getting Aunt Bab to come and spend a day with me.

I had not seen nor heard from her for some weeks, and I started off for her house, full of pleasant anticipations of the long hours of uninterrupted intercourse we should have, undisturbed by any thought of either uncle or nephew.

"It will be like old times to sit in a room alone with Aunt Bab," I thought, and there was just a glow of pleasure on my face as I knocked at her door.

No answer came, and after about five minutes I knocked again. Then I heard a lumbering step in the passage, and presently the door was opened by a blear-eyed old woman of the charwoman type. In answer to my inquiries, she told me that she had been put into the house to look after it in the absence of Mr. Fletcher. And when I asked her "Where Mrs. Fletcher was?" she said she did not know—she never heard of her.

"Where are the servants?"

"Aren't none!"

"How long have you been here?"

"A fortnight."

"Who engaged you?"

"A gentleman who called himself Mr. Fletcher."

"Had he white hair and a smooth face?"

"No, he hadn't; he'd black hair and a face covered with beard."

"May I come in?" I asked, sick and faint with sudden terror.

"No!" she almost shouted. "I had my orders not to let anybody in, and while I'm here I'll see that nobody *does* come in!" and she shut the door in my face with a bang.

Full of nameless terror, I roamed about for an hour in uncertainty. Then I could bear it no longer.

I went to a police-station and gave information, but the superintendent could not grant me the warrant to search the house until I had some more definite charge to make.

Then I took a cab and went to poor Aunt Bab's lawyer.

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He could not help me. Her business had been taken out of his hands two months ago. The only thing he could do for me was to find out whether or not her capital was still invested in the same shares as of old.

The money had been withdrawn, and paid into the London and Westminster Bank in the name of Edward Fletcher.

Information was immediately given at this bank, and the property was protected until some further information could be gained about the whereabouts of my unfortunate aunt. But days passed, and we heard nothing.

Then I became importunate, and armed with a search-warrant and accompanied by the lawyer and three policemen, I went to the house in Brompton Road, and again demanded admission.

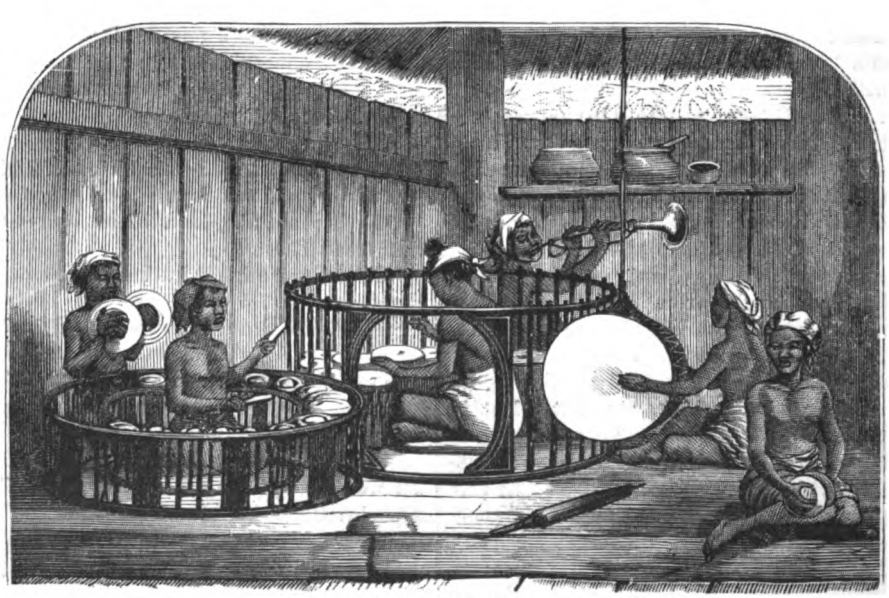
There was no answer, and after a time the door was forced open, and while one policeman remained in the hall, the others searched the house.

The room to which I directed immediate attention was the study. The door was locked, as usual.

When it was broken open we found nothing that threw any sudden light on the mystery, until our eyes lighted on a bundle in the corner under a bookcase.

This was opened, and found to contain a suit of clothes and a black wig, mustache and beard.

Presently, from below, there came cries of horror, and when I rushed to the top of the kitchen-stairs the lawyer met me, and forcibly restrained me from going down.



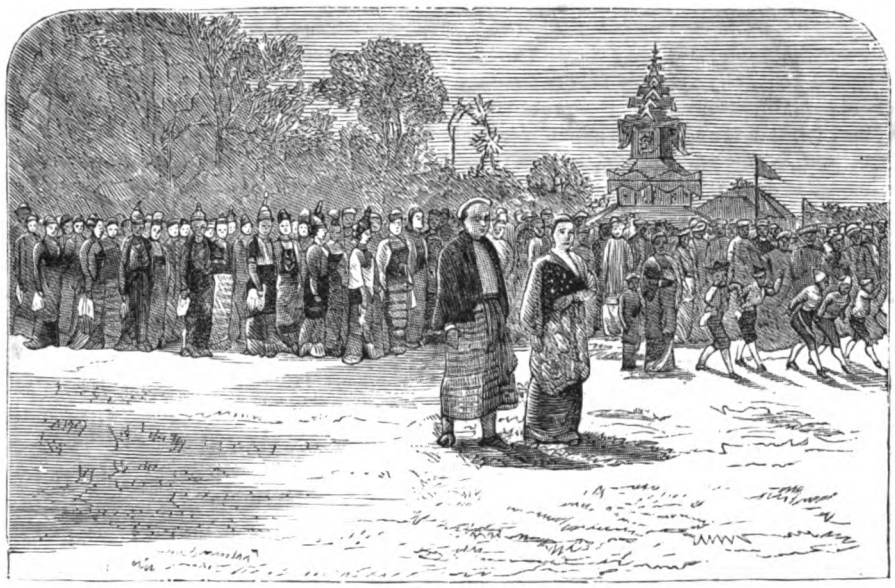
BURMESE MUSICIANS.

"It's too awful!—too appalling!" he said, pulling me back into the drawing-room. "My poor girl! my dear old friend——"

He broke down, choking and sobbing, and I yelled in my agony, cast myself on the floor at

his feet, and implored him for all mercies' sake to tell me what it was.

"It is murder!" he said, in a low voice; "murder of such ghastly kind—oh! heaven, the sight will be before my eyes all the days of my life."



A BURMESE FUNERAL.

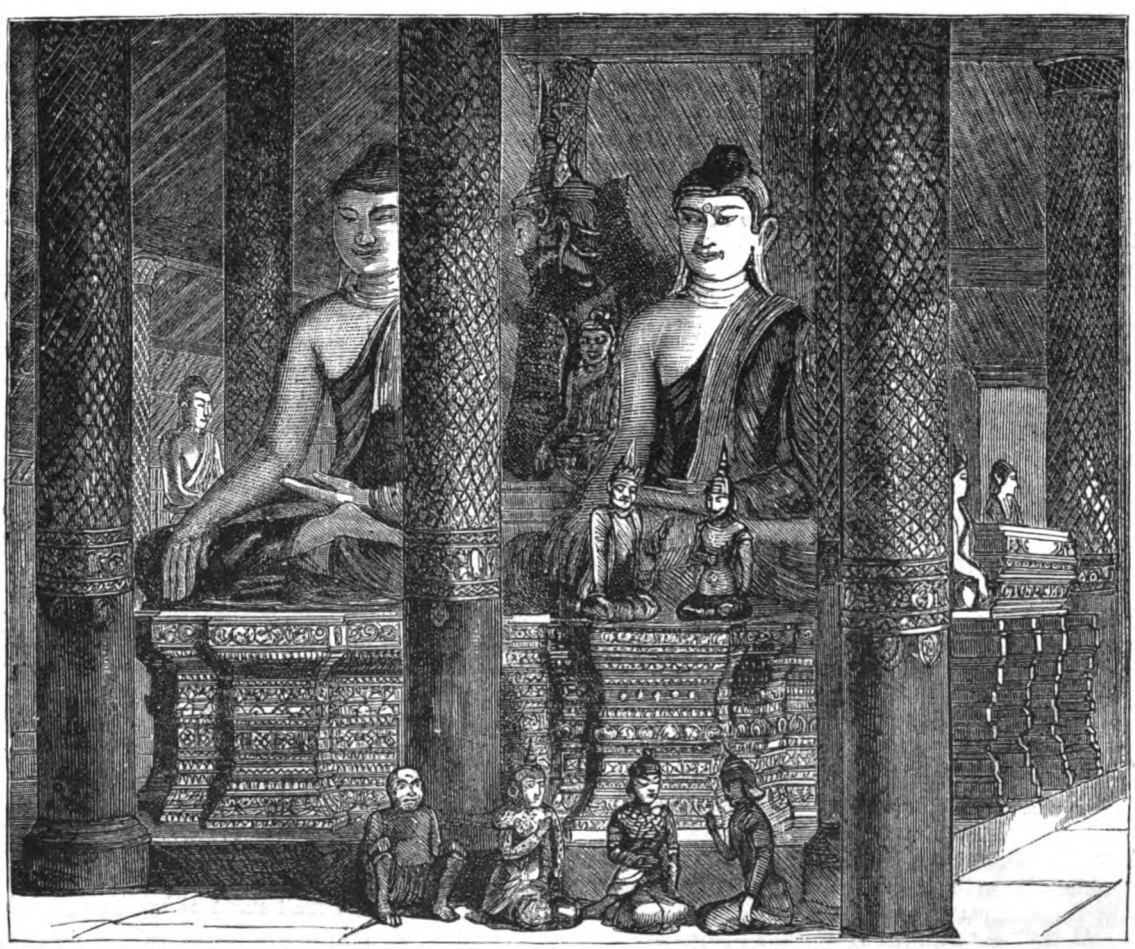
Gradually the sickening story was unfolded to me. My aunt's body, hewn into pieces, had been found in a coal-cellar under a hillock of rubbish, and, hearing this, I lifted up my voice at once and denounced her husband!

While the uproar was at its height there was a stir in the passage, and presently he—Mr. Fletcher—was lugged into our midst by a policeman.

It seems he had driven up to the door in a cab, and opened it with a latch-key, but on catching sight of the policeman had been about to back out of the difficulty.

However, the legal clutch was upon him, holding him as in a vise in a moment, for there was such guilt in the hasty movement backward, that the policeman immediately arrested him on suspicion and hurried him off to prison.

The trial ran its dreary length, and was duly reported in the daily papers. When he was found guilty and condemned to be hanged, he confessed that his hair had been rendered venerably silvery by artificial means, and further added that the seventy-five pounds which he had paid



FIGURES OF BUDDHA IN THE GREAT TEMPLE.

in advance was all he possessed in the world at the time.

"I meant no harm," he said. "I only wanted to get into a good family, and be lucky enough to meet with a wealthy widow or old maid, who would marry me and make me independent; but I found when I had married Mrs. Haviland that, unless I realized her property and got the whole swing of it into my own hands, that mine would be but a miserable, pettifogging existence after all; but I never hurt her feelings! When I felt compelled to make an end of her, I did it in the character of my nephew, and her last words were a fervent cry to me, her absent husband, to come and save her!"

It was a very poor consolation to me that the villain paid with his life for the crime he had committed, and I took no pleasure in the property, which all came to me as next of kin to my poor murdered relative. I am not a woman of quick affections, and I have not yet been able to put another in my heart in the place of poor Aunt Bab, the most loving friend I ever possessed.

As for the house that had been my dear home, I sold it, and gave the proceeds to a refuge for orphan children. I pass it sometimes on cold Winter evenings, and, gazing in, see the bright firelight playing on the walls, and think, with a shudder, that the coals are brought from that cellar that was my Aunt Bab's grave!

AN AMERICAN IMPRESSARIO'S EXPERIENCE IN BRITISH BURMAH.

By J. Charles Davis.

It was a fine cool May morning, which, considering our locality, was a matter of wonder. We (the passengers and crew of the British India Company's steamship *Rajpootana*, Captain Lewis commanding), were looking over the rail at a long, dim range of hills—which was all we had ever seen thus far of British Burmah—or gazing into the troubled waters of the Bay of Bengal, that seemed to resent the intrusion of the muddy torrent of the mighty Irrawaddy River by turning it back in curious lines of blue and yellow, as if refusing to mix its own cerulean waves with a less pure fluid, even if it did flow from the snow-capped mountains of Northern Asia. We were waiting for the pilot to take us up to our destination, the thriving and populous City of Rangoon. That worthy soon made his appearance, coming out of the distance in a somewhat antiquated, nondescript craft, between a Chinese sampan and a Maori war-canoe. The crew of this consisted of four nearly naked coolies, who, with the assistance of a lug-sail and some paddles, finally succeeded in bringing up under our quarter, when, with much shouting, and a truly Asiatic scramble that nearly resulted in the complete overthrow of this marine wonder, it was brought alongside. The pilot climbed briskly on deck, and we were soon stemming the swift current of the greatest of all East Indian rivers, and enjoying a fine breeze that made us forget Calcutta and its sweltering masses. The pilot was a short, stout, sailor-like man—but why describe him? He looked just like the men who guard the entrance to all great rivers. I met him at Saugur Island prepared to take us up the Hooghly; he was on board the pilot-junk that met us at Woosung; he carried us safely over the sunken rocks of the Torres Straits, and I am sure he is waiting for us off Sandy Hook. It is wonderful how he does it, but I am sure it is the same man. He always comes on board with the same two-weeks old newspaper for the captain; he is always thirsty, and is sure to tell the passengers that they will seize their cigars and whisky at the Custom House, and offer to help consume them before arrival. "How are things on shore?" asks the manager. "Pretty tough," says the pilot; "the amateurs have just been playing 'Pinafore'"; and, with a nod and a smile, he disappears to interview the steward before going on the bridge. Soon after passing Monkey Point we came in sight of Rangoon, the metropolis and seat of government of British Burmah, with its golden pagodas, griffins, dragons, and Buddhist temples. The banks of the river (called the Rangoon, but really one of the many mouths of the Irrawaddy) are lined with the saw-mills and lumber-yards of the many teak companies. Here large herds of domesticated elephants are at work; but elephants and waterfalls are subjects to be avoided, as the ordinary traveler generally enlarges the former, and gushes over the latter to such an extent that no one but a circus agent could possibly strike a new vein in the description of either. Boom went our twelve-pounder to inform Rangoon that Her Majesty's mail-steamer had arrived, when, as if by magic, the wharf was thronged with gayly-dressed natives, red-coated English soldiers, umbrella-shaded citizens, and the omnipresent blue-bloused John Chinaman, all intent on learning the latest news, or securing new stock for their shops or stores. A shout, a rush, and the launching out of our heavy landing-stages informed us that we were fast to the pier. The first one on board was our agent—the same old agent. With a few flourishes of the gold-headed cane (that was presented to him every time he had a benefit), to impress onlookers with his great importance; a glance at his diamond-pin, to see that it covered the top button-hole of his dicky; and one desperate tug at his celluloid cuffs, to bring them to his finger-tips, he formed us into line and marched us to the carriages in waiting to convey us to Jordan's Family Hotel. Now this hotel may have been built for Jordan's family exclusively, or Jordan may have intended it originally for traveling families. I never could arrive at the bottom of this mystery—if Jordan knows, he won't tell. The carriages?—Oh, yes! The agent pointed out the foremost one to me, but before trusting my rotund form to the by no means inviting, mangy cushions, I cautiously surrounded it and inspected it from a distance, and a respectful one, too; for, fastened to the smallest end was a very vicious-looking pair of Burmese ponies, kept in a state of semi-subjection by a depraved-looking cooly with two rope reins and a bamboo club. A duplicate to his antique equipage would be an impossibility outside of Burmah. The body bore a wonderful resemblance to a Rockland Lake ice-wagon, with a door and two windows in the sides, while the wheels must have been recruited from at least four different wagon-yards, for they were of different colors and no two of the same size. Thinking, possibly, this was an invention to overcome the primitive state of the roads, and knowing the eyes of the public were on me, I summoned all my resolution, and breathing a silent prayer to Buddha, clambered in. The pilot (he was not a driver, rather a restrainer) slackened the tension of the rope reins, and, with a plunge and a rush, we went off, overturning a case of goods and nearly shipwrecking a Burmese fruit-stand as we whirled into the main street.

A short drive brought us to the hotel, where we were

received by an Armenian publican with a complexion like a brightly-polished copper kettle, and a pair of watery eyes that reminded us of the badly-poached eggs we were compelled to breakfast on in India. The agent introduced me, and here my idea of my own importance received a leveler not easily forgotten. He received me as though opera troupes were a daily occurrence and managers were dropping in every hour. I don't think his lethargic Oriental intellect quite grasped the situation. On inspection the rooms proved clean and well ventilated. Leaving the agent to arrange matters so that every member of our company got the best room in the house, I turned my attention to Mr. J. Paxton, who had called with his carriage to show us to the theatre. We drove out to the Cantonment, and found a quaint old tumble-down edifice called the Assembly Rooms, with a broad veranda running completely around it, and a thick grass roof covering both the main building and the covered carriage-way. This, like all other houses in Burmah, is built upon piles about six feet from the ground, to keep out cobras and black adders. On entering, we found a long room, seated with sofas, and having a stage at one end, and bunches of paraffine-lamps; these were intended to supply the illuminating power, while a square pit in front of the stage was arranged for the concealment of the orchestra. The scenery was conspicuous by its absence, but we carried the material to overcome this difficulty.

From here we drove through the European quarters, and a more Eden-like place probably does not exist in all Asia. The streets are wide and the bungalows large and roomy. Overhead, the rich foliage of the banyan, fig and palm tree shuts out the fierce rays of the tropical sun, while the foot-paths and private carriage-ways are lined with crotons, lotuses, ferns, and a host of other indigenous and exotic plants and vines of great beauty. After a pleasant drive of two hours' duration, we returned to our hotel for dinner, which consisted of fresh fish, rice and curry, fowls, eggs, mangoes, plantains, and cocoanuts. After dinner, coffee and Burmah cheroots, enjoyed in long chairs on the veranda, and a chat with Mr. John Regan, the superintendent of the Government printing-office, who kindly called to see if he could assist us in any way, prepared us for a sound sleep in good, comfortable beds.

A hurried breakfast and commands for the day, and I am off with Mr. Regan to see the wonder of Burmah, the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

A pleasant drive of two miles brought us to the fortified hill on which the Shwe or Golden Pagoda stands. This pagoda is the most venerated object of worship in all Indo-Chinese countries. Thousands of pilgrims flock to it annually. The entrance is guarded by two immense griffins on each side, and the steps leading to the foot of the main structure are covered with peak roofs. The mound or hill is 166 feet high, with a paved square or platform at the top; this platform is 900 by 685 feet in area, and the ascent to it is by four flights of brick steps, one on each side. From the centre of this platform, a profusely gilded solid brick pagoda, 1,355 feet in circumference at the base, rises to a height of 321 feet; a Htu or umbrella of iron network, 26 feet high, crowns the top. This Htu is heavily plated with gold, and inlaid with precious stones. A great number of small silver and gold bells are suspended from the outer rim of the umbrella, which tinkle very pleasantly whenever a slight wind moves them. The whole affair was presented to the Buddhist community by the King of Upper Burmah. It weighs one and a quarter tons, and is valued at 620,000 rupees. This new Htu was placed in position quite recently, when the former, nearly a century old, was removed, and the new one erected entirely by volunteer labor. The space around the pagoda is left clear for worshipers, but all about the edge of the platform are idol-houses, facing inward, with here and there a large bell; these bells are struck with deer's antlers that are always lying near them. One of these bells is 7 feet 7 inches in diameter at the mouth, and a man can stand inside without touching the top. At the close of the second Burmese war this bell was lost in the river while being shipped to England. It remained for a long time in sixty feet of water, when permission was granted the Buddhist priests to recover it. This permit was signed late one evening, and, incredible as it appears, the bell was in its proper place on Pagoda Hill at daylight the next morning. Thousands of devotees visited it, and the priests informed them that Gautama Buddha, in the form of a white elephant, descended in the river during the night and brought the sacred bell to its former place. One thing is certain, no European saw the operation, and the story is believed by all Buddhists. The great pagoda is gilded from base to top, and presents a very beautiful appearance in the sunlight. The cost of covering it is estimated at 94,000 rupees, and is generally borne by subscription. The pagoda, according to Burmese history, was commenced B. C. 588, and only reached its present height about ten years since. We devoted the whole day until dinner-time to the inspection of the pagoda, with its swarm of shaven-pated, yellow-robed priests and their slaves, and returned to dinner well-satisfied with our first sight-seeing tour in Rangoon. At 9 P.M. we were favored with a large audience, composed chiefly of the *élite* of Burmah, headed by His Excellency the Hon. Mr. Croswaith, the present Governor, or Chief Commissioner, as he is more often called. The opera "La Mascotte" was well received, and we retired with every assurance of success during our stay in the Land of the Peacock. As we were to visit the bazaars under the guardianship of Mr. Regan on the following day, we gave the necessary orders for *garis*, and forgot the pleasures and troubles of itinerant Thespians in well-earned rest.

We arose with the crows—there are no larks in Burmah—and were soon enjoying what is called *chota hazeri* (literally, small breakfast, but used here for early breakfast), which consisted of goat-chops, fresh fish, eggs, fowl and coffee. Before we had finished our morning meal our escort arrived, and after the usual discussion of the merits of the company and the beauties of the opera, which concluded with a careful perusal of the comments of the Rangoon *Gazette* and the *Times* (the two daily papers) on our first performance, we looked up our umbrellas and *solar topees*, entered our *garis*, and were soon driving along the river toward the bazaars. The river-front of Rangoon is very interesting to the traveler here. On one hand you see the great, rushing, muddy Rangoon, covered with all sorts of native craft, from the small fishing-canoe to the large, elegantly carved (and often profusely gilded) *pady*, or rice-boat, with its lateen-rigged, tan-colored sails, either laden with the new-crop rice from up the river, or returning home with cotton-cloth, provisions, and implements, for the next season. A large fleet of sailing-vessels, principally English and American, are usually anchored out in the stream, for this is the most important rice-port in Asia. On the other hand, the public buildings, stores, warehouses, *godowns*, and some private residences, face the river. The street, even at this early hour, is thronged with bullock-carts, *garis*, private carriages, and nearly naked coolies trolling along with heavy

burdens, while here and there may be seen groups of gayly-dressed Burmese ladies and children, enjoying the morning air. A sharp turn to the right brought us into the native quarter. Here we saw long rows of two-story wooden buildings, swarming with Burmese, Klings and Chinese, of all sizes and every variety of color, from the blackest black to the delicate lemon-peel shade so much admired by the Thompson Street beaux. The complexion is of great importance here, as the natives wear nothing else until twelve or fourteen years of age, when, if the father is wealthy, they come out in a gaudy-colored silk skirt, or *lungi*, with a short jacket, and a bright handkerchief for the head ; but if poor, they usually have to be contented with a string of glass beads for another year, when they arrive at the dignity of a few yards of cheap cotton cloth.

There is very little difference in the dress of males and females, a long end of the *lungi*, left for passing over the head and down over the shoulder, being the most distinguishing mark. Aristocrats only wear shoes or sandals, but every one, young or old, smoke the universal Burmah *cheroot*. One often sees a ring of children, from three to twelve years of age, sitting under a palm-tree, all enjoying a huge cigar, which they pull at in turn and then pass to the next, like a grand council of Sioux warriors. Tobacco is grown in great quantities here, and is very cheap. The European residents get a good cigar for twenty-five rupees a thousand, which would certainly sell for a good price in New York or London, being equal in quality to an ordinary Key West cigar. The Burmese smoke a large, cigar-shaped roll of tobacco, with a plantain-leaf wrapper, which they light, take a few puffs, and then (after carefully extinguishing), place over the ear like a pen, until they require another smoke.

On arrival at the bazaar we found whole rows of small shops under sheds, with a kind of sliding door, which, when closed, leaves outside a platform about six feet wide, that serves for table or chair, as occasion may demand. A clean, white rush mat is usually spread over this platform, for the convenience of the customer and shopkeeper, as Burmese bazaars have no counters for the display of goods. As we passed along through the narrow street we saw a great variety of articles (from every part of the world) offered for sale: Eastern rugs, Burmese and Chinese silks and satins, grass-cloth and waterproof garments made of heavy hemp fibre, cheap English and French goods, Indian fabrics of every kind, all jumbled up together. The cutlery, lamps, cordage, hardware, toilet-articles, boots, shoes, and fancy goods, are nearly all of European

ကျော်ညာစေသည်။

မော်ထရိုင်ဖြူဝေဖယ်လွှာကျောင်းအနီးတောင်ဟော်စာတိုက်ကြီးအထွင်း၌

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လွန်ခဲ့သောအင်္ဂါနေ့ကအဖြူဖြူအရွှာရွှာတို့မှ ဖုတ်ထည်ချ၍ ကွန်ပဲတို့မော်ထဖြိုင်ဖြူဆိုးရန်ကုန်မိုးသားကောဒန့်[ထောက်တပ်ကြွ] ခေါ်စာတိုက်ကြီးသဘင်သည် ကောင်းစွာဆိုက်ရောက်ထာထပြီး

ဆိုအပ်ခဲ့ပြီးသောစာတိုက်ပွဲသဘင်သည်မြန်မာတို့ဒုံးပွဲများကဲ့သို့ထပ်တုမျှားသံဖြင့်ဆို၍ ကာဒျသည်အများတို့သည်။ တရုတ်တခါမှမမြင်စဘူး။ အတူးထဆန်းစာတိအခါဝ်းတို့ကိုးကောင်းစွာကြင်းပဖြသမည်မှာ။

ဖွန်ဆာဒရုက်ဒ်။ မြန်မာ ပဌမဝါဆိုလဆန်း၇ရက်၊တနင်္ဂနွေည။

နာရီဇချိန်တွင်ပွဲထွက်ထိပ်မည်။

ယခုထွင်းပြသမည်ပွဲသည်၊ အဝှန်ရင်ကျားအိန်ပွေ့သည်ဖြစ်၍၊ ကွန်ပဲတို့ဖြိုခဲ့မြန်မာပညာရှိသမာဓိသူတော်ကောင်း ယောဘျားမိန်းမအစပေါင်း တို့ကိုထည်းမမေ့အပ်သည်နှင့်အညီ၊ ပိတ်ထွေ့ခြင်းအမှတ်ဖြင့်၊ နိုတစ်ဘားပေးအပ်ထိုက်ပါသည်။

ပွဲဝင်ရန်အဘိုးနှုန်း၄ဘ။

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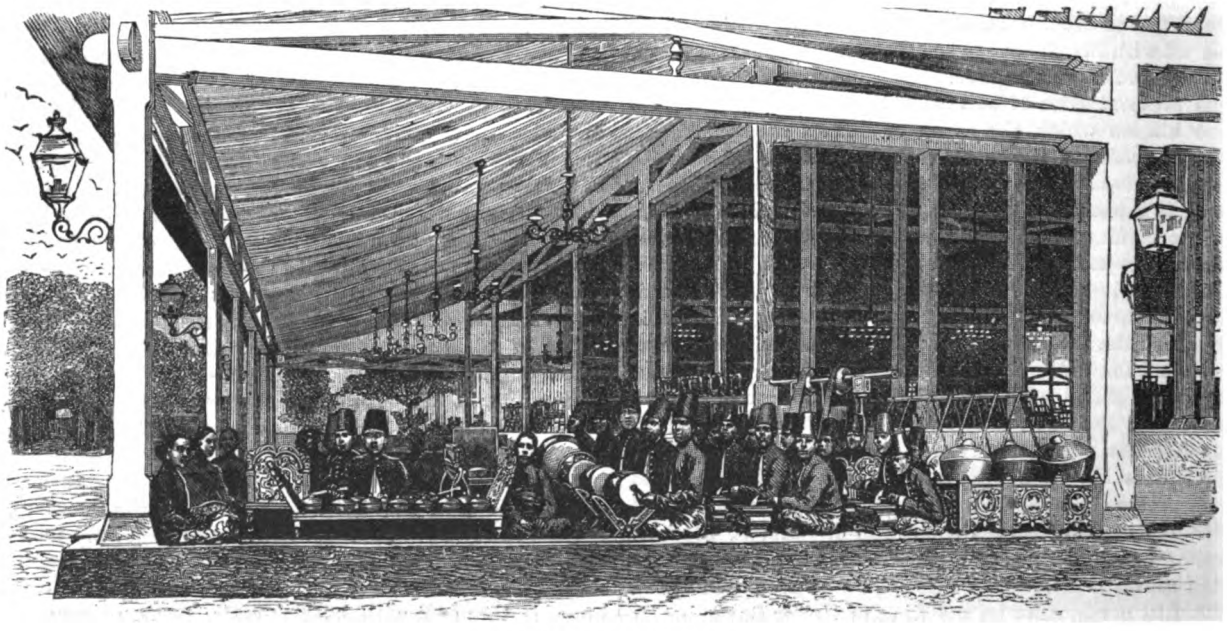
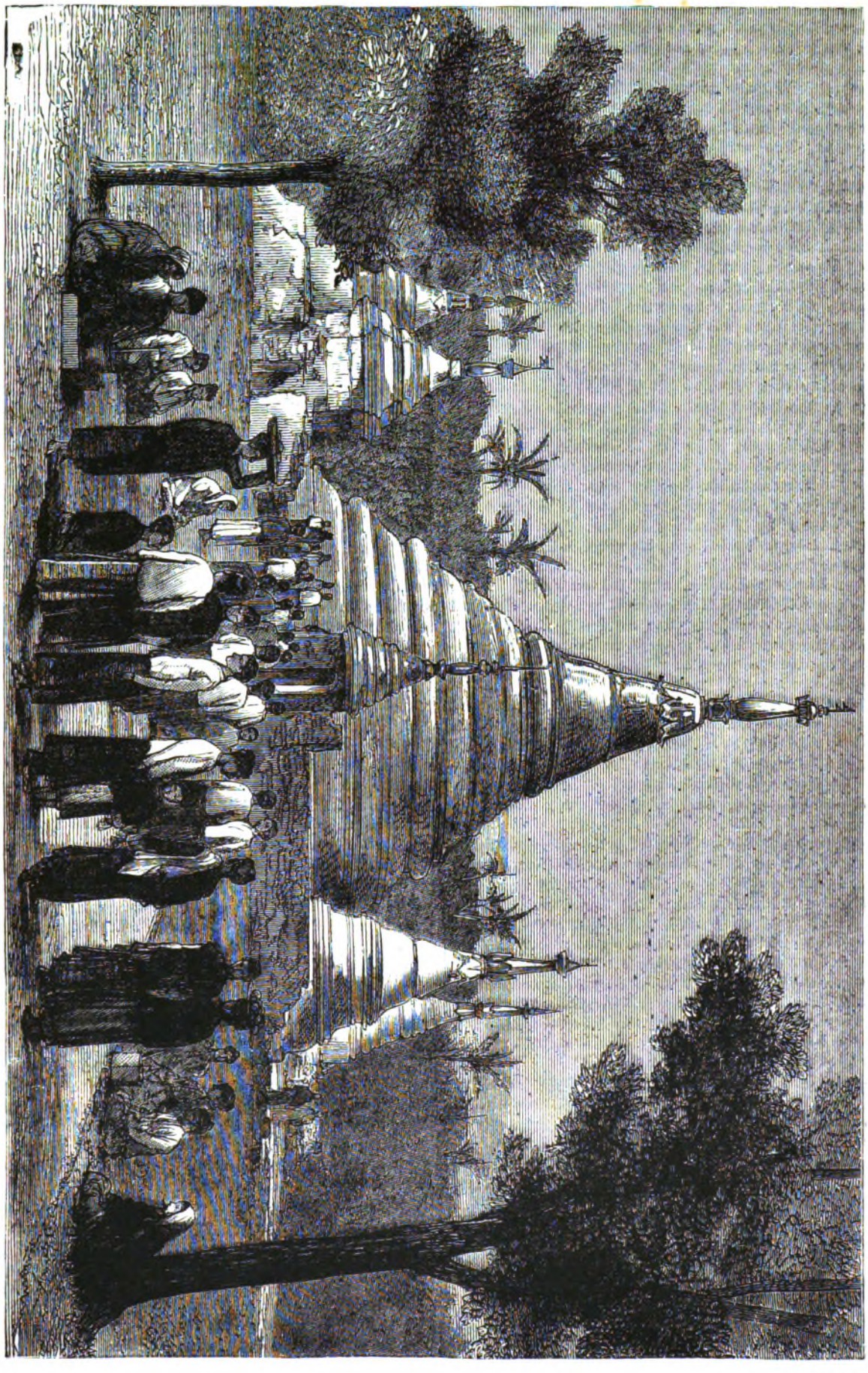
PROGRAMME OF "PATIENCE" IN BURMESE.



A BURMESE ORCHESTRA.



THE KEEKTSAN PAGODA, NEAR RANGOON, ON THE MORNING OF THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

manufacture; while the carved ivory articles, brushes, handkerchiefs, furniture, sun-hats, umbrellas, weapons, mats, baskets, and toys, are gathered from all parts of Asia.

The visitor is quite as much interested with the merchant as his wares in the Rangoon bazaar. One sees representatives of all the Eastern nations: Hindoos, Mohommedans, Parsees, Burmese, Chinese, Siamese, Shans, Malays, Arabs, and some few natives of Ceylon, all wearing their national dress and conversing in their native language. The philologist that would not be puzzled here must be an adept, indeed.

Our ladies lingered long over the great variety of silks, laces and native jewelry, and we only had time to don our evening-dress and enter our carriages for a drive to the lakes. We drove out over the hill on which fashionable Rangoon has chosen to reside, and entered a long avenue of trees, which leads to the largest lake, a distance of three miles from the river. On reaching the lake a sharp turn to the right brought us into what is known as the Serpentine, which is a drive close to the shores of the lake, and as one winds in and out among the grand old trees, enjoying the evening breeze and watching the boats on the water, you cannot help thinking how difficult even the constant traveler will find it to equal a drive of such surpassing beauty. Elegant carriages, drawn by imported Arabian, Australian and English horses, and filled with beautiful ladies in elaborate toilets, pass one at short intervals, while an occasional troop of Burmese dandies, mounted on spirited little ponies, covered with rich trappings, or a huge elephant coming in from work, vary the cavalcade and help to make the necessary evening drive an event to be regularly looked forward to with pleasure.

On our way home we met Colonel Olive, the head of the British Burmah Police, who invited us to stop and inspect a wayside station-house. This we found clean and neat, with only one European officer in charge, all the others being natives or Punjab Indians. On a framework just before the door a large bell was suspended, also an enormous gong, for giving an alarm should occasion require.

The Burmese are great lovers of bells and gongs, particularly the former, and possess great skill in their manufacture. The great bell of Mengoon is supposed to be the largest in the world, and is said to contain fully ten per cent. of precious metals, gold, silver and copper bangles, rings, and other articles of jewelry, having been freely cast into the furnace during the fusing of the metal before casting, by devout Buddhists, who assembled in thousands to witness the casting, many people coming hundreds of miles for that purpose. The belief that the tones of a bell or gong not only please Buddha, but also ward off evil spirits, is almost universal.

We paused for a few moments at a large house, to watch the movements (rather than hear the discords) of a Burmese band that was playing on an open veranda, evidently celebrating a marriage. Seven performers, squatting on the floor, were engaged in vigorously pounding drums, tom-toms and a small flat box covered with sheepskin. One performer was seated in a circular railing, which supported a ring of small drums, to which several small bells were attached, while the post of leader was held by a tall, half-naked fellow, with a reed pipe of the yellow-clarionet species, on which he executed some of the vilest passages that ever the human ear had been compelled to suffer.

On our return to the hotel we found a note from our friend, Mr. Regan, informing us that an event of great importance was to take place the following day—a Buddhist priest was to be cremated. We made all necessary arrangements, and, accompanied by many European residents, started out for the large tract of ground south of the great pagoda, where the ceremony was to take place. We found a large assemblage of Burmese, Chinese and Indians already on the ground, anxiously awaiting the commencement of the festivities, for they can be called nothing else.

An English Inspector of Police conducted our carriages to a slight elevation, and we soon heard the funeral procession approaching. Mr. Regan informed us that the priest to be cremated had been dead over two months, and had been lying in state in a Buddhist monastery. Immediately after death the bodies of priests are embalmed by being covered with a varnish-like kind of gum, and then placed in a large coffin, which is run full of boiling resin; when this is completed the coffin is placed under a handsomely decorated canopy, and there lies while preparations for the cremation are being made.

From our little hill we had a fine view of the procession as it wound over the roads to the cemetery. First came a bevy of twenty comely damsels, who would dance and sing in sections of four, each four having its own song and kind of dance; then twenty young men, who performed in like manner, all being dressed in their gayest attire. A band mounted on a bullock-cart came after the dancers; then followed the catafalque. The catafalque was mounted on a bullock-cart, and at a distance presented a very imposing sight; it was profusely gilt on all sides, and resembled a pagoda on wheels. On closer inspection, however, this glittering car proved to be but a house of cards; it was composed of the flimsiest material possible, principally gilt paper and bright-colored cloth.

Arriving in the centre of the field, the bullocks were taken out and ropes fixed to the front and back of the car, when, after carefully depositing the coffin (which had been borne on the shoulders of six men until it reached the cemetery) in the car, the attendants all repaired to the numerous booths for refreshment. After having partaken of rice wine, pickled tea, pawn, and betel-nut, two parties of men rushed to the car; one party seized the ropes at one end and attempted to drag the car back toward the home of the priest, while the other party were pulling it toward the centre of the cemetery. This was anything but a mournful scene. The car, creaking and shaking, moves slowly, first one way and then the other, until at last, with shouts of delight, the strongest party carry it off with a run until it reaches the centre, when more men join the victorious party and pile up heaps of inflammable matter on and about the whole structure; after which all hands repair once more to the booths to see the dancing, which is going on all the time, and place the *doons* or rockets in position that are to fire the pyre. These rockets are small wooden cannon, made of the stem of a tree and filled with gunpowder and sawdust. They are mounted on small carriages and placed at about a hundred feet from the car and discharged in succession. Many of them miss the mark, and, we were informed, they sometimes burst among the crowd, when severe accidents happen. At last one strikes the pyre and ignites the combustibles, when, amid shouts and renewed dance and song, the bright flames shoot up, embracing each gay pinnacle and flag, until the whole catafalque comes down with a crash, and is soon reduced to ashes. After witnessing this serio-comic funeral, we drove down along the banks of the canal to the office of Mong Poe, the Burmese printer and agent to the King of Upper Burmah. Here we found a large building, fronting the

water, with the external appearance of a stone house. On entering I was informed that the proprietor was sleeping. Now, this was serious, as the Burmese believe that when a person sleeps the spirit leaves the body, and, taking the form of a bird, flies about until fatigued, when it returns and the sleeper awakes ; for this reason alone they feed and protect all birds, and, in consequence, the feathered songsters of Burmah are so tame as to enter the houses and perch in the windows with the audacity of domestic fowls.

Well knowing the man believed that to awaken his master would be to cause his death, we were on the point of leaving, when a second man appeared and invited us in. The spirit had returned, and Mong Poe was awake. We found the great printer seated on a mat, rubbing his eyes and looking somewhat surprised at the size of our party.

After carefully reading my letter of introduction from Mohammed Ismael, the Arab banker, he arose and solemnly shook the party by the hand. While thus engaged we had an opportunity to view the eccentricity of his costume. A silk *lungi* was his only garment ; his body was tattooed all over with designs of birds, fishes and plants, resembling a frescoed wash-boiler in color. He spoke English very well, and surprised us by showing us the latest inventions in all kinds of printing-machinery, which he had purchased in Europe. The accompanying programme of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Patience" conveys a good idea of the kind of printing done at this house, which is the largest in Burmah.

A visit to the Public Gardens and the performance of the "Pirates of Penzance" occupied the remaining portion of our last day in Rangoon, when we went on board the mail-steamer for Maulmain, one hundred miles distant. On leaving the river we found the southwest monsoon blowing hard, and the dinner-bell failed to create any decided excitement among the passengers. A few of the best sailors went below to a fine spread, but the majority looked suspiciously at each other, and retired to secluded corners, to avoid looking over the side at occasional periods. About four o'clock we entered the river, and the wonderful effect of smooth water on the average traveler was at once apparent. The Maulmain River is the same broad, muddy, swift-running sheet of water one sees everywhere in Asia during the rainy season.

We ran alongside a wharf-boat somewhat similar to those in use on the Lower Mississippi. The same *garis*, scenery, natives, and general features we had noticed in Rangoon, met us here, only we were not so well accommodated in the hotel line. The only hotel here is a large private house, poorly fitted up and badly conducted as a kind of stopping-place for what few strangers visit this out-of-the-way place. A week's stay without any noteworthy event enabled us to get the regular mail-steamer for Penang.

Penang is a lovely little island, and is the first land one sees after crossing the Bay of Bengal. It belongs to the English, and must form the subject of another letter.

PROMPTNESS.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly. And yet a large class of persons are almost always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is in their engagements. They are late in rising in the morning, and in going to bed at night ; late at their meals ; late at the counting-house or office ; late at church ; late at their appointments with others. Their letters are sent to the post-office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving. They come into the station just as the train is going out. They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or the duty, but they are always behind the time, and so are in haste, or, rather, in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and for ever were trying to catch up with the lost time. They waste time for themselves, and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality. A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, is said to have replied that it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of another. And if it were with all a part both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save time for, as well as annoyance to, others, and aid themselves to success and influence in a thousand ways.

TWINS.

By Susan K. Phillips.

One half the soul in the brilliant man
With the world's highway at his feet;
The road where the battle is for the strong,
And the winning post for the fleet.
The senate knew his burning words,
The lonely and poor his heart,
His voice was as sweet in the twilight hour,
As clear in the realm of Art;
Yet for aye in his glittering thread of life
Was a sombre strand entwined;
A strong, dumb, shapeless yearning
For the twin that he could not find.

The other half lay quiet and calm,
Through tranquil nights and days,
In the woman's breast, who followed alone,
Her simple household ways.
With earnest heart and helping hand,
Loving and loved she grew;
And scarce her dutiful spirit owned
The nameless want it knew.
Unknown—apart—on the selfsame day,
Each passed, the life-work done;
Said an idler, who watched the skies that night
"See, two stars have shot to one!"

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

Even hospitality, that true Sclavonic virtue, has not become acclimatized in this inhospitable region. The peasants like to visit and treat each other, especially on high days and holidays ; but this hospitality is the result of calculation. When a man is going to visit his neighbor, he never goes straight to his house, but walks along the road, and stops as if by chance at the window and begins a conversation ; then, if the master or mistress wishes to see him, they invite him in.

When the samovar is ready, they drink tea out of saucers, now and then taking a bite of a piece of sugar. In this way they consume about three cups, and then turn the cups upside down, placing on the bottom the remains of the sugar they have been nibbling at.

As soon as tea is over the guest rises to go, and then the following dialogue invariably takes place :

"Why are you in such a hurry ?" says the hostess.

"Time to go home," answers the guest.

"Stay a little longer."

"Thank you ; you have given us plenty to eat and drink."

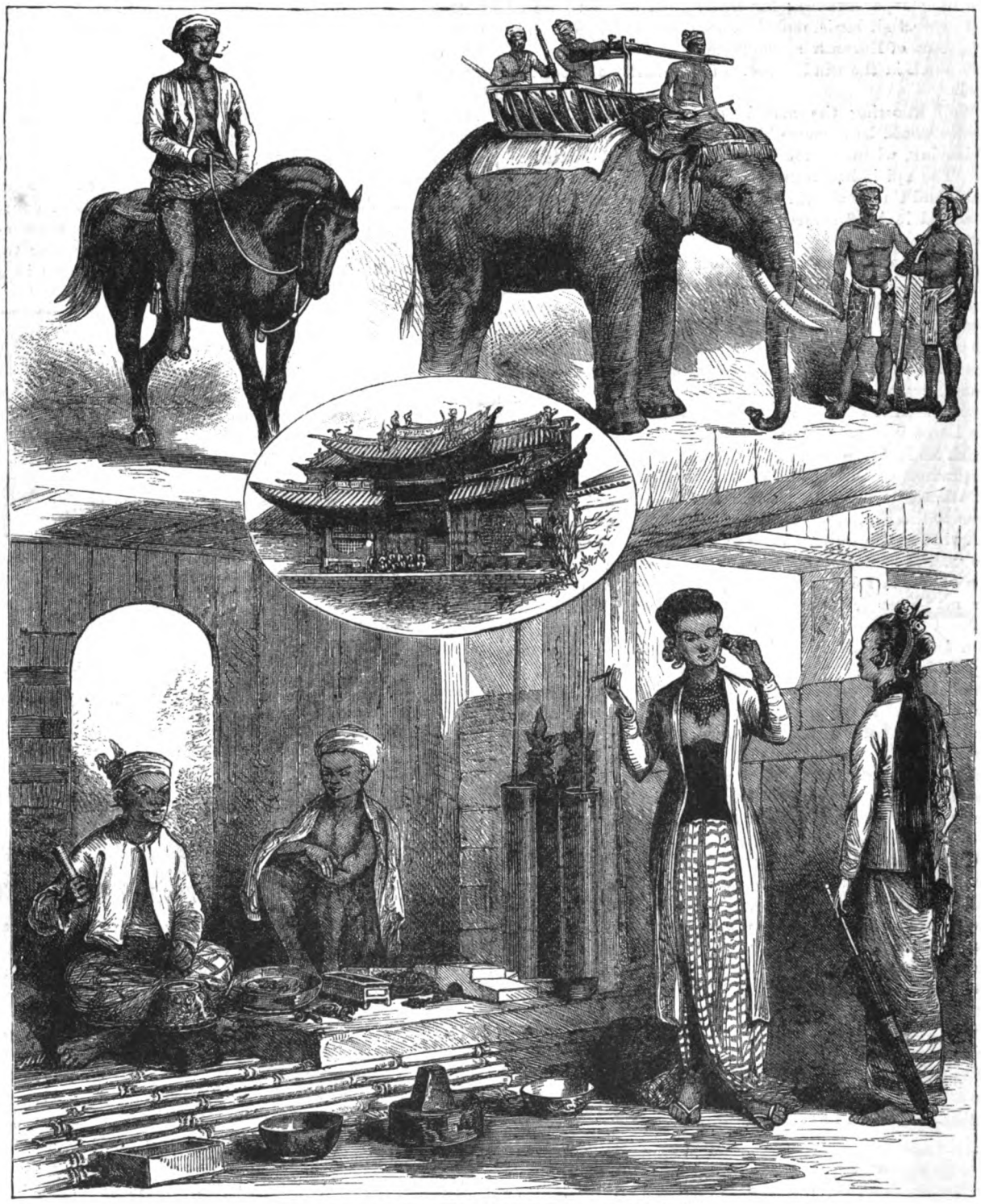
"There was but little."

"No; there was quite enough; we had plenty."

This conversation, which always takes place, and is almost mechanically repeated, being ended, the guest approaches the host, and taking his hands, says, "I thank you for the vodka, the tea, the cakes, the sugar," etc.

It is indispensable, when thanking the host, to enumerate everything the guest has consumed during his visit. At the end of this catalogue the visitor humbly begs his host to come and see him, which, after a time he does, and things go on in exactly the same way. Care must be taken that the viands provided are of equal quantity and quality. If at any time a man eats or drinks more than his host, when a guest on a former occasion, did, quarrels, upbraidings, or sarcastic remarks, are the result.

"I gave them tea and sugar," the host will be heard to say, "and they gave me nothing but tea"; or, again "I gave them cake, and had nothing but bread in return."



BURMESE TYPES—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR.—SEE PAGE 426.

Devoted to Death

By Imogene H. Sykes.

A BEAUTIFUL face, framed in a lace curtain, paled and gleamed, as the girl bent all her faculties to hear the murmured words wafted to her but faintly on the evening breeze.

An exclamation rang out clear and sharp. It betrayed grief and horror. Then followed rapid words in protest, and the two voices, now grown eager in their turn, sounded all too clearly on the listening ears.

On the porch before her, in the moonlight, sat the two who held for her all the interest of this life, and yet she crouched behind the lace curtains of the open window and listened secretly to their words.

"You do not, then, believe in dreams?" said a low, awe-struck voice.

"No. They are but illusions, vagaries, visions of a distempered mind," firmly answered a man's voice, in impatient protest of such an idea.

"Ah!" cried out the low voice

"ON THE PORCH BEFORE HER, IN THE MOONLIGHT, SAT THE TWO WHO HELD FOR HER ALL THE INTEREST OF HER LIFE. . . . 'IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! MY LIFE IS ALREADY DEVOTED!' SHE SPOKE THE LAST WORDS IN AWE-STRUCK TONES."

in sudden, sharp horror, as the girl raised her face in the moonlight to her companion, with a terrible agony in it.

He caught her hands passionately.

"Gracia! My dear one, speak, tell me your grief," he cried, in tremulous tones, as he held the cold hands to his warm lips, and gazed anxiously in the pale, sweet face.

A bright, glad smile for a moment flooded it.

"You will save me?" she wistfully asked, bending toward him with a child's trustfulness, and flushing as her fingers grew warm beneath his lips.

"From what, my darling? Only tell me your grief, and then I will pledge my life to restore you to health and happiness."

The lace curtains shook in the breeze! But a woman's disturbed face hid its agony in their folds, as the listener crouched down as if beaten at the sound of his loving words.

"He was mine, he was mine until *she* came," she cried, in dumb agony to her heart, as she lay there in a crushed heap of chiseled limbs and heaving breast.

Yet in her agony she listened still, and her eyes caught a strange gleam, her lips grew mocking in their ripe beauty, and she laughed low.

"You know that I wear this black robe for my sister?" said the sweet voice on the porch, now grown tremulous at the betrayal of her companion's love.

"Yes," he replied, gently, looking in her face, as its wistful sweetness shone upon him from out the screen of sweetbrier behind her head, and the moonlight made a graceful silhouette of her black figure. "She died abroad, I understand."

"Poor Edna!" sighed the girl. "'Twas hard to die, and yet sweet, too, just as her life-dream was fulfilled. Yes, she died in Rome, where she had longed to go from childhood, and—I—am—now alone!"

The grieving face hid itself in the sweetbrier for a moment, while her companion clasped one trembling hand in his. She looked up bravely.

"You will think me very weak, Dr. Graham," she said, sadly, "but it seems so hard to me to live, now that my sister is gone."

"No," said the grave, loving voice. "My profession, if not my interest, would tell me of what a high-strung, nervous temperament you are. I can understand your loneliness. But, Gracia, dear one, you will let me comfort you. You will let my love win you back to happiness again."

She stopped him with a cry of despair.

"No, no! I cannot! I must not let you speak so! It is impossible! My life is already devoted!"

She spoke the last words in awe-struck tones, and arose slowly, with her head thrown back, looking upward.

"Sister," she whispered, in thrilling tones, "you have said it!"

Dr. Graham silently watched her.

Here was a case for his skill, and his cool, brave nerves, and for a while longer his love must be content to show itself by care and attention alone.

A terrible strain was upon the girl's mind and heart, he could see, and something beyond the loss of her sister—a loss now six months old—was consuming her like hidden flame, and sapping her life-strength, day by day.

"I am waiting to hear your sorrow, dear," he said, gently, drawing her down to her seat.

She looked with patient sadness up in his strong, true face, and spoke slowly.

"There were but the two of us. And this was our home. A quiet, lovely one; but Edna longed for the Old World. She fostered our limited means until she had procured the neccessary amount, and then we went abroad. In one brief year the whole sum of her life was told, for she seemed but to live in her beautiful artist life. And then her joy killed her, and I laid her to rest where she prayed to lie—a short distance out of Rome. I came back to my home. My aunt and cousin had charge of it, and still remain; they are very good to me, and I love my cousin, for the sake of her beautiful face—she is so like Edna, that the first sight of her on my return was a shock. Doctor, you do not believe in dreams," she continued, half-wildly. "You call them visions of a distempered mind. I do believe in them. For one night my sister came to me in a dream and told me I was devoted to death, and to make no plans, form no attachments, for all would come to naught! That was one long month ago, and the space of centuries have been crowded into the slow-passing days! My blood is like ice, my limbs refuse their power, I feel myself already sinking into a gaping grave, and now—oh, merciful Father, I cannot die now."

"Gracia, my dear one, has my love made life sweet to you?" cried Roger Graham, holding the quivering fingers in his strong palm, and speaking calmly by an effort.

"Yes," she said, sweetly, though shivering with dread, and white as death already in her terrible suffering.

"Will you try to live for me?" he asked, not denying her belief, thinking it wiser to create a counter-feeling.

"Yes, yes, if you will save me!" she cried, wildly clinging to him. "But, oh, the vision will come again—it said it would; and, Roger, if it but touch me I shall go mad!"

He soothed her like a child, holding her frightened eyes against his breast, and urging her to courage and resolution, to combat this hideous vagary of an overwrought system.

"I am strong now, Roger," she said, bravely, as she was bidding him good-night. "You have inspired me with your own nature. You should have a wife of different metal," she faltered, shyly, looking at him with fond blue eyes.

"I have selected my wife out of all the world," he said, proudly. "And when I return, a week hence, she must show me the blush-roses in her cheeks, and greet me with a merry laugh. Mind, I charge you, Gracia, be strong for me."

He kissed her softly, and turned away. The lace curtains parted across the window, and a white-robed woman stood silently regarding the moonlight.

A low cry from the young girl. Dr. Graham looked back and saw the beautiful form outlined by the fleecy curtains. He gave it a long, curious look, with a shade of doubt on his face, then waved his hand and went down the road.

* * * * * *

"Did I startle you, Gracia?" asked a cold, half-trembling voice, as if passion shook it, as the white-clad woman stepped out on the porch.

"You—you—looked so like Edna," faltered the young girl, shivering with nameless dread, "and the moonlight made you seem——"

"Like a ghost, eh?" laughed the other, mockingly, looking down the road with a strange smile. "You poor little coward. So I am like Edna?

"'Yes, the dear saints in heaven—
Dead dust in the ground,
Snatch a grace from the grave
Life never has given'—

"And you still clothe your idol with living charms!"

The hard, beautiful mouth laughed with a sound like dripping ice.

"You must not be so realistic," she added, lightly, as she stepped through the window again. "Why, we will have you believing in spirits revisiting the glimpses of the moon, if you let yourself grow so nervous. Good-night!"

Gracia felt as if her new-found strength had forsaken her, as she looked down the deserted road, and saw only the moonlight lying in silver lines along the path Roger had trod.

* * * * * *

One week rolled itself into two before Roger Graham could return; and then, when at last his footstep struck upon the window-sill, he had given his life never to have left.

A beautiful face raised itself to his impatient gaze as he paused upon the porch, and Virginia Randall said, slowly:

"You have come, at last!"

"At last?" he repeated, with indrawn breath, as the lovely face grew pitiful under his startled look.

"My poor little cousin would have no other physician," she said, gently. "She thinks you best understand her nervous complications."

Roger pulled himself together.

"She is ill?" he asked, calmly.

"She is dying, doctor."

"No!" he cried, fiercely. "It is some horrid trick! She cannot—she shall not die!"

And he strode past the startled woman, into the house, up the winding stair to the door of a room. Then he paused to master himself, and entered quietly.

One look told him all! It told him as well that here was work for the physician as well as lover, and, controlling his breaking heart with an effort, he approached the low couch upon which lay the frail form and white face of the stricken girl.

"Gracia," he said, gently, seating himself beside her, "I have returned, dear."

She looked up with a wan smile.

"Roger knows," she said, dreamily. "Tell him the vision came and laid its cold, damp hand on my forehead. I cannot get away from it. Poor, poor Roger!"

Her eyes fell away from his face without sense or sight of his presence.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered, sinking on his knees, and clasping her to him, "she is *mad!*"

"Yes," she said, softly, "Roger knows. I told him I would go mad if *It* touched me—and night after night it puts its arm around me and touches my brow, and says, sternly, 'Devoted to death; you must not love—you must not wed.' Roger was not here, and so I am mad."

The stricken man laid his face down on the little thin hands and wept like a child. His strong sobs shook the frail form and made her look wistfully at the bowed head.

"They think I am dead, and are weeping," she said, pityingly. "If Roger were here he might save me."

A pitiful sob broke her voice, and her trembling hands stirred beneath his wet cheeks.

"And he will save you now, my poor darling!" he cried, passionately. "Gracia, dear, will you go to Roger, far away, where this vision cannot come?"

She raised herself by his arm eagerly.

"Yes, yes," she panted, "take me away! Say nothing of where we go; perhaps the spirit will not know! Oh, Roger, come!"

He laid her back on the pillow, and gazed long in her pallid face.

Her aunt entered quietly and stood by the couch.

He looked up, gravely.

"Doctor," said the lady, earnestly, "can you do any good here?"

"I shall try," he said, sternly.

"Her grief for her sister has shattered her nervous system, and affected her mind," said Mrs. Randall, giving her diagnosis with placid grief.

"She must be removed from here," said the doctor, abruptly, as Virginia swept gracefully into the room.

She gave him a slow look.

"Where would you take her, *Roger?*" she asked, pitifully, with a softened mien.

"To an asylum," he retorted, coldly, looking down at her beautiful slim hands.

"A madhouse!" she cried, regretfully; then, with a compassionate gesture, she put her hand gently on the sick girl's brow.

Dr. Graham looked in the lovely face with a strangely wistful look, and down again at the slender hand.

Virginia smiled slowly, and looked up at him.

"We trust to you," she said, softly, with a tremor in her voice. "When do you wish to remove her?"

"At once."

"What shall my mother and I do?"

"Nothing. Let her maid prepare some simple articles of clothing and accompany us, for I will attend to everything myself, after informing her guardian."

"Has she told you the particulars of her sickness?" asked Virginia, with interest.

"She does not know me! She is mad!" said Roger Graham, in a dull voice. "Can you tell me?"

Virginia shook her head sadly.

"Not much. One night mother and I were awakened by a wild shriek from Gracia's room, and upon reaching it found her in a dead faint. We could gain no information from her afterward, except that she had had a dream, and the words 'Roger knows.' This continued several nights, then the shrieks ceased, but the fainting continued——"

"How do you know? Did she say so?" asked Roger, coldly.

Virginia smiled gently.

"Do you think *I* neglected the poor child? No, I went in softly night after night to offer to stay with her, or to see how she was, and found her always so exhausted that I feared each night she would die. She would have no physician but *you*, and—— Do you think you can save her, *Roger?*"

"I do not know," he said, harshly. "Women have such weak nerves," and he abruptly left the room.

Out in the air he gave vent to a sob, and looked back at the house with a long, long look.

"It will go hard with me but that I do save you, my precious girlie," said the resolute heart, as he hurried on his preparations for removal to the asylum.

In an hour all was ready. Roger took the frail form up in his arms and carried her down to the carriage.

She was silent and passive, only smiling softly as she sank back on the soft cushions.

"Far away," she said once. "And don't tell the spirit."

Virginia touched her hand gently.

"Will you go *with me?*" asked Roger, abruptly; looking with strange eagerness in her beautiful eyes.

She hesitated; then, as he took her hand quickly, she caught up garden-hat and assented with haste.

THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG.— AT THE GRAVE OF THE DUKE OF POMMERN-STETTIN.— SEE PAGE 438.

"The drive is not long," he said, "and I will return with you!"

A brilliant light danced in her eyes as she sank back gracefully in her seat, and the carriage drove on.

The drive was strangely short—not more than a mile, then the carriage turned into a wide carriage-drive, and pulled up before a white cottage, with broad porches all around.

Upon the steps stood a gray-haired, stern old man, and a handsome, stately lady of middle age.

Virginia gave a startled look at the cottage.

"This is not a mad-house," she said, shrinking from him, and grasping her white throat with one slim hand, as if a pain was convulsing it.

"No," said Roger Graham, with a slow, strange smile, forcing up her gleaming eyes to look into his set face; "it is the *asylum* I promised to take my future wife to—the house of her guardian, the *magistrate* of the county."

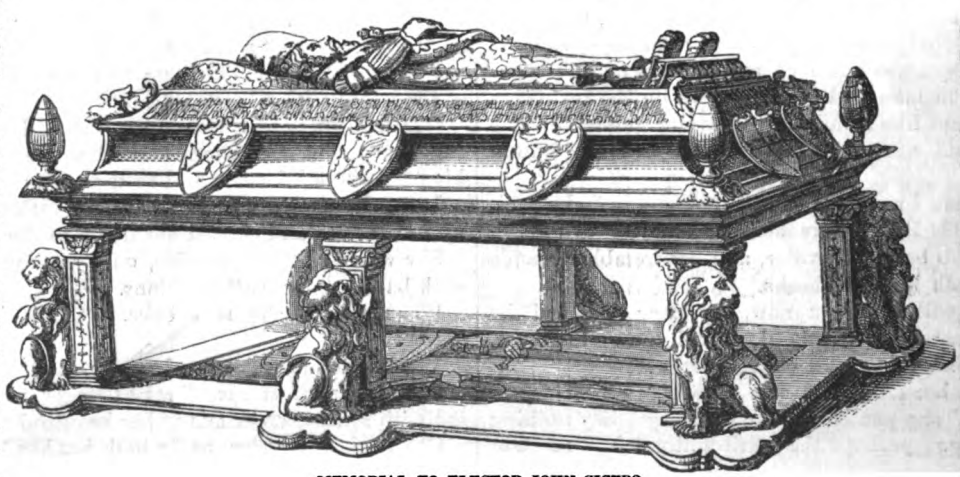
The beautiful bloom faded from the woman's face, as an ashy pallor crept over lips and cheek; but she still held her own with dauntless spirit, deceived by his quiet manner. The stately old gentleman came down to the carriage. A few words sent forward by a groom had prepared him for the visit, although the particulars were unknown.

But Roger Graham's assertion that the shelter of his roof was necessary for his ward's convalescence was sufficient; perfect trust was sure to follow a thorough knowledge of the physician's nature.

Roger passed him in silence with his precious burden, carrying it gently but swiftly through the open door to a low couch in the cool drawing-room.

"Let her rest," he said, briefly, to the lady of the house. "I will return to tell you all in an hour or so. She will sleep."

Then he descended to the carriage, and seated himself beside the silent woman, white as her floating draperies. The carriage thereupon swept rapidly down the road.



MEMORIAL TO ELECTOR JOHN-CICERO.

"Roger," said a low, sweet voice, pleadingly.

He turned to her with a savage cry.

"*Do you think I do not know!*"

He caught her hands in a firm grasp, as he bent his fierce eyes with a terrible hatred upon her.

ELECTOR ALBERT-ACHILLES AND THE NUREMBURGERS.

"Why do I not crush you to death or madness, as you would have done that poor, frail child!" he said, letting his despair and horror master him at last. "What damnable spirit led you to so foul a deed? What devilish power gave you strength, night after night, to stand beside that shrinking child, and laying your hand upon her brow, pronounce the words that fell like molten lead upon her fevered brain?"

The trembling woman crouched at his feet, shivering now with fear of him.

"It was for your sake!" she cried out, madly, clinging to his knees. "You loved me before she came! I could not bear her victory, and believed your infatuation but momentary, and that you would return to me if she were but removed! I did but carry out her own morbid fancy—the taint of madness was in her brain long ere I made use of my resemblance to her sister, and a dread of a return of her dream, to hasten what must have come at last."

He dashed her hands from him with loathing, and drew back from her clasp.

"It is false!" he said, sternly. "As false as your

ELECTOR JOACHIM-NESTOR PRONOUNCING SENTENCE.

belief that I ever was yours—your vanity misled you, for you were nothing to me but a superb statue of flesh, a creature possessed of every charm but a soul!"

A low moan of despair as the wretched woman hid her eyes from his terrible gaze, and looked within at the sin and desolation of her life.

In the midst of his misery a gleam of justice shot up in his heart, and he relented enough to say, sternly:

"Since through me came your sin, by me shall also come your redemption. I had meant to give you up to justice—— Go, Virginia, there stands your mother watching for you. Your secret is safe *for her sake*, but you must leave Gracia's house at once, and the country as well. Never let my eyes behold you; never cross the path of my wife—for I shall save her despite your foul work!"

"One—word," moaned the white lips, as the carriage paused at the gate, and the stricken woman looked up at him, "say—you—pardon. Oh—my—lost—love—mercy!"

"*If Gracia lives!*"

He let her pass out of the carriage unassisted—"the hand of Douglas was his own"—and turned from the despairing eyes as she watched him drive rapidly back to the side of the woman he loved.

* * * * * *

"But, Roger, why does not my cousin come to greet me?" said the pale, sweet bride, as she crossed her own threshold, and entered the home she had been exiled from, in long, wearying illness, until the Summer days had faded in the Winter blasts, and the snow now lay upon the earth and chilled the moonlight. "You said, dear, you had written to her."

Dr. Graham placed his wife on a couch by the open fire, and took her hands in his.

"I wrote but these words, my darling," he said, gently, watching her pale cheeks flush in the firelight, "'Gracia is now my wife—I forgive!'"

"You forgive?" she asked, wonderingly. "For what, Roger?"

She was strong enough to bear it now.

"Do you ever think of your dream?" he asked, cautiously.

She hid her quivering face on his breast and clung to him passionately.

"Say that it is gone for ever!" she moaned. "Oh, Roger, say that I shall never see *It* again!"

"Never again, my dear one! As you shall never again in life see your cousin." And then he told her.

"I am glad you wrote those words," she said, softly, lifting her lips to his. "For I know what her loss is by my gain!"

THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Frederick VI., Burggraf of Nuremburg, was forty-five years old when, for manifold services, with head, hand and purse, rendered to Kaiser Sigismund, he was made Frederick I., Prince-Elector (*Kurfürst*) of Brandenburg, and so started the House of Hohenzollern upon a new career of advancement. The seven Electors—of whom three were ecclesiastical and four secular—were the foremost princes of the Holy Roman Empire, upon whom devolved the right of choosing who should be made Kaiser, or Emperor. The portrait of Frederick, taken at this period, represents a mild-looking gentleman of middle stature, with smoothly-shaven, unwrinkled face, smiling mouth, blue eyes and flowing light-brown hair already turning gray. There is nothing imposing or martial in his aspect. Take away the Electoral sword and sceptre, the ermine-trimmed cap and mantle, and one would fancy him to be a substantial burgher of the middle class, with whom things had always gone smoothly, rather than the bold soldier and ambitious politician which he had been and was to be.

For several years he prospered in most ways, though not without sharp contests with some of his neighbors, in all of which he got the best of it; and notably with the Pomeranians, a people of Wendish stock, living north of Brandenburg, into whose region the Germans were gradually making their way, especially into the towns. Pomerania was at this time divided into two Duchies, Pommern-Stettin and Pommern-Wolgast, the ruling families being akin. Frederick was the gainer in this Pomeranian contest, and secured a formal compact by which, in case the Wendish line in Stettin should become extinct, the Duchy should go to Brandenburg, not to the Duke of Pommern-Wolgast, as it would nnturally have done. Besides this prospective augmentation of his dominions, the death of his childless elder brother, John, brought back to Frederick the Principality of Baireuth, in the Nuremburg region. Frederick was in the meanwhile so busily engaged in trying to help Kaiser Sigismund out of the many difficulties into which he was constantly falling, that he could give little attention to his Nuremberg Burggrafship. The burghers of that city grew discontented, and he sold out this hereditary dignity for an ample consideration; retaining, however, all the Hohenzollern Principalities in Franconia.

The general affairs of the Empire had gone on badly under Kaiser Sigismund. The Council of Constance had not succeeded in extirpating the *Schisma nefanda* in Bohemia. It had indeed brought John Huss to the stake, notwithstanding Sigismund's Imperial safeguard, but Hussism was rampant in Bohemia, and, under the wild one-eyed Ziska, threatened to make an end of Sigismund, and did make an end of his brother, Wenzel, the deposed ex-Kaiser, King of Bohemia, which thereupon fell to Sigismund, who, by aid of Frederick of Brandenburg, tried hard to put down the insurgent heretics, with their claim that the laity, as well as the clergy, should be allowed to partake of the wine as well as the bread in the Eucharist. Frederick's possessions in Franconia and Brandenburg suffered sorely in this Hussite War, and he vainly urged the adoption of a milder policy. Ill-feeling grew up between the Kaiser and the Elector to whom each owed so much. Frederick made an alliance with Wladislaw Jagello, the mighty King of Poland, which was to be cemented by a marriage between his second son and the daughter and presumptive heiress of the King of Poland. The youth was sent to Poland to be trained up for the crown which was to fall to him. The early death of the princess put an end to this scheme, which nevertheless added fuel to the ill-feeling between the Kaiser and the Elector, both of whom suffered much evil in consequence. In the course of years this mutual distrust died out; a reconciliation was effected, and Frederick resumed his intimate relations with the House

of Habsburg. Sigismund died in 1437, and the Imperial crown was offered to Frederick. He declined the proffer, and brought about the election of the Archduke Albert of Austria, the son-in-law and favorite of Sigismund. Albert died in a few months, and the Elector of Brandenburg secured the crown for Frederick of Austria, another scion of the House of Habsburg; the Imperial crown being thereafter virtually, though not nominally, hereditary in that House, until the Empire itself broke up in 1806,

To Brandenburg—the Hussite troubles being at length fairly over—the advent of Frederick as its ruler was an unmixed blessing. He traversed the country continually, setting things to rights, promoting industry, and planting the seeds of what was in a dozen generations to grow into the Kingdom of Prussia. "Frederick I.," says a eulogistic biographer, "was among the most notable Germans of the fifteenth century. His contemporaries lauded him for the extent and soundness of his culture, the cleverness of his diplomacy, and the high military capacity which he evinced in his numerous campaigns. He deserves no less honor for his sincere piety, and for his upright and kindly dealing with all his subjects, more especially the poorer classes." He died in 1440, at the age of nearly three score and ten, leaving four sons, the second of whom succeeded him as Elector.

Frederick II., the second Hohenzollern Elector of Brandenburg, (1440-1470), was the one who was to have married the Polish princess, and thereby become King of Poland. The early death of the princess putting an end to this prospect, he came back to Brandenburg, where his elder brother was heir-apparent. But this young man began to give manifest proof that he was not fitted for the position. He devoted himself to occult sciences, and became known as "John the Alchemist." By the command of his father he quite willingly gave up his birthright, receiving Baireuth as an appanage, where he busied himself peacebly with his retorts and crucibles. A third brother, whom we shall hereafter know as the Elector Albert-Achilles, received the neighboring Anspach, and attended to whatever of fighting was to be done in that quarter.

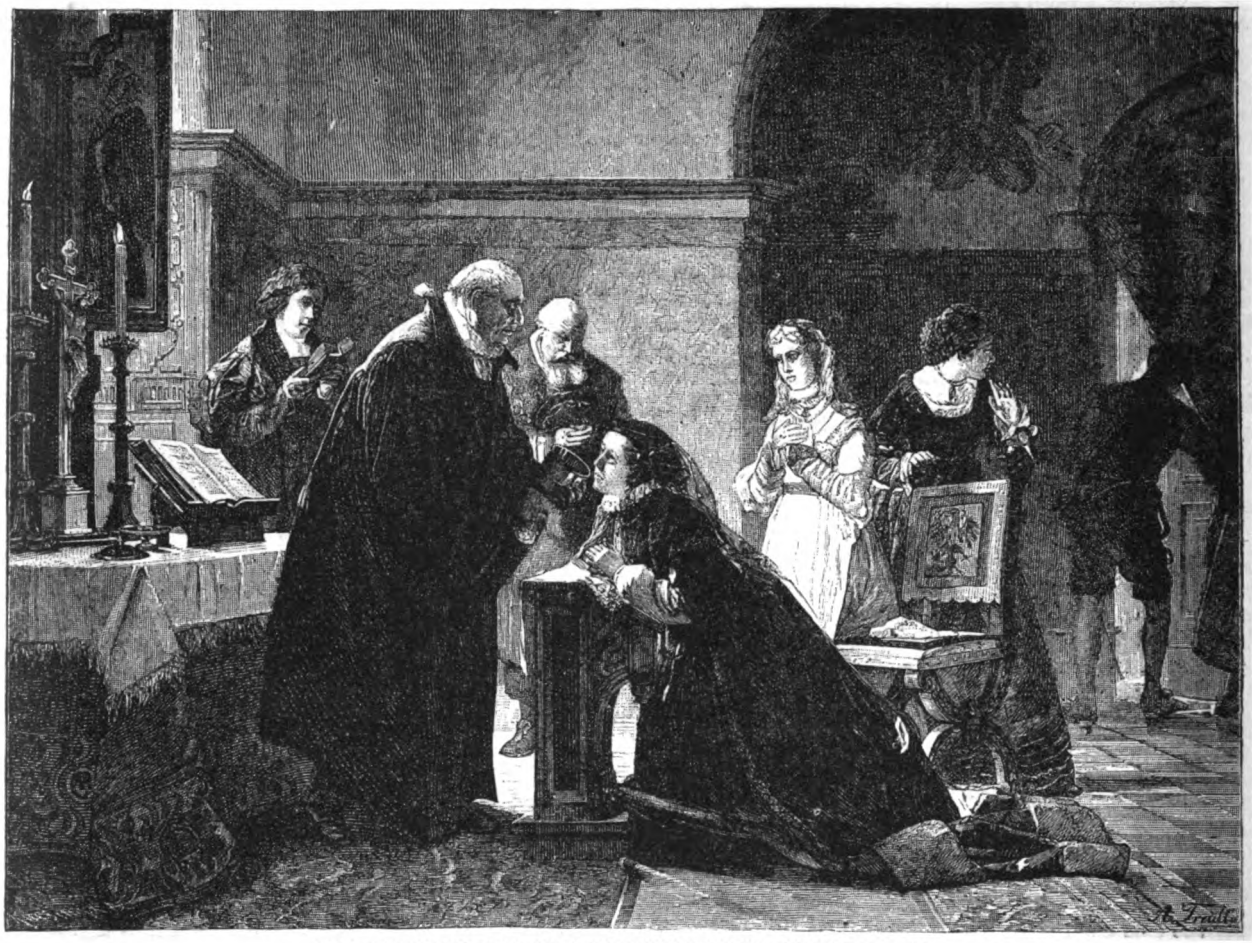
Frederick II. was twenty-seven years old when he became Elector. The outlook was not altogether promising at first. The burghers of Berlin were disposed to be refractory, and shut their gates against him. But they were by no means at harmony among themselves. The craftsmen were at bitter feud with the nobles and their kindred, and in the end aided Frederick, at the head of six hundred horsemen, to enter Berlin through the Spandau gate. He repaid their services by ordaining a new Constitution, by which the rights of the smaller burghers were greatly extended at the expense of the larger ones. The other towns took timely warning, and no longer ventured to lay claim to their ancient "Privileges." Still further to hold Berlin in curb, Frederick built a sumptuous castle within the city, upon land which the burghers were forced to make over to him for that purpose. This castle, or palace, became henceforth the principal residence of the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns. For the firm grip with which he held on to everything which he claimed as his own, Frederick II. received the popular sobriquet of "Iron Teeth." Having by fair means or foul got his Brandenburg territories into due order, Frederick's projects took a wider scope, resulting upon the whole unfavorably to him. A fierce contest was raging between the German and Sclavic peoples on his border, the origin of which dated back for many generations.

Eastward of Brandenburg stretched for five hundred miles and more a region known from time immemorial as "Preussen," and still called by that name in German, though we know it best as "Prussia Proper," to distinguish it from the later Kingdom of Prussia, of which it forms a part. Preussen was perhaps the last region of Europe in which heathenism held its own against Christianity. When the spirit of crusading to the Holy Land finally died out, the semi-monastic Order of the Teutonic Knights, leaving Palestine, took it in hand, about 1230, to Christianize these heathen Prussians after the fashion of the times. What with the swords of the Order and the preaching of the monks, this work was fairly accomplished in a century. German settlers flocked in to this comparatively fertile region; fields were sown, flocks and herds pastured, towns and churches built. The Teutonic Order waxed rich and haughty, and became engaged in interminable contests with their Christian neighbors, especially with the Poles, who have always had an aptitude for being on fighting terms with everybody around them.

In 1410 the Order suffered a great defeat at Tannenburg, for which they had to pay heavily. But they were still great feudal lords, and increased rather than diminished their haughty aggressions upon the landholders and burghers around them. These rose in arms against the Order, and threw themselves upon the protection of the Polish King. The Knights, pressed to the last extremity, appealed for help to Frederick of Brandenburg, adjuring him "by all that he held sacred, not to suffer this most noble Order to be driven clean out of Preussen." Frederick saw some advantage in this proposed alliance with the Order; for Brandenburg still lacked several positions of great strategic value. Principal among these was the province of Neumark, across the Oder, which the Teutonic Knights had bought of Sigismund, not yet Kaiser, more than half a century before, while money was yet rather plentiful with them.

Neumark formed a connecting link between the isolated possessions both of the Order and of Brandenburg; and it would be perilous to both to allow it to fall into the hands of the hostile Poles. But the now impoverished Knights felt themselves too weak to hold the province for any long time; so they first pawned, and finally, in 1454, sold it outright to Frederick, who had warily bided his time. He took possession of his purchase without direct opposition from the Polish King, and thus saved it from the menaced Sclavic inundation. He hoped, moreover, that he should be able to restore the Order to its old importance, and appealed to the Reich and to Denmark for aid. His appeals were disregarded, and he was not strong enough alone to do more than hold what he had got. The Poles, meanwhile, pressed the Order in other quarters, and at length, in 1466, dictated the Treaty of Thorn, by which the Teutonic Knights abandoned all West Preussen, they retaining only East Preussan, or the region along the left bank of the Vistula, down to the borders of Neumark and Brandenburg; and even for this they had to do unwilling homage to Poland.

Frederick had reason to congratulate himself that Neumark was not lost to him, for he was elsewhere sorely bestead. Besides the Poles, there were the Czechs of Hungary, under the bold leader, George Podiebrad, who lay menacingly upon the frontier of the Reich, of whose princes none suffered more severely than did the Elector Frederick, who had some hereditary claims upon that part of Lausitz bordering upon Brandenburg. Podiebrad found this district very convenient for him, and took possession of nearly all of it, leaving to Brandenburg



ELECTRESS ELIZABETH RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT IN BOTH KINDS.

only the town of Kottbas, and a bit of territory around it. West Preussen, thus shorn off from Germany, remained a part of Poland for more than three centuries, and was only reclaimed at the "Partition of Poland," in 1773. This Partition of Poland, which has occasioned such floods of obloquy, was, as far as Prussia is concerned, only a reversal of that former Partition of Preussen by the Poles.

The Neumark transaction was, indeed, a positive gain for Frederick; but another enterprise which he took in hand turned out disastrously for him. In 1464 died Otto, the last Wendish Duke of Pommern-Stettin; and according to solemnly guaranteed treaties and acknowledged laws, the succession fell to the Elector of Brandenburg, not to the Duke of Pommern-Wolgast. When the coffin of the dead duke was lowered into the grave, Albert Glinden, Burgomaster of Stettin, in accordance with the old usage upon the extinction of a sovereign line, threw the shield and helmet of Otto into the grave, with the words, "Here lies buried the sovereignty of the land"; thus, in effect, announcing that Frederick of Brandenburg had now become Duke of Stettin. But a bold Ritter, Francis von Eichstadt, leaped into the open grave, lifted out the shield and helmet, exclaiming: "No, not so; we have yet a hereditary sovereignty—the Dukes of Pommern-Wolgast—and to them belong the shield and helmet."

MEDAL OF ELECTOR JOACHIM-HECTOR.

The party opposed to Frederick were by far the strongest; they flew to arms against the Elector, and found ready support from the King of Poland. The Elector adjured Kaiser Frederick III. not to leave him in the lurch, since he had "firmly set himself to maintain the rights of the Reich against foreign tongues, even to the remotest bounds of the Empire." The Kaiser, engrossed in looking out for the aggrandizement of the House of Habsburg, gave no heed to this urgent appeal, and when the Elector undertook to maintain his claims with his own unaided force, he found himself overmatched. Brandenburg and Neumark were

ELECTOR JOHN-GEORGE AND THE ALCHEMIST.

harried by the enemy, and the contest went on for several years, with varying fortunes, for Frederick clung with his old tenacity to his purpose of extending his Pomeranian domains clear to the shores of the Baltic.

But the weight of advancing years and toil began to press upon him. All his children, except one daughter, died in quick succession, and he fell into settled melancholy. Early in 1470 he was besieging a little town in Pomerania, when a cannon-ball came crashing into the room where he was sitting at dinner. The shock to his nervous system affected his hearing and impaired his memory. He felt that it was time for him to resign his Electorship into the hands of his only surviving brother, the Markgraf Albert of Anspach. Amid the tears and benedictions of his subjects, who recognized the great good which he had wrought, and forgot the failures of his later years, he retired to Franconia, where he died a few months later.

Albert, the third Elector (1470–1486), is known in history as the "German Achilles." He was only a year the junior of his brother, whom he succeeded. He was now some three years less than three-score, of imposing stature, and famed for his immense physical strength and his proficiency in all martial exercises. Already, as Markgraf of Anspach, he had played a notable part, uniting the prowess of a man-at-arms, whether in the tournament or on the battle-field, with the highest attributes of the great commander. With the Nuremburgers he had much trouble when he took up his abode in their vicinity upon the death of his father. They and other free towns, aided by various neighboring petty princes and lords, tried to carry on matters with a high hand, insisting upon sundry rights and privileges which Albert was not minded to accord. Over them he won eight decisive victories, and met with one great reverse, being made prisoner by Kunz of Kauffungen, a soldier of fortune, whom the Nuremburgers had hired as their captain, and was forced to pay a heavy ransom for his release. In one of these fierce encounters, he dashed single-handed into the hostile ranks, seized a standard, and held on to it until his Ritters came up just in time to save him. He had, moreover, fighting to do, as Imperial general, against all sorts of enemies—Poles, Czechs, Bohemians, and what not. In all of these contests he gradually learned the art of war, and was everywhere recognized not merely as a stout fighter, but as a great captain. And now that he had come to be the head of the Hohenzollerns, his subjects had good reason to hope that they had gotten the man who would retrieve the mischances which had befallen his predecessor. He was in the end successful at every point. One of his latest contests was with the Bishop of Bamberg, who excommunicated him, and refused to bury his dead. "Carry the bodies," he said, "to the priest's door; let him find out whether it will not be best for him to bury them in a day or two," by which time the putrefying corpses would have become offensive. "These ecclesiastical fellows," he once said, "would like to combine the sword-temporal with the sword-spiritual. But if God had wished that there should be only one sword, He could have contrived that as easily as two. He knew what He was about."

Albert-Achilles rose to high favor with the old Kaiser, Frederick III., and managed several delicate matters for him. To him, indeed, it was owing that the Kaiser's son, Maximilian, was able to get for wife Mary of Burgundy, the daughter of the slain Charles the Bold, with the rich dowry of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. He died at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1486, at the age of seventy-two. He had accompanied the Kaiser and his lucky son Maximilian to the Diet to be held there, in which many crooked matters were to be straightened out. The Kaiser, and all other notables and magnates of the Diet, accompanied the corpse in solemn procession for many miles on the way to Heilbronn, where it was to repose. The skull was for a long time shown there, lying upon the lid of the tomb; it was remarkable for its great thickness, and for having no visible suture. After him came nine Electors of Brandenburg, the last of whom became the first King of Prussia, and two other kings—twelve generations in all, lasting 316 years—son following father in uninterrupted succession, without a single break; an instance to which it would be hard to find a parallel in all history.

Albert-Achilles was succeeded as fourth Elector by his son John, by his contemporaries styled Cicero (1486-1499) by reason of his eloquent speeches. In the Diet he would discourse for four hours at a stretch in the most unexceptionable Ciceronean Latin. Of all these eloquent speeches not a word has come down to us; but they must have made a deep impression upon the men of his time, for, half a century after his death, a noble monument—one of the masterpieces of the famous Peter Vischer, of Nuremburg—and having a recumbent portrait statue of him, was erected in the Domkirche of Berlin. The acquisition of the Netherlands had given to the Kaiser such an overwhelming preponderance, that the princes of the Empire could play only very subordinate parts, and we are told that under John Cicero "the renown of Brandenburg was less in the Reich than it had been for ages." But apart from his eloquence, this Elector has many claims upon respect. While his father was living he had governed during his many absences, and with credit to himself. And now that he had become Elector, he quietly devoted himself to the internal welfare of his states. He was able to purchase, for a round sum, the Lordship of Zossen, in Lausitz, which lay conveniently on his south border. He was, moreover, active in putting down the robbers throughout his territories. He was especially desirous of advancing the higher education of his subjects, and took preparatory steps for founding a Brandenburg University, a design which it was left to his son to carry out. The portraits of him represent a tall, portly, erect man, with square head and cheerful aspect. He became exceedingly corpulent, and is sometimes designated as *Johann der Gross*, or "John the Big," not the "Great," in the usual acceptation of the word. He died at forty-four, and holds a creditable place in the Hohenzollern line.

John-Cicero was succeeded, as fifth Elector, by his eldest son, Joachim I., who is usually styled Nestor (1499-1535). He was only sixteen when his father died; and many of the nobles fancied that with a boy-Elector they would have things all their own way, in spite of him. But Joachim was physically and mentally older than his years. He assumed the Electorship with the full determination to maintain all his rights and to fulfill all his duties. He had been duly warned by his wise father "not to have the reins of the nobility too long." He dealt with the lordly disturbers of the public peace as his grandfather, the first Elector, had dealt with the Quitzows, and threatened to inflict corporal and capital punishment even upon malcontents in his own court. Upon the door of his chamber some of these had posted a threatening monition couched in rude rhyme:

"*Jochimken, Jochimken, hüte Dich,*
Wo wir Dich finden hängen wir Dich."

"Jochy, little Jochy, take you care,
Where'er we catch you, we'll hang you there."

Before long the perpetrators were found out, tried and sentenced, their heads being stuck up, by way of warning, upon the town gates. The Elector justified his severity by averring that "He had shed no noble blood, but only that of knaves and robbers."

Joachim ruled wisely in many respects. In 1506 he completed the great design of his father by founding the Brandenburg University at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Up to this time, so ran the saying, "a learned man in the Mark was as rarely to be found as a white crow." He established a uniform system of weights and measures, and set up a supreme tribunal at Berlin to which all others were subordinate. When he died he could justly say that "he left his dominions in a better state than that in which he had received them from his father thirty-six years before"; and yet a great part of his long rule had been during the fierce throes of the Lutheran Reformation. He himself stood to the last in direct, though not violent, opposition to the whole Lutheran movement, and for this there were many reasons. His theory was that all opposition on the part of subjects to the powers that were must be put down, and to him it appeared that Luther's teaching "would lead to marked discords in the Christian faith, and would result in all sorts of disturbances."

Two of his nearest kinsmen were, moreover, high ecclesiastical dignitaries. His youngest brother, Albert, had entered the Church; had at the age of three-and-twenty become Archbishop of Magdeburg, and the year after Archbishop and Elector of Mainz, and Cardinal of the Church of Rome. By the special grace of Pope Leo X. he had been permitted to hold both archbishoprics; and for this favor his Holiness was to be richly paid. The price of the Pallium—a bit of white woolen cloth, which was essential to the investiture of Mainz—was set at 30,000 ducats, or $75,000, equivalent to some $300,000 in our day. The Pallium was indeed sent on credit, but Leo, busy in the building of St. Peter's, and having otherwise many heavy expenses, came to be in need of the money, and Albert had no present way of raising it by any ordinary means. So the sale of Indulgences upon a large scale in Germany was resorted to—no new thing in the Church, and one which is not specially objectionable in itself, if conducted according to its original intent, but when improperly conducted it is liable to manifold abuses. Unfortunately, this business was put into the hands of John Tetzel, who soon made a scandal of it. This was in 1516. The indignation of Luther was aroused, and he began to inveigh fiercely against Indulgences at first, and presently against many other things; in the end against the Papacy itself. Now Albert was nominally the head of the Hohenzollerns, for the Archbishop-Elector of Mainz was chief of the Electoral seven, of whom Joachim of Brandenburg was one. The two brothers were on excellent terms; and, indeed, saving for this ugly and almost accidental Tetzel transaction, there is much good and little evil to be said of him. He was indeed warmly eulogized by no less a Reformer than Ulrich von Hutten.

Another Albert of Hohenzollern, a cousin of the Electors of Mainz and of Brandenburg, was Chief-Master of the Teutonic Order in Preussen, and, as such, a high ecclesiastical dignitary. Some eight or ten years later he indeed threw up his Chief-Mastership, went over to Lutheranism, took a wife to himself and was made Duke of Preussen, owing homage to the King of Poland. But at the time of which we are speaking he was as sound a Catholic as any one. Thus it was that Elector Joachim had two strong family ties to keep him fast to the old order of things, and nothing either within or without to draw him toward Lutheranism. And, moreover, he had every reason to anticipate that so powerful a ruler as was Charles V., who had now become Kaiser, would find or make a way to uproot the heretical faith.

Despite all the opposition of the Elector, Lutheranism made steady advances in his dominions, and even into his own household. His wife, Elizabeth of Denmark, tended more and more that way, and led their children in the same direction. At length, in 1528, she took the decisive step, by partaking of the Eucharist in both kinds at the hands of a Lutheran minister. This was done in her own chamber, with due precautions for secrecy; but it somehow came to the ears of her husband, who had strictly forbidden any such thing, and he flamed out into violent wrath, threatening her with awful penalties, even to imprisonment for life. In her terror, the Electress fled from the palace, disguised as a peasant woman, and made her way across the frontiers to her uncle, Elector John of Saxony, who invited her to make her home in his fine Castle of Lichtenburg, hard by Wittenberg, the home of Luther, who thus wrote, three or four days after the flight: "The Marchesa" [so he styles the Electress] "has fled from Berlin, because the Margrave has threatened (as is said) to wall her up, on account of the Eucharist in both kinds. Pray for our Prince;" that is, for the Elector of Saxony. Thus far the letter is in good Latin, ending, however, in homely German: "That pious man and hearty fellow is now right well bothered." She made her abode here for eighteen years, until eleven years after the death of her husband, sometimes seeing Luther, corresponding with him frequently, and once making a three months' visit to him and his Kathie. Elector Joachim made no attempt to molest her, and even allowed their children to visit her, to the great detriment of their orthodoxy, which he must have more than suspected to be already dubious, as that of most Brandenburgers had come to be.

He, however, held fast to the old faith, and when near the point of death made a moving address to his two sons, earnestly exhorting them to keep clear of the new heresies, and hold fast to the one Catholic faith. This Joachim-Nestor, as portraits of him show, was a big, burly man, with thick lips, bottle nose, small eyes, scanty eyebrows, beard and mustache, and affecting a rich and rather fantastic mode of attire. He died at the age of a little more than fifty years, the Electorate falling to his eldest son and namesake; while a younger brother, John, received Neumark, and other inheritances, is familiarly known as the Markgraf "Hans of Küstrin," and played a conspicuous and honorable part in his day.

Joachim II., styled Hector, the sixth Elector (1535–1571), had long been a Lutheran at heart, but he hesitated to make a formal announcement of his adhesion to the new faith. The Bishop of Brandenburg, the foremost ecclesiastic of the Electorate, had meanwhile been won over, and under his guidance Lutheranism spread rapidly among all classes. At length, in 1539, four years after his accession, the Elector and his young wife publicly received the Sacrament in both kinds at the hands of the Bishop, in the Church at Spandau. The magistrates and burghers of Berlin followed the example, and in a short time adherents to the Catholic faith were to be found only here and there throughout the Electorate. The Elector Joachim II. had always been, and still remained, on good terms with Kaiser Charles V. He took no part in the ill-starred Schmalkald War, into which the Elector of Saxony and other Protestant princes plunged; and after its disastrous close, in 1546, he strenuously

exerted himself to save the lives of its leaders—Philip of Hesse and the deposed Elector of Saxony. And again when, in 1552, the aggressions of Charles V. drove most of the Protestant princes of Germany into another war with the Kaiser, which came nigh being his ruin, Joachim of Brandenburg still held aloof, and had little to do with the events which ensued.

While a young man Joachim II. was thought to have evinced much military capacity, especially in a campaign against the Turks, which he conducted as Imperial Generalissimo, acquiring thereby the appellation of the "Hector of Germany." After his accession to the Electorate he gave himself up to home affairs with eminent success. Industry, trade, and education, flourished under him. He lived in no little state, built extensively, and kept up a large retinue, his expenditures for a time exceeding his revenues. He was, moreover, a diplomatist of high order. Two of his projects eventually turned out to be of great moment to his successors.

Shortly after he became Elector he entered into what is styled a "Heritage Brotherhood" (*Erbverbrüderung*) with Duke Frederick of Silesia, in virtue of which there should be a double marriage between their children, and in case either line should become extinct, the other should succeed to both inheritances. Such a compact had long been recognized as among the rights of sovereign princes, but Ferdinand of Austria, now King of Bohemia and Hungary—by-and-by to become Kaiser, after the abdication of his brother, Charles V.—looked jealously upon the possibility that Silesia should fall into unfriendly hands. He caused the *Erbverbrüderung* to be declared illegal and void, and demanded its revocation. The Duke of Silesia was obliged to comply; but in his will, executed many years later, he solemnly averred that the revocation was forced from him, and that the compact was in full and rightful validity. In course of time the line of the Duke did die out, and Silesia fell into the hands of the Austrian Habsburgs. The Hohenzollerns of Brandenburg never consented to the abrogation of the *Erbverbrüderung*, and upon it Frederick the Great of Prussia

TAKING POSSESSION OF CLEVES.

based, two centuries later, his claim upon Silesia—a claim which he made good by the sword.

Of more immediate consequence was another piece of diplomacy, almost the last act in the life of Elector Joachim-Hector—the co-infeftment (*Mitbelehnung*) which he obtained of the Duchy of Preussen. His uncle, Duke Albert, once Chief-Master of the Teutonic Order, died in 1568, and was succeeded by his son, Albert-Frederick, a boy of fifteen, held to be of such high promise that he was declared at once to be of age, and fit to govern. In four years more he was married to Maria-Eleonore, daughter of the Duke of Cleves. But in the meantime his mental and physical condition had become such that it was deemed wise to make an arrangement for the succession, in case he should leave no heirs. The settlement — all interested concurring — was to the effect that in such case the Duchy should go to the Hohenzollerns of Culmbach; and should their line die out, then to the Hohenzollerns of Brandenburg. To bring all this about required much delicate negotiation, and the expenditure of much money, on the part of Joachim-Hector and his able Chancellor Distelmeier.

The happy conclusion of so much negotiation was celebrated at Berlin with great pomp. Silver medals were struck for the occasion. What came out of this *Mitbelehnung* will appear when we come to speak of succeeding Electors. Joachim-Hector died early in 1571, at the age of sixty-six, after an Electorship of thirty-six years. He was a conspicuous man all his life long; busy in public affairs, stanch to his kindred, yet with a keen eye to his own interests; and true to Protestantism, after a conservative fashion.

ELECTOR GEORGE-WILLIAM.

John-George, seventh Elector (1571-1598) was the eldest son of Joachim-Hector, his mother being Magdalena of Saxony. He had no liking for the somewhat profuse ways of his father, and for the luxurious habits which had come into vogue in Berlin. His guiding principle was to minister to the welfare of his people. He encouraged industry, and gladly welcomed fugitives whom the relentless tyranny of Philip II. of Spain had driven from the Netherlands. Strict justice to all his subjects was his aim. On one of his tours through his territories a poor peasant appealed to him for redress against some one who had done him wrong. "Grant me justice, most Serene Highness," he said; "I am your Highness's born subject!" "Justice thou shalt have, my good man, wert thou a born Turk," gravely replied the Elector. He was a stanch Protestant, as his father had been. In conjunction with the Elector of Saxony he caused to be framed the *Concordienformel* for the repression of all deviations from strict Lutheranism; but when, in some parts of Germany, an invidious Lutheran bigotry sprang up, John-George would not encourage it.

He gave no little attention to the cultivation of those occult studies which were the forerunners, at least, of modern science. A special favorite of his for a time was the empiric and alchemist Bernhard Thurneysser, whom he made his physician-in-ordinary, and for whom he fitted up a laboratory, in which he himself spent much of his time. He was fond of strolling into the schools for children, and listening to them while they recited their lessons.

He died in 1598, at the age of seventy-three, when the matter of the co-infeftment of Brandenburg and Preussen was verging toward a practical issue; for Duke Albert-Frederick of Preussen had become a hopeless lunatic, with no living son to take his place, and the administration of the Duchy had been committed to a prince of the Culmbach line, who was himself old and childless. John-George had been married three times, and had in all twenty-three children, one of them born after the death of his more than septuagenarian father. Of these twenty-three children, fifteen survived him. He was succeeded by his only surviving son by Sophia of Liegnitz, his first wife.

Joachim-Frederick, eighth Elector (1598-1608), was turned of fifty when he accceded to the Electorship. He had been sent to the wars, but was soon recalled to take possession of the Archbishopric of Madgeburg—a Lutheran See by this time, and so capable of being held by a

married man, provisionally, at least, by a layman. He had already married his eldest son to one daughter of the lunatic Duke of Preussen, but in a year more, having become a widower of fifty-six years, he married a younger sister of his son's wife, thus establishing a second claim upon the great possessions of Cleves and Berg to which the daughter of the mad Duke had fallen heir.

The matter stood thus: Albert-Frederick of Preussen had married one of the four daughters of William the Rich, Duke of Cleves, brother to that great "Flanders Mare" who was the luckiest of all the six wives of Henry VIII. of England, inasmuch as she kept her head safe by consenting that their so-called marriage should be pronounced null and void for certain physical reasons to be only hinted at. William the Rich had settled the succession to his vast possessions in a way which seemed to preclude all possibility of dispute. His son, John-William, was to stand first, and his heirs after him, should there be any; these failing, the estates should go to the eldest daughter and her heirs; these failing, to the next daughter, and so on. But if the eldest daughter should thus come into possession, each of the others was to be paid 200,000 golden gulden, or $500,000, equivalent to some $3,000,000 in our day. John-William quarreled with his wife, accused her of infidelity, and had her strangled in bed (1599), turned Papist, married again, and died in 1609, leaving no children by either marriage. The eldest daughter, wife of the Duke of Preussen, had died a few months before, and her rights fell to her daughter Anna, wife of John-Sigismund, the heir to the Electorate of Brandenburg. The other daughters of William the Rich had in the meantime married, the elder of them to the Bavarian Prince of Pfalz-Neuburg, to whom she had borne a son, Wolfgang-William, now come to manhood. So matters stood when John-Sigismund set off in hot haste for Preussen to look after his interests in that quarter. On the way tidings overtook him that his father had died suddenly, and that he himself was now Elector of Brandenburg.

John-Sigismund, ninth Elector (1608-1619), now thirty-five years of age, kept straight on to Preussen, and, after overcoming innumerable obstacles, got himself recognized as the successor to the Duchy, after the death of the imbecile Duke, the actual administration being meanwhile placed in his hands. The Duke, however, survived till 1618, and not until then was the design of the *Mitbelehnung* formally accomplished by the incorporation of Brandenburg and Preussen into one body-politic.

Duke John-William of Cleves and Berg died March 25th, 1609, and Elector John-Sigismund lost no time in asserting his claims in right of his wife. In less than ten days his plenipotentiary appeared, accompanied by a notary, to make official note of the proceeding, and nailed up the Brandenburg arms upon the Government House at Cleves and in other towns, proclaiming thereby that all these territories belonged to the House of Hohenzollern. Prince Wolfgang-William was only a day behind him in likewise nailing up the arms of Pfalz-Neuburg, thus claiming the inheritance for his mother, who, being the sister of the late Duke, was, he averred, nearer of kin than the Electress, who was only a niece. Other claimants by the full score set up pretensions to various parts of the heritage upon one claim or another. Among these were the other sisters or their husbands, who held that the estates should be divided between all of them, share and share alike; and two lines of Saxon princes, who rested their claims upon old Salic laws.

Kaiser Rudolf and the King of Spain had also something to say in the matter, for both Brandenburg and Pfalz-Neuburg were Lutheran, and it would be of ill-omen to Catholicism that Cleves and Berg should fall into the hands of either of them. Among so many claimants it was not easy to decide who had any rights at all, or what their respective rights were. So the Imperial Aulic Council pronounced that all the possessions of the late Duke should be put in sequestration until the question should be legally settled, Brandenburg and Pfalz-Neuburg to be proclaimed under the Ban of the Empire should they offer resistance. They did make strenuous resistance, tore down the Imperial proclamation, and drove out the Austrian troops who had seized the Castle of Jülich. In this they had the strong support of Henry IV. of France, who had set on foot a strong combination against the Austro-Spanish House, whereby the course of history might have been changed, had not the dagger of Ravaillac brought the career of Henry IV. to a sudden end.

Brandenburg and Pfalz-Neuburg agreed upon a kind of joint-possession of the whole territory, the various states doing provisional homage to both, but with an oath of ultimate fealty to the one whose claims should be found valid. The contestants tried to carry on the government as best they might, each having his own Vice-Regent who held joint presidency there, not without innumerable bickerings. The Elector of Brandenburg had at length to step in personally and try to put things straight. At a dinner-table conferance between him and the young Wolfgang-William, of Pfalz-Neuburg, held in Dusseldorf in the Autumn of 1613, the prince broached his plan for an amicable arrangement: "Give me your eldest daughter," he said, "for wife, with all your claims to Cleves, Berg, and the rest, for dowry. Upon that condition I will marry her, and we will be good friends. John-Sigismund would not listen to this proposition, by which he was to give up everything and get nothing. High words ensued, ending by a smart slap in the face of Wolfgang-William, who hurried off to Munich, renounced Lutheranism, went over to the Catholic faith, and in a few weeks received the hand of a sister of Maximilian of Bavaria, the Kaiser's right-hand man. His old Lutheran father took the matter sorely to heart, holding a "weekly fast of humiliation" during the few remaining months of his life.

The clouds of what was soon to be the Thirty Years' War were gathering thick and fast, and near the close of 1614 a compromise was agreed upon. The territory in dispute was to be divided into two parts, for which Brandenburg and Pfalz-Neuburg should draw lots. The Elector got the Duchy of Cleves, and some other portions; Pfalz-Neuburg got the Duchies of Berg and Jülich. But this partition turned out merely nominal. Spanish troops marched into Berg and Jülich, the new ruler of Pfalz-Neuburg assenting; Dutch troops likewise moved into Cleves, which lay close upon their frontier. Both parties seized the strongholds, and stood sullenly fronting each other; not coming to actual blows as yet, for a twelve years' truce agreed upon between Spain and the Netherlands had yet some six years to run.

After the term of truce had expired, there was hard fighting enough in this Rhine region and all around; but Elector John-Sigismund was not to see it. Repeated apoplectic strokes compelled him to resign the Electorate to his son, and he died in 1619, at the age of forty-seven. Several years before this he had gone over from Lutheranism to Calvinism. Some say that this was done to gain favor with the Calvinistic Dutch; others affirm that it was from sincere conviction and a disgust at the bigotry and intolerance of the Lutherans of his day. Be that as it

may, his defection aroused a storm in Brandenburg and Preussen, although he made no effort to induce others—not even the members of his own family—to follow his example. "The Elector," he declared, "pretends to no mastery over the consciences of his subjects." His best biographer says: "This change of faith was of the gravest import to the House of Hohenzollern. It furnished to them the ideal foundation of all their future policy; for amid the religious dissensions of Germany no princely House could put forth any effectual national action unless it tolerantly raised itself above the brawls of the Confessions; and in those days this was attainable only by going over to Calvinism."

George-William, the tenth Elector (1619–1640), came to the throne when evil days were close at hand. His father's eyes were closed in death as the flames of the great Thirty Years' War were just bursting out, and the days of the son were passed amidst its blazings and hot ashes. In more respects than one he reminds us of Charles I. of England, to whom his portrait bears a marked likeness: the same oval face, melancholy eyes, arched eyebrows, prominent nose, hair brushed back from the high forehead, slight mustache and chin-tuft. Alike in feature and character, they were not unlike in fortune. He was not destitute of talents of a certain sort and of ambition. He was wont to say that he "hoped History would have something noble to say about him." But he was infirm of purpose and irresolute of will—a weak man thrown into circumstances which demanded the most strenuous efforts of a strong man. He was unfortunate in his chief adviser, Adam von Schwarzenberg, an Austrian and a Catholic, and more than suspected of being in the pay of the Habsburgs. To write his history in full would be to write the history of the Thirty Years' War, in which he and his Brandenburg bore a passive rather than active part; but a suffering one throughout, taking blows from both sides, half of which he might have escaped by not trying to remain a neutral in times when the universal motto was, "He who is not with us is against us." The policy of "Peace at any price," is usually the most costly one; so poor George-William found it from first to last, during the one-and-twenty years in which he tried it. More than once, indeed, he was forced to take one side or the other, yet under such circumstances that his half-hearted movements were for him more disastrous than none at all.

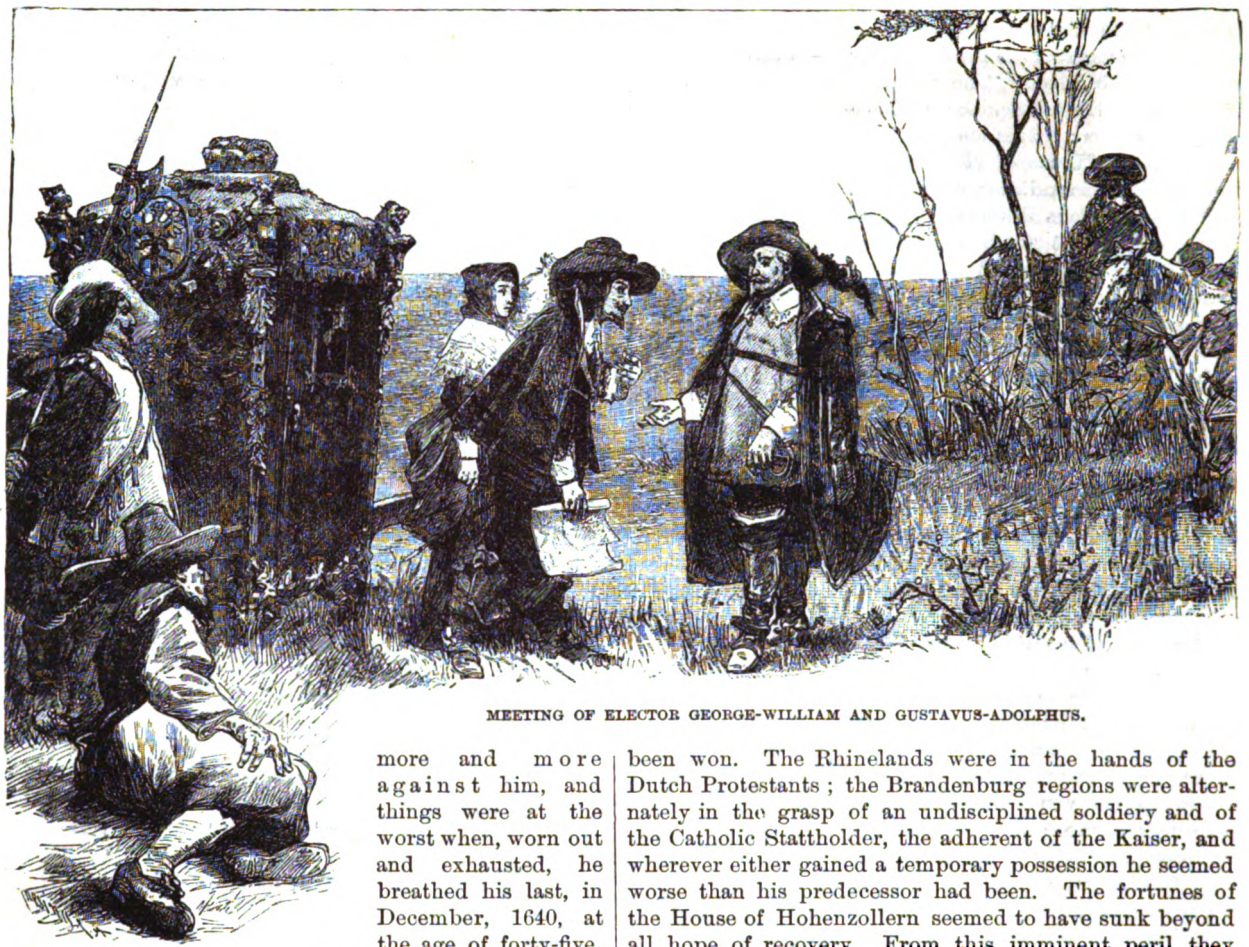
The world-famous Thirty Years' War fairly broke out in 1618, when the Protestants of Bohemia flung the Imperial Commissioners out of a window, in Prague, seventy feet down into the ditch below, where happily for them was a soft dung-heap, so that no bones were broken. They then chose for King, Frederick, Elector of the Palatinate, son-in-law of James I. of England, from whom sprung the present reigning House of Great Britain. The fiery Maximilian of Bavaria made short work of this "Winter King," and sent him and his wife packing. The war, however, went on, partly by help of the drunken Christian of Denmark, who soon had enough of it; and what with the victories of Tilly and Wallenstein, the armed Protestants of Germany in ten years were to all seeming thoroughly put down, and lay prostrate at the feet of the Catholic Kaiser, Ferdinand II. George-William of Brandenburg had nothing to do with these transactions, except to bear as patiently as he might the encroachments of the Austrians upon him and his. Protestantism in Germany was during that generation a poor, selfish affair, quite worthy of being made an end of, unless there should come some new Reformation, which should reform it out of the world if it could not be done in the world. In 1630 Gustavus-Adolphus of Sweden took the matter in hand in order to see whether there was any Protestantism in Germany worth saving.

He landed in Pommern-Stettin, that part of Pomerania which should by right have fallen to Brandenburg as long ago as 1464, when Burgomaster Albert Glinden flung the helmet and shield of the last Duke into his grave, but of which the Dukes of Pommern-Wolgast got possession, and had held ever since, though the Austro-Bavarians found a pretext for occupying it. Gustavus-Adolphus swept the Austrians out, and next year marched to the relief of Magdeburg, which Tilly was bombarding. He demanded that George-William should join him in his contest with the Kaiser, or, at all events, give him temporary possession of the towns of Küstrin and Spandau, in Brandenburg, which were essential to his military operations. The Elector demurred to accede to these demands, whereupon the Swedish King turned his line of march straight toward Berlin. "I am coming," he said; "shall I come as friend or as foe?" The Elector went out, accompanied by his wife and Council, to have an interview with the Swede on Köpenicken Heath, not far from Berlin. "What shall we do?" asked one of another; "they've got cannon!"

The Swede was inflexible in his demands, and the Elector came to the decision that since Gustavus would come, it was better that it should be as a friend and ally, rather than as a foe. He was invited to Berlin, where he gained all he demanded, and Brandenburg acceded to the Protestant Union, to which it furnished, or agreed to furnish, some troops. This gave a breathing-time to the Electorate, for the tide of war rolled in another direction.

The great Swede fell in the hard-won victory at Lützen, eighteen months later; the daring plan of Wallenstein to make peace with the enemy by sacrificing the Kaiser was frustrated by his own assassination. The half-hearted Elector of Saxony, who had also been unwillingly forced into the Union, broke off from it, and in May, 1635, concluded with the Kaiser the so-called "Peace of Prague," by which he gained something for himself, while the interest of his associates were thrown overboard. The Elector of Brandenburg saw himself exposed to two fires, the Swedes on the one side, the Kaiser on the other, and he was at a loss what to do. There was no Gustavus-Adolphus to force him into the right path; the evil influence of Adam von Schwarzenberg again became predominant. He urged upon George-William that the Swedes could, at the worst, only deprive him of some lands and subjects; the Kaiser would make that good, would protect and honor him. The Elector finally yielded, and joined the Peace of Prague, uniting with his enemy the Kaiser, and the Saxon who had become his rival and competitor.

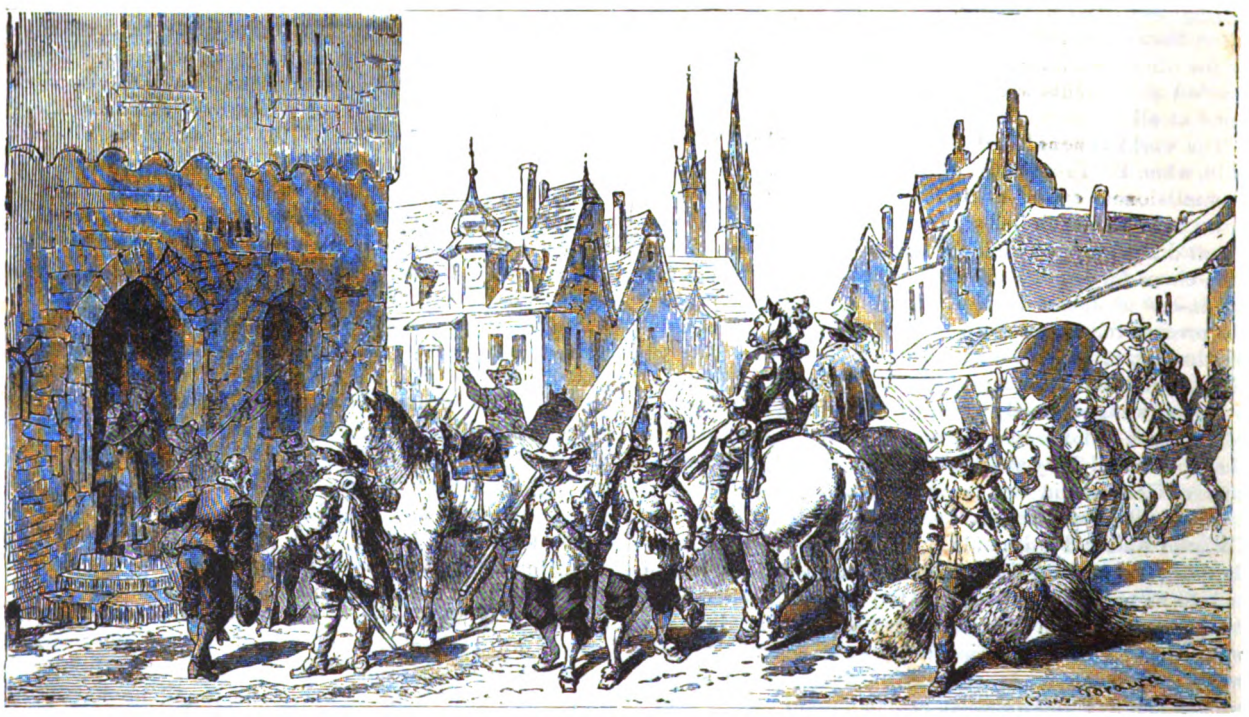
The Electorate now became the arena where, for three years, the armies of the North and of the South strove against each other. No great battles were fought, the aim of each being to starve the other out. Neither side had any regular commissariat; the troops were rarely paid, and degenerated into marauders, plundering right and left, wherever their temporary camps might be. Towns and cities were laid in ashes; the people perished by the sword, by famine, and by pestilence. Never in all history was there such misery as fell to the lot of Brandenburg in those hard times. The Elector, however, did not, with his own eyes, see the worst of it. He took himself off to Preussen, where there was comparative quiet, leaving Adam von Schwarzenberg as Stattholder in Brandenburg. There, however, he found no long rest, for the miseries of the times aroused the population



MEETING OF ELECTOR GEORGE-WILLIAM AND GUSTAVUS-ADOLPHUS.

more and more against him, and things were at the worst when, worn out and exhausted, he breathed his last, in December, 1640, at the age of forty-five.

George-William left a sad heritage to his successor. Pommern-Stettin, which had nominally fallen to him three years before, by the death of Brogislav XIV., the last Duke of the Wendish line, was lost before it had been won. The Rhinelands were in the hands of the Dutch Protestants; the Brandenburg regions were alternately in the grasp of an undisciplined soldiery and of the Catholic Stattholder, the adherent of the Kaiser, and wherever either gained a temporary possession he seemed worse than his predecessor had been. The fortunes of the House of Hohenzollern seemed to have sunk beyond all hope of recovery. From this imminent peril they were delivered by the rare energy and abilities of the son of the unfortunate George-William, the tenth of the line—who is well styled the "Great Elector," and of whom we hope yet to speak.



THE SWEDES IN BERLIN.

VIOLETS IN THE SNOW.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXXIII.—Last Words.

Another year went by. Miss Pam and her niece lived on in quiet seclusion at Greylock Woods—the former, busy with the increasing infirmities of seventy years, the latter, absorbed in her books and music.

Aunt Pam vainly lamented the new Ethel's odd ways—her utter indifference to society—her total disregard of all those things to which a rich heiress, with a fair share of good looks, ought naturally to devote her time and attention."

"I am not like other girls, Aunt Pam," said Ethel to her aged kinswoman. "A leopard cannot change his spots, and it would be quite as impossible for you to transform me into a woman of society. All the same," with a quiet little smile, "it seems to me that you and I are very happy together."

"We are, indeed!" cried Aunt Pam, heartily. "You stand in your own light, Ethel, and I'm sure it's highly absurd for a girl in your position to live the life of a nun; but Heaven knows you have the sweetest, noblest nature I ever met with in my life!"

Polly seemed to dearly love her own boundaries—her rich, stately home, and its grand surroundings. She paid no visits, she received no visitors; nevertheless, since entering into her inheritance, she had made a large circle of friends—the poor, the sick, the afflicted. For miles around all these knew her well.

Letters arrived regularly from Lady Greylock. No cloud had fallen on her happiness. The baronet was the noblest of men, the most devoted of husbands, their English home was a Paradise, and at the end of the year a cablegram came to the Woods announcing the birth of a son and heir at Greylock Hall.

It was in the following Summer, when a brazen heat filled the sky, and the marshes stretched parched and brown under the sun, that a wasting, contagious fever crept into the cottages of the Blackport fishermen, and made such want and woe and havoc there, as had not been known before for many years.

Night and day Dr. Vandine came and went among these abodes of suffering. He seemed at this time neither to rest or sleep. There was no other physician to help him; the disease had spread into adjoining towns, and nurses could not be found to assume the care of the sick. The population of Blackport district was poor, at best. Comforts were scarce in the fishermen's homes, luxuries scarcely obtainable.

Late one night Vandine was called to the cabin of a "frogger," down on the edge of a dreary marsh, a forlorn, isolated spot, lying black and low under the mournful sinking moon. The miserable dwelling contained a half-dozen destitute, motherless children, all stricken with the fever and with no one to lift a hand in their behalf.

The frogger himself, a hopeless sot, lay drunk on a bed of ditch grass outside his own door, with his dip-net and canvas-bag by his side. The nearest neighbor lived a mile away. Vandine, at his wit's end, searched the cabin and found dirt and abject poverty, but not so much as a draught of water for the little ones.

He spent a half-hour searching for a spring, ministered as best he could to the suffering children, gave them the necessary medicines, and was then obliged to ride away to other patients and leave the frogger's brood alone.

"I will send some woman to their help before dawn," he inwardly resolved, but the thing was easier said than done. Though he searched for half the remaining night, he could find no nurse, no heart nor hand to respond to his appeal for the miserable children.

The next day he hurried again to the hut. As he came in sight of it he saw a thin column of smoke ascending from the chimney. He entered the place and found—cleanliness, food, abundance of fresh clothing, ice, fruit-delicacies, and, best of all, a trained nurse moving quietly around the room, attending, as only a woman can, to the needs of the moaning children.

"What angel of Heaven has been here?" cried out Vandine, in his great relief and astonishment.

From a shadowy corner, where she had been sitting by one of the sick children, uprose a girl in plain dark garments—he had not seen her till that moment. He doffed his hat quickly; his rugged face, half-covered by a reddish Vandyke beard, showed no particular agitation, but his voice was a trifle unsteady as he said: "I have no words to thank you for this timely help, Miss Greylock."

He knew her, in spite of the change which three years had wrought in her appearance. Her figure had grown round and full. Her olive face, with its Spanish eyes and regular, refined profile, had little in it to remind him of the old-time Polly. Her hands, once red and rough with hard work, were now satin-smooth and white. He noticed that she wore no rings. "Beautiful hands!" he thought, involuntarily; "and it seems they still find their pleasure in ministering to the needs of the needy!"

"I chanced this morning to hear of the condition of these children," said Miss Greylock, quietly. "If anything more is needed here Dr. Vandine, the nurse will provide it at once. Dark days have fallen on the Blackport people."

"Yes," he answered, gravely; "there are a score of new fever-cases in the town this morning."

"How can you possibly attend to so many patients unassisted?" she asked, with a kindly earnestness that made him think of the Polly of old.

"I have sent to other places for help," he answered; "but in vain, for the fever is all around us. Luckily, my strength seems sufficient for the emergency. But you—do you know that the disease is highly contagious, Miss Greylock? You expose yourself to great danger in coming to a place like this!"

She smiled quietly.

"I am not in the least afraid," she answered.

"Ah, I might have known that without your assurance," he said, under his breath.

He escorted her to her carriage, which was waiting near, made some polite inquiries concerning Miss Pam, and saw her ride away.

This was their first meeting during the season of fever and death, but not their last. In every dwelling where want and poverty reigned, there he found her. For weeks and weeks they fought the foe together—he with his medical skill; she with trained nurses brought from the distant city, and all those countless helps that money alone can furnish. Only Vandine knew how many lives she aided him to save—how many he never *could* have saved without her assistance. They exchanged few words at their noble work. He was a plain, commonplace doctor—she, the rich lady of the region, as reserved in her manner as she was generous and brave in her conduct. They kept their separate places, they gave few signs of any previous acquaintance, and when the fever was subdued, stamped out, what was left for the coworkers to do but say farewell and part?

One night he found her sitting by the bedside of a dying woman in a shanty on the beach. It was the last victim that the epidemic was to claim in the town.

The large, gaunt hand of the sufferer grasped the slight and delicate fingers of her visitor—clung to them as to a last hope. By the light of an oil lamp Miss Greylock was reading from a velvet-covered Testament words of comfort and consolation for the soul that trembled, even then, on the brink of eternity. Dr. Vandine, hat in hand, paused reverentially on the threshold of the room. She did not lift her eyes; perhaps she did not see him. He had ample opportunity to watch the lamplight slanting on her rich black braids, and down her lowered lashes and satin-smooth cheek. She looked pale and tired. What a life she was leading, for a girl who had not the smallest need to vex herself about any of the ordinary troubles of existence!

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

A strange feeling went over Vandine as he listened to the clear, earnest voice. The air of the room seemed choking him; he could scarcely breathe. Like lightning his thoughts flashed back to the day when she, a ragged street Arab, first crossed his path. He remembered his keen interest in her always, the plans which he had meant to carry out for her education and welfare, and which her sudden change of fortune had so swiftly nipped in the bud; he remembered how she had saved his life that freezing, tempestuous midnight, on the wild road of the creek. And then, in the midst of his retrospection, Miss Greylock suddenly dropped her velvet-covered book, and

looked up in a way that told him plainly she had known all the time of his presence in the room.

"Her hand is very cold," she faltered, with a slight motion of her sleek, dark head toward the sufferer.

He bent over the bed. The soul of the woman had passed quietly, painlessly out into the placid Summer night, but her dead fingers remained locked about Miss Greylock's hand so firmly that Vandine was obliged to release Ethel by force.

"Come away," he said; "you can do no more here. Come away, Miss Greylock; you do not spare yourself in the least!"

She arose, pale and unnerved.

"Oh, Dr. Vandine, when will this end?" she shuddered.

"Take courage!" he replied. "There has been no new case for a week. I think we can safely say that the worst is over."

She was trembling violently. He picked up her little velvet book, and spread her mantle of heavy, lustreless silk over her shoulders. The twain then left the dead woman to her relatives, and stepped forth together into the night.

On the moonlit shore the great sea sobbed like a breaking heart, the winds were at rest, the long marshes lay dark and low under the cloudless, starry sky.

"Your carriage is not here," said Vandine, looking around, but seeing it not.

"No," she answered. "I left instructions at the villa that I was to be called for at ten o'clock, but I shall not wait. I can walk home; I am not a timid person. There is no one in Blackport who would do me harm."

He gave her a strange look.

"I should think not! These people have no words to adequately express their gratitude to you. What an angel of mercy you have been to them for the last two months! Yet, while I know you would, at any hour, be as safe on the wildest road of Blackport as in your own drawing-room, I must beg the privilege of walking home with you."

She offered no objection, They set forth in silence. The villa was a mile away. Dr. Vandine drew his companion's slight hand through his arm.

"You are tired," he said, in a deeply sympathetic tone. "Worn out with constant exertion. Lean upon me. God grant you may not be ill yourself."

She answered with forced lightness:

"No. I am preternaturally strong. You used to say, long ago—when I was your patient—that it was next to impossible to kill me. Do you not remember?"

"Remember?" he echoed, quickly. "There is nothing concerning you that I can ever forget, Miss Greylock."

They went on in silence, and entered the grounds of the Woods. The place was like Paradise this night. Long lances of moonlight silvered the velvet-green knolls, and steeped the wilderness of flowering chestnuts. Mysterious shadows lurked in the deep, violet-scented hollows. Unseen fountains splashed softly, the breath of roses and heliotropes arose like incense from the lawns. Years had passed since Vandine's last luckness visit to the Woods. He looked carelessly around.

"Ah, this reminds me of many things!" he said, involuntarily.

She gave him a quick glance.

"Nan's memory will always haunt the Woods," she answered, with a sigh. "To me it is the brightest thing here. To *you* it must be the—saddest."

He did not choose that she should misunderstand him.

"Even at the risk of appearing inconstant, Miss Greylock," he confessed frankly, "I must tell you that all regrets connected in my heart with Nan's memory have been, for years, growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' I loved her once, as you know, but she cared not a straw for me; and, properly enough, under such circumstances, my unlucky passion came, long since, to a natural death! He was a sensible men who wrote that old song—

"'Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!'"

She made no answer. She was shocked—angry. They had reached the stone steps by this time. After a moment of silence she put out her hand.

"Good-night, Dr. Vandine," she said, quietly. "Since I am needed no longer among your patients, we may not meet again."

He seized the hand and did not release it.

"Not meet again!" he echoed, blankly. "That's a hard thing to say to an old friend, Polly—a hard thing, after such weeks as we have spent together in the cottages of Blackport—after you have given me such a revelation of the glory and worth of womanhood as I never knew before!"

He called her by the old name. The moonlight was shining full on her delicate, dark face, and he saw—yes, surely, he saw tears in her eyes. An irrepressible cry arose to his lips.

"I love you, Polly! I am not sure that I have not always loved you. *Now*, shall we meet again or not?"

Her hand lay passive in his clasp. The tears that had been clinging to her lashes rolled slowly down her cheek.

"Oh, how can I believe this?" she said, with a little gasp; "so much happiness *cannot* be meant for me!"

He snatched her to his heart. Lying there in the moonlight and the silence, with his arms around her, Polly sobbed out the story of that secret passion, which for half her life she had cherished for him—cherished, yet concealed so closely, that no living being had ever suspected it. He looked at her in mingled rapture and amazement.

"Great heaven! How blind I have been!" he cried out. "Surely, my darling, surely no man was ever before so stupid, and—so fortunate!"

In this quiet way the heiress of Greylock Woods disposed of herself and her possessions.

She married Dr. Vandine in the same church where Nan had plighted her vows to the baronet.

"Such a very commonplace match, my dear!" sighed Miss Pamela.

"And such an absurdly happy one, Aunt Pam!" smiled Polly, through her tears.

* * * * * *

High noon on the Mediterranean, and the palms and gardens and hills of the Riviera. High noon upon lovely Nice, dreaming in the purple shelter of the Maritime Alps, and crowded with health-hunters and pleasure-seekers from every quarter of the globe. High noon on the white, palm-shaded Promenade des Anglais, and upon a certain charming villa, occupied by a fair American, and standing amid orange and lemon trees, in full view of the crowded, the marvelous promenade. A charming villa, indeed, but a rather dull and silent one at this particular hour. Inside its vine-draped walls all the clocks were striking twelve, and a black page, in scarlet livery, was just mounting a stair to the second floor, bearing in his hands a painted Vallauris jar, overrunning with tea-

roses. He gave a low signal at a silken portière—a waiting-maid thrust it aside.

"Is madame still asleep?" said Mrs. Iris Greylock's page, Sir Lancelot.

"*Oui*," replied the girl, as she received the odorous jar. "She came from Monaco, much wearied, yesterday; she had lost at the gaming-tables there, and," with a shrug of the shoulders, "it always annoys madame to lose money. But, *ciel!* these Americans are so rich, a few thousands of francs out of their long purses can signify little. Madame is no longer young, but she is gay."

The black head of Sir Lancelot retired into the corridor. Celeste, growing impatient, ran to a door that opened into her mistress's bedroom and looked through.

It was a charming apartment, overlooking the promenade and the bay, and full of mirrors and gilding, rich draperies and French furniture. The bed, like a great lily, stood in one corner. Celeste tiptoed softly toward it.

A delicate hand lay motionlesa outside the coverlid, a white face was pressed down into the embroidered pillows. Celeste looked, leaned low, touched the sleeper, threw back the curtain of the window—looked again, and rushed from the room, shrieking.

"Fly for the English doctor!" she cried to Sir Lancelot, who was still waiting in the corridor. "Something is wrong with madame. *Ah, mon Dieu!* it is as if she were dead!"

Sir Lancelot obeyed. The English doctor came immediately to the villa, examined Mrs. Iris Greylock, as she lay, silent and cold, upon the lily bed, looked keenly at a vial and glass on a table near her pillow, and said, briefly, "She has been dead for hours!"

"Ah, monsieur," screamed Celeste, "is it suicide?"

"An overdose of chloral, more likely," replied the doctor.

"Madame *would* have her drops!" said Celeste; "she could not sleep without them, and as she was much agitated last night, because of her losses at Monaco, she compelled me to make the dose a little—a *very* little stronger. Ah, how frightful! Madame will long be remembered at Nice as the pretty, lame lady, who always spent money like a duchess."

"Nobody is ever long remembered at Nice," said the doctor, dryly, as he departed from the chamber of death.

Busy brain and restless heart were still at last. On a table near the bed they found an unfinished letter, addressed to her daughter across the sea; the closing lines ran as follows:

"Life is not worth the having, Ethel—mine has been a hopeless failure. Everything bores and wearies me. Well, you are fortunate, perhaps, you goody-goody girl, that you did not inherit your mother's nature. I am, and have always been, a most unhappy woman——"

Iris Greylock had set the seal of this declaration upon her life, just as Death stood ready to close the records thereof. That was all. People went by on the Promenade des Anglais, laughing and chatting in many tongues, the sunshine poured upon the sea, the palms waved in the gardens of Nice, and over Mrs. Iris's dead face, as she lay alone in her pretty villa, there was no living being to breathe a sigh, or shed a tear—not even the black page, Sir Lancelot, nor Celeste, the maid.

THE END.

A BRAVE man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

HAUNTED.

CHAPTER I.

IN the old days—the old Colony days—this house had been away out from Manhatta. Built by a Berkeley of Warwickshire, to the direct heirs of this younger branch of a noble family had it descended, coming at last to Vane Chester Berkeley, Esq., whom we all remember.

In those old days it had half crouched like a lazy, living thing in the little lap of ground lying between the softly-swelling hills—a pretty picture, all emblazoned as it would be with the green-and-gold of each passing year. But the softly-swelling hills had been leveled, the little lap of ground had become a bare stretch of land, while the passing years, in place of the green-and-gold to meadow and wood, brought broad roads and busy streets, which were, in fact, but the many and far-reaching arms of that thrifty giant, the City. Brought these, with all their bustle and confusion, their upstart bravery and pretentious grandeur, and so seized and cut up this barren stretch of land, that Berkeley of Warwickshire—did that stanch old cavalier revisit in the spirit what he had so loved in the flesh—must needs have wrung his shadowy hands in sore repining.

Changed! Ay, but not so the old house. A good bit of garden encircles it yet, while giant oaks—shreds of that grand old forest—hug it in with jealous care. Not to hide it, surely, for in all the country there can be no quainter relic than this old place with its walls of rough gray stone, its uncouth fashioning, and its heavy roof rising in peaked gables on every side. Then the barrier of a high brick wall, and beyond this, the spot which men have called accursed. Hear, first, the story—then wonder, if you can. Learn the truth, and marvel, if you will, at the voices which would sob and wail in solemn mockery of all vaunted cynicism and scorn of mystery.

Vane Chester Berkeley, Esq., the owner and occupant of the house No. — Sixtieth Street, was a man of forty-seven, it might be—tall, well-formed, and singularly (one could not say attractive, for it must be confessed that this singularity was detrimental to the gentleman) dark, almost to swarthiness. His eyes were of a peculiar shade of bluish gray; they seemed for ever to reflect lights and shadows which one could explain by no known laws. A metallic lustre burning in their depths shot out ever-varying gleams, and suggested most unpleasant possibilities to an unfortunate who might chance to fall beneath the ban of Mr. Berkeley's displeasure.

His wife was a woman of twenty-five—not tall, but exquisitely proportioned, with eyes of darkest blue, and hair of that charming tint for which we can find no term so applicable as the pretty one of *blond doré*.

If Mr. Berkeley had his peculiarities, and they were repelling, Mrs. Berkeley had hers, and they were seductive. A consciousness of this fact it must have been which, leagued with his love, induced the husband to prefer a seclusion wellnigh monastic to the brilliant ovations which would have greeted his return to that grand world in which he held, by virtue of his birth and wealth, so exalted a position. Truly the bond of affection which united this strangely mated couple must needs have been like gold thrice-refined, without alloy; for no man could have been more anxiously tender, no woman more gratefully conscious, of this tenderness.

But a time came when this seclusion must be broken. Said Mr. Berkeley, one evening, to his wife:

"My dear, to-morrow we must expect Constance."

"You are right—it is the 13th already," with a half-checked sigh.

HAUNTED.—"THE FACE UPON WHICH I LOOKED WAS THAT OF A CORPSE. THE EYES WERE NOT CLOSED—THEY WERE GONE."

This did not pass unnoticed, but elicited no comment. Evidently, here was not a man given to self-torturings.

"The 13th?" he repeated, absently, removing, as he spoke, the shade from the lamp, so that the rays fell full upon his wife's face. "The 13th of——"

Never flushing, she looked up pleasantly from her book.

"You should not do that—the night is too warm for this glaring light."

"There, I will lower it. Now, hear me, Vera: you must not let the child know of this foolish superstition. It may frighten her needlessly."

Mrs. Berkeley shrugged her shoulders.

"I shall not tell it, be sure."

"Very good! See that the servants are careful. You will be kind to her?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you! Her father was such an old friend—my other self almost—that I could never do enough for his child. I really thank you, Vera."

Vera accepted these declarations of gratitude in silence.

"I am confident that you will love her," he continued.

"Doubtless," assented his wife, in the same impassive manner.

"You have a large heart! Are you never lonely here?"

"Never."

"Seeing no one——"

"I have my souvenirs," she interrupted, composedly; "souvenirs of a happy past, the knowledge of a contented present, convictions of a peaceful future. These, and your love—I ask no more, Vane."

She had spoken very slowly, carefully choosing her words, and at each enumeration of her causes of contentment her husband had inclined his head in mocking deference.

"I am a villain, madame, but do me the justice to believe that I love you," he said, at last.

Yes, he loved her, as such men love. Did she value his affection? We shall see.

The morning brought Constance Gresham to them. Mr. Berkeley's ward was a girl of eighteen, and unlike his wife in every respect. Tall, brown-haired and hazel-eyed was this new-comer. Not beautiful, if we estimate beauty at its current value of wondrously chiseled features only. Here was life—young, fresh and vigorous—life which sent a healthy glow over the smooth skin, sparkled in the merry eyes, and laughed out upon the full red lips in joyous carelessness.

This was Constance Gresham, but newly escaped from the bondage of a young lady's boarding-school, now bringing her dreams and visions upon the very threshold, nay, within the very stronghold, of as sombre a prison as ever displaced the fairy palace of a girlish imagination.

She saw her hostess for the first time. Indeed, the duties of a guardian having but lately fallen to Mr. Berkeley, his wife had received the information with but little concern—so little that he was not altogether free from a certain nervous anxiety which increased as the weeks wore away and Vera evinced no desire to see one who was so soon to become a daily companion.

All nervousness, however, regarding the first interview was foolish. The lady was kind and considerate—Constance flushed and fluttered—while Vane Chester Berkeley, with a smile of satisfaction, fell straightway to secret vauntings of his own clear-sightedness, and a silent approval of his masterly scheming.

When they were alone together, said Mrs. Berkeley to girl

"You will endeavor to be happy, my child, but I fear that you will find the place very lonely."

"Indeed, no," protested Constance, "Will you believe that I have always longed for some such home—gloomy and grand as this? And then, Uncle Vane—he wishes me to call him 'uncle,'" she explained, apologetically. "I could not say 'aunt' to you—there is so little difference in our ages."

"Call me Vera," said the other, smilingly.

"May I? How kind! Vera, dear, then, you have no idea how much I love Uncle Vane."

"Indeed?" with the same winning smile.

"He has been so kind—so thoughtful."

"How long have you known him, Constance."

"Always. I can remember him from my earliest days."

"And your parents?"

"Uncle Vane has not told you? Why, my father died before my birth—my mother, when I was a child. How she must have loved him, Vera! See, here is her portrait?"

A childish face, not unlike the girl's. Mrs. Berkeley examined it atttentively, then said, very softly, as Constance kissed and put it aside:

"I will be to you all that she could have been, dear!"

Later, she asked her husband:

"Tell me, is Constance like her mother?"

"Not at all; Mrs. Gresham was a blonde."

"Indeed? The artist must have been dreaming, then, for in the miniature I traced a great resemblance."

"What miniature?"

"Constance has one."

"Is it possible?"

A silence followed, during which Mr. Berkeley puffed vigorously at his cigar, while his wife tranquilly trimmed off the floss from a bit of fancy-work."

"Is it possible?" said the gentleman, at length. "Remember that it is many years since I saw her." Looking up, she caught a gleam of the yellow light in his eyes. It was positively ugly.

"Why does he lie to me?" she asked herself. "Why does he lie to me about a dead woman? What is this new trouble come to me? Ah, faint heart! to cry out now, with such a sweet vengeance nigh!"

"Why does she question me?" Mr. Berkeley was thinking. "I would give very much to know why she does it. Vera, my wife, I would tear out your heart if I fancied that I might read my answer there!"

These were thoughts. She only said:

"I am sure that I shall love her."

And he made answer:

"You are an angel of goodness? Love is your second nature, dearest!"

A laudation which Mrs. Berkeley might have construed into a sneer, had she been so minded.

CHAPTER II.

BARTON came in great haste to her mistress. It was early, and the lady had not yet completed her toilet, but this girl, who had been raised to the dignity of maid to Miss Gresham, was imperative in her appeal.

"Oh, ma'am," she pleaded, "please come! My young lady's really ill. She's looking dreadful! I'm frightened fairly. I never did see her so before."

Considering that she had never seen her at all until the previous evening, it is very probable that the statement was not exaggerated.

"What is the matter?"

"I can't tell, ma'am—not if you killed me for it."

"Don't be silly. Come!"

Then to Miss Gresham's chamber, to find that young woman dressed and standing at the open window.

"Why, Barton told me you were ill!" exclaimed the intruder.

"Barton is partly right. I sent for you—I am not well, Vera. Go now," to the maid. Then, when the door closed: "Mrs. Berkeley, do I look brave and strong? Do I seem a nonsensically nervous schoolgirl? Tell me that. Do I appear a woman apt to search for death's-heads?"

All this was rattled off so excitedly that her companion drew back in real alarm.

"Indeed, no," she declared; "but you are positively ill, child. Constance, what ails you? Be calm, and try to tell me."

"I am calm—I will tell you. Last night I was very tired, and so, dismissing Barton, quickly fell asleep. I awoke as the hall-clock struck *one*. I remember distinctly, for this clock upon the mantelpiece caught up the echo. I did not wake from an ugly dream—I did not open my eyes with a start, as one may do when frightened. No; an irresistible influence controlled me. I raised my heavy lids. For a moment my sleepy gaze remained as it had fallen. In a half-drowsy way I noticed the sparkling fire, the shadows creeping and crouching upon the white curtains of the bed, even the feeble flickering of the night-lamp upon the little stand. All these I noted in that drowsy way—then, mechanically obeying that secret influence, I turned my eyes toward the table at my right. Are you listening, Mrs. Berkeley? A woman stood beside that table—a woman in a long, loose gown of silk, it seemed. Do not smile—nothing escaped me. I declare to you that the golden outline of each flower was plainly visible upon the shimmering whiteness of the robe. I was not startled—I fancied that you were before me. The fancy had barely come when *That* turned slowly, and then——"

The girl's voice grew sharp with horror. She hid her face, and trembled violently:

"Go on!" commanded Mrs. Berkeley.

"I dare not! Oh, the agony of fear! Shall I ever forget!"

"Constance Gresham! Shame! Are you a child, indeed? Tell me the rest."

"Mrs. Berkeley, *the face upon which I looked was the face of a corpse!* I looked, but no rigid stare met mine. The eyes were not closed—they were not open—*they were gone!*"

"Great heavens!"

"*Gone!* Can you know the awful fear which fell upon me—the sickening dread? Motionless, wellnigh lifeless, I saw *That* glide toward my bed. It stood beside me, Vera Berkeley—the gleams of firelight falling upon its ghastly face, and darting down into the black depths of those great empty sockets! How long it held me spell-bound I cannot tell. It may have been hours—it may have been but a moment. I must have fainted. When I recovered consciousness the blessed daylight was bringing joy about me, and Barton was here. She had aroused me from my stupor. What was it? Was I mad—was I dreaming? Ah, you know that I saw it! Your looks say that."

"*If* my looks say aught but this," assured Mrs. Berkeley, very gravely, "they are not to be trusted—that you were ill last night, that you are ill now, that you have a fever, and need careful tending. Try to understand me, Constance. You must remain perfectly quiet. Your room shall be changed. You shall have one near mine—mine, if you prefer. You see, I do not even pretend astonishment at what you tell me. I accept it in good faith, as a creation of your fevered fancy. By-the-way, do you lock your door?"

"Yes."

"How did Barton enter?"

"Through the dressing-room there. You forget that it opens into the hall. I gave her the key, so that she might enter without disturbing me."

"You told her of this, of course?"

"Of course not—I was ashamed. I sent her for you, however."

"Poor child! the night of your arrival, too! Why, you will detest the place, not love it, as you declared you would. Upon my word, there is the secret! Confess now, you fell asleep, your mind teeming with ghostly imaginings, did you not?"

"Indeed, no," said the other, simply. "I fell asleep thinking of——"

"Of whom?" asked madame, very sweetly.

But Constance only blushed, and whispered:

"I will tell you that later, dear."

Miss Gresham had her secret as well. So the end of the matter was, that the young lady's chamber was changed—that the whole affair was kept from the servants, and that Barton's numerous attempts to force a confession were futile. In fact, this curious Abigail retired from the contest utterly and ignominiously defeated. Not convinced, however, for she declared to her fellows that, "Never—no, never could they make her believe but what something was wrong, and that she, for one, would wish to gracious that Mrs. Berkeley hadn't given any orders about it. For her part, she'd like to speak her mind out full and fair, and warn the poor young creature about having been put in that place."

Mrs. Calcott, the housekeeper, managed things differently. That motherly soul, by virtue of long service, ventured further with her mistress.

"It's the old story, I'm afraid, ma'am—the old trouble about that room."

This was when orders were given for the change.

"Calcott," said madame, "I will be frank with you. Miss Gresham has had wild fancies. Let this be our secret, to rest a secret with *us* alone. She imagines that she has seen——"

"Not *That*, ma'am?" cried the horrified woman. "Surely not *That?*"

"*That*—yes."

"Now, may the Lord be good to us! Trouble and death are close at hand. It's true, ma'am. Remember, in this house I began my life, and in this house I hope to end it. As child, as maid, and for thirty years as housekeeper, I've seen this, oft and over again—when *That* comes, trouble and death follow!"

When Mrs. Berkeley told the story to her husband, that gentleman heard her with every expression of polite contempt.

"Do you believe it, my dear Vera?"

"No," declared she, stoutly.

"You are a woman of sense, and the others are—idiots."

"Constance as well?"

"Constance is a child."

"Very good." Then, after a pause: "Do *you* believe this story?"

"No."

"They say that *It* foretells a death?"

"So they say."

"And trouble?"

"As a natural consequence."

"Not always."

"True."

"That woman was a Berkeley," said madame, thoughtfully.

"That woman *married* a Berkeley," corrected her husband. "And after such a fashion, the legend declares, he punished her—destroyed her beauty, then let her die. Bah, she was a sinner, if ever a sinner robed herself in silks!"

"And he a saint, doubtless."

She had, while speaking, filled a goblet with water, but now replaced it upon the table untasted, then turned away. Mr. Berkeley, watching her through his half-closed lids, noticed this. He made no comment. Looking back as she left the room, she saw him lift the glass to his lips. He knew that she saw him, and he intended it so. The most trivial action of Vane Chester Berkeley, Esq., was not without a motive.

Chapter III.

A month passed away before Constance made her confession. Then Vera, as *confidante*, mentor, and judge, had displayed a rare diplomacy. In the latter office, she evinced a weakness truly womanly, thereby utterly routing the stern array of conventional truisms with which she had seen fit to surround the two former. As judge, Mrs. Berkeley decided that, if Thurston Beauclerc really loved Constance, and that young lady was truly wretched at the thought of an approaching separation, there could be no valid reason why a speedy marriage should not take place.

"This involves your future happiness, my love; besides, these Beauclercs are rich," argued she, with a pretty mingling of sentiment and worldly wisdom. "I think that we may manage it; trust me."

From Miss Gresham she went to her husband. Mr. Berkeley was, as usual, lovingly polite. They spoke of Constance. Said Vera:

"She has confided to me a wonderful secret."

"What! already? Ah, you women!" laughed her husband. Finding that his companion was silent, he continued: "May I not share your confidence, dear?"

Here was evident anxiety, with an awkward attempt at concealment.

"Certainly," declared the trusting creature; "the poor child is in love."

Which announcement was not startling enough to arrest Mr. Berkeley in his occupation of cutting the leaves of a new volume.

"Ah!"

"With young Thurston Beauclerc; and he loves her, and they are already engaged."

"Ah!"

"Yes. I promised her to speak to you about it. They are determined to marry. I acknowledge that I think it quite reasonable. True, he is but an *attaché d'embassade*, but then he has a fine fortune besides. It is a perfect romance, their love-story—something about an accidental meeting at the house of a school-friend, and letters, and vows, and secret interviews. Imprudent, of course; but let us remember how *we* might have acted under similar circumstances, and so be charitable. We must not oppose them."

"Ah!"

These monosyllabic rejoinders became excessively annoying. It must be confessed that they are never apt to impart a briskness to conversation.

"Pray, give me another answer," said the envoy.

"Another answer?" Vane Chester Berkeley laid down his book, and rising, approached his wife. "Another answer? Hear it, then: If that girl ever marries Thurston Beauclerc I will kill you! That is my answer."

This explicit threat hissed, rather than spoken, he resumed his seat and his occupation with a nonchalance belied only by the face now pallid with passion.

"You fail to terrify me," calmly assured madame. "What have *I* to do with her selection of a favorite? What have *you* to do with it? Do *you* love her?"

"Yes; I love her!"

"Indeed! Your candor charms me."

"I love her enough," Mr. Berkeley made haste to say—"enough to protect her. She *shall not* marry this Beauclerc."

"Who is wealthy!"

"Who at one time numbered among his connections the fellow whom I had the civility to send out of the world in a gentlemanly way, and for my wife's good name. Your memory is as treacherous as your faith. Do you forget, madame, that Noy Kenyon was his cousin?"

"I remember it."

"Ah, you remember it! Then, take this, my answer—*no*, she shall not marry him. Now, let me hear no more about the matter."

The day passed quietly enough; Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley dined alone, the gentleman having regained his affability, the lady her sweetness of temper. During the afternoon madame, dressed for a drive, entered Miss Gresham's chamber.

Constance had been informed of her guardian's opposition to her love-projects, but being a girl of spirit, determined to brave him, which determination was strengthened by her ally's tacit approval. Nay, touched by such misery, Mrs. Berkeley at last counseled cunning.

"You see, my child," she argued, "poor Thurston has already applied to my husband, and been repulsed—rudely, at that. Mr. Berkeley said nothing of this to me. Now, Thurston counsels an elopement, and I advise it."

Constance sprang up with glistening eyes.

"Do you?" she cried. "Dear, kind friend, do you?"

"Indeed do I!" continued the friend. "When men are obstinate, women must be wary. I can see no good reason why your happiness should be sacrificed to a mere whim. Write to the poor fellow. I am going out, and will post the letter. Come now, cheer up, my pretty one! Why, this is nothing! I would not care that for it!" snapping her fingers jauntily.

Here was ripe revolt and seditious counsel besides.

"Vera, some day I shall tell you what must be my secret yet. Knowing it, you will no longer wonder why I am now so unhappy."

"Of course you will. Quick, now! Write!"

The hazy purple twilight was fast deepening into night when Mrs. Berkeley returned from her drive. A Summer's night made glorious by the moonrays, and they were flooding the alcove of the upper hall with glinting waves of yellow light, rolling broken drifts even to madame's feet as she tripped to her chamber-door.

What was it that arrested her?

Some one stood in her path. A woman! Not in the shadow, but there with the moonbeams falling upon the shimmering brocade of her robe, upon the bare neck and arms, upon the corpse-like face slowly turning upon—oh, fear! upon a ghastly face made yet more ghastly by the black horror stamped there. *The eyes were gone!* The empty sockets caught her own appalled gaze, and held it so—held it until the frightened woman, with one piercing

AN EGYPTIAN LADY.

shriek, fell forward. Then came hurrying steps and eager voices and wise suggestions, and Mrs. Berkeley was borne to her chamber. In fifteen minutes she was herself again.

"My long dress tripped me," she unblushingly declared. "I was awkward enough to stumble and fall, and in falling must have cried out."

'Twas thus she kept her counsel. Evidently, like her husband, she, too, had her motive.

Chapter IV.

Returning from his club that evening, Mr. Berkeley found madame in the laboratory—looking for a book, she said. Yet, as this was but a small room opening from the library, and containing only musty tonics and chemical vessels, it was not improbable that her husband should accept this assertion with suspicion.

"I am afraid that you found nothing here to satisfy you. Was the door open?"

"Unlocked? Yes. And your books are detestable."

Really this pretty creature would make nothing of a falsehood, if it suited her purpose. The door had been opened by the aid of an old key, searched out for the occasion, and which she had had the forethought to remove from the lock.

As soon as she left him, Mr. Berkeley examined a small drawer of the writing-desk. Everything was in its proper place. Satisfied upon that point, he wasted no more thought about the matter. Mentally he had rendered a verdict of acquittal for his wife.

After having written several letters—this gay gentleman was a man of business-like promptitude—what more acceptable than a good cigar to aid an odd half-hour's quiet retrospection? That duty accomplished, he retired, with various projects planned and approved for action—to be frustrated, notwithstanding, for before morning the amateur chemist lay at Death's door. The physicians, of course, found a name for his malady, but no relief for his sufferings.

His wife was a model of devotion. Miss Gresham was solicitous—strangely so; but Vera was jealously attentive. She and Calcott watched beside him.

One night the sick man, in an agony of madness, raved of some ugly secrets. Disjointed snatches of imaginary conversations were mingled with frank avowals of sins, which caused the old housekeeper to stare in open-eyed wonder. Her mistress was calmly indifferent.

"It is always so," she whispered, compassionately. "'Tis a trait of fever. It would be silly to heed him."

A charitable conclusion, for at that moment Mr. Berkeley's mutterings were of a certain secret drawer containing rare potions carefully concealed—of these and of various honest intentions which, as they were far from inspiring Calcott with confidence, caused her to exclaim, very thankfully:

"Goodness knows I'm glad Miss Constance is not here!"

The sick man caught the name. It was enough.

"Constance!" he cried. "My poor, poor Constance! My darling! my love!"

"Good land!" ejaculated Calcott, quite startled out of all prudence, "and he a-thinking of loving her like that!"

Mrs. Berkeley's unconcern, however, silenced her. That lady's devotion was repaid with this announcement: *Her husband loved Constance Gresham!* That she knew—more she had no desire to learn. His drugs had befriended her.

Toward morning she went to her room. From a jewel-casket she took a portrait. Ah! none but a woman who had loved, and from her soul, could have looked as she looked upon the treasured semblance of one who now lay moldering.

"To avenge you, Noy—I swear it, my beloved!" she murmured, then kissed the portrait and concealed it.

The action was characteristic of the woman. A sinful love had lost her soul. Let a sinful pride proclaim it.

* * * * * *

Mr. Berkeley was convalescing. Calcott was doubtingly thankful—she remembered the self-accusations—but Vera was touchingly happy. This, notwithstanding that the patient evinced an evident uneasiness at her presence. Nay, he even carried his foolish fancy so far that he would touch nothing which had passed by her hands. This mistrust was always skillfully concealed; but madame divined and understood it.

Miss Gresham came to him once only. Then she wept and kissed him. Her ally, standing by, looked on with a hard half-smile.

"I do love him very, very dearly!" sobbed the girl.

That was her adieu.

The same evening he asked for her.

"Where is Constance?"

"She is not well," declared his wife. "A slight headache—nothing more."

Twelve o'clock!

Mr. Berkeley half raised his head from the pillow as the little timepiece chimed its warning.

"Vera, what are you doing there?"

"I am here," rising from her chair—"here beside you."

"Are we alone?"

"Quite alone. Do you——"

Mrs. Berkeley's question remained unasked. It was false! *They were not alone!*

Not ten paces from them stood a woman—a woman richly robed, whose face was hidden by her pretty, jeweled hands. They saw her—this man and wife. In speechless terror they saw at last the bowed head slowly raised, the rigid face uplifted, whilst from the empty sockets black crime and shame spoke to them!

Nearer, still nearer it came, yet with no rustle of silk or breath of perfume. The shimmering, glistening, gala-robe trailed noiselessly upon the floor, and the odor of phantom-flowers was the odor of an opening grave—heavy and stifling and damp with decay.

For a moment—a moment which seemed an eternity—standing there, its shadowy hands were raised to beckon them, then it was gone!

"You saw it, Vane!"

"I saw it."

"And you believe it now?"

"Believe what?"

It was very evident that his indifference was affected. It was unnatural. As for his wife, she had quite lost her hardihood. A calm despair, an utter helplessness, lay in every word.

"Do you believe that one of us must die, now that it has come again?"

"Both of us will surely die—in time," quoth he. "Death is the lot of man. Preachers tell us this. You, my love, know that no earthly affection insures a lease of life. But even if we should be silly enough to attach importance to that superstition, we have time, love, and to spare. The lady must make another visit yet. Neither you nor I will rush off madly at a first invitation, I fancy. There, let it pass."

"Yes, let it pass."

She was trembling still, so great had been the shock.

"Ring for Calcott."

It was only for a fresh drink. One of the invalid's droll fancies had possession of him now. He would have refused outright anything from his wife's hands.

So Calcott came, and Vera left him.

"What would he do if he knew that this is the third time *It* has appeared? Would he?—ah, Heaven help me!" she muttered, wearily. "Surely yes—*in time!*"

Morning found her watching yet. Pale and haggard, her strange beauty never before so faded, her old imperious manner gone, and in its stead a quiet thoughtfulness, full of touching simplicity.

And thus from the wretched vigil sprang these tender graces—phantom-flowers all.

Chapter V.

Mr. Berkeley was in a fair way of recovery. In fact, he had recovered, and was in a fair way to perfect health again. The surprise, the anger attending the knowledge of his ward's elopement, had given place to a grim taciturnity. When the fact was announced to him, he had turned upon his wife.

"You knew of this!" he fiercely asserted, rather than demanded.

"I knew nothing of her intention," artless Vera was pleased to declare.

"Good! I shall not forget it!"

No more was said upon the subject. The girl's name was never again mentioned—all reference to her forbidden. Her letters—for she wrote to them—were returned unopened, such, at least, as fell into her guardian's hands. Those to Vera were answered with every expression of womanly friendship. It was politic to retain the girl's gratitude, she reasoned.

Naturally enough the invalid had made many anxious inquiries concerning his moments of delirium. His wife thereupon recounted pleasant fictions, at which he laughed heartily.

Calcott, who had received instructions, based upon her wholesome fear of "a relapse," unblushingly corroborated these flights of fancy.

"She's a better Christian than I would be," thought the old housekeeper. "I would ha' served up a pretty dish of tea to Paul Calcott, if he had raved about another woman as this one has, the backslider!"

So seven long weeks had passed. The harvest-time was upon them. They of the city knew little of that, but Mr. Berkeley had that very day, which happened to be the thirteenth of October, been riding down broad country roads, and then through narrow lanes, where humble hedge-vines stretched out their blooming branches.

Now, having seen the reapers at their toil, naturally enough he fell to thinking of a bit of harvesting of his own. The fruits of *their* labor might demand more room—*his* would be comfortable in six little feet of earth. Let others build, so would he, and a coffin-lid should be the roof of the dwelling that he planned. Good! The idea sent a new life bounding through his veins. He returned therefore, in excellent spirits, thoroughly invigorated, and so full of joyousness that when evening came he left the library, and returning to his chamber, sent for his wife.

"Let us be at our ease here, darling," he pleaded. "I am a little, but a little, wearied. Let us remain here."

"As you will," assented she.

He had been thoughtful. Upon the table was a decanter of wine and two glasses.

She noticed this, and a half-smile curled her lip. Turning from him, she contrived to place herself in such a position that she might catch the reflection of every action in the mirror opposite. She saw him examine, then fill, the glasses. That was all.

Coming to her with one, he said, laughingly:

"Let us drink to your health, love."

"Why? I have not been ill!" accepting his offer.

"May you never be! To my darling's prosperity!" he cried, and, snatching the other goblet, he drank.

"I will drink to *you*," then handed him her glass—empty.

Mr. Berkeley replaced it upon the table, and returned to her.

"And now, to be really cozy and confidential," said he, "I will tell you a story."

"Nothing could please me more."

"Ah, ha! Sit down. 'To begin at the beginning,' as the children say, there was a beautiful lady—beautiful and rich, with a husband who adored her. Was she not fortunate?"

"Exceedingly so."

"We shall see. The husband was a bad man, if you will, but he loved her; and so, when he became convinced of certain scandalous proceedings, he undertook redress without the aid of justice—challenged and killed his wronger—saved from open contumely the wretched creature who bore his name."

"Your story has not even the charm of novelty. I have heard it very often," remarked madame, composedly.

He had paused to watch her through his half-closed lids. This was his reward.

"I have not finished. Do you fancy that he hated her? Not so. Stung into madness, goaded to frenzy by the thought of all he had lost—love, honor, happiness now and hereafter—his jealous passion made a piteous wretch enough of this gay gentleman. He knew that she hated him."

"Ah, he knew it?"

"He knew that while life lasted would their dumb warfare last. She could never be to him more than she was to all the world—cold and repelling. It was *her* fault if he became selfish and cruel—not his. Before heaven! the burden of many crimes will lie heavy upon her soul!"

"Ah, he grew cowardly?"

She asked this, never raising her eyes from her white hands so closely locked.

"Cowardly?" he cried, with an angry oath. "Cowardly?"

"What came to her then?"

"Fear came to her—dread of death! He made her existence a constant terror. Bah! I will finish the story at another time. But his vengeance was sweet."

"That is, really, not entertaining. I know a prettier. My heroine had loved before her marriage—unwisely, as goes the wisdom of the world. She was young. Hating her husband, she taunted him with unpleasant truths. Remember, she had been forced to wed him. Her imprudence ruined her. The life she would have died to save"—how tender grew her tones! how reverent and how low—"that life was given for her sin. Then——"

"Go on!"

"Then began her atonement."

"She atoned?"

"Through a thorny pathway leading to a grave," half-moaning, half-chanting the old refrain, rocking back and

forth with a slow, swaying motion. Then, suddenly springing up: "There is no more to be told. You know all. I cannot tell the end—not yet."

"What is the matter, Vera?"

Her husband caught her hand, and looked down in her face.

"Nothing. I am not well. Let me go now. Presently I may come again."

"Not 'good-night,' surely?"

"Yes, 'good-night.' I must go."

"Dearest, has it occurred to you that this is the 13th of October?"

"You will not let me forget that," she replied, with a smile, half-sad, half-mocking.

She was gone.

Mr. Berkeley silently but carefully rinsed the glasses which they had used, then rang for Somers, his valet.

"I'm afraid you've been exerting yourself too much, sir," remarked the man. "You're flushed with fever now."

"Am I? Yes, I am tired. I shall get to bed."

Not to sleep, however. The old fancies were crowding upon him.

The time wore on. A deathlike silence fell upon the place. The very noises of the night came to them with a dull echoing. The hours went by with solemn pace—weary hours enough to the man lying there.

Somers, who, since his master's illness, had never left him, sat watching by the window. This window gave upon a piazza which extended around the house. The evening being sultry, it was partly raised—just enough, as the valet afterward testified, to give the fresh breeze entrance. Once the man was startled from his drowsiness by a low cry.

Mr. Berkeley sat upright in bed.

"Somers!" he cried "Quick! I swear that I saw a face there at the window!"

"Sir, be calm. There is no one, I assure."

No one, for the servant parted the curtains and looked out.

"I saw it."

"You've been dreaming, sir."

"My God!"—Mr. Berkeley was ashen-hued now—"I saw it."

"Imagination, sir—sheer imagination and over-fatigue."

"Don't leave me, Somers!"

"I shall not leave you, sir. You must take this. It will help quiet you."

A composing draught, and under its influence the sufferer soon fell into a restless slumber, broken by starts and cries, and such strange ravings that Somers, now thoroughly awakened, watched him suspiciously.

"It's the fever coming back," the man concluded. "I'll step down and call up Calcott."

He departed noiselessly. In a few minutes he was on his way back with the housekeeper, when a sharp report rang out with startling clearness. Their affrighted cries caught up the echo—affrighted cries, soon changing to exclamations of horror and a woman's shriek—for Vane Chester Berkeley, Esq., had fallen forward, his body half hanging from the bed!

Somers raised him, and with trembling hands wiped the blood-stains from the face; but the gentleman was dead. A pistol-ball, sent with unerring aim, had buried itself in the brain of this untiring schemer. So had one more gone at the beckoning of that ghostly visitant.

Difficult to point out the assassin? By no means. It was a clear case of self-destruction.

At the inquest some one had asked a foolish question about the windows. Of course they had been open, and it *was* quite possible for any one to reach the piazza from below. But a pistol had been found beside the bed. This weapon, which had belonged to the deceased, had always been kept within reach upon the bureau. Others were in a case upon the table; but this being a favorite toy, was often used by Mrs. Berkeley in her amateur endeavors. Did not this prove the suicidal act? So that the inquisitive juror was covered with confusion.

Poor Somers was heartily rated.

"You should not have left him," said madame, in her coldest tones. "Had you been there, this would never have happened."

"It might, ma'am. Don't say that, please. He was raving mad. You don't know how he went on. If I hadn't known him for the mildest, kindest gentleman, I would have said he was an awful sinner. *Don't* blame me, ma'am."

Chapter VI.

The day after the funeral was passed by the widow alone in the library. There was much to be done. Bearing in mind certain possibilities, Mrs. Berkeley destroyed many letters. Other things were marked as well. Among these, a small casket containing several minute vials. True, the contents of these were harmless—the lady having prepared them upon that eventful evening when her husband had discovered her in his study. Assuredly, the dabbler in chemistry had worked to little purpose.

This task accomplished, she wrote to Mrs. Beauclerc. Here was the closing clause of her letter:

"I cannot expect you to come to me. The place is haunted by too many mournful memories. Bear in mind, however, that you have a true friend in one who has for ever done with this world and its belongings."

"That will satisfy the world. It can ask no more," she muttered.

But Constance did come. From across the seas to the grave of one who had been very dear to her.

"I may tell you now," she said, with a proud humility—"I may tell you what he was to me."

"I marvel at your daring."

"He was my father!"

The honest wife made this confession with a bright blush creeping in her cheeks.

"Your father?"

"He never told you that, Vera? How strange!"

Then followed the humiliating avowal. The story of a dead mother's wrongs, of repentance all too late, of the adoption of his child by a man who, with his utter contempt of justice, human or Divine, had yet some tender impulse throbbing in a heart so strangely perverted. "Truly was her father his other self," thought madame, as his words flashed across her mind.

"Do you know anything of your mother, Constance?"

"She was the daughter of an English clergyman. Thurston knows the truth. I told him all before our marriage. Ah, he is so noble, Vera! We have been there with my poor mother's family, and I have been so happy! I am grateful to him for it all."

"Who told this to you?"

"My father. Not long before I left home he confessed to me the bitter, bitter truth. He did it to prove to me how little I had to hope from Thurston. I knew my darling better."

"Did you know why he so hated your husband?"

"Truly no. I can imagine no cause."

Mrs. Berkeley could. In fact, there was nothing that

THE BANGLE-SELLER.

Constance had confided which she had not already learned, and that, too, from the papers, the private papers, which she had destroyed. From these she could have told of a foolish suspicion of the betrayed girl, of vile accusations which coupled the name of the poor heart-broken creature with that of young Beauclerc's father—a spendthrift and a *roué*. Suspicious accusations, which were none the less cruel that they were false. She could have told as well of her own misgivings of her conviction that the love borne by her husband to this girl was other than this. Her sole object in aiding this young woman's escape had been to thwart her husband's supposed passion. It was as well that Constance should not suspect this, so there all confidence ended.

"I suppose that he really fancied himself aggrieved," thought madame. "Each blow at his innocent affections came from these Beauclercs. His light o' love—his wife, and his daughter. What a pretty grouping! Ah, well, it is not strange that he should so hate them!"

* * * * * *

Opening from Mrs. Berkeley's apartment was a small chamber. This she caused to be fitted up in a strangely sumptuous manner. It was a perfect triumph of artistic taste and Eastern magnificence, yet nothing more sombre could be imagined.

Black velvet covered the floor and fell in heavy drapery over the walls. Nay, the very ceiling, with its glaring whiteness, gave offense, and so was hidden by a tent-like fashioning. Statues started from this gloomy background—figures of saints and holy women—all brought from foreign lands. Above a dais at the lower end hung a large painting. Upon either side of this lamps were always burning. Here the light of day might never enter. A curtain of velvet covered this painting. None, not even they who placed it there, had ever seen what that curtain concealed—none save the widow, and here would she pass long hours alone. Those about her said, afterward, that each visit made a milder, kinder mistress of her. According to their lights they judged.

Let us hope that she grew in grace, for one day they found her kneeling before the portrait—*dead!* Death had come so wooingly that the tears upon her cheeks were yet undried—so kindly, that, seeing the lithe form bent over the great chair, you would have said she prayed.

Then, for the first time, they threw aside the jealous drapery from the semblance of a young and handsome man. Was it recognized? Certainly. It was Noy Kenyon, and Mr. Berkeley had killed him in a duel years before. Every one remembered the affair. It had taken place upon a fine morning of October—the 13th, strangely enough. There were at the time many scandalous conjectures, and excellent Christians made them. These did duty again.

By Mrs. Berkeley's will, her husband's ward was the sole heir.

"Pray for me," the woman had said, in her last letter; and Constance, in her happy wifehood, mourned her as a dear friend lost.

A pleasant home now is that old house. It may be that, its work being done, the tormented spirit has found rest—rest, until some crime or treachery shall again call it to its old haunts. It must be that the pure hearts and glad voices of little children have sanctified the place. This surely is: Love and happiness are there. The spell is broken.

THOSE who are most disinterested and have the least of selfishness, have best materials for being happy.

THE FIRST IN AFTER DINNER.

THEY talked, in after-dinner phrase,
Of rise of stocks, or fall of shares;
Of speculation's crooked ways,
Of Egypt's bulls and Russia's bears;
Or, as old wine new thoughts inspired,
They raised the desultory theme,
With zeal of state or party fired:
I heard it all as in a dream.

For still my ears one murmur fill'd;
My vision but one image knew;
Yours was the voice my senses thrill'd,
The murmur was your robe's *frou-frou*.
For when you passed through the door,
I, turning gloomy to my place,
Heard your dress rustle on the floor,
Saw but the gladness of your face.

The talk droned on, the wine went round,
Discussion's jangling tone rose higher;
I watched my chance, occasion found
To 'scape the glance of either sire.
There to their disputatious doom
I left the controversial three—
A stranger in your drawing-room!
You started, looked, and then saw me.

We talk'd; but not of five per cent.,
Nor of the senate nor the mart;
I conquered in that argument—
You paid the forfeit with your heart.
Then voices, steps upon the stairs;
And then the door flung open wide—
A venerable pair of *pères*
Surprised us fairly; at their side
My elder rival, I divine,
At heart loathed walnuts, talk and wine.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

YES, sir, 'tis an awful affair, but at sea one gets used to all kinds o' things. I remember the loss of the *Victory*. I had served aboard her from quite a lad, and had got to know and love everything about her.

She was a fine, full-rigged ship, she was, near 1,800 tons burden. Maybe you'd like to hear how she was lost, if you've time. You would, sir? All right, then.

It was a lovely day in May when she started on a voyage to America with a cargo of coal. We had on board the captain, three officers, two apprentices, a steward, a crew of sixteen men, besides two passengers—a Mr. Williams and a Mr. Johnson. Soon everything was in order, Captain Stanhope and the wizen old pilot were with us, and the order was given "man the windlass!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the response. There was a rush of feet, the windlass clanked, the anchor lifted, the tugboat started ahead, and we were off. The next morning the pilot and tug left us, carrying letters and messages for the loved ones ashore, and with the sails "sheeted home," our noble vessel, under a cloud of white canvas, headed for the deep Atlantic. For the first few days nothing much happened; the weather was warm and fine, and the passengers enjoyed it. I could tell you of some strange things as went on in the forecastle, but they wouldn't interest you. Well, about three weeks after we had lost sight of land a fine breeze sprang up; but it soon died away, a dead calm succeeded, and the sails hung motionless against the masts.

The day was fast fading, and the sun was sinking lower and lower down the horizon, like a great globe. Little did any of us think we should soon be drifting on the sea.

"We shall have a change in the weather shortly," said

Mr. Jones, our second officer; "the glass falls rapidly, and there's a dark line a-stern."

"Stow the royals and mizzen-top gall'n's'l," shouted the chief officer in command.

The order was quickly obeyed. The clouds began to blow up, and black enough they looked; a stiff breeze also sprang up, and we could see the squall was on us.

"All hands shorten sail!" was the next order.

Meanwhile the squall increased to a gale, and the captain, coming on deck at that moment and seeing the state of affairs, shouted:

"Take in the tops'ls, and mind your helm there!"

These and some other commands executed, we tore before the raging tempest, under main lower tops'l and reefed fores'l. Ay, the *Victory* she did tear along, whilst the waves, which were like mountains, swept over her deck, and the water boiled like under her bows, and came rushing through her lee scuppers. The gale lasted until about one o'clock in the morning, when it 'bated almost as suddenly as it had risen.

"How's her head?" asked Mr. Jones, of the man at the helm.

"Sou'-sou'-west, sir."

"Let her go off just a point," he said; and then added, "Aloft there, and loose the tops'ls and t'gall's'ls!"

The sea had begun to go down a bit, and the passengers, who had been in the saloon, finding the ship rolled less, retired to their berths. The stars shone clearly, and the watch, having been relieved, had gone below. It seemed such a blessing to get our clothes off, for they were wringing wet.

We hadn't been asleep more than half an hour, when there came a kind of startled cry, "Fire! fire!" How we hurried out of our bunks and ran on deck, and then, sure enough, we could smell the fire!

The captain ordered search to be made in the hold, to discover, if possible, where the mischief was; but there was nothing to be seen, only a sort of sulphurous smell could be detected.

So we went below again, and slept till eight bells. A watch had been kept meanwhile, but no more occurred to awaken suspicion.

Another careful examination was afterward made, but it proved unavailing as to finding anything. Then the day broke.

Oh, how well I remember it, the glorious first of June, and glorious it was! The sun shone brightly, and there was a nice breeze, just enough to make it pleasant. There was a soothing sound, too, in the wash of the waves against the sides of the ship. Most of the sails had been set, and the *Victory* looked a perfect picture.

'Tis strange, but I always remember one thing: I was gazing at the sky, and there was one little white cloud floating along in the middle of the blue, when a young 'prentice said to me, "James, that must be the sweet little cherub as sits up aloft, to keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack." Maybe 'twas.

Toward evening the decks began to get very warm, and one of the men made a remark to Mr. Jones, who immediately reported it to the captain.

Holes were cut in the deck over the place where the fire was supposed to be, and plenty of water poured down; and the carpenter and some men were ordered to make a careful examination below. I was sent aloft to take in the main royal, and was just about to descend when the carpenter came up, and going to Captain Stanhope, said something which I did not hear; but I was told to have a look if any ships were in sight, but I could see no sign o' one. There seemed a great rush on deck, and looking down, I saw, to my horror, a dense smoke coming through the hatchways. In vain were the decks deluged with water, and the hatches battened down. The smoke came thicker and faster, and at last, with a roar, flames burst through the hatches.

"Lower the boats—'tis our only chance now!" cried the captain.

I can tell you, sir, they were lowered quick enough, for the heat was getting dreadful. I got into the long boat, with the steward and first officer and some of my mates.

We all got safely away, and after rowing some distance laid to and watched for the end. By this time the sun was sinking, a great red ball, and there was our ship, sails and all, enveloped in a sheet of flame.

We couldn't help noticing that, as the sun sank in the west, the *Victory* seemed attracted or drawn towards it. Her bow was directed west, and she looked grand.

The captain sat in the boat that lay next ours, and after watching some time, covered his face with his hands, as though unable to bear any more.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the horizon I saw the second officer touch him on the shoulder. He looked up, only in time to see his good ship disappear beneath the waters.

There was a moment's silence, and then we rowed away toward the west, too. We were too sad to talk much. To think we had escaped the fury of the gale to see our vessel burnt! Well, well, "Man proposes, God disposes."

As I said, we rowed away, and after a while the moon rose, and the stars shone with a brilliancy you never see in this country—almost cruel they seemed to us.

The boats kept together the most of the night; but about three o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow in gusts, and before an hour was over we were pitched and tossed on an angry sea, and in the darkness the boats got separated. No one knows what we suffered that night, for we had naught to eat, nor, what was worse, to drink.

When the day broke we first missed our companions. In vain we gazed round. Nothing met our sight but a wild sea and a wilder sky. Fortunately, toward noon the wind fell, the sea began to go down, and it rained. *This* was a blessing, for by holding our caps we had some water to drink. Till then I never knew what it was to suffer from real thirst.

About six o'clock in the evening we saw a sail. We waved our arms frantically, but whether they saw our signals, or whether they were coming that way, we didn't know. One thing was certain—the frigate (for such she was) bore down on us. It wasn't long before we were aboard, and then we learned that the *Spitfire* was homeward bound. The captain and crew treated us with great kindness, but they could tell us nothing about the other boats. They hadn't seen them.

After an uneventful voyage we reached England safely, and went at once and reported to the owners the circumstances under which the *Victory* was lost.

It was nigh eight months after our return that we learned the fate of the rest of the crew. They had had a fearful hard time of it, and had lost seven of their number. The captain was the first to go.

Ah! we were sorry to hear of *his* death. It appeared he scarcely noticed anything; and once when Mr. Jones asked him which way they had better try for, he said: "West—she was drifting west; yes, she was drifting west."

He died two days after that, his last words being, "drifting west." One after another the remaining six

succumbed to fatigue and the want of water and food. Those that had been rescued were ten days and nights on the sea, bearing the scorching sun and cold, before they were picked up by a passing steamer, and landed at some foreign port—I forget the name. At last they secured berths in the *Sphinx*, another steamer, and thus reached home once more.

I've seen a good deal in my time, but I believe I felt the loss of the *Victory* more than all. What caused the fire was never known. Combustion in the coal, 'twas supposed.

No, thank'e, I won't take nothing. I'm glad to get any one to listen to my yarns, and if any other day you'd like to hear it, I could tell you something else. Much obliged for your kind offer. Good-morning, sir. Ay, she was a fine ship—the *Victory* was a fine ship !

THE FIRST IN AFTER DINNER.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 462.

MEMORY.

An example of the most astounding memory is the winner of the National Chess Tournament, Mr. Zuckertort. He recently played sixteen games at the same time, in the same way—that is to say, before each of the sixteen tables sat a player with a board, and they informed him, after each other, of their respective moves ; he replied, and never confounded one position with another, one game with another, never made a false move, but twice detected where, on purpose, false moves were made, to test him, in the wrong direction. He once performed an especially curious feat in the house of a friend, where there was a whist party, playing a game of chess by heart with some one in the adjoining room, and when the cards for whist were dealt, he looked once through his cards, then put them away, and each time his turn came he mentioned the card he wished to play, all the time continuing his chess game, and never keeping either his chess or his whist partner waiting one minute for the necessary move.

The Chinese farmhouse is a curious-looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathery bamboo and thick-spreading banyans. The walls are of clay or wood, and the interior of the house consists of one main room, extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet-looking apartments in the corners for sleeping-rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof, made of cut oyster-shells, arranged in rows, while the side windows are wooden shutters. The floor is the bare earth, where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons and a litter of pigs, all living together in delightful harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands houses are strongly fortified.

A LITTLE COWARD.—"THE BURGLAR SPRAWLED SENSELESS ON THE FLOOR. AUNT MARGARET SANK BACK ON HER BED WITH A WILD 'THANK GOD!' AND THE LITTLE HEROINE OF THE SCENE LAY IN SIR ROBERT'S ARMS, IN A DEAD FAINT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SONNET.

By Morgan Evans.

We wandered in the morn of life, as flew
Wing-footed hours quick by in sunny haze,
And talked of all our past and future ways.
Oh, how we loved that time when love was new,
And how it lasted, ever fresh and true,
Throughout the day! For when the noontide blaze
Throbbed with fierce heat, we sheltered in a maze
Of amorous bowers, while love still stronger grew.
We never dreamed of parting. We were bound
As one together—vow was given for vow,
Love begat love, until we grew profound
In wedded mysteries.—Alas! but now
Dark night has fallen. Alone I tread the ground.
I go, I know not whither, care not how!

A LITTLE COWARD.

By Agnes James.

That was what Miss Merivale had called her that morning when she trembled and turned pale because the black mare Stella reared with her. She begged Sir Robert to take her off, and stood in ignominious safety while Agatha Merivale mounted Stella and rode off triumphantly down the avenue.

She *was* a coward. She did not deny it, and was sometimes very much ashamed of it. But no one had seemed to mind it, or to scorn her for it, till Agatha Merivale came, with her bold, dark eyes and her dashing ways, her riding and hunting and shooting; and everybody admired Agatha so much, even, Sir Robert!

She almost *hated* Agatha! You see, until Agatha came they had been so happy at De Rosset. Little orphan Madelaine Leigh had never been so happy in her life as here at the Hall with sweet Lady de Rosset, who was her guardian, and her son, Sir Robert. They were so kind and good to her. They petted her, and *loved* her so. And now Agatha had come, and for two weeks had monopolized Sir Robert, and kept the house in a turmoil of gayety, and laughed at Lina, and made her life wretched.

Lina's maid reported that everybody said Sir Robert was to marry Miss Merivale. Lina made a stern resolve that she would run away from the Hall when that event took place. Run away! She would run away *now!* Not far though—she was too much of a coward to venture far into the world alone; but she would go away across the fields to "Aunt Margaret," as she called Lady de Rosset's widowed sister-in-law, who lived in a quiet, comfortable house a mile away from the Hall.

Mrs. Harrington was an invalid, paralyzed and confined to her bed. She was rather a grim old lady, and most people were inclined to shun her; but sweet, bright little Lina had won her way into the old lady's heart, and was always welcomed at the Lodge.

Yes, she would run away to Aunt Margaret's, and, perhaps, when she was missed, Sir Robert might feel a moment's uneasiness about her. Seizing her hat and a light shawl, she flew off across the park, calling Leo, Sir Robert's pretty colley, to go with her. Lina did not like to cross the fields alone, being possessed by a great terror of bulls; but with Leo she would not mind it so much.

Leo was calmly taking a nap on the front portico, but he started up and raced after her with a joyous bark. But, at the little gate that led from the park into the fields, Lina was greatly disconcerted by an unexpected encounter with Sir Robert and Miss Merivale, who came laughing and talking along the path, both looking bright and handsome in the golden rays of the setting sun.

She brushed past them with a hasty "Good-evening," but Sir Robert turned back to speak to her.

"Where are you going, Lina?" he asked.

"To Aunt Margaret's," she answered, not looking at him.

"Alone, Lina? Are you not afraid? If you will wait a little while, I will go with you," Sir Robert said, looking down kindly at the girl's flushed cheeks and averted eyes.

"No, thanks," Lina answered, hastily. "I will not trouble you. Leo will take care of me. And you would be late for dinner if you went with me."

"May I come for you, then, after dinner?" Sir Robert asked.

"Thanks, I am not coming back. I shall stay all night," was the hurried answer, and Lina turned to go.

But Sir Robert detained her for a moment.

"Lina," he said, in a low tone, "what makes you avoid me so lately? What have I done to offend you?"

Lina raised her blue eyes hastily to his one moment, and then dropped then again.

"I have not *avoided* you," she said, coldly. "You have been very much occupied with—other people. There, I will not detain you."

She waved her little hand haughtily, and walked away from him. He watched the pretty, white-robed figure for a moment, and then Leo came and fawned on him.

"Leo, Leo," called Lina's voice.

"Go, Leo," said his master, and the obedient dog trotted off down the path after the girl.

It was rather dreary at the "Lodge" that evening. Mrs. Harrington was out of humor, because her agent had failed to call that day to receive a thousand pounds that she wished him to deposit for her. And Parkins, her nurse and nursemaid, had let the maid-servants all go off to a fair in the village, "where they will certainly get into mischief," Mrs. Harrington said.

But when Lina had talked to her and made her laugh a little, she forgot her grievances, and chatted away very pleasantly. At ten o'clock she declared she had laughed till she was tired, and Lina must give her her drops and let her go to sleep.

"There! the spoon is gone. Where can Parkins have put it? Child, would you mind running down into the pantry and bringing me a spoon? I would ring for Parkins, but she told me she wanted to get up some muslins this evening, and would come up as soon as she had finished."

Lina did not *altogether* like to pass down the long stairs and silent entries leading to the pantry, but she went, and Leo trotted after her. As she stood in the pantry, looking round for the spoons, with no light but a faint gleam from a hall-lamp, a sound of low voices caught her ear.

The pantry was on the ground-floor, its iron-barred shuttered window looking into the garden. The sound was outside the window, and Lina paused to listen. The first words that caught her ear startled her.

"A thousand pounds and all the old woman's jewelry and plate!" said a man's voice, in a husky undertone.

"Yes," was the reply, in a woman's voice—the voice, Lina knew, of *Parkins*, Mrs. Harrison's model, soft-voiced, lady-like nurse—"and there won't be any trouble about it, because I have let the women go away to stay all night, and sent the gardener on a fool's errand to Misses's brother's, twenty miles off."

"But this girl that came to-night—what about her?" asked the man.

"Oh, she will go to her room, presently, and *stay* there if she is wise. *She'd* be no hindrance any way—a

silly, timid little thing. But it's as well to let her get out of the way," said Parkins, coolly.

"But see here, Molly, why not do it *now*? Then we'll have more time to get away before daylight," said the man."

"I tell you it's not safe before eleven o'clock," Parkins said, positively. "People may come in. Whenever this girl is here they *do* come. Sir Robert don't like her out of his sight for long, and that idiotic young Marsden may come mooning in. *Wait till half-past eleven*, and the west door here will open. And, Jim, look here. When you get this swag, you are to take me with you—your wife, mind."

The voices grew fainter. Evidently the speakers were moving away from the house. But Lina had heard enough. Sick with terror, she leaned against the pantry wall for a moment and tried to think. What did it all mean? Robbery, murder! And no help near. Her first instinct was to fly out of the house and across the fields to the Hall. But her absence would be instantly discovered, she knew, and then poor Aunt Margaret would be alone with those wretches. No, she must not go. But to stand here idle would do no good. She flew like a bird along the halls and up-stairs, Leo racing by her side. At Aunt Margaret's door she paused, and a sudden thought came to her. She would send Leo home for help.

"Where is the spoon, child? How long you staid. Good heavens! what is the matter?" cried the old lady, as she saw the girl's white, terrified face.

Lina began some evasive answer, but instantly remembered that Aunt Margaret must be told the whole story or *nothing* could be done to save her. She did tell it, and Aunt Margaret listened in silent consternation, and then burst out impetuously with:

"Good heavens, child! Why didn't you run right home?"

"Because I knew Parkins would be up here in a few minutes, and find I was gone, and then——"

"Ah, well. So you staid to save the old woman if you could? What are you doing, child? Why don't you lock the door and pile things against it! Good God! if I was just able to rise out of this bed!"

But Lina did not speak for a moment. She had found a pencil and paper and was rapidly writing a few words. When she had finished—

"Now," she said, "when Parkins comes tell her I am to sleep on the couch here in your room, and she must go somewhere else. I will be back in a moment.—Leo!"

Out of the room she darted, and down to the hall door, which she unbarred and passed through. Then, kneeling in the shadow of a pillar on the portico, she tied the note tightly in her handkerchief and knotted the handkerchief round Leo's neck.

She put her arms round his neck after that, kissed his forehead, and a half-sob escaped her.

"Is that you, miss?" said a smooth voice from the hall. "Why, whatever are you doing in the dark there?"

Lina sprang up as if she had been shot.

"I am sending the dog home," she said, speaking quietly, though the throbs of her heart shook her whole frame. "He is restless here without his master. Go *home*, Leo—*straight home*, sir!"

The dog, with one farewell lick of her hand, bounded down the steps and vanished in the dewy darkness of the Summer night.

"Oh, God! let him go safely and swiftly!" prayed the girl in her heart.

Then she went in and helped Parkins bar the door, and they went together up-stairs.

Aunt Margaret lay, very quietly, on her pillows, but with her black eyes gleaming.

"Parkins," she said, steadily, as they entered, "Miss Leigh is kind enough to offer to stay with me here to-night. She will sleep on your couch, and you, my poor soul, can go and get a good night's rest in another room."

Parkins was silent for one instant, and then began a series of smooth, polite expostulations, which no one would heed, and finally the civil nurse prepared the couch for Lina and took herself off, observing, sweetly:

"If Miss Leigh will leave the door ajar I can hear a call from this room, and will come instantly."

"Thanks, Parkins, but I hope I shall not have to call you," said Lina, speaking as sweetly as Parkins herself.

Then, as she glided to the door as soon as it was closed, she turned with a face of dismay, and whispered:

"The key is gone! She took it when she was fidgeting in and out with sheets and pillows."

"There is a bolt besides," Aunt Margaret answered.

Lina gave a sigh of relief as she slipped the bolt into the groove, and felt that she had some little protection against the enemy.

"Now child," Aunt Margaret said, "can you use a pistol?"

"I never touched one in my life," said the "little coward." "But if I had one now I would *try*."

"Very well. Take my safe-key—it is under my pillow—and unlock the safe. There are two pistols there, loaded. They are just as my husband left them a year ago, but Robert looked at them a few days ago, and said they were all right. That is it. Put one of them on the foot of the bed, and if those wretches come, *try*, my dear, to use it. Now put the other here, by my left hand. Thank God! I can use that a little. Now, what are you doing? Oh, yes; pile up all you can against the door. There, you can't move anything else. Now, come here, little girl; kneel down by me, and let's say our prayers together."

With the old lady's thin, pallid hand clasped tight in her two cold, trembling little ones, Lina knelt down there, and burying her face in the pillow, tried to pray.

Her petition was not a very coherent one; it was only a wild, passionate cry for pity and help, and meantime she was *listening*, with every nerve strained, for sounds from the outside.

A lamp burned in the room. On the mantelpiece a softly-ticking clock marked the slow minutes. No other sound broke the stillness.

Presently a sob shook the girl's figure. She was thinking of Sir Robert and his tender care of her.

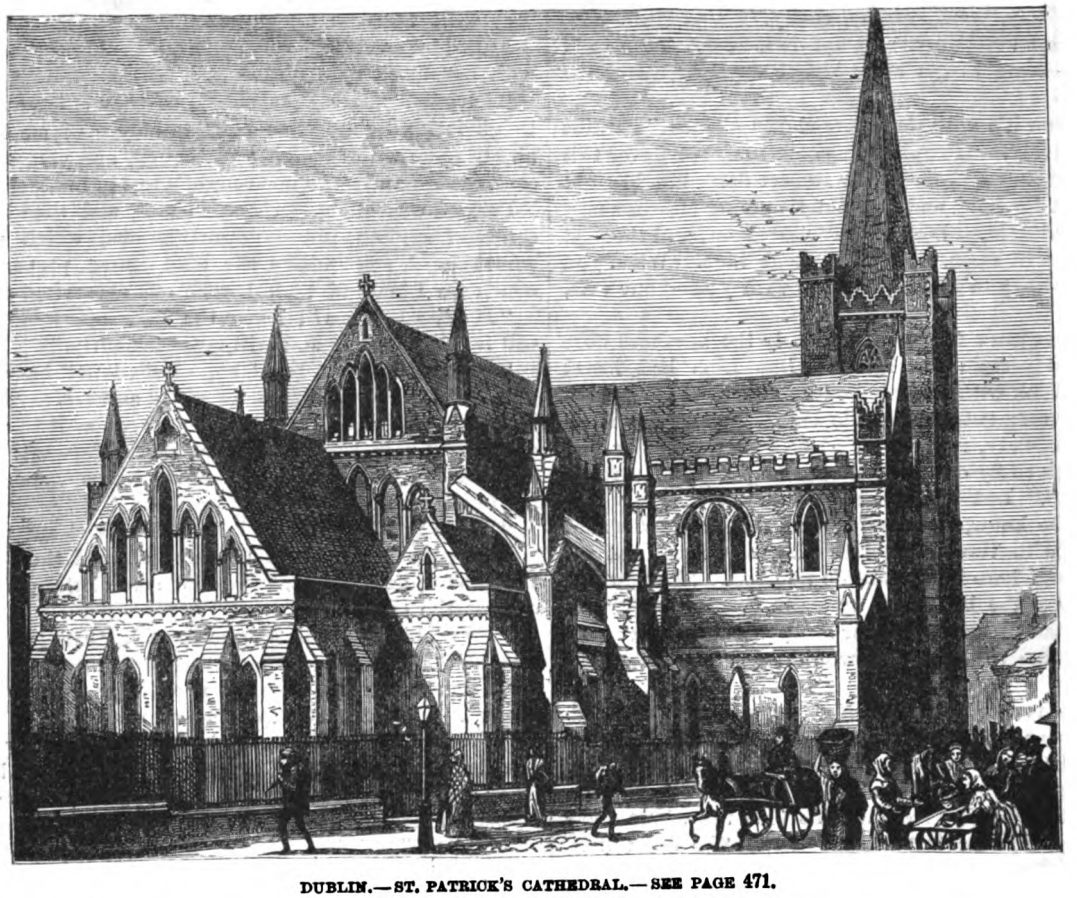
Oh, if she had only not been so wayward and proud this evening, all would have been well! He would have come for her, and they would have been safe.

But, surely, *surely* he would come yet! He could not fail to find the note, and she knew he would come to save her. But yet horrible doubts came to her as to whether the note *would* reach him! It might be lost, or Leo might wander about, and not get home until it was too late.

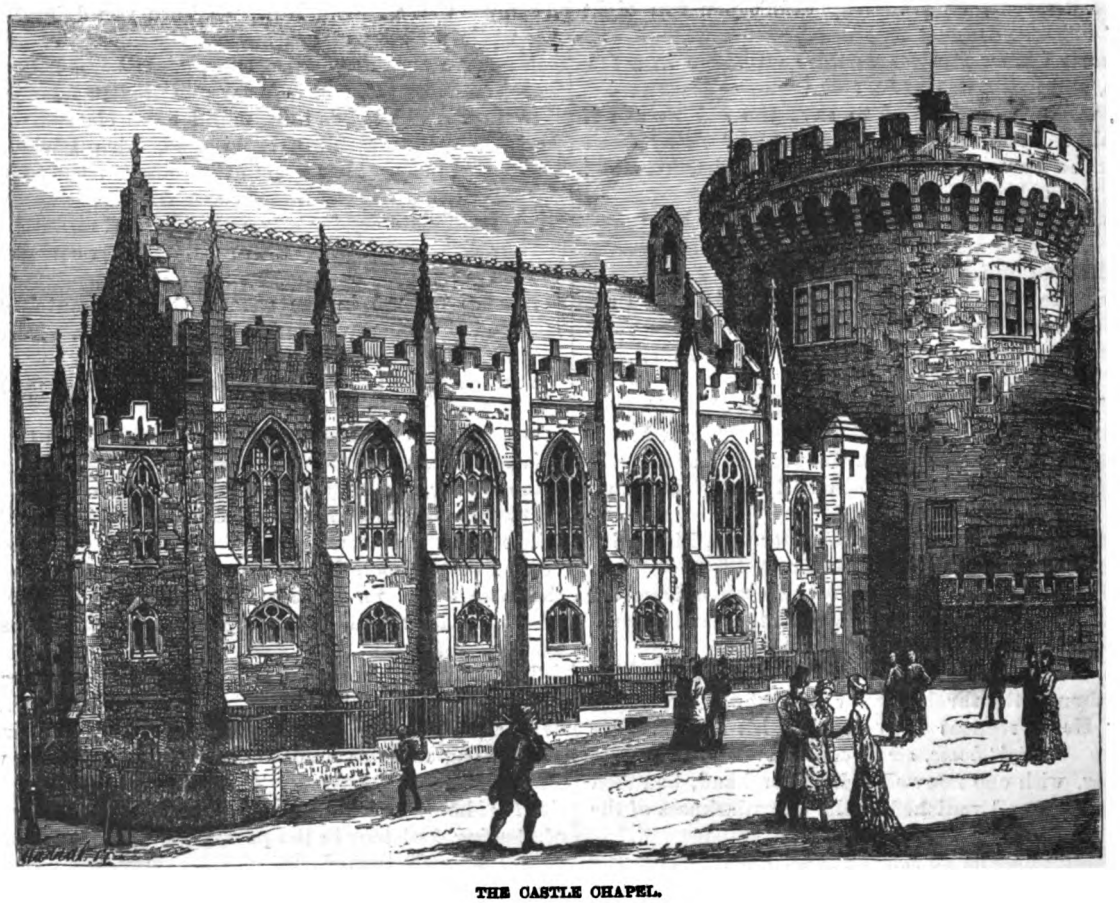
Too late! Lina shuddered and sobbed again as she thought what *that* might mean. Oh, it was hard to think of dying so helplessly, so horribly, with help so near!"

The long minutes crept on, and no sound came until eleven o'clock had passed. The little clock softly chimed the half-hour. Then, in a few moments came the sound of stealing footsteps in the passage, and the knob of the door was softly turned.

Breathless silence in the room! Then a gentle tap at



DUBLIN.—ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 471.



THE CASTLE CHAPEL.

DUBLIN.— CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL.— SEE PAGE 471.

GRAFTON STREET, WITH TRINITY COLLEGE AND BANK OF IRELAND.

the door. Lina clasped Aunt Margaret's hand convulsively, and the old lady spoke.

"Who is that?" she asked, steadily.

"It is me. Parkins, ma'am. Would you ask Miss Leigh if she will kindly open the door? I have the toothache, and want some laudanum."

"What a devil it is!" whispered Aunt Margaret. Then, aloud: "Go down-stairs and get something, Parkins. I cannot trouble Miss Leigh."

Lina hoped that Parkins would urge the point a little. Anything to prolong the parley and gain time.

But a whisper in the passage followed, and then a man's voice spoke:

THE FOUR COURTS.

"Ladies, there's no use making a row. Just open the door peacefully and you sha'n't be hurt. We'll break it down if you don't."

"What do you want?" Lina asked, hoping still to gain a *little* time.

A new and gruff voice answered, insolently:

"You knows well enough what we wants, miss. We wants the thousand pounds and the di'monds, and we means to have them. So don't be a fool, but just open the door peaceful, or you'll be sorry."

Lina sprang to her feet suddenly, and seized the pistol. A flood of color rushed to her cheek and brow. She had been insulted and threatened, and indignation overpowered terror. She went toward the door and called out, quickly and clearly:

"You're not coming in. I have sent for help, and Sir Robert and his men will be here directly. I am armed, and if you *do* break the door down I will shoot you like a dog."

A moment's silence followed, then a coarse laugh, and—

"All gammon. She hadn't no one to send. Break the door down," in Parkins's voice.

And heavy blows began to fall upon the door. It trembled and cracked beneath the battery. A panel broke, and a man's hand was thrust in; the whole door seemed about to fall when—bang! bang! came two reports from Lina's pistol, and a couple of bullets crashed through the panels, and the besiegers paused abruptly.

"Go away instantly," called the girl's clear voice, "or I will fire again."

"One more rush, mate, and we are in!" yelled the gruff voice outside.

What followed was wild tumult and confusion; the crash of breaking panels and bolts, the fall of the door and of the furniture Lina had piled against it, shot after shot from Lina's pistol, a yell of pain and rage from one of the men, and curses and threats from both of them. The door was down. One of the men was *in* the room. Lina had fired her last shot, and, running to the bed, snatched Aunt Margaret's pistol, and turned to face the enemy. Suddenly came a wild shriek from Parkins. Then a voice calling, "Lina! Lina! I am coming!" and Sir Robert de Rosset hurled himself bodily upon the ruffian outside the door, prostrated him, and sprang into the room over his body. And this is what he saw: Madeline Leigh, the "little coward," with blazing eyes and scarlet cheeks, and a pistol in her hand, standing unflinchingly between Aunt Margaret and a burly ruffian; and Aunt Margaret herself, who had not turned in her bed for a year, standing on her feet on the floor. Two seconds changed the aspect of affairs. After that the burglar sprawled senseless on the floor. Aunt Margaret sank back on her bed with a wild "Thank God!" and the little heroine of the scene lay in Sir Robert's arms, in a dead faint.

"Oh, Robert, why didn't you come sooner?" she murmured, half an hour afterward, when she opened her eyes and met his.

"Don't you *know* that I came as soon as I found your note?" he said. "Leo went to my room, and I found him there when I left the drawing-room, after eleven o'clock."

"Where are those dreadful men?" Lina asked, raising her head dizzily and looking round with a shudder.

"Never mind them, dear. They were taken by the men who followed me. My brave little darling! What a heroine you are!"

Two months later, when Parkins and the men were brought to trial, Aunt Margaret *walked* into the witness-box, and gave her testimony with grim directness and self-possession. Lina gave hers with much trembling and some tears; but she looked intensely lovely, and no one wondered that Sir Robert was going to marry her.

The crowd around the door gave her three cheers as she left the courtroom, walking between Sir Robert and his mother, and three more for Sir Robert, and then three more for Leo, who followed them.

And Aunt Margaret's wedding-present to Lina was the thousand pounds and the diamonds that had been saved by the courage of "the little coward."

BOOKS MADE OF CLAY.

Far away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the River Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient City of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palace and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian Empire stood. The spade, first of the Frenchman, then of the Englishman, has cleared all the earth away and laid bare all that remained of the old streets and palaces where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshiped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh. The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the Palace of Konyunjik. The clay books which it contains are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tables are oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book, the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing on the tablet was, of course, done when the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden it. Then each tablet or book was numbered, and assigned to a place in the library, with a corresponding number, so that the librarian could easily find it, just as our own libraries of to-day number the books we read. Among these books are to be found collections of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as history, travels, etc.

The Assyrians and Babylonians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun, and of marking it by an instrument called the sundial, was invented by the latter nation. None of our modern clocks and watches can be compared with the sundial, for accuracy. Indeed we have to regulate our modern inventions by the ancient Babylonian system.

SEAWEED AND ITS USES.

In tropical climates the little air-bladders which support the seawracks are of great service; for the masses of seaweed are several hundred feet long, and of considerable height, having stems the thickness of a man's thigh, and branches and drooping stems which support innumerable forms of animal life, such as corals, crabs, worms of different kinds, together with mosses and weeds of the sea, and being besides a place of deposit for innumerable eggs of various creatures. In Scotland the tender parts of the seawracks, known as tangles, are used for food, and when cooked are considered choice diet for cattle. The stems of a very hard, horny variety of the seawracks are used as knife-handles. They are cut in short pieces, and while still moist or green the blade is forced in at one end. When the stem dries it clings firmly to the

knife-blade. Being gnarled and horny, it resembles buck's horn, and when tipped with metal and fully finished forms an inexpensive knife-handle. The rose-tangles are higher up in the scale of vegetable life, and their delicate tints render them very beautiful. Of these, dulse is an important variety to the Scotch and Irish, who, besides using it as food, both in its raw state and cooked in milk, find in it a substitute for tobacco. Carrageen moss is another kind of rose-tangle, from which a nourishing jelly is made. The Chinese use one variety of rose-tangle as a chief ingredient in their glossing preparations; twenty-seven thousand pounds are brought annually to Canton and sold at from six to eighteen *pice* per pound.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN LAWRENCE.

Shortly after John Lawrence's appointment as Collector of Delhi, a lawless chief in an outlying and desert part of the country refused to pay his land tax. Attended only by a single orderly—for he seldom took more—Lawrence rode thither, a distance of some thirty miles, very early in the morning, to demand or to enforce payment. The village was walled, the gates were shut and barred, and not even his strength was able to force an entrance. What was he to do? To go back would be a confession of defeat, and would encourage other neighboring chiefs to give similar trouble. On the other hand, it was the hottest season of the year. There was no food, no water, no shelter, no shade, outside the walls, except that of a single sickly babul-tree. Finally, there were no troops within thirty miles. He sent a hasty note back to Delhi asking for some guns, and then sat down under the babul-tree, exactly opposite the principal gate, a single man beleaguering or threatening a fortified post! The fierce sun of India had done its worst, and was fast subsiding toward the horizon; but still no guns appeared, and still the resolute collector sat on. At last the chief of a neighboring village approached and offered, should the sahib so will, to help him.

John Lawrence, knowing that in India, as elsewhere, jealousy is a ruling motive among neighboring potentates, accepted his offer for what it was worth. The result of a mere show of force, backed up by John Lawrence's stern resolution, was the submission of the recusant chieftain, the infliction of a fine over and above the land tax, and the return of the collector in triumph, after winning a bloodless victory, and without even the news, which has so often struck terror into the native breast, having reached the village, that "the guns were coming."

Years afterward, when the Collector of Delhi had risen to be Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, and had succeeded in winning back Delhi from the mutineers, a list of the rebel chiefs who had been sentenced to death was presented to him for his signature. The first name on the list attracted his attention, for it was that of the Goojut chieftain who had given him such timely aid twenty years before; and he struck his name off the list and saved his life.

Occupations for Children.—The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with the most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, and still more to be usefully employed. Children should be encouraged, or, if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to their toilet which they are capable of performing.

DUBLIN.

By Noel Ruthven.

"Once upon a time" there stood upon the summit of a hill, covered with a wood of hazel trees, a little town, or fishing village. The houses were as rude as primeval huts, being constructed of wattles woven together and daubed with mud. The hamlet extended from the spot where the present Castle of Dublin stands, westward along the ridge to Kilmainham. "The Irish aborigines called it 'Drom Col Coille,' or, 'The Hill of the Hazel Woods.' Along the northern base of this hill, through a boggy marsh, ran the River Liffey eastward to the sea. To gain access to the river and to ford its dark waters, the fishermen made hurdles of wicker-work, and thence the little town acquired a new name, 'Bally ath Cliath,' 'The Town of the Ford of the Hurdles.' Then it got a further descriptive addition, and became 'Bally ath Cliath Dubh Linne,' 'The Town of the Ford of the Hurdles and the Black River.' In process of time the latter portion of this long-winded appellation was alone retained, and that was eventually modified to the name by which it is now known."

Two centuries had not glided away ere the town was noted by the geographer Ptolemy as "Eblana Civitas," "Eblana" being a Latinizing of "Dublin." St. Patrick foretold Dublin's future importance, for, "departing from the borders of Meath," says his biographer, Jocelin, "he directed his steps toward Leinster, and having passed the River Finglass, he came to a certain hill, about a mile distant from Ath Cliath, now called Dublin, and casting his eyes round the place and circumjacent country, he is reported to have broken out with this prophecy: 'That small village shall hereafter be an eminent city. It shall increase in eminence and dignity, until at length it shall be lifted up unto the throne of the kingdom."

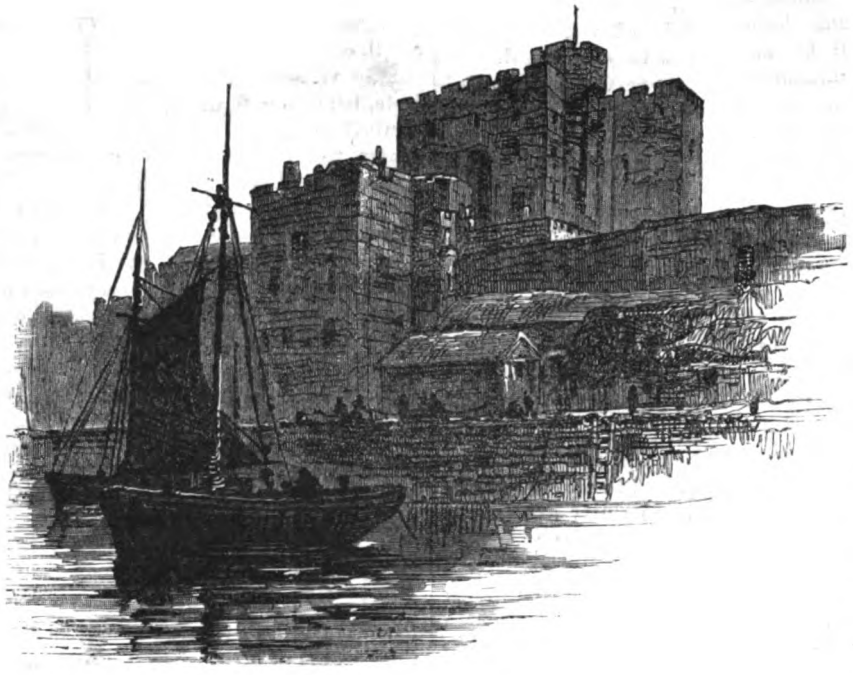
The Danes, in the ninth century, sailed up the Liffey, and gave the northern bank the poetic name of Fingal, or, "The Land of the White Stranger." Another party of Ostmen later on named the southern bank "Dubgal," or, "The Land of the Black Stranger." The Danes built a fort, and held it with varying fortunes till 1014, when Brian Boru, in a pitched battle on the plains of Clontarf, "beat the Danes black and blue," with Sitric, their king, at their head. In this hotly-contested engagement Brian was killed, together with his son and a host of Irish chieftains.

The Ostmen now became subjects in Dublin, and paid tribute. Several churches which they built during the days of their supremacy still exist, testifying to Danish religious feeling and Danish artistic skill.

Ireland was now divided into five kingdoms, Leinster, Connaught, Ulster, Munster and Meath, and in the middle of the twelfth century the two most formidable of the five sovereigns were Dermot Macmurragh, King of Leinster, and Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught. It was a subject of contention which of these sovereigns had the strongest claim to be recognized as the Supreme Dictator of Ireland, and constant wars were waged, with a view of having supremacy in this respect decided. In the midst of these conflicts King Dermot immersed himself in a wellnigh insurmountable trouble by running away with the wife of O'Rorke, Prince of Breffni, and daughter of the King of Meath. The disconsolate O'Rorke hastened to the stronghold of Roderick O'Connor, Dermot's greatest rival, and having enlisted his sympathies, an army from Connaught marched upon Leinster, to annihilate the amorous King.

Dermot, finding himself powerless to resist, sailed to

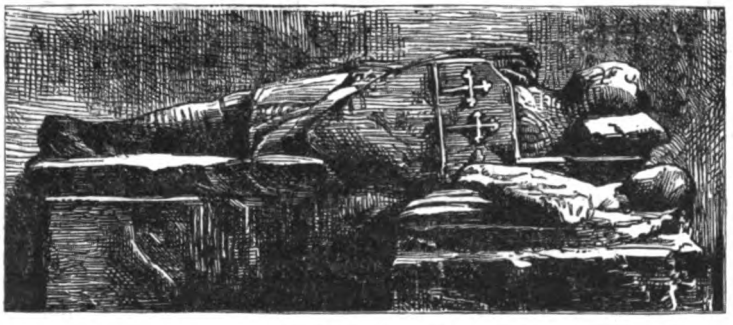
Bristol, thence to France, and prostrated himself before Henry II., who was engaged in a war in that country. He related his story to Henry, and besought him to assist him in driving back the King of Connaught, "which, if it shall please him in his goodness to do, he — Dermot — would acknowledge King Henry to be Lord, and serve him faithfully all his life as vassal."



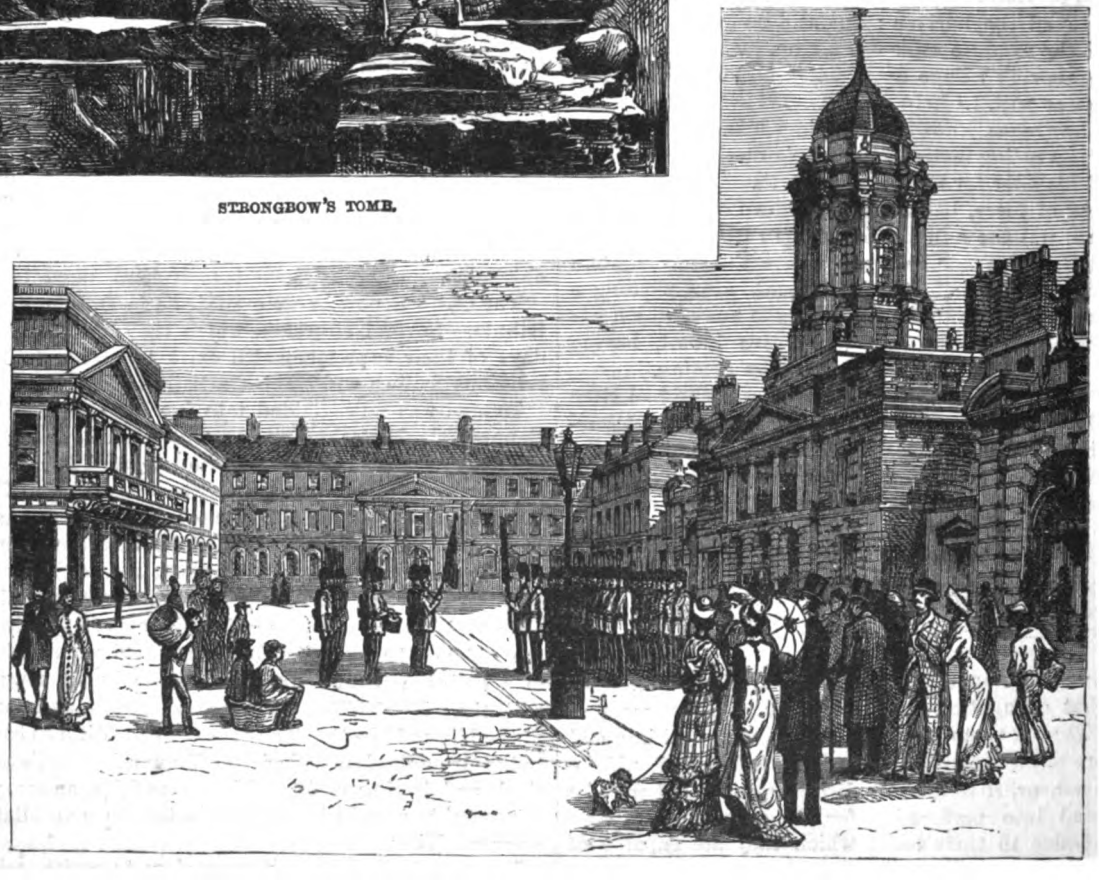
STRONGBOW'S CASTLE.

The ambition of Henry to add Ireland to his dominions became evident early in his reign, when he appealed to Breakspear (Adrian IV.), the only Englishman who ever occupied the Papal throne, to put in motion the edict of Constantine, which permitted him to assume a right in the disposal of islands, and to throw over them the protecting mantle of the Catholic Church.

The Pope issued a Bull in 1156, yielding to Henry's solicitations, and when Dermot appeared in France, the English sovereign did his best to carry his own desires into execution. He could not, however, then spare an



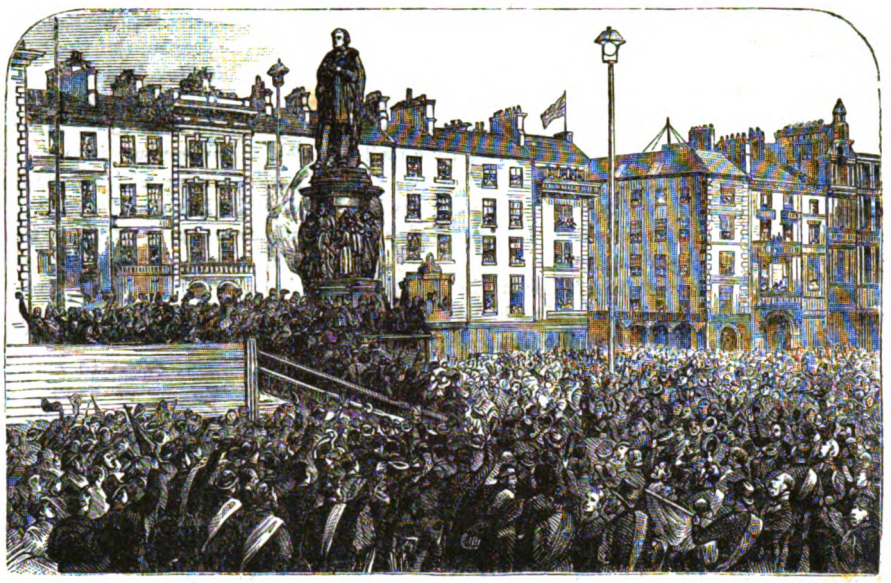
STRONGBOW'S TOMB.



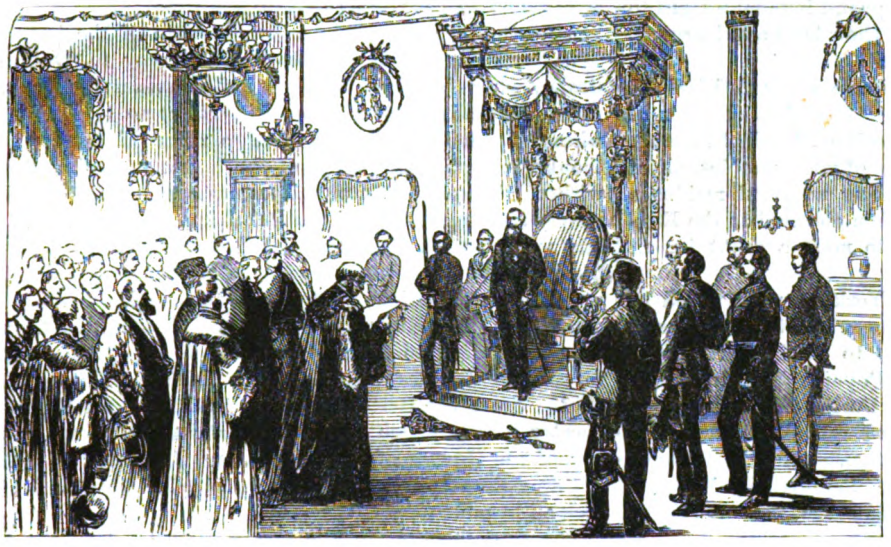
THE UPPER YARD, DUBLIN CASTLE.

expeditionary army from the royal forces, so contented himself with issuing letters patent, granting all his subjects in Britain permission to raise a knightly army, and to undertake a war in Ireland under the cover of the flag of England.

Dermot grew weary waiting for the aid of King Henry, and made touching appeals to the barons of Wales, who themselves were much exasperated by the incursions of the Danes from Dublin. The first to come forward was a penniless soldier of fortune, son of the Earl of Pembroke, Richard, surnamed Strongbow. But dauntless and adventurous as was this knight, he hesitated for many months



STATUE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.



THE THRONE-ROOM, DUBLIN CASTLE.

to trust his fortune to the Irish nation. He came at last, in response to this poetical letter from Dermot: "We have beheld the storks and the swallows. The birds of Summer came, and with the warming of the tempest they returned, but neither gentle gale nor furious blast has blest us with thy long-wished-for presence."

With the assistance of Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitzgerald, two Welsh families of distinction, and with other knights of good account, Strongbow embarked with a small army in three ships, the conditions being, that, if Dermot regained his kingdom, Strongbow should be the heir of his dominions, and receive in marriage Eva, the daughter of the King. All the other leaders of the expedition were promised portions of the conquered territories. They landed at Bann (County Waterford), and within two years the allied forces of Dermot and Strongbow completed the conquest of the whole of the East of Ireland and captured the City of Dublin. The marriage ceremony was conducted outside the walls of the City of Waterford, with all the splendor of those mediæval times. After Strongbow's battles, in one of which he defeated 90,000 men from Connaught, none in Ireland dared to oppose the English.

STATUE OF HENRY GRATTAN, OPPOSITE BANK OF IRELAND.

Jealous of the success of his knights, Henry II. hastened to inform them that the time was now come when he should himself assume the sovereignty conferred upon him by Adrian IV. Accordingly he set sail in 1172 from Milford Haven with 4,000 men, and landed at Waterford. No hostile force opposed him, and during the whole of his journey to Dublin he was received by chieftains desirous of doing homage. After entering the capital he caused an immense wicker-work pavilion to be raised, and beneath its regal canopy all the great Irish nobles of the time took oath of allegiance.

His Majesty passed the Christmas in Dublin, but his stay was not protracted, he having had to hasten away to appease by royal penance the indignation excited in Rome, as well as in England, by Becket's murder.

One of Henry's most ungracious acts—and their name was legion—was the forming of the "English Pale." The result of this barbarous business was that Dublin, within the Pale, was filled with the remnants of Danes and Irish, as well as with the recently imported colonists, all of whom were guided and governed by British law. On the other side of these chilling barriers, "outside the Pale," living as they had lived before—with this alteration, that they were now all subjects—were warriors and princes, and bards and peasants, who bowed to the royal power, but who refused to sanction the proud invader's right to scorn their passions or obliterate their laws and learning, their piety and national character.

Hugh de Lacey was the first Viceroy who ruled Ireland from Dublin. De Lacey was succeeded by John, son of King Henry, who, in 1177, was declared Lord of Ireland. He arrived in Dublin with a train of young nobles, all of whom were so disgusted at finding no royal residence prepared for them, that John, when elevated to the English throne, was easily induced to make a grant for an English Castle in Dublin.

Henry VIII., when Duke of York, was possessed of the nominal title of Lord-Lieutenant, but the duties of the office were intrusted by him to Sir Edward Poynings, the celebrated author of Poynings's Law, which restricted legislation in the Irish Parliament to measures that had first been approved of in England. Henry VIII. suppressed, among many other monasteries in Ireland, that of All-Hallows, which was founded by Dermot, King of Leinster, on what is now the site of Trinity College.

Parliament, during the reign of this monarch, was held in the City of of Dublin, in St. Mary's Abbey, where now stand the Four Courts, and Henry, by the statutes he sanctioned, and notably by the Act declaring the estates of all absentees forfeited, showed how much he desired to behold in Ireland "a magnificent nobility, a resident gentry, a commonalty well fed, and industry flourishing."

In return for the valor of the citizens of Dublin in putting down what was really a revolt of the Lord Deputy himself against established authority, Henry gave them the lands of All-Hallows; and Queen Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, solidified and enhanced the value of the gift of her father by founding on the same ground the University of Dublin.

James I. had a passion for improving Ireland. One of the longest and now busiest streets of the capital, James Street, was founded during his reign. In 1613 a Parliament was held in Dublin, the first after a lapse of seven-and-twenty years, and there was a protracted struggle between the Catholics and Protestants as to the election of Speaker. A Protestant having been elected, the Catholic party seceded from the Commons, and the bitterness engendered by this quarrel being encouraged by the successful attempts of the Scottish nation to obtain the freedom of their religion, led to the general and terrible Revolution in Ireland of 1641.

After the restoration of Charles II., the Duke of Ormond was Lord-Lieutenant, and then may be said to have sprung into existence those scenes of gayety and splendor which have been the theme of many a story of the Irish metropolis. It was, however, when James II. was on the throne that the festivities in Dublin burst into their rarest effulgence, for the then Queen of Beauty, the Duchess of Tyrconnell—*née* Jennings—reigned at the "Castle" as Lady-Lieutenant, surrounded by the most beautiful daughters of the Emerald Isle. The King himself came to Dublin from Kinsale, in 1688, with his vast army of French and English soldiers. He came, however, as a fugitive, and, although he had time to hold a Parliament, he had speedily set off for the northern cities, where the people, with all possible zeal, were declaring for the Prince of Orange. William, of "great, glorious, pious and immortal memory," landed at Carrickfergus on June 14th, 1690, with an army of 36,000 men, chiefly Dutch troops. Nearly all the North sided with him, and in less than three weeks he challenged King James face to face on the banks of the River Boyne, about thirty miles from the capital.

After the battle, which decided the fate of the Stuart dynasty, James made the best of his way to Dublin Castle, where he slept one night before sailing for Brest. A few days afterward William himself came to Dublin, where, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, a splendid service of thanksgiving for the victory of the Boyne was celebrated with all befitting pomp and circumstance. After the misery and depression of the Rebellion of 1641 and the late war between James and William, came the Penal Statutes, the object of which was to bar the estates which repeated confiscations had given the Anglo-Protestant colonists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from ever descending to Catholic hands. The particular Act to enforce this was passed by the Irish Parliament in 1703. From the Restoration the Parliament sat in Chichester House, which stood on what was afterward the site of the Houses of Parliament, and it was within this building the struggle for the Legislative Independence of Ireland began.

The first meeting in the new Houses of Parliament, College Green, was held on the 5th of October. 1731, and the Union of Ireland with Great Britain in 1800 beheld the Speaker, Foster, bursting into tears as he declared that the "Ayes" had it. With that official declaration the Irish Parliament ceased to exist on the 1st of January, 1801; the Imperial ensign was for the first time displayed from the Bedford Tower of the Castle, signifying the ratification of the Union.

The city, which before the Anglo-Norman invasion was confined to the neighborhood of the Castle Hill, and was little more than a mile in circumference, had at the time of the Union so much increased in size that the diameter from east to west, or north to south, was three miles, and the circumference nine. In Elizabeth's time houses began to be built of wood, and bridges were thrown across the Liffey; but it was in the interval between the Revolution and the Union that the size, wealth and splendor of Dublin received so extraordinary an impetus.

As so much mention has been made of Dublin Castle, I shall commence my description of the city of the present day with King John's formidable fortress. The Castle was not, until the time of Elizabeth, a residence

for the Viceroys. Little of the original structure now remains. It was entered on the west from Castle Street by a drawbridge placed between two strong round-towers protected by a portcullis. These towers were taken down in 1750 and 1766 respectively. From the western gate a strong high curtain-wall extended parallel to Castle Street up to the Cork Tower, thence to the Birmingham Tower, from which it was continued to the Wardrobe Tower, and so on to the Storehouse Tower, that stood near Dame's Gate. Here was the Treasury, and a mill to supply the troops with food in the event of a siege, and here were prisons and dungeons. The archives of the country were deposited here, and Parliaments were occasionally held, and the Law Courts had their sittings in it. In 1462 the Castle was "ruinous, and like to fall, to the great dishonor of the King."

From time to time the Castle underwent various changes. The present entrance to the Upper Castle Yard replaced the Eastern Gate Tower, which was removed for the purpose. The old Birmingham Tower, having been shattered by an explosion of gunpowder, was taken down in 1775, and one can to-day scarcely trace the outlines of the old Anglo-Norman building. As we look at the pile of buildings that surround the Upper and Lower Castle Yards, there is little to be seen but an incongruous mass of architecture, upon the whole unpicturesque, unsightly and unsymmetrical—not, however, more so than other royal residences we could name. The Upper Yard, or "The Dirty Half Acre," a name bestowed upon it on account of the pre-Union jobs hatched within its inclosure, is a quadrangle 280 feet long and 130 feet broad. The side opposite the entrance is occupied by the Viceregal apartments, fronted with a colonnade. Within, the apartments are not devoid of elegance. The Presence Chamber, above the colonnade, is a fine room, with its throne and canopy of crimson velvet. The Council Hall is handsomely decorated, and contains portraits of all the post-Union Viceroys.

But the pride of Dubliners is St. Patrick's Hall, with its gorgeous blazonry and fine proportions, being 82 feet long, 41 feet wide and 38 feet high. Here mimic royalty holds its state, and levées, drawing-rooms, and balls, take place for the delectation of the citizens and the benefit of the tradespeople. The hall on the right of St. Patrick's Hall is a sight that, for splendor, brilliancy, and gayety, is impossible to surpass.

In the Yard stands the Birmingham Tower. The Lower Castle Yard contains the Bedford Tower and the Record Tower, in which the state papers and archives of the kingdom are kept. The industry and loving labors of "that greatest of all pedigree historians," the learned, unerring and amiable Ulster King-at-Arms, Sir Bernard Burke, has reduced the vast, chaotic mass of documents to a state of orderly arrangement that makes a reference to them a matter of facility. Any of our Irish citizens, desirous of information concerning their pedigree, have but to place themselves in communication with Sir Bernard Burke, Dublin Castle, in order to receive the "hoighth of satisfaction." The Castle Chapel, or Chapel Royal, pointed Gothic, is a perfect gem, both without and within. The interior of the chapel reveals a picture of the richest architectural beauty. The galleries are of polished oak, and the paneling in them displays carvings of the coats-of-arms of all the Governors of Ireland since the landing of Henry II. There are a large number of exquisitely-painted windows. On these, also, the escutcheons of the Lord-Lieutenants are portrayed. Over the altar is a magnificent oriel window.

It would be almost impossible to say to how many uses parts of the Castle lend themselves in the present day. In one of the Halls the Degrees of the Queen's Universities are annually conferred. Another is devoted to the "Confidential Communications" of informers, and creatures of that stamp. The police, a superb body of men, have their headquarters here, and the "Chief Secretary," and "Under Secretary," and various governmental departments, find houseroom in the "Yards."

Leaving the Castle, we stand on the summit of the steep acclivity known as Cork Hill. On the site of Cork House, Lucas's Coffee-house, and the Church of Sainte-Marie del Dam, was erected the Royal Exchange, now known as the City Hall, facing Parliament Street. It is in the Corinthian order, 100 feet square, with four fronts. The north, or principal front, which faces Parliament Street, has a portico of six columns and pilasters supporting a decorated pediment. In the hall, surmounted by a noble dome, are Chantrey's statue of Grattan, and Hogan's statue of O'Connell. The building is used by the Municipal Council, a body which discharges its onerous duties with credit to itself and advantage to the city. The water supply, from the River Vartry, in the lovely Wicklow Hills, is one of the purest in the world, while the engineering triumphs, in carrying it twenty-eight miles to the city, are as numerous as they are perfect.

Along Dame Street, passing the Chamber of Commerce on our left, we arrive at the Palladium of the Irish people, the Place de la Concorde of Dublin, College Green. This historical spot has many great memories, and many grand memorials. Burke and Goldsmith look down the grand avenue of Dame Street from Trinity College, and facing them, with uplifted arm, in the centre of the Green, stands Grattan in the act of uttering the memorable words, *Esto perpetua.* A few yards further on in the direction of the Castle is the hideous equestrian figure of King William, of "great, glorious, pious and immortal" memory. This statue has long continued to be a butt for the practical jokers of the capital. It has been bedaubed with filth, painted black, has had a halter placed round the neck, and has had its head blown off. On one memorable occasion the king was blown from off his horse, and the body of his most sacred majesty lodged for protection in the adjacent police office in College Place.

Over two hundred years ago, when College Green was an eastern suburb of Dublin, there stood on its northern side "a large mansion-house, with a gate-house, a garden and plantations," which was purchased by Sir Arthur Chichester, and thence called "Chichester House," where he resided, while Lord Deputy, till 1615, after which it passed to Sir John Borlase. Here, in 1661, the first Parliament after the Restoration was held, and in the twenty-fifth year of Charles II. this mansion was taken by the Crown for the Parliament of Ireland. Chichester House having fallen into disrepair at the beginning of the last century, it became so dangerous that in 1728 it was resolved to build a new House of Parliament on its site, and a sum of £6,000, or $30,000, was voted toward it. The first stone of the building was laid in 1728–29 with great ceremony, and the whole edifice was completed in 1739 at a cost of over £100,000, or $500,000. The building holds its place as one of the chastest and most elegant structures in the Empire. This magnificent erection, which once formed the Irish Houses of Parliament, naturally awakens in the breasts of Irishmen a deep and an abiding interest. It was within these walls that rapt audiences for more than half a century listened to the orations of Fitzgibbon, Hely-Hutchinson, Grattan, Flood, Curran, and many other distinguished orators and lawyers. It was here, in 1782, that the independence of the Irish nation was

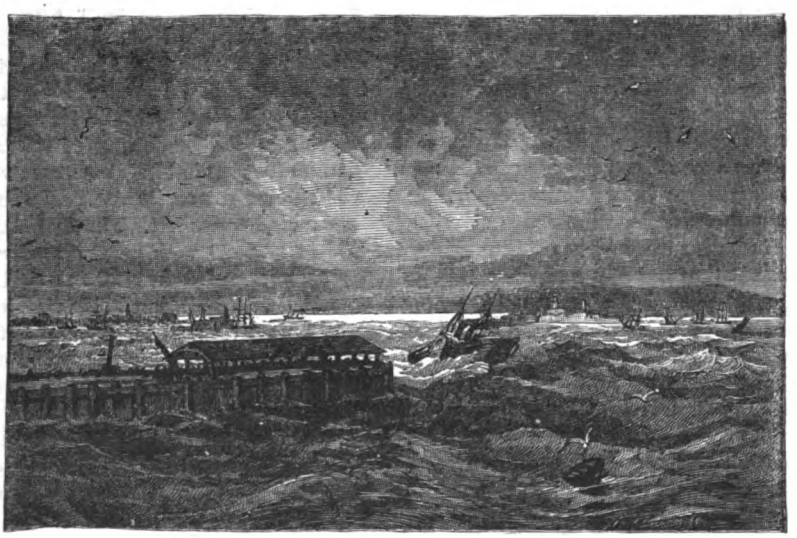
RELIEVING GUARD, CASTLE YARD.

declared amidst what has been described as the most thrilling scene in the country's annals.

The form of the edifice is semi-circular. It occupies nearly an acre and a half of ground. The chief entrance was beneath the grand portico in College Green, and this, the principal front, consists of a lofty colonnade of the Ionic order, extending round three sides of a quadrangular recess. The royal arms are boldly cut in the tympanum above the entrances, and the apex surmounting this is embellished with the statues of "Hibernia," "Fidelity" and "Commerce." On the side of the building facing College Street is another portico of great beauty, which gave a separate entrance to the House of Lords. The architecture here is quite of another character, and becomes Corinthian. This frontage is composed of six magnificent Corinthian columns, the apex of which is also adorned with statues. These represent "Fortitude," "Justice" and "Liberty." A handsome circular wall, with various alcoves, connects the two Corinthian and Ionic porticoes. This, which, like the rest of the edifice, is of Portland stone, was added when the building became the property of the Bank of Ireland.

The chamber used by the Peers—the House of Lords—is little altered since the Parliament sat, and is now the Board Room of the Bank. It is a majestic, though not by any means a capacious, apartment; and the recess, which was occupied formerly by a canopy of crimson velvet, where the Lord-Lieutenant "used to sit, surrounded with more splendor than His Majesty on the throne of England," is now filled with a full-length statue of George III., the monarch who granted independence to Irish legislation. On the mahogany walls are hung two famous pieces of tapestry, depicting the "Defense of Derry" and the "Battle of the Boyne." Various articles of furniture from both of the Legislative Chambers have been distributed away from the places they once adorned. The chair of the Speaker of the House of Lords is now an

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



MOUTH OF RIVER LIFFEY, WITH HILL OF HOWTH.

EDMUND BURKE.

ornament in the Roya Irish Academy, and that of the House of Commons is possessed by the Royal Dublin Society. The magnificent chandelier of the House of Commons now hangs from the ceiling of the Examination Hall in Trinity College, and the mace used in the House of Commons is an heirloom in the family of Lord Massareene.

The House of Commons, originally circular in form, had to be, despite its great beauty of design, rebuilt to meet the exigencies of the Bank, and the present Cash Office, though a noble hall, bears no resemblance to the magnificent Rotunda of the legislative days. In the years 1802-3 the old House of Commons was used as the principal art gallery of Dublin. In was in 1804 that the

TOMB OF DEAN SWIFT.

BIRTHPLACE OF TOM MOORE.

BIRTHPLACE OF EDMUND BURKE.

Bank of Ireland, then itself an institution of twenty years' standing, became the purchasers of the Parliament House for £40,000 ($200,000) and the payment of an annual rental of £240, or $1,200.

Stepping across College Green, the visitors, after casting admiring glances

HENRY GRATTAN.

at the statues of Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, and upward at the effigy of Good Queen Bess in her immortal ruff, enters the portals of Trinity College.

As the citizens of Dublin had possession of the obsolete Priory of All-Hallows, under grant of Henry VIII., the idea came to them of utilizing these lands by erecting thereupon a "learned Universitie," and in 1591 the charter was issued. In some years the University was so poor that examinations for scholarships

BIRTHPLACE OF SWIFT.

could not be held; at other times all educational work had to be suspended on account of the tide of war flowing through the city. When James II. was assembling his forces in Dublin for his unfortunate campaign in the North, Trinity College became his arsenal, and was placed in a condition of defense. Again, when the insurrections of 1798 and 1803 broke out, the entrances to the College bristled with cannon.

Over and over again the English and Irish Parliaments have voted "Old Trinity" magnificent grants in money and estates. King Charles, on his Restoration, gave her all the land in the southern counties forfeited by disloyal tenants. King William, in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne, endowed her Library, and Queen Anne gave £5,000 to build a new one; and Dr. Baldwin, a Fellow, bequeathed her £80,000, or about $400,000. The principal part of the University building is in College Green. Within the college boundaries are four quadrangles, which extend backward for more than a quarter of a mile. All of these contain lofty stone residences. Behind these, again, extending another quarter of a mile, is the College Park. In the centre of the two front quadrangles is a beautiful Campanile, whose bells correspond with the boom of those of St. Paul's, London.

Three picturesque structures, the Dining Hall, the Examination Hall, and the Chapel (the two last being in the Corinthian style), occupy positions in the Campanile Square; and here, also, is the Library, supported by a long Italian piazza. The collection of books is of the highest value. The rarest curiosities are: A gigantic map of Ireland, containing 1,500 sheets, admitted to be one of the greatest geographical achievements of the world; the "Book of Kells," beautifully illuminated by Irish monks of the earliest times; the "Book of Armagh"; and the "Antiquities of Mexico," a work which cost the editor, Lord Kingsborough, £30,000, or $150,000, to prepare. The Chapel and Examination Hall contain a series of valuable portraits of founders and *alumni*. Outside the main building is a mansion known as the Provost's House, and the residence of that learned functionary. The collections of paintings include works by Guido, Gainsborough and Laurence.

Grafton Street, one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of the Irish metropolis, leads to the south from College Green; Westmoreland Street, to the north, tapping O'Connell Bridge, across the River Liffey, and Sackville Street, one of the finest streets in the world.

On St. Stephen's Green, a people's park, a square mile in extent, are the handsome buildings of the Catholic University, the Royal College of Surgeons, the College of Science, the Wesleyan College, and three club-houses, namely, the United Service, Stephen's Green and University. On Dawson Street, leading from Stephen's Green to Nassau Street, is the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, a fine old-fashioned house with a superbly oak-paneled hall and dining-room, and a magnificent ballroom. Here the hospitable Lord Mayors feed their brethren of the Municipal Council, and "hop" the gray-eyed daughters of Erin.

Dublin proudly boasts of three cathedrals, St. Patrick's, the national cathedral of Ireland, Christchurch, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

In the fifth century the native converts to Christianity built a church, which they dedicated to St. Patrick, and where there is a tradition that the saint himself preached. The Archbishop of Dublin, John Comyn, in 1190, built a parish church, which was also dedicated to the great missionary. It was then raised by a Papal Bull to the dignity of a Sacred College. In the time of Henry VIII. a court of law sat here, and a university was established in it, which continued till the founding of Trinity College. In 1632 the Cathedral was burnt down, and rebuilt by Archbishop Minot. In 1660 twelve bishops were here consecrated "in a bunch," one of them the celebrated Jeremy Taylor. When William III. came to Dublin, after his victory at the Boyne, he went with his army to St. Patrick's, to return thanks for his victory. The grand old cathedral had fallen sadly into the sere and yellow leaf, when Benjamin Lee Guinness, a Dublin brewer, came to the rescue, and restored it at a cost of £156,000, or $780,000, in return for which he subsequently received a baronetcy. Dean Swift's monument is in the south nave.

It was in 1038 that the erection of Christchurch Cathedral was ordered, and in 1876 that it was restored by Mr. Roe, a distiller, at a cost of £200,000, or $1,000,000. The traditions of this fabric are full of interest. A Parliament was held within its walls by Henry VI., in 1450, and it was here that Lambert Simnel, the impostor, was crowned as king in 1487, the crown used on the occasion being borrowed from a statue of the Blessed Virgin, in the neighboring church on Cork Hill. It is believed that the bodies of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, and his wife, Eva, daughter of Dermot, King of Leinster, are interred here. Strongbow's tomb is an object of great interest. The monument consists a square pedestal, on the top of which lies the form of a warrior in chain-armor, with legs crossed, Crusader fashion. It was in Christchurch that the liturgy of the Reformation was first read in Ireland in the English tongue.

The Roman Catholic pro-Cathedral is in Marlborough Street. It is built in the Grecian style of architecture, and in this case contributes all the characteristics of sublimity of conception, beauty and symmetry of proportion, and the reverential solemnity of air which harmonizes with the mystic functions of religion. The Cathedral consists of a lengthened nave and side aisles, divided by stately rows of massive Doric columns, supporting an architrave and entablature, and an arched ceiling, surmounted by a lofty dome. The building cost £50,000, or $250,000. It was dedicated and opened for worship on the 14th of November, 1825, by Archbishop Murray. The dedication sermon was preached by the Bossuet of the age, James Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Daniel O'Connell and Richard Lalor Sheil being amongst the congregation. The functions, at which the Lord Cardinal presides, are as grand as they are impressive.

A very old church is that of St. Michans, which dates from 1095. The vaults beneath the edifice are the marvel of the age, possessing antiseptic qualities of such effectiveness that about a score of bodies, interred centuries ago, are preserved so remarkably that the form and features of life are easily distinguishable. The skin in most cases is intact, the teeth have not fallen from their places, and in some instances ribbons, stockings, and other portions of adornments and coverings of the corpses, still envelop the perfect, though discolored, heads and limbs, as though moth and dust and worms did not exist.

Passing along the north quays, the tourist comes to the Four Courts, the greenish dome reminding one of an Eastern mosque. The Four Courts were completed in the year of the Union, at a cost of $1,000,000. The "Hall," during Term time, is a scene of the busiest excitement—barristers, in wigs and gowns, solicitors and their clients, all engaged in solemn conferences, in detached groups, beneath the great dome. The various Courts—Chancery, Exchequer, Nisi Prius, etc., etc.—give off the Hall.

Leaving the Four Courts, the tourist still keeps along the quays, passing the Royal Barracks on his right, and taking a bird's-eye peep at Guinness's immense brewery on the hill to the left, with Madame Stevens's Hospital and the King's Bridge Terminus, by which so many Americans "tap" the capital, in the middle foreground.

Turning up Park Street, the celebrated Phenix Park is reached, its lordly elms crowning the somewhat steep ascent. The "Phenix" is the fairest and grandest of all inclosures of the kind in the British Islands. It lies to the west of the city, and covers the immense space of 1,753 acres. A superb view of the Dublin Mountains is obtained from here, from the "Three Rocks" to "Montpelier," with its haunted castle.

The Viceregal Lodge, with a façade resembling that of our White House, is the Summer residence of the Viceroy, and with its gardens, cricket-ground, etc., covers 160 acres. A few hundred yards to the west is the residence of the Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and to the south, that of the Under-Secretary. It was while proceeding to their respective lodges that Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated by the Invincibles. The Wellington Memorial, an obelisk of granite, nicknamed by O'Connell "the overgrown milestone," is so lofty as to be visible from many parts of the city. It was erected to commemorate the victories of the most illustrious soldier that Ireland ever produced. In the People's Garden is a statue of Lord Carlisle. The Zoological Gardens are in the Phenix, also the headquarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The celebrated Fifteen Acres, where so many duels were fought in pre-Union days, are now used for the purpose of military reviews and cricketers, the turf being as even as the bed of a billiard-table.

At Glasnevin are the Botanical Gardens and the Roman Catholic Cemetery, with its remarkable tomb of O'Connell. Visits should be paid to the College of Science, in Stephen's Green; the Royal Hibernian Academy, in Dawson Street; the Royal Dublin Society, in Kildare Street; and the National Gallery.

Kingstown, too, should be taken in, from the piers of which a splendid view of Dublin's beauteous bay, with the Hill of Howth, can be enjoyed; and the tourist should take the train to Bray, passing Killiney Bay and the Vale of Shanganagh, the loveliest bit of scenery of its kind in the wide world. A drive in the Dublin Mountains and a walk by the River Dodder should not be omitted.

The population of Dublin, including the various outlying townships, verges on 400,000.

HIBERNATION OF REPTILES.

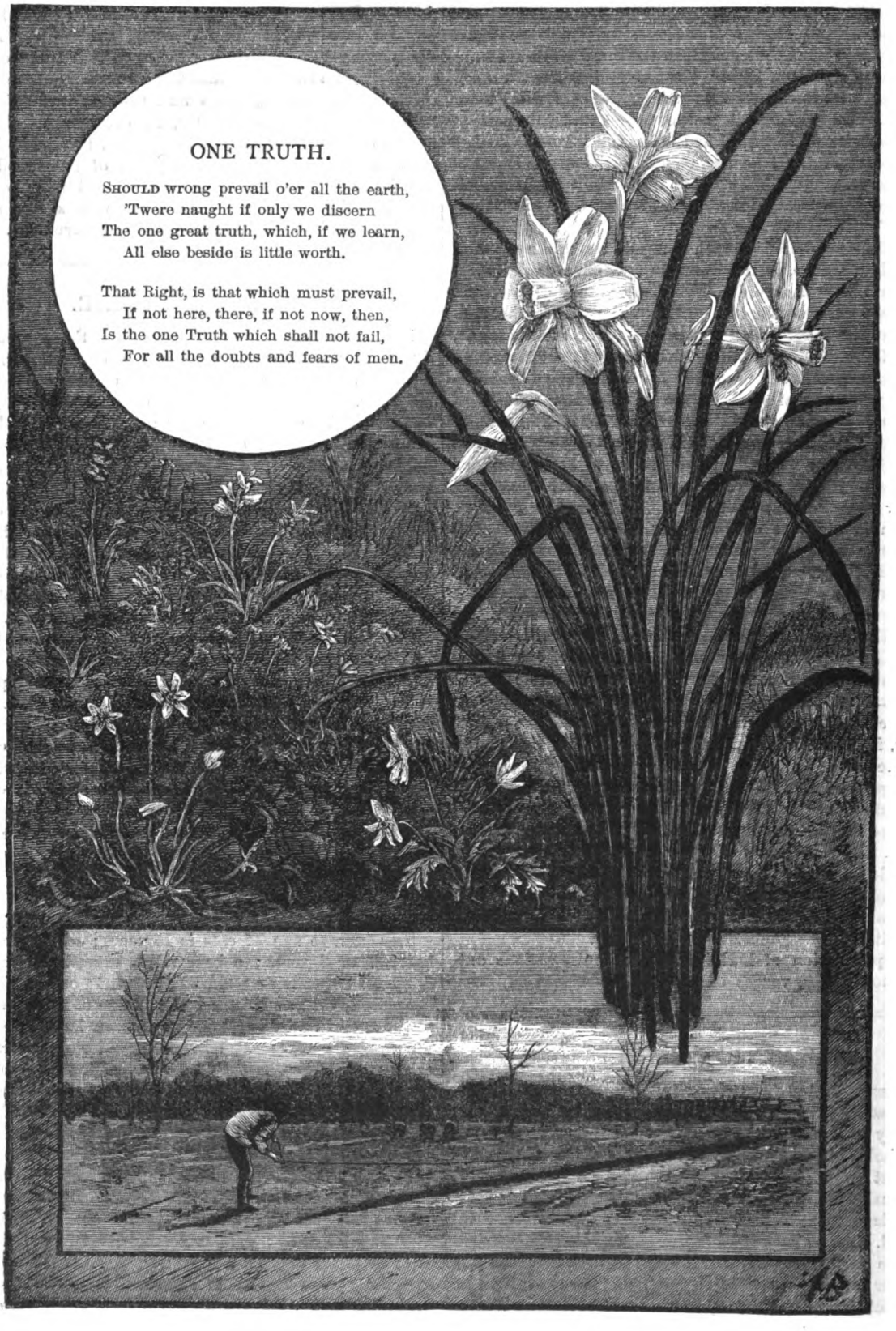
CHARLES C. ABBOTT, writing in *Science*, asserts that the hibernation of reptiles varies much, according to the severity of the Winter. Many turtles take refuge in the deep holes of ponds, and Dr. Abbott asserts that, in the severest cold weather, he has caught snapping-turtles, the musk-turtle and the box mud-turtle in deep holes and about large springs that discharge their waters on level ground. As fish have been found partly eaten when taken in nets in midwinter, Dr. Abbott concludes that the snapper takes an occasional meal. At the same time he does not deny that the species found active in Winter hibernate under certain conditions, and that the other species of turtles hibernate. Snakes which live in water do not sleep so deep a Winter sleep as do the black snake and others which frequent the uplands. The true water-snake (*Tropidonotus sipedon*) may often be found in Winter a foot or two beneath the sand of any spring-hole, and is not slow to swim off when thus disturbed. This species and the common garter-snake are the first to appear in the Spring. The upland snakes may be literally broken into pieces without giving evidence of life, so thoroughly torpid are they. Toads and tree-frogs, terrestrial and arboreal animals, are more sensitive to cold than the water-living frogs and salamanders. Frogs, at the commencement of Winter, retreat to the bottoms of ponds and deep ditches; salamanders, to the mud at the bottom of springs. All the kinds of frogs and three species of salamanders have been found in a hogshead sunk in the ground to collect the waters of a spring. They were sluggish, but not actually hibernating.

CREAM-OF-TARTAR.

ITALY, Portugal and France are the three great producers of "argols," the unrefined or crude tartar, which concretes upon the inside of casks and pipes cantaining red wine. From this substance cream-of-tartar is manufactured. The real name for argol is the Greek word "tartaros" (*infernalis* in Latin), because it is the lowest part, the sediment, of the wine. We all know its important use in medicine, for dyeing cloth, etc., and hence, from the three countries named there is a great deal of commerce, either in the crude or the manufactured article in question. Now, it seems that in the United States there is no duty on the crude argols, but there is a stiff one on the manufactured cream-of-tartar. In Naples and elsewhere in Italy there are large interests in factories for converting the argols into cream-of-tartar, and this industry is now suffering, as the United States is the largest consumer of cream-of-tartar, and if this country persists in importing only the crude substance, the manufacturers in Italy foresee nothing but loss. To rectify this, they are making appeals to their Government to put such an export duty on the crude article, that Americans will find it to their advantage to purchase the manufactured article. Whether the Italian Government will heed the prayers of the cream-of-tartar manufacturers we know not.

RELATIVE AGES OF ANIMALS.

THE average age of cats is 15 years; of squirrels and hares, 7 or 8 years; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 or 15; lions are long-lived, the one known by the name of Pompey living to the age of 70. Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the King, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the Sun and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the Sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 20, and the rhinoceros to 29; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but the average is 25 or 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years; the dolphin and porpoise, to the age of 30; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 100; swans have been known to live to the age of 300. Mr. Malerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.



ONE TRUTH.

SHOULD wrong prevail o'er all the earth,
'Twere naught if only we discern
The one great truth, which, if we learn,
All else beside is little worth.

That Right, is that which must prevail,
If not here, there, if not now, then,
Is the one Truth which shall not fail,
For all the doubts and fears of men.

THE TREASURE OF SWAMPY ISLAND.—"REDOUBLING HIS EFFORTS, HE ALMOST TORE THE EARTH AWAY, AND DISCLOSED A HUGE, IRON-BOUND CHEST."

THE TREASURE OF SWAMPY ISLAND.

By Antonia Kennedy-Laurie Dickson.

Chapter I.

It is a curious but indisputable fact that the islands of the Mississippi have been for many centuries the chosen hiding-place for stolen spoils. From their secluded situation and the yielding nature of the soil, which, by partially engulfing the prey committed to it, effectually conceals it from view, these little tracts of land were peculiarly adapted for the purpose they served, and to which they were frequently put by the wild race of lawless pirates who plied their unhallowed trade during the earlier parts of the eighteenth century.

Among these doubtful gentry, there was no one who excited more universal terror than the hero of our story, Diego Lopez.

His superior astuteness, his elegant and distinguished manners, and, above all, his marvelous power of disguising himself, enabled him to mingle freely in the society which he had so unblushingly outraged, and to commit with impunity the most daring depredations, scarcely a day elapsing without tidings of some fresh iniquity.

Now it would be a stately cathedral, rich in jeweled relics and votive offerings, sacked of its treasure, or a wealthy convent relieved of the "Peter's pence" destined to swell the exchequer of the lowly Apostle's worthy successor.

So skillfully and unexpectedly were these depredations committed, and such a perfect immunity did this lawless Ishmaelite enjoy from detection or punishment, that the more ignorant and superstitious portion of the community began to look upon him in the light of a supernatural being, probably in league with the author of mischief himself; and the mere mention of his name would be the signal for crossings and prayers innumerable.

But even the most successful career must come to a close sometime, and, as subsequent events proved, the doom of his highness, Señor Diego Lopez, was sealed.

Maddened by the ease with which he contrived to elude their vigilance, and stung into energy by the derision which their attempts to secure his person excited amongst the populace, the authorities renewed their efforts, which were eventually crowned with success.

Rightly surmising that Diego would take refuge in some of the tangled woods bordering the Mississippi, and sufficiently familiar with his usual haunts to fix upon the most likely spot, they guarded the suspected localities so closely that escape became impossible. Their ruse succeeded. Worn out with protracted anxiety and loss of sleep, hemmed in upon all sides, and cut off from all supplies, Lopez, in despair, attempted a desperate sortie with his dejected followers, and was routed with great slaughter.

He himself escaped falling into the hands of his pursuers, and contrived, by the assistance of a member of his gang, to reach a favorite hiding-place, where he speedily succumbed to the mortal wounds which he had received in the conflict.

Before his death, however, he charged this man, who was sincerely attached to him, to seek out his nephew, then residing in San Antonio, Texas, and convey to him, as his dying bequest, a quaint and richly-illuminated missal, which, with a curious tinge of superstitious veneration, he invariably carried about his person.

The man wondered at the strange legacy, and ventured a timid inquiry as who would inherit the vast hordes of gold and jewels which he had spent his life in accumulating.

A dark frown gathered on the robber's face at the query, but he answered confusedly that his treasures had long ago been transferred to the Holy Mother Church for the purposes of Masses for his guilty soul; and the man, accustomed to blind obedience toward his stern and imperious chief, did not press the subject.

After lingering long enough to perform the last sad offices of friendship, he sought out the nephew's dwelling and delivered his message faithfully.

To say that the heir was exhilarated by the splendor of his bequest would be to represent matters in a highly-colored light.

Having looked upon himself all these years as the natural inheritor of his uncle's ill-gotten gains, he could scarcely conceal his anger and disappointment, and did not refrain, even in the presence of the ambassador, from invoking maledictions upon the head of the rapacious power whose coffers this fabulous wealth had gone to swell.

Himself as arrant a rogue and villain as ever walked the earth, he yet contrived to hide his misdemeanors under an ample cloak of hypocrisy and mock-religion, and had acquired quite a reputation for superior sanctity in the city.

His scapegrace uncle had been a source of undisguised humiliation and disgrace to him during these past years, but this fact did not prevent him from coveting those very money-bags which he had been wont to declare, with a shudder, would have sullied his sanctimonious hands to touch.

In the recklessness of his foiled ambition he sunk lower and lower into the depths of degradation and despair, until nothing remained to him but an antiquated gold watch and the memorable missal. There it lay, on an old worm-eaten chest where he had thrown it in his first impulse of passionate anger, the gilded lettering obscured by the thick dust which had accumulated upon it.

He took it down and examined it listlessly. Yes, it was a missal, nothing more; no mysterious will hidden within its pages, no tempting banknotes snugly tucked away under the cover. Nothing but a missal, probably sent as a sarcastic comment on his pretended sanctity, a distasteful string of saintly invocations and monotonous prayers. Yet, wonderful to say, the old man seemed to have perused the pages carefully, for such an abandoned old heathen, for some of the words were underlined. How strangely underlined, too! Words and syllables and letters which had no possible connection with each other.

There an "L," here an "O," then another "O," and then a "K." L. O. O. K. *Look.* Why, there *was* sense in the apparently meaningless letters. And the trembling fingers traveled excitedly down the page, tracing out the words: "Look in the jungle on Swampy Island at the foot of the third cotton-tree from the shore. *The treasure is there.*"

The last words danced and floated before the man's eyes—the treasure within his reach at last! A wild, passionate joy filled his heart, and had he obeyed his first impulse he would have rushed madly into the street to proclaim his new-found fortune to the world.

Another moment, however, and the innate cunning and wariness of the man reasserted themselves. No one must know of the treasure until he had ascertained whether it was in existence, and whether it was possible for him to obtain possession of it single-handed.

A few days later found him at the designated island. It was a low, dreary patch of ground, situated in one of the loneliest parts of the Father of Waters, and not exceeding a score of feet in length.

As its name implied, the soil was of a swampy, spongy nature, and the least pressure brought the black, sluggish water oozing up around the pedestrian's feet. About half a dozen stunted and attenuated specimens of cotton-trees had writhed themselves into existence. We use the term advisedly. So dwarfed, so twisted was the aspect of these abortive efforts of nature, that they suggested the idea of their having contracted inflammatory rheumatism from the dampness, not to say sappiness, of the place.

To the third of these trees our adventurer slowly and painfully plowed his way. Outwardly it presented no suspicious features; indeed, it did not appear as if the foot of man had ever trodden this dreary waste.

The young man cautiously inserted his spade in the

ground and commenced his search. The task was by no means a light one, for the earth, although soft, was extremely gluey and spongy.

Again and again he inserted the spade, digging with the desperate energy of a man who had the gold-fever burning in his veins. But the day waned, the gray mists stole up from the river, the night crept swiftly upon him, and still no longed-for treasure rewarded his efforts. He was finally about to throw away his spade with an impatient oath, when it struck against something metallic and hard.

Chapter II.

No flagging now. Redoubling his efforts, he almost tore the earth away, and disclosed to view a huge iron-bound chest. Here his investigation ended, however, for the stout hinges and impregnable lock resisted all attempts to break them open, and then the fevered and excited man was reluctantly forced to fill in the dirt again, and delay his researches until he could obtain assistance. It was long before his selfish and grasping spirit could bring itself to the thought of sharing the treasure with others; but there was no alternative.

Quickly and swiftly were his plans carried out, and when at last his selection was made, and the four worthies stood prepared for action, they formed one of the most edifying quartets which could possibly have been chosen for the purpose.

First and foremost, his sanctity Señor Manuel Lopez, then the alcalde of the city, as avaricious an old Hidalgo as ever breathed the free air of heaven, selected principally from motives of policy, the heir shrewdly arguing that, as the law in any event would claim a large portion of the newly-found wealth as hush-money, it would be well to make its representative an accomplice in such a doubtful affair.

The other two were not worthy of any particular mention; they were simply average specimens of the usual half-breeds, a mingling of Texan and Mexican blood, which formed the greater part of the population of San Antonio. Reckless, daring, and unprincipled wretches, their convenient laxity of morals being their highest recommendation. Such was the amiable and respectable quartet, which in course of time found itself on the shores of the treasure island.

The most unalloyed success attended their undertaking. The coffer was disinterred with little difficulty, although Manuel fancied that the hole was deeper than he had at first imagined, and then came the task of opening it, which had baffled his own unassisted efforts. How firm the hinges were! How impregnable the lock! The excitement of the men rose to absolute insanity—would the hinges never give way? Another stroke, another. Hurrah! it is yielding. Another blow and the lid flies open.

Oh, the countless treasures that meet their eager gaze! Jewels, cut and uncut, in rims of burning gold; cloudless sapphires, sunlit topazes, milky pearls, flashing diamonds, emeralds like Winter seas, gorgeous tiaras which would not have shamed an Eastern sultana. Faded vestments of satin and velvet and cloth-of-gold whereon the many-hued gems sparkled and glittered in the rays of the evening sun; piles of gold coin, rich, massive candelabras, and vases, and rare antique bronzes and *consoles* in the same costly metal. Surely the fabled cave of Aladdin never held within its bounds costlier treasures than this.

With wild shouts of joy the men plunge their hands in the glittering hoard; with greedy, covetous eyes they gaze at the priceless wealth before them, each man eying his neighbor jealously and suspiciously, lest one atom of the countless treasure should be purloined.

And meantime the Father of Waters creeps past in his sluggish course, frowning blackly on the daring wretches who have presumed to invade his gloomy domain as he watches them gloating over their spoils, and he gurgles out a mysterious, awful laugh.

"Aha!" he mutters, with an exulting chuckle; "would you wrest my treasures from my breast, ye children of men? Stand back, O ye witnesses of my power, the Father of Waters takes back his own!" and flinging up his giant arms, he clasps to his breast the massive coffer with its glittering freight, and draws it down in the might of that Titanic strength into the depths below.

A despairing execration bursts from the lips of Manuel Lopez, so passionate, so hopeless in the intonation, that the supine wretches lift their heads in sudden terror. "*Madre di Dios!* fools!" he screamed. "See, see the coffer is sinking!"

It was even so. Sinking slowly and surely into the unfathomable bed of the mighty river, which sucked it down with the rapacious eagerness of a python thirsting for its prey. Sinking, sinking into the black, slimy mud, which bubbled and gurgled as if in derision at the foiled wretches who groveled around their vanishing treasure, cursing praying, weeping, wrestling in their insane despair. Sinking with the hoarded wealth the accumulated spoils of a lifetime.

By their own insatiate greed, by their violent, heedless haste, they had brought this terrible thing to pass; their mad efforts to pry open the hinges of the chest, their violent struggles to gain possession of its contents, had forced it down into the bed of the river, and the treacherous quagmire was swiftly and surely engulfing it, past all hope of recovery. Another moment, and the huge coffer with its glittering freight had vanished for ever, and the black, mysterious mud closed over "The Treasure of Swampy Island."

LITTLE WOMEN.

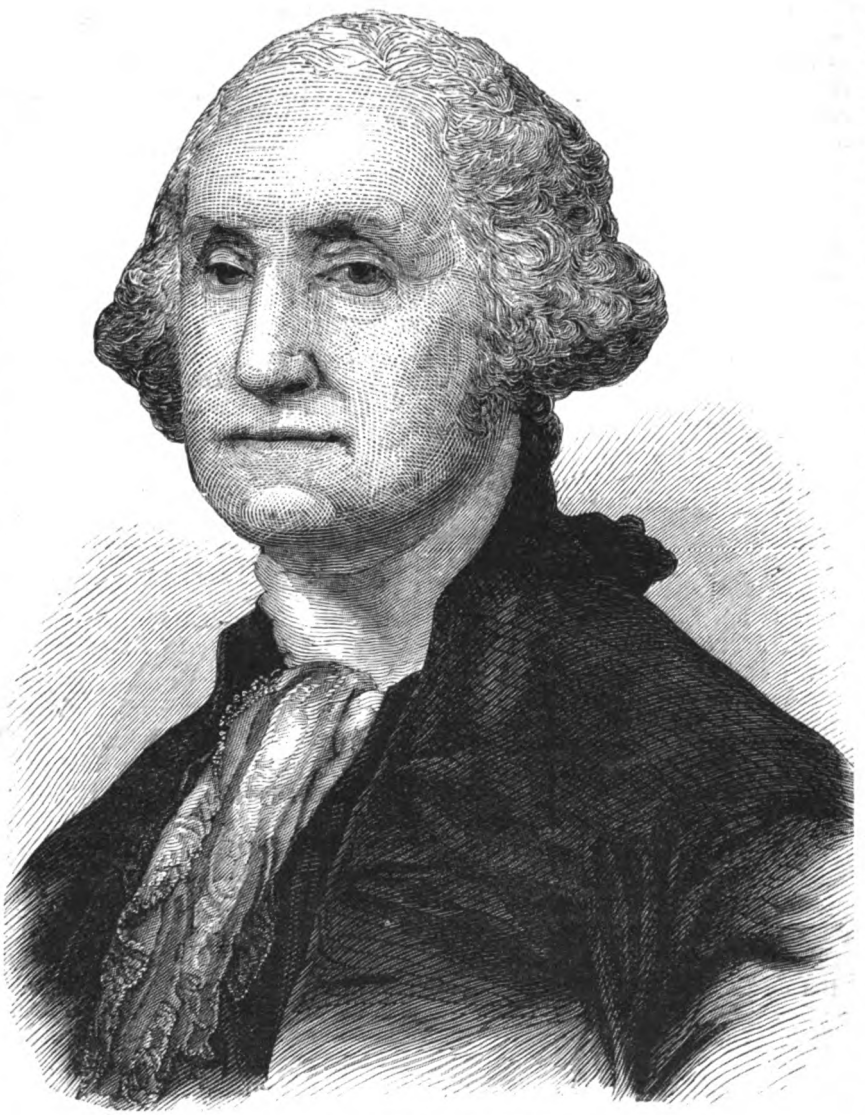
The little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of humanity, a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know that retribution cannot follow. What can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triple sheet of brass, the angriest dare not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything and everywhere. At home and abroad she is equally dominant and irrepressible; equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public order in sights and shows, and in spite of king, kaiser or policeman goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her temperament, unless, indeed, of that exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly deffance.

When a man hath forfeited the reputation of his integrity he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

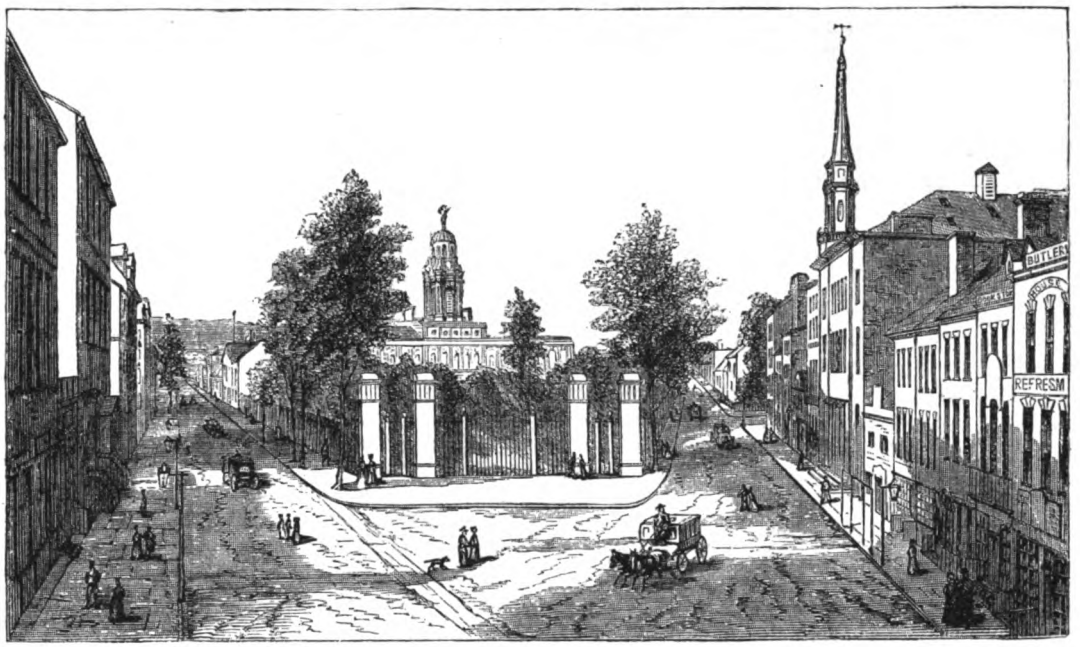
NEW YORK AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.

The foundation of the memorable Tammany Society, an institution more familiar by name—kept alive in the unwearied din of politics—to the citizens of New York than any other of its numerous social organizations, dates from the last century. It appears to have grown up as a successor to the patriotic assemblies of the Sons of Liberty, whose work was accomplished with the success of the Revolution. Its first institution is dated from May, 1789, immediately after the inauguration of Washington in the city as first President. It may thus be said to be coeval with the new political life of the nation. It existed for some years as a social meeting of public-spirited citizens before it was formally incorporated by the Legislature, in 1805, under the name of "The Society of Tammany, or Columbian Order, in the City of New York." Dr. Mitchell, one of its members, in his "Picture of New York," the earliest guide-book to the city, published in 1807, describes its object, "to afford relief to the indigent and distressed." It was intensely American in its conception, and always had a strong Democratic instinct, though some of its early officers were Federalist. While other charitable associations, composed of persons of foreign birth or descent, were taking their names from Old World worthies of the Church calendar, as St. George and St. Andrew, Tammany glorified in its aboriginal designation and affected the dress and phraseology of the native Indian. The idea of making a saint of Tammany, a legendary or assumed chieftain of the great West, of wonderful powers over men and nature, a contemporary of Manco Capac—or, following more authentic accounts, a Delaware of the times of William Penn—is said to have originated with the humorist Trumbull, the author of "McFingal." It was a period of costume and ceremony, and the members of the new Society, while investing their officers with the titles of Sachem, Sagamore, Wiskinskie, and the like, and dividing the years by its moons and seasons, saw nothing ludicrous in now and then parading themselves in procession, in feathers and moccasins, with the traditionary pipe and tomahawk of the natives. They had an early opportunity for a display of this kind at the time of the reception in the city by the new Government, in 1790, of a body of Creek Indians, led by their chief McGillivray, who came to ratify a treaty with the Father of the Republic, George Washington. When the Creeks, we are told by the historian of the Society, Mr. Horton, entered the Tammany wigwam, they were overwhelmed with emotion at the sight of so large a number in the costume of their race, and saluted them with a "whoop of joy" which was quite terrific. The Society had another opportunity of exhibiting themselves to advantage in the Spring of 1808, on occasion of the reinterment in Brooklyn of the remains of the victims of the Prison-ships of the Revolution, when its officers marched in procession in solemn order, the Wiskinskie, or doorkeeper, at the head, bearing the cap of liberty, followed by the Sagamore, supporting the great standard, of an oval form, emblazoned with the arms of the United States, its edges trimmed with



WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.



THE CITY HALL AND PARK IN 1828.

feathers, and on its margin the thirteen animals by which each tribe was represented. Then came the Grand Sachem, wearing a silver chain of thirteen links, a star within each, supported by the Treasurer carrying wampum, and after him the Father of the Council, smoking the calumet, while the great body of members escorted the numerous coffins. It was an honorable day for the Society, which had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about this worthy act of respect to the remains of the martyrs of the War of Independence. Something of the old Indian phraseology is still maintained in the calls of meetings of the Society ; but the spectacle of a Sachem of Tammany in full aboriginal costume has not, we believe, been witnessed by the present generation.

Originally Tammany was not only a charitable association, but it was disposed, previously to the formation of the Historical Society, to provide for the preservation of whatever related to the history of the country. It even went so far as to set up a very creditable museum of various curiosities, which was intrusted to the keeping of one of its officers of an inquiring mind, eager after knowledge, the Wiskinskie, Gardiner Baker, and exhibited in a room of the City Hall, and subsequently in an upper apartment in the old Exchange building, at the foot of Wall Street. The collection, in 1795, passed into the hands of Baker as its owner ; on his death became the property of a Mr. Waldron ; and was finally merged in Scudder's Museum, which for some time held its footing in that nursery of liberal civic institutions, the old Almshouse in the Park. In the Jeffersonian days, when Tammany began to assume its distinctive character as a party organization of the Democracy, it held its meetings in a modest saloon attached to Martling's tavern, on the corner of Nassau and Spruce Streets. In 1812 the Society entered into possession of a hall of its own, the building so well-known to our citizens facing the Park at the corner of Frankfort Street, which they occupied till their removal, in 1868, to the present headquarters on Fourteenth Street. When the corner-stone of the new building was laid, on the 4th of July, 1867, an address was delivered by one of the ablest members of the old company, the late Gulian C. Verplanck, commemorating in genial terms many of the already half-forgotten Democratic fathers of the Society.

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FACING THE BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK.

The City Hall in the Park, the corner-stone of which was laid by Edward Livingston, Mayor of the city, in 1803, was not completed till 1812. The white marble

of which it was built was obtained from the quarry at Stockbridge, Mass. The rear, on Chambers Street, was economically faced with red sandstone. New York could not then afford the magnificent appropriations made, or extracted from her citizens, at present. In 1802, when the work was first thought of, the Common Council began by voting $25,000 for the new building. This was, even in those days, lamentably insufficient; the sum rose to $250,000 before the contract was made, and the final cost was $500,000. Less than the twentieth part of the sum, it is said, already paid for the Court House at present in its rear.

The Constitution of the United States was happily a native growth, issuing directly from the needs and experience of the nation. The discussion attending its ratification had been carried on with sufficient heat, but on purely domestic issues; no foreign element had been introduced; there was no interference from abroad. The administration of Washington, however, was not to pass away without the test of such influences. The trial came from France. The early movements of the French Revolution, inspired by our own example, had been parallel with the entrance of the United States upon its new government, and it excited a generous sympathy in the breasts of Americans. The rejoicings at Paris at the fall of the Bastile were echoed from this side of the Atlantic. The course of Lafayette was regarded with interest and affection. The popular mind could not be uninfluenced by the rapidity of legislation which swept away the unclean privileges and long abuses of the past. But as the work advanced there were thinking minds in the country which dreaded the example of universal license At no time was the heart of the country touched with the poison of French infidelity, which feared not God, neither regarded man. The influence of the French Revolution was less in America than in England and other countries of the Old World: there, it was a living energy awakening the sense of wrong, and struggling violently with abuses; here, its spirit of aggression had literally nothing to feed upon. For a time, however, it became a disturbing element in the politics of the country. The hour of trial—for such it was to Washington and his administration—came with the declaration of war, in 1793, by the French Republic against England. This circumstance alone, neutralized as it was for America by the immediately preceding execution of her old friend and ally, the King, would probably have created little disturbance on this side of the Atlantic had it not been artfully forced upon the people of the seaboards by the intrigues of the new Minister, or, rather, agent, of the French Republic, Citizen Genet, who arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, in the frigate *L'Ambuscade*, early in April, when the news of the French declaration of war had just reached the country. Trained in diplomacy at various courts from his boyhood, an adept in the bold revolutionary measures of France, this skillful agitator came prepared to press to the utmost any advantages which might be claimed or extorted for his nation in the coming conflict, predicated upon the old offensive and defensive treaty of alliance between France and the United States.

The crisis was immediately met by Washington and his Cabinet in a proclamation of neutrality between the contending parties. This was utterly disregarded by Genet, who, immediately on his arrival, had fitted out two privateers, which at once captured numerous British vessels on the coast. *L'Ambuscade*, sailing to Philadelphia, made several prizes by the way. Acting with plenipotentiary authority, Genet assumed to constitute the French consuls throughout the land Courts of Admiralty for the trial and condemnation of prizes brought into port. These proceedings were, of course, at war with the proclamation of neutrality, and the Government required the surrender of the captured vessels and arrest of the privateers. Genet persisted in his assumptions, loudly disputing with the Government its treaty obligations, and insolently appealing from the Executive to the people, by a portion of whom, on his landing at Charleston, and afterward at Philadelphia, he had been received with extraordinary manifestations of enthusiasm. Indeed, he seems to have been quite overcome with this species of fraternization, as the Marsellaise was sung at popular banquets, and the red cap of liberty passed from head to head of citizens of distinction and anti-Federalists, who now began to assume the name of Democrats.

On the arrival of *L'Ambuscade* in New York, where Genet had received a noisy welcome, her crew were hailed by the anti-Federalists with eager applause, the liberty-cap was set up on the flagstaff of the Tontine Coffee-house, and the Marsellaise sung in the streets. While this vessel was in the harbor a British frigate, the *Boston*, mounting the tri-color for deception, was announced off the Narrows as the expected French ship *Concorde*, the consort of *L'Ambuscade*, and a lieutenant and boat's crew from the latter sent to board her under that presumption were taken captives. This sharp practice aroused a strong feeling of resentment, which was presently sufficiently gratified when the *Boston*, having challenged *L'Ambuscade* to a conflict, the latter went out to meet her off Sandy Hook, and an engagement ensued, in which Captain Courtney of the British frigate was killed, and his disabled vessel, pursued by her antagonist, escaped to Halifax. This occurred on the 30th July. Captain Bompard, of *L'Ambuscade*, was assisted in this action by many citizen volunteers from the New York Republicans. Extravagant sums were won and lost in bets on the result of this affair.*

The patience of Washington under the infliction of a foreign agitator, defying the laws, seeking to embroil the nation in an utterly disastrous war with England, intriguing with the people against their chosen representatives, was something extraordinary; but it had an end at last. At this day such a course would not be tolerated an instant. Washington demanded from the French Government the recall of Genet; the Girondists, by whom he had been appointed, just then giving place to the Jacobins, the latter were prompt in his dismissal. Genet, who had identified himself with New York by his marriage with the daughter of Governor Clinton, passed the remainder of his life in quiet in the State.

A sequel to these French embarrassments came in the negotiation with England by Jay—who had been sent out as a special Minister for the purpose of settling existing difficulties—of the British Treaty. This became the subject of much popular agitation during the Summer of 1795. While the treaty offered an adjustment of various questions growing out of the War of the Revolution and its neutrality articles were in agreement with the settled policy of the Government, some of its provisions with reference to the West India trade were restrictive of American commerce. The latter were considered and provided for in the Senate previous to the ratification. Meantime, the opposition on the part of the enemies of the treaty was unsparing. It was denounced in a public meeting at Boston, and an effort was made at New York on the 18th of July to obtain a similar expression of the opinions or prejudices of the Opposition. The meeting

* Leake's "Life of Lamb," p. 341.

was held in front of the City Hall in Wall Street; but its object was, in a great measure, defeated by the presence of a large body of supporters of the treaty, led by Hamilton, who while endeavoring to address the multitude from a stoop, at the corner of Broad Street, was silenced by the noise and confusion, hustled from his place, and slightly wounded by a stone in the forehead. The Opposition then, having appointed a committee, which subsequently reported a series of resolutions adverse to the treaty, adjourned in tumult to the Bowling Green, where the treaty was burnt with French demonstrations of applause. On the other hand, the treaty was supported by the Chamber of Commerce. It was ratified by the Senate and signed by the President the following month. Its negotiator, John Jay, meanwhile, had been elected Governor of New York. There was a serious sequel to this popular agitation, following upon the election of Adams to the Presidency, when the aggressions of the French Directory upon our commerce brought about the short naval war with France. Federalists were the supporters of the national self-respect at this time, which gave birth to the national song, "Hail Columbia." When Washington and Hamilton were again taking the field, and Truxton was about to crown with honor the new-born navy, the merchants of New York seconded the action of Government by their patriotic resolves at several public meetings, pledging their support and taking active measures to raise a military corps for the emergency. Jacob Morton, Ebenezer Stevens, Josiah Ogden Hoffmann and Samuel Jones, subsequently Chief Justice, bore a prominent part in these movements. Fortunately by a turn in French affairs, Napoleon as First Consul succeeding to the Directory, the war, which had been confined to a few naval actions, early ended in an honorable negotiation.

We have seen New York, impoverished by the long War of the Revolution, wasted by fire and the injuries of occupation by the enemy, slowly recovering her energies in the prosecution of her material welfare, and at the same time creating new resources of social and intellectual advancement. Foremost among the latter is doubtless to be ranked her independent political life, sure to bring with it a proportionate regard to the refining influences and progressive activities of civilization. The secret of political power, as of political safety, is, after all, education. The principle at the present day is fully acknowledged in New York; millions are paid annually in its support. All honor, then, to the far-sighted and benevolent who in the beginning laid the foundation of the free schools of the city. They undoubtedly had their origin with the two leading Churches of New York.

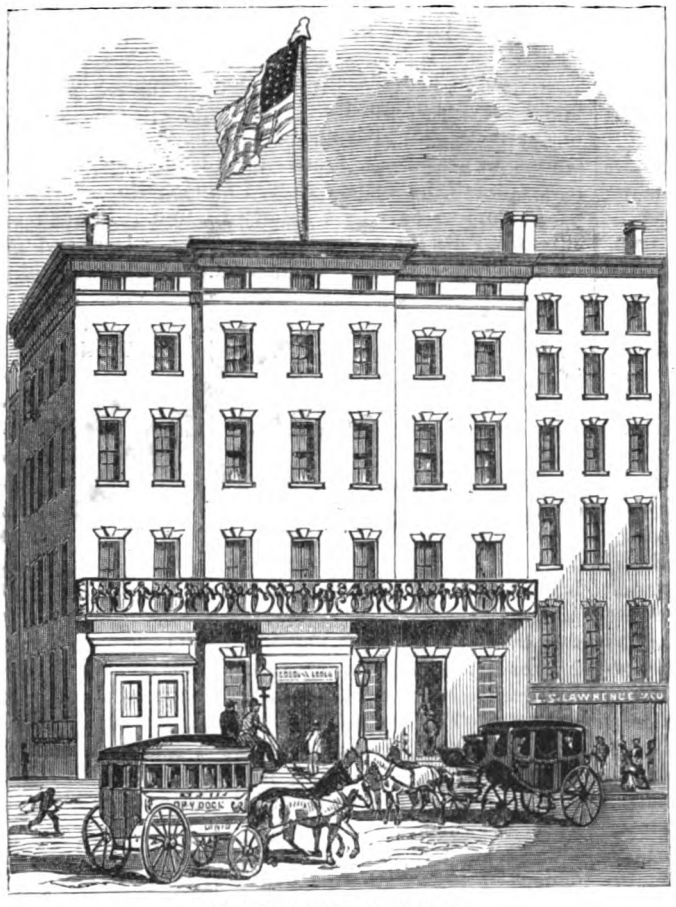
The Reformed Church of Holland owed too much to her scholars in the education of the people, not to regard the instruction of her children as a sacred charge. In the early settlement of Manhattan the schoolmaster came as an indispensable member of the band of colonists. Private teachers supported by their pupils were numerous. The Dutch churches have maintained a charity school, dispensing education gratuitously, from the year 1633. It was carried on in hired apartments near the Bowling Green for more than a hundred years. In 1748 it gained a fixed habitation in Garden Street, opposite the church, which it maintained for seventy-six years. Since that time, following the growth of the city, it has occupied various edifices, finally alighting upon its present commodious home, No. 160 West Twenty-ninth Street. Here, on this venerable foundation, representing the beneficence of a past age, one hundred and fifty children of both sexes are taught the various elements of a liberal education under the superintendence of a board of trustees and the consistory of the Dutch Reformed Church.*

Another school, attached to the Episcopal Church, also remains as a monument of the early devotion of the city to the free-school principle. This is the present Trinity School in Broadway, founded in 1709 under the joint protection of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and Trinity Church. It was mainly supported by the latter at the outset, when, and for a long time after, it was known as the Charity School. It excited a strong sympathy, and many contributions of gifts and bequests were made to it. Its first building, burnt in the great fire of 1776, adjoined Trinity Church in Rector Street. After the Revolution it was rebuilt in the same neighborhood. In 1826 it was known as the New York Protestant Episcopal Public School, and since 1845 it has borne the name of Trinity School. It is supported by a handsome endowment of land—the settlement of Trinity Church. In its present state the school, enlarged from its early routine, bears a high collegiate character. Nor were the Presbyterians and other denominations at the beginning of the century wanting in liberal provision for parochial schools. All these may be regarded as preparatory to the public-school system of the city, which began its work avowedly as a supplement to the charity instruction furnished by the Churches. It owed its origin in a great degree to the exertions of members of the Society of Friends. A free school had been established for girls by an association of ladies, members of the Society, in 1802, the success of which had its influence in the subsequent movement.

In February, 1805, at the request of the philanthropic Thomas Eddy and John Murray, a meeting was called at the house of the latter, at which twelve persons were present, including Samuel Osgood, Brockholst Livingston, and Samuel Miller, at which it was resolved that it was of the highest importance that schools should be maintained for children whose education was not provided for by the several Churches. A memorial on the subject was immediately submitted to the Legislature, which passed an Act of Incorporation constituting De Witt Clinton, Dr. Mitchell, and others, "The Society for establishing a Free School in the City of New York for the education of such poor children as do not belong to, or are not provided for by, any religious society."

The affairs of the Society were to be managed by thirteen trustees annually chosen from the members. Any one might become a member on the payment of eight dollars. The yearly income of the Society was limited to ten thousand dollars. At the organization of the board of trustees, elected in May, De Witt Clinton was chosen first President of the Society. An appeal to the public was then made for funds, which, owing to the presence of yellow fever in the city in the Summer and Autumn, was slowly responded to. The trustees, meanwhile, were preparing plans for the work. It happened that at this period Joseph Lancaster, an English Quaker, a man sprung from the people, moved by the destitute condition of the poor children around him, had just successfully put in practice in London a new, efficient and economical method of elementary school education, the main feature of which was mutual instruction of the pupils by teachers —monitors, as they were called—chosen from the most available of the students themselves. One paid head-teacher could thus set in motion the whole working

* History of the School, by Henry Webb Dunshee, an interesting volume, with much collateral information.



TAMMANY HALL AS IT WAS.

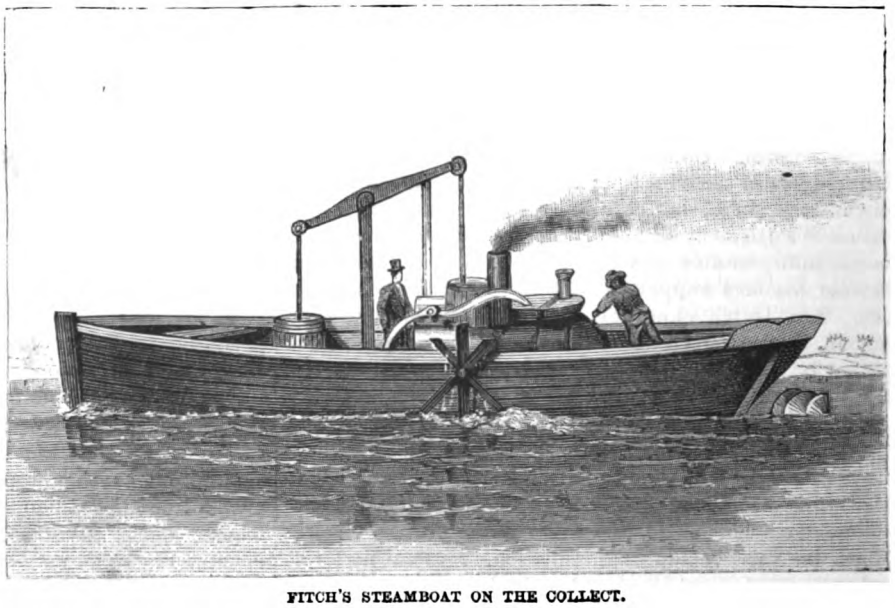
machinery of a school. The New York trustees determined to adopt this system in the new school. A suitable teacher was engaged as principal, and a school opened in May, 1806, in a hired apartment in Bancker, now Madison, Street. The attendance in a few days was forty-two. This was the first public free school in the city and the first employment in the United States of the Lancasterian system, which subsequently became much in vogue. It was really a charity school, providing, when needed, food and raiment, as well as instruction, for its indigent pupils.

The plan worked well, and was appreciated by the Legislature, which, in 1807, granted $4,000 for the erection of a school-building, with an annual gift of $1,000 to the Society. The City Corporation granted an old building, known as the Arsenal, in the northeastern angle of the Park, adjacent to the Alms-house, for the accommodation of the school. It was fitted up at considerable expense, and opened in December, 1809, with an able address by De Witt Clinton.

By the terms of the Corporation grant, the children of the Almshouse were to be gratuitously instructed. An arrangement was also made with the Fire Department for the admission of fifty pupils. At the end of the year the school had 550 pupils. This public school, No. 1, remained on its first site, at the corner of Tryon Row and Chatham Street, till 1837, when the building was taken down for the opening of Centre Street. It then occupied a new building in William Street, near Duane, which retains the designation No. 1 under the new system of Ward Schools.

A second school was opened in 1811 on ground in Henry Street, presented by Colonel Henry Rutgers. Others followed at various intervals, planted where most needed, in different parts of the city, till the number in 1840 reached eighteen. There were also two colored schools and some fifty primary schools, mostly in hired rooms, under the management of the Society, which up to 1842 had the entire control of the funds provided for the common-school education of the city. In that year there was a serious encroachment on its powers and efficiency by the Act of the Legislature constituting a Board of Education for the City of New York, composed of Commissioners, to be annually elected by the people, intrusted with the organization of schools in the districts where they might be required, at the request of a body of Ward trustees, created for their local management in the several Wards. This left the Public School Society a voluntary association, with limited resources to cope with the organized resources of the State.

The new Board was not only more popular in its representative character than the old private corporation, but it had the advantage of a regular system of taxation in meeting its requirements. It was undoubtedly more liberal and expansive in its character in raising the standard of education in its classes, the old system being limited by its plan and resources. The latter soon found itself restricted and embarrassed at every turn. The result was that, after eleven years of prolonged existence, parallel with the new system of Ward schools, it yielded to the latter, and resigning its privileges, in ac-



FITCH'S STEAMBOAT ON THE COLLECT.

cordance with an Act of the Legislature passed in June, 1853, transferred its entire property, real and personal, valued at about $600,000, to the Corporation of the City, to be placed under the management of the Board of Education. The Public School Society then ceased to exist.

An elaborate history of the School Society has been written by William Oland Bourne, which exhibits with minuteness the working of the old system, and offers many points for profitable consideration in the study of the general subject of popular education for the future. In the records of education in the city and country, the disinterested labors of its trustees must ever be remembered with honor. The long period of faithful service, involving no little care and anxiety, of a large number of the trustees, is something remarkable. Thirty served for an average of nearly twenty-five years. From 1805 to 1853, the whole period of the Society, there were six presidents: De Witt Clinton, Henry Rutgers, Peter A. Jay, Robert C. Cornell, Lindley Murray, and George T. Trimble. Their work was eminently practical, and, a quality not always to be found in philanthropical exertions, it was carried on with a just regard to economy. The founder of the system on which the schools were generally conducted, Joseph Lancaster, after much ill-rewarded exertion in his own country, came to America in 1818. He frequently visited the schools in New York, whose records contain many kindly expressions of his approval. It was on leaving one of the schools, in Chrystie Street, where he had attended an examination of the pupils, that, in crossing Grand Street, he was thrown down by a horse, and received such injuries, that two days after, on the 24th of October, 1838, he expired. He had just completed his sixtieth year. His remains were placed in the burying-ground of the Society of Friends, in Houston Street.

FULTON'S STEAMBOAT "THE CLERMONT."

The players of the old American Company had, at first, but a cold reception when they returned from the West Indies, after the Revolution. The younger Hallam, who had succeeded Douglass in the management, opened a theatre in Philadelphia, in March, 1785, and after a short but unsuccessful season, came to New York, in August, where there was, at first, some opposition to the revival of stage plays on the part of the magistrates, who refused as an unhallowed gift a donation from the company of a hundred dollars to the poor of the Almshouse. Conscious of the popular prejudice, Hallam began his entertainments as a course of lectures, with an infusion of farce and pantomime, succeeded by the performance of a few regular plays, which somewhat taxed the strength of his limited company. Having thus obtained a footing in the Summer months, in November, having associated with him in the management John Henry, an Irish actor, and reinforced the company, he opened the theatre for a regular season with "The Gamester," and "Love à la Mode." Among the new performers was Wignell, a cousin of the elder Hallam, who had come to America to join the company at New York on the eve of its dispersion by the resolution of the Continental Congress. He now appeared to establish himself firmly with the public as an accomplished comedian, and subsequently as the successful manager of the theatre at Philadelphia.

Henry, who also took an active part in the performances, was something of a humorist off the stage. Dunlap tells us he was the only actor in America who kept a coach, a very small one, however, "just sufficient to carry himself and wife to the theatre, drawn by one horse and driven by a black boy." Being subject to attacks of the gout, he justified the extravagance to the public by the representation on the panels of two crutches crossed, with the motto, "This or These."

The theatre was opened for successive seasons, with representations of the "standard drama" which then occupied the stage, varied in April, 1787, with the performance, for the first time on the boards of an American theatre, of an original play, a comedy in five acts, entitled, "The Contrast," the production of a man of brilliant wit, Royal Tyler, of Massachusetts, subsequently Chief Justice of Vermont, and author also of the first American novel, "The Algerine Captive." "The Contrast" was of genuine native growth and subject, introducing to the public in the part of *Jonathan*, acted by Wignell, the

vernacular Yankee, who in one dress or other still holds possession of the stage. The next month saw the production of another native American play by Tyler, written for Wignell, entitled, "May Day in Town; Or, New York in an Uproar," a practical topic for farce of venerable standing, even then antiquated, the humors of which are not yet exhausted in our city life, if, as we presume, the "moving accidents" of the day furnished the theme. Tyler's success in home authorship was soon followed by Dunlap's first acted play, "The Father," the precursor of a host of others, which entitle the author to be classed with the most prolific and successful in the somewhat scanty ranks of American dramatic authorship. It is pleasant to note the favorable reception of this writer, to whose literary productions, inadequately remunerated in their own day, the history of our city now owes so much in various departments, dramatic, artistic, social, and political. William Dunlap was, indeed, a man of mark, to be ranked with West, Trumbull, Leslie, Charles Brockden Brown, Fulton, and others, original developments of the new mental activities sown by the Revolution. The son of a British soldier who had fought with Wolfe at Quebec, on the arrival of the English Army in 1776, he was carried by his father from his home at Perth Amboy within the lines at New York, where he passed the years of his boyhood during the war, emerging at the age of seventeen with faculties invigorated by the stirring life he had witnessed—a youth of lively powers of imagination, marked for a life of artistic culture. Bent upon the study of the arts of design, and flattered by the opportunity of painting the portrait of Washington, he was sent to seek the friendly assistance, never asked in vain by his young countrymen, of Benjamin West, in London. In England he developed a decided disposition for the drama, fostered by his opportunity of witnessing the performances of the consummate school of actors of the day, including Henderson, Kemble, Miss Siddons, Miss Farren, Mrs. Jordan, the Bannisters, Quick, and a host of minor notables some of whom he was to see transferred to the stage in America. On his return to New York, he became, naturally, a frequenter of the old John Street theatre, where he had witnessed his "first play," "Farquhar's Beaux' Strategem," performed by the British officers in the days of the Revolution. His success as a dramatic author on its boards, with his familiar acquaintance with the actors, led to his taking part with Hodgkinson, one of the most accomplished of them, as manager in the organization of a new company, for which a new building was provided. This was the building which concentrates in the memory of New Yorkers so many pleasant recollections, the old Park Theatre.

The last performance at the John Street Theatre, Fielding's "Tom Thumb," took place on the 13th of January, 1798. On the 29th of the month its successor, the New Theatre, as it was called, was opened with "As You Like It," a good omen of its future career, in the many worthy representations on its stage, by the best actors of England and America, of the Shakespearean drama. The building, 80 feet front by 165 in depth, occupied a site on Park Row midway between Ann and Beekman Streets. It was several years in process of erection, the corner-stone having been laid in May, 1795. The edifice was originally planned by the French engineer Brunel, then a Revolutionary exile in New York, and subsequently known to the world as the constructor of the Thames Tunnel. The design attributed to him for the ornamentation of the front was certainly not carried out in the bare exterior of the edifice as it survived in its original appearance to our own day; but, if the arrangement of the interior, with its admirable adaptation to the two great ends of theatrical architecture, perfect sight and hearing, was due to him, then assuredly the two generations which witnessed the performances on its boards were indebted to Brunel for an opportunity of appreciating the acted drama which has never been surpassed, if quite equaled, in any of the more showily-decorated theatres since erected in the city. The old Park was perfect in these respects, the compact, manageable stage area, with the inclosed pit and boxes, allowing the actors to be heard in their natural tones. Among the notices printed in the first playbill occur a few paragraphs, curious as illustrations of the manners of New York ninety years ago. To assure the public of the loyalty of the old company to the new state of affairs, the playbill closed with a strongly-printed "Vivat Respublica." The old direction was renewed: "Ladies and gentlemen are requested to be particular in sending servants early to keep boxes." Another has a strange sound, coming from the vaunted era of politeness of these "good old times": "The offensive practice to ladies, and dangerous to the house, of smoking cigars during the performance, it is hoped every gentleman will consent to an absolute prohibition of." It is to be "hoped" that the audience took the hint. Certainly the oldest playgoer whose reminiscences of the old Park we have listened to, never had any complaint of the infringement of the regulation.

With the exception of that blot on the old theatre management, English and American—the immoralities of the third tier—from which, we believe, the public was first relieved by the exertions of Mr. Macready, at Covent Garden, there was nothing in the manners of the Park particularly worthy of censure. About fifty-five years ago, to be sure, Mrs. Trollope, in her censorship of the Americans, with the aid of the clever French artist who accompanied her, left an amusing picture in her book of an undress box company at the Chatham Theatre, the central figure a hatted, coatless gentleman, sitting on the front, presenting a broad back to the audience. The sketch was remembered; and for a long time after, at the Park, whenever any one in the boxes appeared in a similar attitude to the company, as sometimes happened in the intervals of the acts, the offender was instantly recalled to a sense of propriety by a cry from pit and gallery, "Trollope! Trollope!"

It would occupy more space than the present work can afford barely to enumerate the chief of the plays and actors, for more than half a century the charm of the old Park Theatre to the most cultivated and appreciative of audiences. There were, at the very start, the versatile Hodgkinson and the accomplished lady, his wife, who had been transplanted with him from the famous theatre at Bath, and Joseph Jefferson, long a favorite comedian on the old boards, the son of an admired English actor, the father and grandfather of others of the same name, eminent on the American stage, the present approved representative of *Rip Van Winkle*, being his direct descendant. The month after the opening the company was reinforced by the arrival, from Philadelphia, of Thomas Abthorp Cooper, in the height of his early fame, for he was at this time but twenty-two, when he won the admiration of the New York public by his graceful and spirited impersonation of leading Shakespearean characters, appearing successively in *Hamlet*, *King John* and *Romeo*. The son of an Irish gentleman, a surgeon in the service of the East India Company, he had, on the death of that parent in India, been placed by his mother under the guardianship of the celebrated novelist and political reformer, William Godwin, by whom he had been

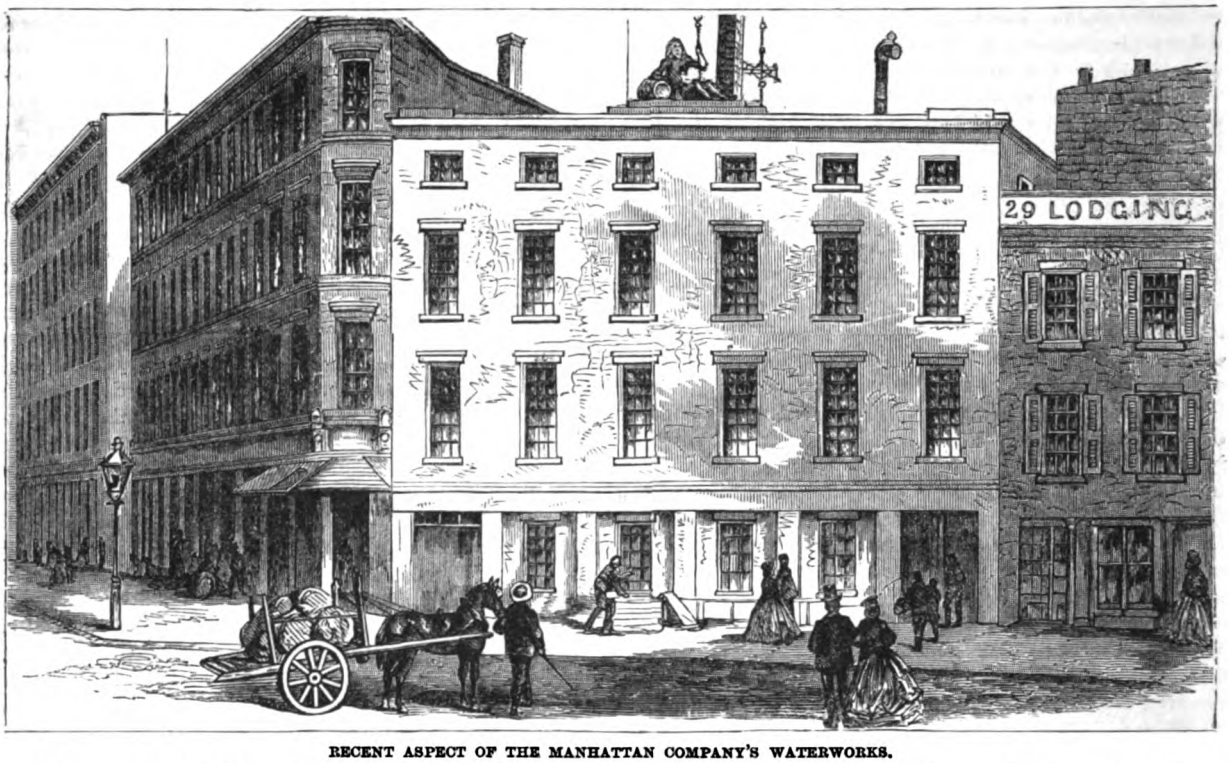
instructed in the elements of a liberal education, including, with a study of the classics, a thorough acquaintance with the plays of Shakespeare. Encouraged by an intimacy with the dramatist Holcroft, the youth chose the stage for a profession, and was consigned to Stephen Kemble, then managing a theatre in Edinburgh, who cautiously gave him some small employment in the company, till one night, on his failure in the part of *Malcolm*, in "Macbeth," he was summarily dismissed. Returning to London, he studied carefully the parts of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, under the direction of Godwin and Holcroft, and at the age of nineteen appeared in both those characters, with applause, on the London stage. In the flush of this success, he was induced by Wignell to join the company in America, where he passed the remainder of his career. He was long a favorite tragedian on the Park boards and in the social circles of New York, his position in the latter being enhanced by his marriage to a celebrated belle of the city, the daughter of Major James Fairlie, the *Sophy Sparkle* of Irving's "Salmagundi." In his later years, in the failure of his powers, he was superseded by other performers; but a kindly feeling was always entertained for him, as was proved by the extraordinary success of a benefit given to him at the Bowery Theatre in 1833, which yielded a gross amount of $4,500, "the largest sum," says Mr. Ireland, "than ever received for a single night's performance at any theatre in America."

In 1810, Cooper, having become associated with Stephen Price in the management of the Park Theatre, visited England, where he succeeded in engaging for the American boards no less a personage than George Frederick Cooke. Of undoubted genius, with an acute and strong intellect, with admirable qualities for the stage, Cooke, in spite of gross intemperance, had won his way by sheer force of merit to a divided sovereignty with John Philip Kemble, at Covent Garden, in the personation of the leading Shakespearan characters. In *Richard III.*, *Shylock*, *Iago*, *Lear*, *Falstaff*, and in Macklin's strong parts of *Sir Archy McSarcasm* and *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, he was admitted to be unsurpassed. It was something of a triumph in those days to remove, even for a short season, so eminent an actor from London to New York; and it required all the American manager's tact, working on Cooke's restlessness under the burden of his irregularities, to accomplish the object. Had he been gifted with the prudence of Kemble, he would probably never have been seen on this side of the Atlantic. The sea-voyage, with the enforced temperance due to the Yankee captain's scant supplies of strong drink, restored the tone of the actor's powerful constitution. His arrival produced an extraordinary excitement among the theatrical, then including the best social, circles of New York. The report of his engagement, heralded by a letter to Price, was not generally credited. "It appeared as impossible to many," says his excellent biographer, Dunlap, "that the great London actor should be removed to America, as that St. Paul's Cathedral should be transported across the Atlantic. Englishmen in New York swore roundly that it could not be. It was some other performer of the same name. It was even insinuated that the whole was an imposition. '*Cooke* come to America! pooh!'" At his first appearance in the city as *Richard III.*, on the 21st of November, the throng was so great that many persons were violently borne by the crowd through the doorways into the theatre without the opportunity of paying for a ticket. Ladies were brought to the boxes through a back entrance from behind the curtain. There were 2,200 persons in the house; the receipts were $1,820. *Richard* was followed by *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, *Shylock*, *Macbeth*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Falstaff*, and several minor parts. For the seventeen nights of this first engagement the manager received $21,578. This was a brilliant success, but it was even thus early marred by those violent exhibitions of caprice and passion which always attended Cooke in his fits of intemperance; for, spite of his clean bill of health on landing, he soon succumbed to the generous hospitalities of the city. Thenceforth, at Boston, at Philadelphia, on his return to New York, wherever he appeared, his performances were at intervals interfered with by his recurring irregularities. Spite of his excesses, however, his strong constitution enabled him constantly to rally and act with his customary power the familiar round of characters which had become a part of his very nature. The strain, however, with the frequent temptations of that hard-drinking time, became too great even for his extraordinary endurance. His vital powers, so often assailed, were at last exhausted. He was now constantly under the care of physicians, and, on the 26th of September, 1812, at the age of fifty-seven, expired in the City of New York. He was attended at his residence, at Mechanic Hall, corner of Broadway and Park Place, by Dr. Hosack and his youthful assistant, Dr. Francis. The latter was with him, during his last night, till the morning hour in which he passed away. Among the many vivid pages in which Francis, in the decline of life, recorded his recollections of "Old New York," none are more genial than those which he devoted to the memory of the great actor When the elder Kean visited this country he caused to be erected, in 1821, the monument which covers the remains of Cooke in St. Paul's Churchyard.

To Cooke succeeded another British actor of eminence in Holman, the representative of *Lord Townley* and other genteel-comedy characters, accompanied by his daughter, by whom he was admirably supported in the upper walks of the drama. Holman made his first appearance in the city as *Hamlet*, two days after Cooke's death. He passed the remainder of his life in America, dying suddenly at Rockaway in August, 1817.

Meanwhile, with others of merit, Hilson and his wife, the favorite, a Miss Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. Darley; Simpson, subsequently partner with Price in the management, and afteward sole lessee; and Mrs. Wheatly, who so long held her popularity on the boards, the regard in which she was held ripening into strong personal esteem, maintained the excellence of the stock company. Hackett, whose frequent engagements in his famed American parts and in *Falstaff* were always welcome, made his first appearance at this theatre, in 1826. Placide, for a long period perhaps the most popular and useful actor of the company, sharing the honors of comedy with Barnes and Fisher two or three years earlier. In 1820 came Edmund Kean, opening like his predecessor, Cooke, in *Richard III.*, and repeating his fiery career on the American boards in *Shylock* and *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Lear*, *Othello*, with the addition of *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, which the great George Frederick never could make entirely his own. It is not easy to overestimate the impression which the genius of Kean made upon the public in these characters. Happily a worthy record of the appreciation which he received remains to us, in a fine critical essay on his acting by the poet and philosopher, Richard Henry Dana. Kean revisited the country in 1825, his last appearance in America being at the Park Theatre, closing, as he began, with *Richard*, in December, 1826.

His son Charles first visited America in 1830. He had little of his father's inspiration, but by his personal

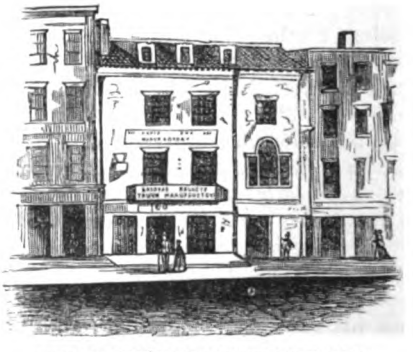


RECENT ASPECT OF THE MANHATTAN COMPANY'S WATERWORKS.

qualities and solid attainments won his way to high rank as a Shakespearean actor. He was several times in this country, and was always welcomed, none the less in his last engagements in 1845 and 1865 for the support which he had from Mrs. Kean, who had previously received the heartiest admiration on the American stage as Miss Ellen Tree in her gentle personations of *Viola*, *Beatrice*, and a host of other refined characters of the higher drama, not forgetting her memorable representation of *Talfourd's Son*.

ROMAYNE'S MONUMENT TO THE VICTIMS OF THE PRISON-SHIPS.

Of the distinguished comedians who have visited America, Charles Mathews was, in point of time, as in excellence, the foremost. He first came in 1822, opening at the Park in *Goldfinch*, and played his famous round of parts in comedy and farce, with the exquisite mimicry and characterization of his entertainment, so strongly marked by his individuality, "Mathews at Home." He revisited the country in 1834, delighting a new generation of playgoers with the old humors; but his health was then failing, and he survived his tour to this country but a few months. His son Charles, who had previously married Madame Vestris, came with her, in 1838, to New York, and was supported by her in a round of light comedy characters at the Park.



WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE, NEW YORK.

Charles Kemble first appeared at this theatre on September 17th, 1832, as *Hamlet*, his daughter, Fanny Kemble, the following evening playing *Bianca* in "Fazio"; and the next, *Juliet* to her father's *Romeo*.

Tyrone Power, the best actor of Irish parts, played his first engagement at the Park, in 1833, and his last in 1841, leaving for home in the steamer *President* on her fatal voyage.

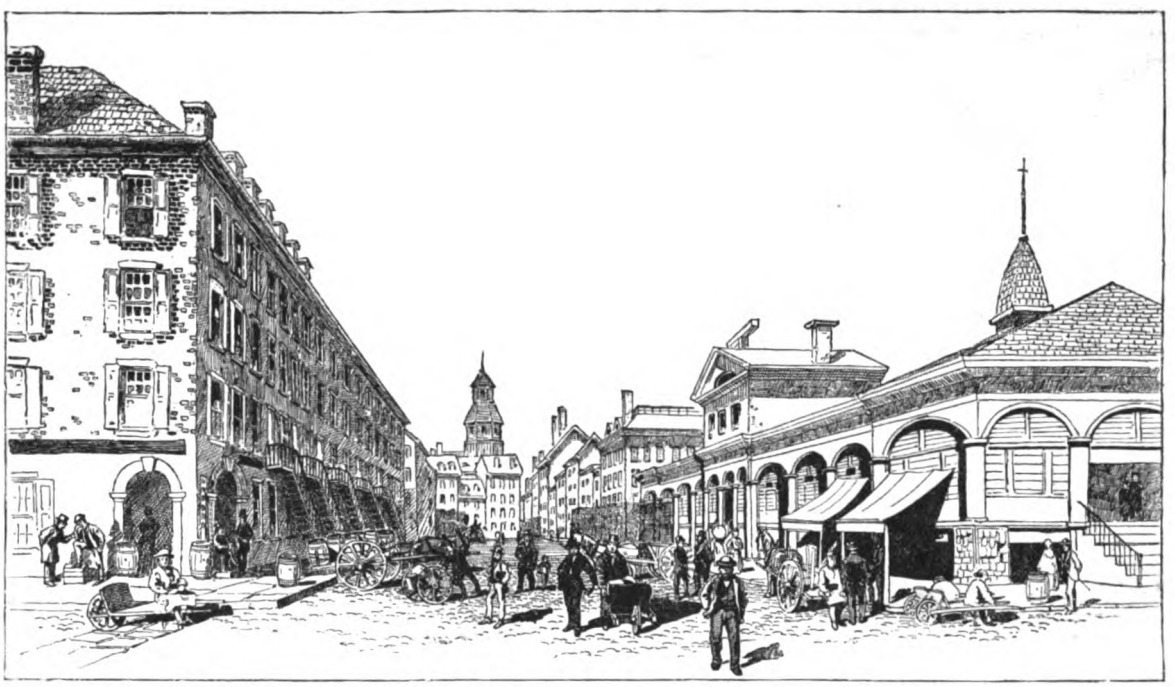
Edwin Forrest, the most distinguished, in his long career, of American tragedians, a native of Philadelphia, had been several years on the stage when he made his first appearance at the Park, in June, 1826, in the character of *Othello*. The decided impression which he made

on this occasion led to his immediate engagement by Gilfert, the manager of the new Bowery Theatre, which was opened for the first time the following October.

Macready first appeared in the United States at the Park Theatre, in the character of *Virginius*, in October, 1826. He revisited the country in 1843, and again in 1848, playing his round of Shakespearean characters, with the addition of others, as Byron's *Werner*, on which he had stamped the impress of his ardent personality. The circumstances under which he was driven from the stage in New York, in the disgraceful and bloody scenes of the Astor Place riot, in May, 1849, left a stain upon the annals of the city : but there was nothing in this melancholy event or its accessories to weaken or impair the high position in which Mr. Macready had always stood before the American public. The whole affair, undertaken in a lawless spirit, was simply the action of a mob, inflamed by a few disorderly persons ; one of those violent interferences with the privileges of actors on the stage, too often permitted both in England and America, which would now be firmly crushed in the first attempt, under the better understood powers and duties of a protective police.

Mr. Forrest, it was alleged, had been unfairly reviewed, on his second professional visit to England, by certain London critics friendly to Mr. Macready. This, we believe, was the ground of a prejudice, in the assertion of which certain persons resolved to silence the performances of the latter on the American stage. Messrs. Niblo & Hackett were then managers of the Opera House, occupying the present site of the Mercantile Library, in Astor Place, and had engaged Mr. Macready for a few nights. On the opening evening, in *Macbeth*, the actor was apparently received with enthusiasm by all the audience, but it soon became obvious, from the unintermitted clapping of hands and other noisy demonstrations, that the applause on the part of a portion of the company was but the means of silencing his performance. When the play was continued in dumb show various heavy missiles were thrown upon the stage. This violence, courageously endured for a time, soon effectually broke up the performance. The actors left the stage and the audience was dismissed. It was generally felt in the community, the next morning, that a great outrage had been committed. A letter signed by a number of influential citizens was addressed to Mr. Macready, requesting a renewal of the performance, to which he consented.

On the second evening, the 10th of May, the theatre being effectually occupied by a large force of police, Mr. Macready was permitted to go through with the representation of *Macbeth ;* but, while order was maintained within the house, it was besieged from without by a large mob, who assailed the barricaded windows and endeavored to storm the building. Mr. Macready, cautiously led out by his friends, escaped attention in the crowd and was conducted to a place of safety, whence, in the night, he left the city, and joined the early train to Boston. Meantime, the military were on hand to repress the riot. The mob, now violently assailing the police and military, were fired upon. Twenty-two men were killed and thirty-six wounded, among them a number of persons accidentally passing or simply spectators. Many arrests were made, and order soon restored. Since that night there has been no attempt, we believe, to drive an actor from the stage, and public meetings have been held, when riotous opposition might, under the old system, have been exhibited, which have passed over with perfect security to the speakers in the exercise of their inestimable right of free speech. This is due to a juster appreciation of the dangers of mob license, and to the increased and better regulation of the police force of the city.



FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK, IN 1828.

Returning to the annals of the stage from this melancholy episode : The Park Theatre, so long the pride of New Yorkers, after some change in its fortunes from its palmy days, ended its career under the management of Thomas Hamblin by a final conflagration, in December, 1848. It had been once before burnt, in 1819. Of the other theatres erected in the city, we may mention the

chief—we can here do no more. The Chatham Theatre, on the street of that name, between Duane and Pearl, was erected in 1824, and was long a place of popular resort. It was afterward known as the National, and here, Mr. Ireland tells us, Edwin Booth made his first appearance in the city, at the age of fifteen, playing *Wilfred* to his father's *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in "The Iron Chest." The Richmond Hill Theatre, on the historic site of the old Revolutionary house and gardens occupied by Aaron Burr, opened in 1831, with a poetical address by Halleck, and was memorable for the first performances, the following year, of a regular Italian company in New York. Garcia's brilliant *début* at the Park was in 1826; the next year, marrying a merchant of the city, she became Madame Malibran, and the following, left the New World for her lifelong triumph in the Old. The Lafayette Theatre, in Laurens Street, converted from an amphitheatre to the legitimate drama in 1826, was consumed by fire in 1828. The Bowery Theatre, opened in 1826, was burnt in 1828, again in 1836, 1838, and 1845, and speedily rebuilt after these successive disasters, remains on its original site, the oldest theatre in the city. Niblo's Garden Theatre has been a popular institution since 1837. Its fortune was made by the pantomimic company, "The Ravels." The Broadway Theatre, between Pearl and Worth Streets, was opened in 1847, and in vogue with varying fortunes till 1858, when it was taken down. The younger Mathews played an engagement on its boards in 1857. In 1844, Signor Palmo, an Italian restaurant-keeper, whose Café des Milles Colonnes, on Broadway, had brought him a fortune, expended it in the erection and maintenance of an Opera House in Chambers Street, opposite the Park. In 1848 it passed into the hands of William E. Burton, and was well sustained by the unfailing humor of that eminent comedian till he entered into possession of the Metropolitan Theatre, on Broadway, opposite Bond Street. The Academy of Music opened in October, 1854, with Grisi and Mario in "Norma"; Booth's Theatre, on Twenty-third Street, in February, 1869, with Edwin Booth as *Romeo*.

The success of the Revolution, with the establishment of the new government, securing the means of national prosperity, encouraged in every direction the material development of the country. Then, with the incentive of freedom, began that exercise of industry in agriculture, trade, commerce, the mechanic arts, which has never flagged in its great work of subduing a vast continent to the generous uses of civilization. The restless minds of inventors were set at work in every direction where there was a difficulty to be overcome or a facility in art or nature to be gained.

It is to the credit of New York that several of the great achievements of the century which have given wings to the movements of the modern world were first exhibited in its busy theatre of human action. Foremost amongst these was the application of steam to river and ocean navigation. The idea of turning this agent to account in propelling vessels existed probably as a vague notion in the minds of many from the time its powers were first subjected to any mechanical uses or experiments. We read of Blasco de Garay, a Spanish sea-captain of Charles V., at the middle of the sixteenth century, moving a ship of two hundred tons in the harbor of Barcelona by some steam agency, at the rate of three miles an hour. In 1681 Dr. Papin, a Frenchman, projected an atmospheric engine to be employed in working the paddles of a boat, and various others at intervals were intent upon the matter, until James Watt, in 1782, by his improvement in the steam-engine, in supplying a convenient motive power, rendered the thing really practicable. Even after this date there were various efforts on a small scale, more or less defective, which succeeded in illustrating the principle without achieving any important success. Chief among these were the experiments of the Connecticut inventor, John Fitch, who in 1787 enlisted various citizens of Philadelphia in his plans, which resulted, in 1790, in the construction of a steamboat, which, moved by oars or paddles working perpendicularly, was for a short time employed on the Delaware in trips to Burlington. In 1796 this same ingenious person exhibited in New York, on the waters of the Collect, a ship's yawl, fitted with simple steam machinery, working a screw propeller. The name of James Rumsey deserves to be remembered with that of Fitch for his ingenious, though unsuccessful, effort at steam navigation Colonel John C. Stevens, at his foundry, opposite New York, at Hoboken, constructed in 1804 a small steamboat, moved by a propeller, which was tried successfully on the Hudson, and was succeeded by a larger experimental vessel, similarly constructed, in 1806 In these early experiments Stevens was associated with Chancellor Livingston, who, in 1798, secured from the Legislature a grant of the monopoly of the waters of the State for twenty years, for steam navigation, provided he constructed a boat within a year capable of making four miles an hour. The Bill, when it was introduced by Dr. Mitchill into the Assembly, was laughed at as an idle, whimsical project, and long continued a standing jest of the House. Brunel, subsequently the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, was also concerned in these experiments of the Stevens workshop, which, unsuccessful for the time, but making progress slowly, were advancing to ultimate success.

The appointment of Livingston as Minister to France in 1801 dissolved the connection with Stevens, but not, as it proved, his co-operation with the great work of the application of steam to navigation; for it was in the City of Paris that he met with Robert Fulton, and entered upon that association with him which resulted in successfully placing the first really successful steamboat for practical purposes on any of the waters of the world. The mind of Fulton, from his boyhood in Pennsylvania to the end of his days, was ever teeming with inventions and new scientific application. Entering upon life as an artist, he had sought and obtained the friendship of Benjamin West, in London, and had improved his opportunities in England in making the acquaintance of the Earl of Bridgewater, and other influential patrons of science. In 1793 he had addressed a letter to Earl Stanhope on the subject of applying steam to navigation. He was intent on various matters: the science of canals, on which he published a treatise; and in 1797 visited Paris with the design of bringing before the French Government his invention of the torpedo and its accompanying machinery for blowing up an enemy's vessels in time of war. He resided with Joel Barlow, and when Livingston came he had a ready listener to his schemes of steam navigation. A successful experiment was made on the Seine, and an engine ordered from Watt & Bolton, at Birmingham, to secure the success of the enterprise at New York, where Fulton arrived at the close of 1806, and, while the construction of his steamboat was proceeding, edified the town by an exhibition in the harbor of the operation of his "torpedo warfare" in blowing up, off Governor's Island, an old brig by a submarine explosion. Livingston, who had returned to the city, readily obtained from the Legislature, in association with Fulton, a renewal of his former privilege of navigating the waters of the State.

On the eve of the completion of the steamboat, Fulton, to supply the necessary funds, offered one-third of the patent right for sale, but the project was thought too chimerical to warrant a purchaser in coming forward. At last, in the Spring of 1807, the boat was launched from the shipyard of Charles Brown, on the East River, and, supplied with the English engine, was moved in August to her station, opposite the city, on the Hudson. Her success on the trial-trip, on which Livingston and Fulton were accompanied by Drs. Mitchill, McNeven, and others of their friends, was complete. "Nothing," says Colden, "could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause."

The boat was named the *Clermont*, after Livingston's seat on the Hudson. Her first voyage to Albany was the realization of a great triumph to her projectors. It was the cause of as much astonishment to the sloop navigators on the river and many of the good people on the shore as had been the ascent of Henry Hudson with the *Half Moon* to the natives nearly two centuries before. An object coming out of the darkness, lit up by a streaming flame ascending from the pine wood of the furnace above the summit of the smoke-pipe, accompanied by showers of sparks of fire, its approach against wind and tide heralded by the heavy beating of the paddles and the jarring of the machinery, might well excite surprise and alarm among those who had never even heard before of such a creation. The voyage to Albany, 150 miles, was made in thirty-two hours; the return passage to New York, in thirty hours—about five miles an hour.

In his account of the voyage, written to his friend, Joel Barlow, Fulton says: "The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York there were not, perhaps, thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors. Having employed much time, money and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it fully answer my expectations. It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen; and although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the innovation."

There were no more sneers and cheap witticisms after this. The demonstration was complete. Scarcely had Fulton triumphed when another steamer, the *Phenix*, was sent forth, fully equipped, from the Stevens foundry. Owing to the monopoly granted to Fulton, she was not permitted to compete with the *Clermont* in New York waters, but was successfully employed between this city and New Brunswick, and was afterward, in June, 1808, carried round by Robert L. Stevens to Philadelphia, being the first seagoing steamer on record. She was for many years in the Delaware, carrying passengers and freight from Philadelphia to Trenton.

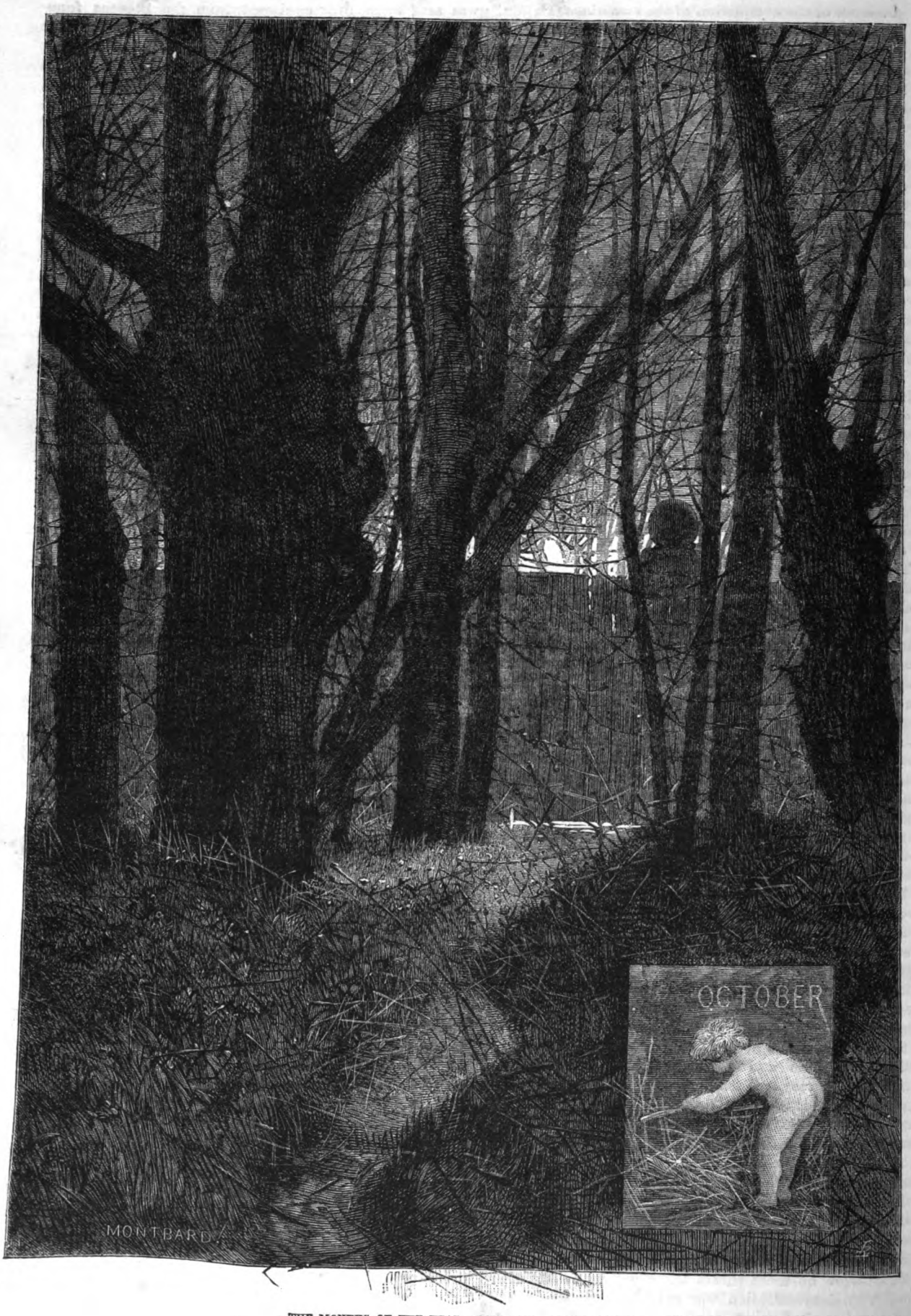
Steam-power being now established on the Hudson, it remained only to improve the accommodations of the vessels and increase their speed. The *Clermont* was rebuilt in the Winter after her first voyage, various defects of the machinery being overcome, and became the established packet-boat on the river. A second, the *Car of Neptune*, followed, with the *Chancellor Livingston*, of 526 tons, and others. In 1814 Robert L. Stevens, who had devised many improvements in the construction of boats and engines, the State monopoly having been set aside by the Supreme Court, placed on the Hudson the *New Philadelphia*, with the then unprecedented speed of thirteen and a half miles per hour, which presently was considerably increased by a modification in the form of the vessel.

Among the foreign claimants of the introduction of steam navigation is a Scottish gentleman, Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, an experiment on the application of paddlewheels to boats, who called to his aid William Symington, an engineer, who was engaged in adapting the steam engine to wheeled carriages. An engine constructed by the latter was fitted to Miller's boat, which was put in operation as early as 1789, on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Another successful experiment by Symington on an improved scale grew out of the use of Watt's double-acting engine, in 1801. But whatever the merits of this affair, it was without any immediate practical results. It was not till 1812, five years after Fulton had established steam navigation on the Hudson, that the first regular passenger steamer made its appearance in Great Britain, on the Clyde.*

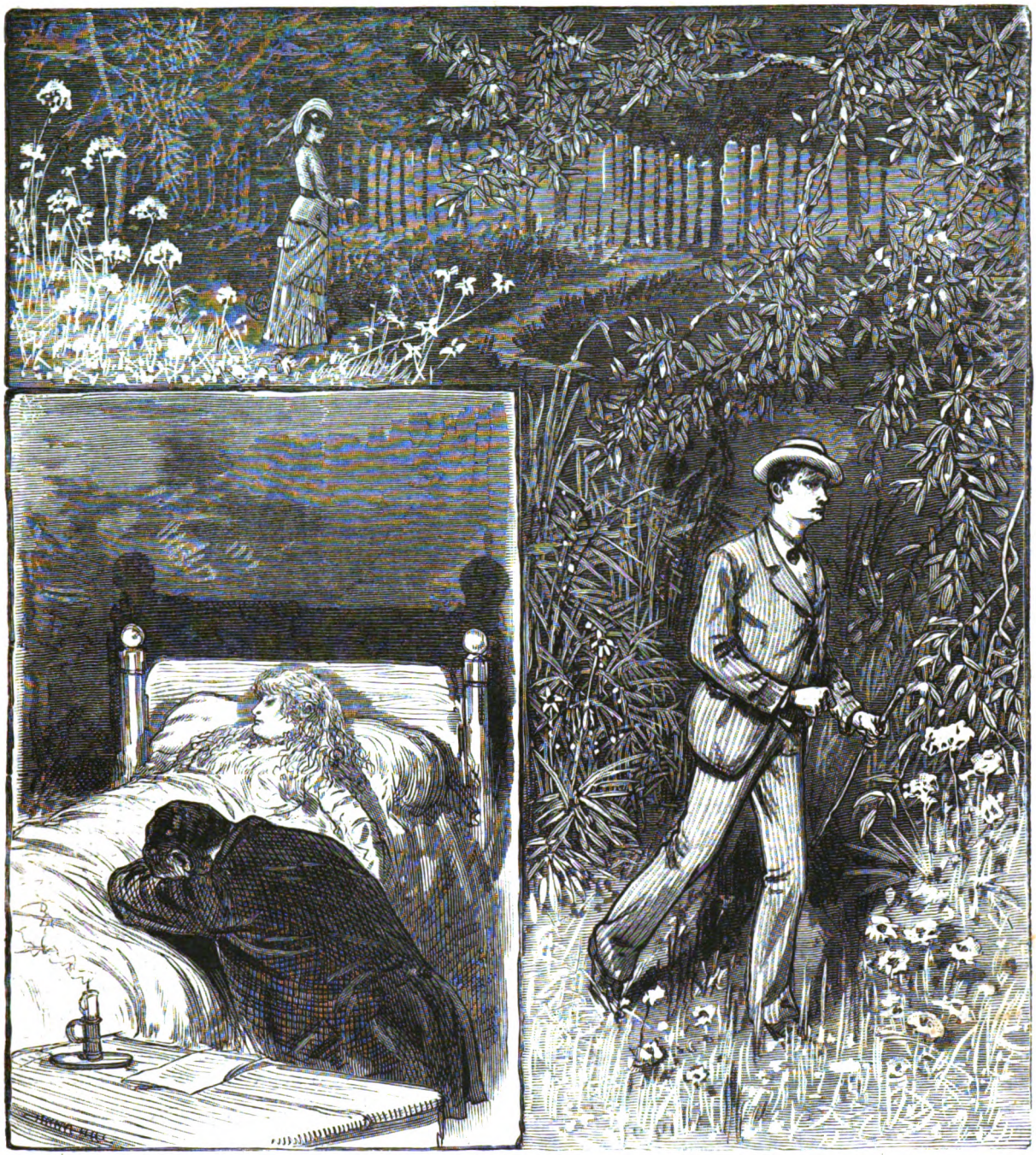
To Fulton belongs also the honor of planning and constructing the first steam vessel of war. This was the celebrated steam frigate built in accordance with his plans, by order of Government, and named after him, the *Fulton*, which was launched in the harbor of New York on the last day of October, 1814. This vessel was contrived, not for ocean navigation, but for harbor protection, being built on two boats or keels, with an open channel between, in which the water-wheel revolved. She was stoutly constructed, carried a heavy armament, and previous to the days of ironclads was considered a formidable instrument of defense. Fulton did not live to see the completion of this vessel. The immediate cause of his death, in February, 1815, is attributed to his unseasonable exposure in his anxiety to forward the work. He was still suffering from an attack of illness, when he passed some hours on the deck of the frigate, at the navy yard, bringing on the relapse which terminated his life.

The first steamship which crossed the Atlantic Ocean, the *Savannah* was built at New York, of three hundred and eighty tons, ship rigged, provided with a horizontal engine, working side paddles, capable of being easily removed at sea. She left the harbor for Liverpool, under the command of Captain Moses Rogers, on the 26th of May, 1819, and was twenty-five days crossing the Atlantic, during eighteen of which she was under steam. Her owners contemplated her purchase by the Emperor of

* Enc. Brit., Art. "Steam Navigation."



THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—OCTOBER.—BY MONTBARD.



SUNFLOWER.—"LARRY TURNED AWAY WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD." . . . . "YES, IT WAS DEATH! HE DROPPED ON HIS KNEES BESIDE THE BED."

Russia. She sailed from Liverpool to St. Petersburg in July, and arrived at Cronstadt in September. Russia declining her purchase, she returned to the United States arriving at Savannah in November. Her steam machinery being removed, she was subsequently employed as a sailing packet between Savannah and New York. She was finally wrecked on Long Island.

A vessel sailing partly by steam, the *Curoçoa*, built in England, made the voyage from Holland to the West Indies in 1829. The first purely steam vessel which crossed the Atlantic was the *Sirius*, of about seven hundred tons, which had been employed as a packet, between London and Cork. She sailed from London on April 4th, 1838, with ninety-four passengers, and reached New York on the 23d, after a voyage of eighteen days. The *Great Western*, a steamer built expressly to cross the Atlantic, of fifteen hundred and forty tons, sailed from Bristol on the 7th of the same month, and reached New York in fifteen days, a few hours after the arrival of the *Sirius*, thus successfully demonstrating, in the face of the theoretical proof of Dr. Lardner and others to the contrary, the easy practicability of steam navigation on the Atlantic.

SUNFLOWER.

A SKY of cloudless azure, that seemed to touch the mountain-tops; a noonday July sun, that sent its arrows of gold into the darkest mountain clefts, and startled the timid ferns, and made the mountain streams dance for joy; a place of rock and pine and barren strips of land, only rescued from sterility by ceaseless care; a few

houses, brown and time-stained, with a bit of garden gay with hollyhock, mingled with onions and potatoes; and always in some odd corner, tall and regal—sitting, as it were, on golden thrones—the once-despised, now royally elect in the realms of art—the sunflower.

Flowers of the sun, they welcomed him eagerly; they shook out their yellow hair; they turned their faces longingly after him, like fond maidens after their lovers; they seemed to live for him alone, while he, in true masculine fashion, shone for *all*.

Under a tall group of these regal yellow flowers, and holding a great wide-opened one over her head to keep off a stray beam of sunshine that struck her brown eyes, sat a young girl.

There was a slight breeze that stirred her long hair—soft, fluffy, yellow hair, half waved, half curled—crowning her with a sort of aureole. Her brown dress, of well-worn velveteen, clung so caressingly to her form that it seemed to fit her like the calyx of a flower; and her face, rosy and white, flower-tinted, only showed more fresh and bright in the searching sunshine.

Her eyes, brown and velvety, and darkly fringed, roved here and there from the mountain shadow to the plumy pines, and then came back to the face of a young man who stood near her.

"Larry, don't be sentimental. I hate it," she drawled, provokingly. "Why didn't you look for one of those Bartlett pears? There must be some on the tree yet."

The young man, a plain-looking, athletic fellow, evidently country-born and bred, bit his lip to restrain some impatient answer. He had a world of force and will expressed in his face; but he had been this girl's slave for years—ever since he had first seen her in short frocks.

One glance of those brown, velvet eyes could subjugate him in a moment.

"Why don't you ask your fine new friend?" he muttered, gloomily.

"Oh, he's so busy!" cried the girl, eager to torment him. "He's painting my picture. Of course I don't want to be eating pears in that. It's too lovely for anything! But Paul says——"

"Who?" exclaimed the other, suddenly.

"Paul. Good gracious, how you startle me! Your eyes literally shot fire."

And the girl held the sunflower between them, as if to shield herself from those angry eyes.

"It seems to me you have grown familiar on short acquaintance," he said, with a great effort at self-restraint.

"Oh, I feel as if I had known him all my life! And do you know, *he* says that he had a presentiment about me! He was not at all surprised when he saw me. He had a strange feeling, as if he had expected me—as if I had been waiting for him somewhere in his life!"

"Good-by!" cried Larry, turning away with a suppressed oath.

He could not bear it. He felt as if he were on the rack, and this smiling girl, with her fresh, sweet face, were turning the screws. The girl started up.

"Good gracious! don't go. It's so horribly hot, and I haven't a thing to amuse me."

"Thank you. I don't care to serve for your amusement."

"Oh, come, Larry, don't be disagreeable. Come and sit down by me. You'll be sunstruck if you go out in this. You'll be sunburnt."

Larry could not help laughing. His face was so brown and tanned already that the idea was ridiculous. But he could not resist the shapely little hand held out to him. He took it and kissed it, and then held it fast.

"I have not *Paul's* complexion," he said; "mine is warranted. How has he painted you? Is the picture for me?"

"He is going to make two—one for Aunt Zeph, if she likes it. How hateful she is! Do you know what she said when Paul asked her how she came to call me Sunflower?"

"No. Why was it? I thought it was because you liked them so much when you were a little toddler—the big bright flowers; or, perhaps, because you have such a long name. Esmeralda is too grand for an everyday household word."

"No. Aunt Zeph said it was because I always turned toward ease and comfort, and cared for nothing else; that I would turn a cold shoulder on my dearest friends if misfortune's storms overtook them; that I was a fair-weather friend, seeking the sunshine always—always, like the sunflower."

Larry was silent. Dearly as he loved the girl, he recognized the truth in this diagnosis of character.

"But Paul didn't mind. If Aunt Zeph imagined she could prejudice me in his eyes, she was mistaken. He says he likes sunshine as well as I do, and we are alike."

"As like as two butterflies," muttered Larry. "And for whom is the other picture?" he asked.

"Oh, for Paul, of course, when he makes it. Why, he gives Aunt Zeph hers just for the pleasure of getting one himself."

Larry starts up as if he had been sitting on a hornet's nest.

"Sunflower," he cried, angrily, "do you care for me at all?"

"Of course I do," very promptly.

"Then you will not give your picture to another man."

"I like you very much. I shall never forget how good you have been to *me* when Aunt Zeph was so cross and stingy, and all the cherries you used to bring me, and the nuts, and all. But, Larry, I don't think I love you—not as you want. I think my feeling for you is what I would have for a dear, dear brother."

"Oh, the deuce!" muttered Larry, between his teeth.

"You know I never promised anything," the girl said, looking at him frankly with her wide brown eyes.

He might have read how hopeless was his case in those unshadowed depths. If he had once seen those eyes cast down before Paul Malden's swift glances, and the face suffused in blushes, he would have known. But he clung the very shadow of a hope. He seized the little hand and said, softly:

"Darling, I will be satisfied with what you can give me. I shall make your love warmer, if you will give me time."

"Time!" echoed the girl, with a mocking laugh. "Why, you've been seven years already!"

Larry winced. The laugh sounded heartless.

"But I will serve seven more for such a wife!" he cried, with that imbecile infatuation common to lovers.

"Sunflower!" sounded a sharp voice from the door of the little brown house, and a tall, gaunt woman, in a gingham sunbonnet, with a tin pail in her hand, appeared. "Where be you? I must hev some flour this blessed minute, and just you hunt abeout for an egg or so. Them air flannel-cakes never riz, and I must lighten 'em up someheow."

The girl started up with alacrity, and Larry wondered that no frown marred her pretty face.

"You shall not go," he said, eagerly. "I will do it for you!"

The girl smiled up in his face—such an innocent, ra-

diant smile—when, half an hour afterward, he returned with a flushed face.

"How good you are!" she cried. "I am so glad you got the things, for *Paul is coming to tea.*"

Larry dropped the basket, at the imminent danger of breaking the eggs, and turned away without another word. Not even the sound of his name, pronounced by the woman he loved, brought him back. He strode down the dust-white path, on—on to where the trees closed over it, where the mountain-ways began leading him knee-deep in ferns and lichens and wild flowers. The golden-rod blazed everywhere—that lavish gold of the Autumn days.

He threw himself down upon the ground, ruthlessly crushing a myriad spikes of its bloom. He knew by the crimson leaves that dropped upon him that the Summer was nearly over, and he felt as if a pall had suddenly been let down upon its glory and its warmth.

What was there left to him now, if this girl had given her heart to another? What would he do with his life if she were snatched out of it? She had been the life of his life so long! She had liked him; she would have loved him but for the newcomer—this Paul Maulden, with his silky mustache, his melancholy eyes, his style and manner, his faultless clothes, and all the nameless power of fascination that belongs to the man of the world.

Larry looked at his own coarse, red hands and thick boots, and groaned.

"A woman's heart is a riddle," he said. "I could defend her from an enemy with these, but she would like Paul's slim white hands much better. Well, well, we will see whose hands she will choose to place hers in for life. I must put it to the test. I cannot go on in this way, or I shall go mad."

So, having decided that any certainty was better than suspense, Larry waited a few days to give his treasure time to reflect, and then took his way to the little brown cottage.

As he neared it, the strong man felt a strange trembling pass over him. Now that he was near her, now that he felt that for him all would be settled in a few moments, the pulses of life seemed to stand still.

After all, perhaps, doubt was better than a verdict that would take away all the light and warmth and bloom of his life. He leaned a moment on the little gate.

There were the sunflowers standing up grandly, holding up their golden crowns in the sunshine—yellow chalices, brimful, as it were, with aurient wine—but the girl was not stretched beneath them to-day.

No glimpse of the dunbrown velvet dress and floating yellow hair was to be seen. The house-door was closed—a strange thing on such a Summer day; even the windows above were tight. The house was not awake—at least, it had not opened its eyes; yet it was high noon.

A strange chill crept over Larry as he looked about him. He felt a subtle change in the atmosphere. Something had happened. Horrible visions of some tragedy flashed into his mind.

His blood seemed to congeal to ice, and he hastened his steps and knocked hurriedly at the closed door—a knock that seemed to shudder through the silence.

However, he did not wait long. A well-known voice, with a sharp edge to it, called out "Come!" and he felt his heart beat once more.

"Still, there must be something the matter; the room looked strangely in order. There was no preparation for dinner.

Aunt Zeph sat in one corner, a bit of a note in her hand, staring dully before her. Her face, always colorless and thin, looked very wan and drawn in that blaze of sunlight.

Before Larry could speak she had welcomed him with a look, but did not seem able to speak. There was an unutterable grief in her poor old face, and the hand that held the note trembled so that it made a rustling like a dead leaf. Larry had only one thought.

"Is she sick?" he asked.

"Oh, worse, worse!"

"Dead?" he gasped.

"Worse than that! Here, I ain't got the heart. I'm too upset by it all to tell ye; but read—read!" And she held out the note, which was crushed and torn.

But Larry could read it. It was very short, yet it took him a long time, for he could not believe the words he read, and he went over them twice:

"DEAR AUNT: I am going away with the man I love. He has to go in a hurry, and there was no time to make arrangements. But he cannot live without me, he says, nor can I live without him. We are to be married in the city. I feel provoked that I am not to have a regular wedding, with flowers and white satin, but he says that will come afterward. You will be angry, I know; but I love him. He is the light of my life—my sun—and you know I am only a poor little sunflower."

"When did she go?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Last night, I s'pose. I found that at bedtime. I went to her room by chance to get some toothache-drops, and there I saw no signs of her. Oh, how could she?—how could she? I've slaved for her and loved her, and—but, lor'! it was her natur' to do jest what she'd a mind ter—she always did."

"And you have not done anything?"

"Lor', no! What could be done? She's of age—eighteen last week. The minx knew what she was about! I ain't got a might of authority now."

Larry groaned.

There was, indeed, nothing to be de done. He could only offer to serve the poor old woman in any way possible, and then he left her alone with her grief. His own was so much heavier, madder, fiercer.

Poor Aunt Zeph never questioned the good faith of the man for whom Sunflower had forsaken her; but Larry knew more of human nature than the old-maid recluse. A thought rankled in his heart and worked like madness in his brain.

He knew an honorable man would never have acted in such a way, and he feared everything.

He could not rest. A fever fired his heart and burned in every vein. He must know the worst.

Weeks passed, then months, without a clew. He left his home and found some work in a neighboring city, to which he at last traced them.

Then, one night—a cold night of sleet and storm—he traced her who had so long been lost in the dark depths of a great town. She was alone—deserted—and trying to find work.

Deserted! Larry's heart beat high at the word.

No, not deserted, for he was there, as ready to do battle for her as was ever knight of old for the stainless lady of his love; for his love was of that rare kind that the fire of anguish could not burn it, nor the great flood-tides of guilt wash it away.

He found the house—a tenement house in a squalid neighborhood. It was evening, but the narrow staircase was not lighted. He heard a drunken man stumbling up before him. A blood-curdling oath sounded through the darkness.

He found the door, as directed. No voice answered

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his knock. He opened it at last, and stood for a moment as if turned into stone. The room was almost bare. There was no carpet on the dingy floor, no curtain at the smeared window.

On the table stood a cup of untasted tea and a crust, and near it sat a young girl.

Oh, not her! Oh, for God's sake! not Sunflower—that wan, haggard, dishevelled creature, with the yellow hair tangled on her neck, the white, colorless face, the livid lips, the wild brown eyes, the clutched hands, the feet that beat a restless tattoo on the bare floor.

Yes; she has lifted her eyes to his, with a strange horror in their depths. She is not mad; she knows him. She speaks:

"What do you want?"

Larry's heart beats horribly. A ghastly sickness comes over him, but he manages to answer:

"I want you."

She stands up then with a hot spark in her eye and a flush on her cheek.

"Do you come to insult me?"

"No; in God's name, I swear I am here to help you!"

She cast down her eyes.

"You do not know. You cannot know!"

"I know *all!*" Larry hastened to answer. "Yes, I know, but it does not change my

THE TRADE IN OYSTERS.

SALMON-FISHING AT SAN FRANCISCO.

love—nothing can change that, dear. You do not understand."

"What!" she said, a slow comprehension coming into her face. "*You* love me spite of this—this shame—spite of what I am?"

"Yes; I want *you*. You are down; I will lift you up. You shall be my wife, if you will—if you care for me."

"Care for you! I ought to drop down on the floor to kiss the dust from your shoes. To think—to think I had the love of such a man, and threw it away! Oh, the pity of it—the pity of it!"

The trouble and sin had wakened the deeper nature in the frivolous girl. How different she was from the bright creature who had jeered at his love and mocked all sentiment!

But in a moment the fire and light faded from her face, and left it pale and haggard as before.

"It is too late—too late!" she moaned. "Leave me. I am going to die—I have begun to die. Don't you see death in my face? Women like me ought to die. There is nothing else——"

"No! no! no!" cried Larry, seizing her hand, "you must live! I will help you to live! You are so young, my poor darling! You were so innocent! You have many a fair new leaf to turn open in the book of life."

"Do you not think I would not always be turning back to that one, all blotted and stained as it is? Larry, I am not the girl you have known. I am something you do not know—something hard, bitter, defiant—ready to curse God and die."

How changed she was! What depths of desolate darkness in the brown eyes! what tears of pain and penitence had washed those cheeks and taken away their bloom! what spasms of anguish contracted the sweetly curved lips, once like a ripe cherry! what vigils had wasted the face and taken its light and bloom away!

Poor Sunflower! So fond of warmth and love, how changed she was, now that she knew what storm and terror and darkness meant!

Yet Larry looked at her with new tenderness.

It was in this man's nature that, the more desolate and forsaken, the more utterly the fair places in her life were laid waste, the more fond and pitying became his love. He longed to shelter and protect her. She would be doubly his own.

But Sunflower had sunk back, exhausted by her brief passion. Her face grew fixed again in its blank despair. She scarcely listened to his pleading words.

Her eyes seemed to stare dumbly at some unseen thing, as if nothing in this world could rouse her to interest again.

Larry went there again and again. He took her books and flowers and bonbons. She did not look at them.

She sometimes roused, when a word touched on her old life, as if something had suddenly stung her; when he talked about the future she looked at him with wonder.

Once she roused herself from her lethargy to say:

"There is no one like you, Larry; there is not such another true, unselfish nature in the world. Do not love me—do not waste your time with me. I care enough for you to beg you to leave me."

"I shall never leave you—never go till you promise to go with me," Larry said, his heart suddenly beating hard. "Dear, won't you let me comfort you—make up to you for all the past? I know what I am doing. I am not a silly boy carried away by a fancy. Whatever you are, you are all to me. No other woman can fill your place. I need you, darling, to make me happy. Do you know that in making me happy you may find your own happiness?"

A gleam of light came into the brown, velvety eyes; some of the old beauty hovered about the girlish face. Her hair was no longer neglected, and she wore a knot of lace at her throat.

Larry took this as a good sign.

"If I was sure I could make you happy," she said, half-wistfully, "what better could I do with my life? It would be better, perhaps, than—— But no! How would you bear it when your wife would be scorned, when her past would be raked up and a story of shame whispered about? Would it not stab you with sharper pangs than you feel now? No, Larry, I cannot believe that you could endure that unmoved."

"I can endure anything but to lose you!" he cried.

The girl looked at him wonderingly.

"Ah!" she cried, with a bitter wail of untold anguish, "this is love. How different——"

She broke off suddenly with a sob, and Larry knew she was thinking of the selfish passion that had worked her woe. Rousing herself a moment after, she said:

"You are right. I must give you some answer. You deserve it. I must not keep you longer in suspense. Come to-morrow, and I will tell you."

Larry's heart bounded joyously. He touched her hand reverently with his lips, and saw a hot tide of blood sweep up over her pale face.

Could it be that his devotion had touched her heart at last? that, bruised and crushed as it had been, there was yet a pulse beating for the old days for him?

"My happiness is in your hand," he whispered; and then he did not trust himself to say more.

He went home in a tumult of feeling, half fear, half hope.

The night brought only troubled dreams; the day, a thousand fears. He heard the sounds of the work-day world as in a dream. How busy people were while life was standing still with him—while the pulses of life waited for the answer!

At last the slow, sad hours ebbed away, and he stood once more on the threshold of her door. He had a bouquet in his hand—fair, white flowers of purity and fragrance. When she told him what he hoped, he would lay it in her hands.

There is no sound in return to his knock. He waits and listens, his own heart-beating filling the ominous silence. Not a stir, or a sigh, or the faintest rustle of her dress.

A nameless horror seizes him. He dashes open the door suddenly. There is a dull light. Ah, she is lying on the hard bed—sick, faint, in a swoon! What is it? He staggers forward. Her eyes are closed. The yellow hair has fallen upon the pillow.

He seizes the candle and holds it close. A hand seems clutching at his heart—tighter, closer, till he ceases to breathe.

He holds the candle nearer, till the light strikes the white, stiff face, and falls upon the hair—

"The light upon the yellow hair, but not within the eyes;
The light still there upon the hair, and *death* within the eyes!"

Yes, it was death. Never more to her could sorrow come—or shame. The short, bitter story was ended for ever.

Larry dropped on his knees before the bed. A sudden darkness came over him. He grew weak as a little child.

He took one of the slender hands in his. There was something clutched tightly in the rigid fingers. He disengaged it with difficulty. It was for him.

"Did you think, my poor Larry, that because I had spoiled my own life I would consent to spoil yours? No, no! I care too much for you for that. The glamour of love is over you now, but there would come a time when you would remember; and I—I could never forget. You made me hesitate for a moment; you touched my heart—this poor battered heart that another had spurned and cast away. Do you think the old pain would cease to throb, even in your arms? No, Larry; there would be the old wound that would never heal. You deserve something better, stronger, purer, than I. Your great heart could not long rest on such as I am. I dare not try it, though a hunger comes over me at times for the comfort of your love. No. It is better that I should die. Dying, you will forget my faults—you will only remember that you loved me. My poor boy, there are myriads of sweet and fresh flowers in the world. Why should you stoop to pick up out of the mire a crushed and broken sunflower?"

That was all. The poor child had taken her fate in her own hands, but who shall limit the mercy of God? Who can tell what prayers, what anguish, what tears, had washed away her sin, and made her meet for the inheritance of the saints in light?

THE PROGRESS OF OUR FISHERIES.

THE fisheries on the American coast are almost coeval with its discovery. The immense food-supply on the northern banks was a mine of wealth to the poorer classes in Europe, and every nation on the western shore of that continent had its hardy mariners, who, for booty, fish, or adventure, breasted the stormy waves of the Atlantic, in vessels as frail as coracles of wicker covered with oxhide. As early as the commencement of the fifteenth century fishing-vessels from England and other lands sought the coast of Iceland, to gather in a harvest of cod-fish. Of course the fisheries of that early day were not conducted with the methodical system and discipline that characterizes the prosecution of the fisheries at the present day. As we regard it, there must have been a dire necessity for daily food which compelled these ancient mariners to leave their homes and sail nearly 3,000 miles in order to take back a comparatively small boatload of fish. And when we consider the inconvenience in the arrangement of the ships which were then in use for the fisheries, it is difficult to see how the fish could be preserved until reaching home, to warrant the sailors in ever making a second expedition.

Before Cartier named the Gulf of St. Lawrence, however, the English, Breton and Basque fishermen had discovered the great cod-field off the Banks of Newfoundland, and visited them regularly. The earliest attempts of the French on Nova Scotia had in view sedentary fisheries, that involved less danger and promised greater profit. When the first English colony was planted at Jamestown, Va., in the year 1607, the settlers averse to pillage would have perished had they not drawn a food-supply from the fish and oysters of American waters. Through what marvelous progressive changes must the fisheries have passed in order to have brought those of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries alone, in 1880, up to a value of about eight and a half million dollars!

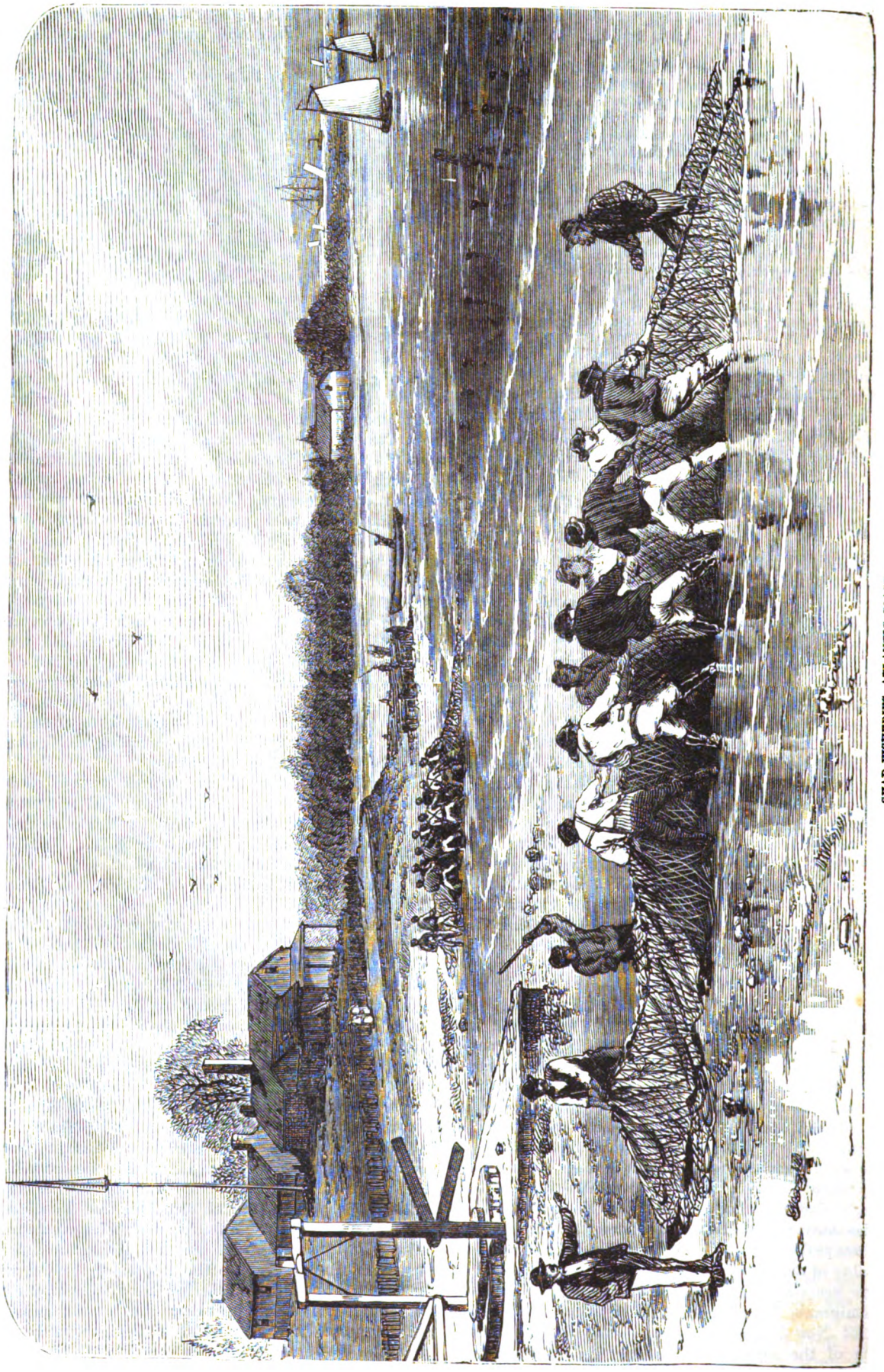
A few years after the Jamestown colony had been settled, emigrants from England made their homes on the coast of New England, and we learn that before the middle of the seventeenth century the Massachusetts colony alone shipped nearly half a million dollars worth of dried cod-fish to the southern countries of Europe. The progress in the American fisheries, however, during the next two centuries was by no means coequal with that long interval of time, and although in 1860 certain fisheries—for instance, those for the capture of cod, whale, mackerel, shad, alewife and oyster—were vigorously prosecuted, yet it was not until after the civil war that the amazing strides, the results of which are to-day so apparent, were commenced.

Undoubtedly the successful operations of the United States Fish Commission, under the scientific and practical direction of Professor Spencer F. Baird, which has for thirteen years been laboring for the public good, have, in a very large measure, brought the fisheries of the United States to their present highly developed state of production. When we read of its having stocked bays, lakes and rivers with millions upon millions of young fish—a large percentage of which, according to all indications, live and reach maturity, forming sufficient food of the kind for thousands of human beings; when we read of its distributing free to any person capable of caring for them enough fish (carp and other species) to produce a permanent source of food, and carrying these gifts all over the United States in cars supplied with special appliances for the preservation of the young fish, and tended on the journey by carefully-trained men; when we read of its achievements in fish-culture, whereby waters exhausted by indiscriminate fishing, and in some instances once barren waters, now teem with dainty food; and when we read of the improvements, made in great part by the exertions of this Board, in the construction of fishing-vessels, in the apparatus used for capture, and in the methods of preparing the fish for market, we can readily understand why it is that during the last decade especially the fisheries of the United States have gone so rapidly forward. Especially as in many States similar local commissions have been created to protect and extend the harvest of the waters washing the borders of the State or traversing its interior.

The wide extension of our railroad system made all these progressive moves possible now, and not till now; for else, how could the shipments of fish into the furthest inland cities and villages have been made? Would not the supply have exceeded the demand?

The International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin in 1880, and that held in London in 1883, have indeed been practical and most successful demonstrations of the development and present condition of our "fisheries," using that word in its most general sense. These international exhibitions, by enabling scientific men to compare the vessels and fishing equipments employed by different nations, have led to the study of the advantages and drawbacks in each, and by combining all the best points to attain a remarkable degree of excellence. Among the most important improvements introduced with the last few years are the development of the fishing-schooner to a remarkable degree in speed and adaptability. The security thus afforded has elicited a corresponding increase in skill and daring on the part of the sailor-fisherman; coupled with these has been the introduction of cables and anchors of such strength that the schooners can ride out by their aid the heaviest Winter gales of our stormy Eastern coast. In the next place, the introduction of steam-vessels into the menhaden, oyster, whale, herring and Great Lake fisheries, has facilitated the labor of fishing, and aided to bring the harvest rapidly to market, more than one hundred being now thus employed.

The introduction of the giant purse-seine and the

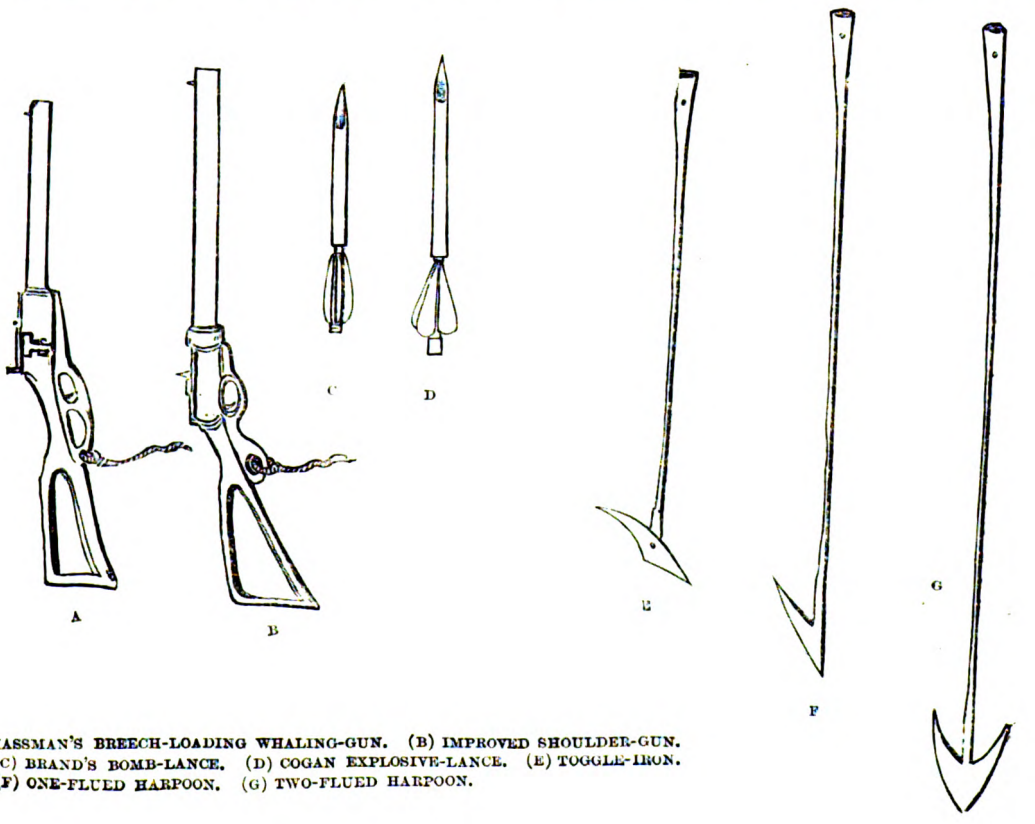


SHAD-FISHERIES, ATLANTIC COAST.

SHORE-FISHING FOR SHAD.

machinery by which it is set enables our mackerel-vessels to increase their individual catch tenfold, and has transferred the mackerel-fishery from Canadian waters to those of the United States. It has also proved highly instrumental in the evolution of the menhaden-fishery, with its annual product of over 100,000,000 of fish.

Another point of no little importance has been the introduction of the lighter and cheaper cotton netting, in



(A) CHASSMAN'S BREECH-LOADING WHALING-GUN. (B) IMPROVED SHOULDER-GUN. (C) BRAND'S BOMB-LANCE. (D) COGAN EXPLOSIVE-LANCE. (E) TOGGLE-IRON. (F) ONE-FLUED HARPOON. (G) TWO-FLUED HARPOON.

place of the old-fashioned fabric of hemp. The introduction of the Norwegian gill-net into the Winter cod-fisheries has met with general acceptance. The invention of many far-reaching and destructive new forms of harpoon-guns, bombs, and explosive lances, for the whale-fishery, has really revolutionized that pursuit. We illustrate some of these improved appliances, and describe them for a better intelligence of their use.

A. Breech-loading whaling-gun, patented by H. W. Chassman, Newark, N. J., May 15th 1877, and manufactured by Patrick Cunningham, New Bedford, Mass. This gun discharges the Cunningham and Cogan Explosive lance (see D), and is the form most commonly used. It is principally employed by crews of the steam-barks in Arctic regions. The stock is skeleton, made of cast-iron, and painted black. The stock and breech are cast in one piece, and there is a small rigid eye at the rear of the guard-plate for a lanyard. The barrel is of steel, reinforced, and screwed to the stock. The breech-block containing the firing-pin is connected to the stock by a hinge, and when closed is held by a snap-spring; with this gun is used a central-fire cartridge. The length of the gun is 33 inches, and its weight, 27 pounds.

B. One of the latest improved shoulder guns used in connection with the Pierce and Brand explosive lances. The stock (which is skeleton), barrel, breech-lock, and trigger, are of gun-metal, the barrel reinforced. The gun is loaded by inserting a cartridge (Winchester, No. 8, central fire,) in the breech, and the lance in the muzzle, and discharged as an ordinary shotgun, the cartridge being ignited by a firing-pin striking a percussion-cap. This gun was patented February 12th, 1878, by Eben Pierce and S. Eggers, Sr., and is manufactured by the latter. Its length is 36½ inches, and its weight, 24 pounds.

C. This is a figure of Brand's bomb-lance No. 1, and was primarily intended to be used with Brand's No. 1 gun. It was patented in 1852 by C. C. Brand, and manufactured by Junius A. Brand. Length, 16½ inches.

D. A "Cunningham and Cogan" bomb-lance. An improved bomb, with rubber feathers and cartridge combined. This is used in connection with Cunningham and Cogan's breech-loading gun (see A), and Cunningham's darting-gun. It was patented on December 28th, 1875, by Patrick Cunningham, who is also the manufacturer. Length of lance, 16½ inches.

E. The commonest form of harpoon used by American whalemen, and known as the "toggle-iron." This is nickel-plated. The head is malleable, of cast-iron, and mortised. The shank is wrought-iron. Length of whole is 34 inches. Manufactured by Luther Cole.

F. A one-flued harpoon, or harpoon with a single recurved barb. Length of harpoon, 32½ inches.

G. Two-flued harpoon. This harpoon has a fixed head, and was employed on the American whalers during the early days of the industry. Made of wrought-iron. The harpoon is in all 42 inches long, of which the barb measures 6½ inches.

The general introduction of pound-nets, or stake-nets, along the sandy coasts of the Atlantic and its estuaries, for the capture of the migrating Summer shoals, has not only increased the yield, but cheapened the great food-supply.

Besides all these, the whole country has gained wonderfully by the deep-sea soundings, which have led to the extension of the fishery industry to new regions, and especially to greator depths, as in the case of the red-snapper-fishery of the Gulf of Mexico, and in that of the halibut-fishery to deep water on the outer edge of the continental plateau, and the establishment of a halibut-fishery in Davis's Straits, as well as to the establishment of an extensive cod-fishery in the Choumagin Islands of Alaska and the Ochotsk Sea.

The trawl-line, or long-line, was not very extensively employed before 1855, even by the fishermen of Massachusetts; but some of our schooners now set at one time fourteen or more miles of trawl-line, with 12,000 to 15,000 hooks, an immense extension having occurred within ten years.

Another sign of the progress of our fisheries has been the introduction among the hardy sons of the sea of a system of insurance. For instance, Gloucester, our principal port, has adopted a sytem of co-operative insurance, by which the loss of a vessel is divided among all the capitalists of the port, and is scarcely felt. The same ancient fishery-town has inaugurated a system of prompt cash payments to the fishermen at the end of each voyage, and has the practice of rewarding merit by giving the command of vessels to those who seem particularly deserving. This feature has attracted to that port daring and ambitious men from all parts of America and Europe.

Not to prolong our enumeration of the recent improvements, we shall merely mention the utilization of secondary products of certain fisheries, and a great extension of the operations of the Government in the establishment of harbor and coast lighthouses, and life-saving stations, together with the army system of storm-warnings, from all of which the fishermen have received important benefits. *

Of course, advances of the kinds above referred to could not be made without the aid of money, and it will be readily seen how liberal have been the efforts of the United States Government, and several of the State Governments, in the advancement of the fishery interests, by noting that no less a sum than $1,306,378, as shown in a table prepared by Mr. C. W. Smiley, has been devoted to this purpose from the public treasuries of the United States and twenty-eight States, between the limits of 1866 and 1880, by far the larger part having been appropriated between 1873 and 1880. It is proper to state that seventeen States and Territories have never spent any money for this purpose. New York State appropriated $165,000 between 1868 and 1879; Pennsylvania, $99,630 between 1873 and 1880; and Massachusetts, $80,500 between 1866 and 1879.

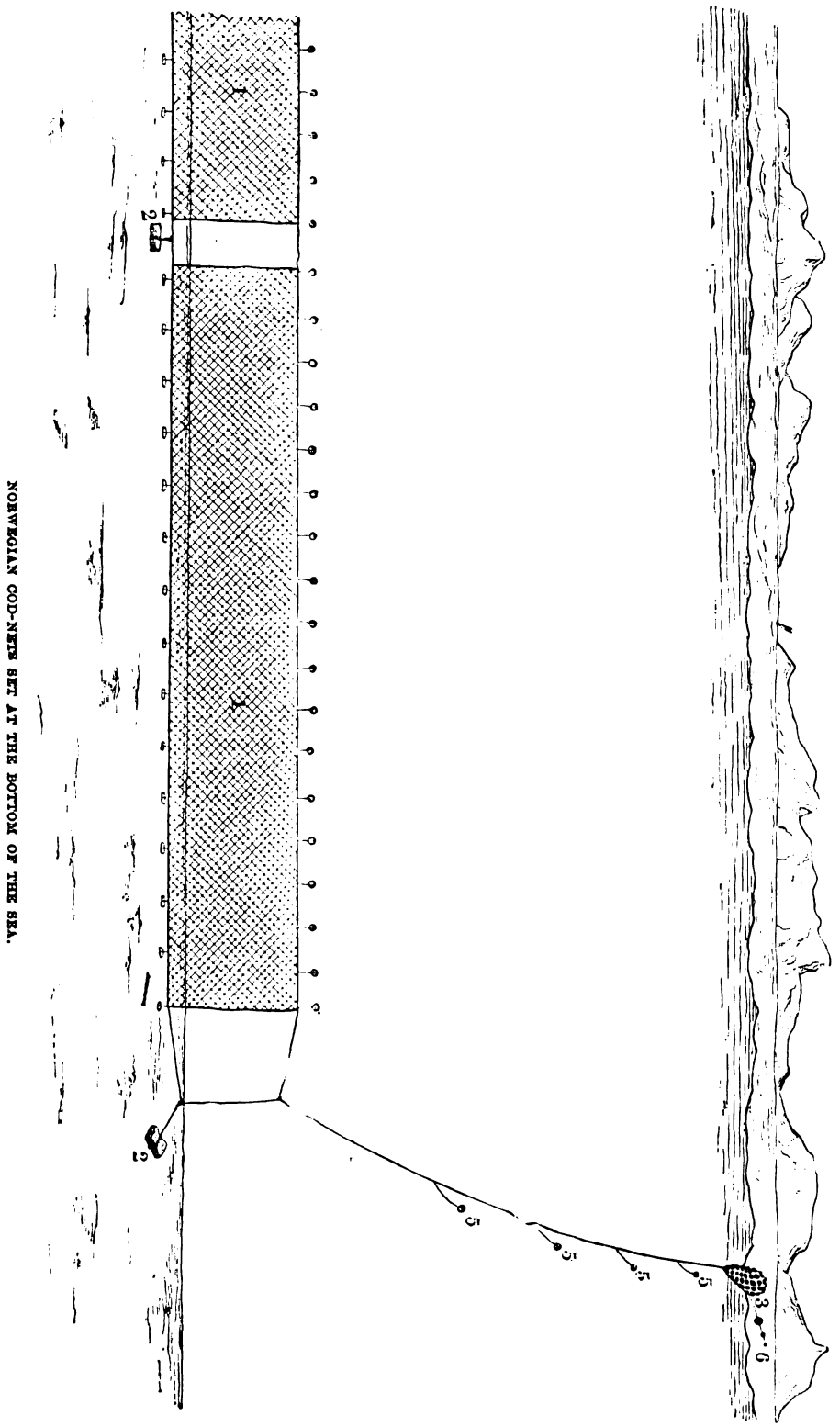
Considering the extent and cheapness of the harvest of the sea, the great food-supply furnished by our oceans, rivers and lakes, the progress of our fishermen is a topic which we feel ought to be made popular. And though public confidence is already so generally shown in the Government schemes for promoting the fishery interests, the press cannot do too much in advocating a system that so directly affects millions of our people on whom the alarming decrease of the yield of fish in some waters had become a great and increasing cause of alarm.

A feature by no means to be overlooked, and one which has had great influence in extending the welfare of the fisheries, is the immense amount of literature on fish and the fisheries which has grown up and is now accessible. Forty-three institutions and private individuals contributed to the exhibit of United States literature on this subject at the London Exhibition, last year, and this

* These subjects will be found extensively treated in a Conference Paper, by Professor G. Brown Goode, on the Fishery Industries of the United States, (pp. 12 and 13), read at the International Fisheries Exhibition, London, 1883.

was independent of the reports, and other documents, published by various State commissions.

One of the most practical and successful results of the thought and energy devoted to this subject by our scientific fish-culturists is the fish-ladder, lately invented by Colonel Marshall MacDonald, of Washington. By its means the anadromous species, including the shad, salmon, etc., are enabled to surmount many of the natural and artificial obstructions in our rivers, and thus reach the proper conditions of water-temperature and locality necessary for the reproduction of their kind.



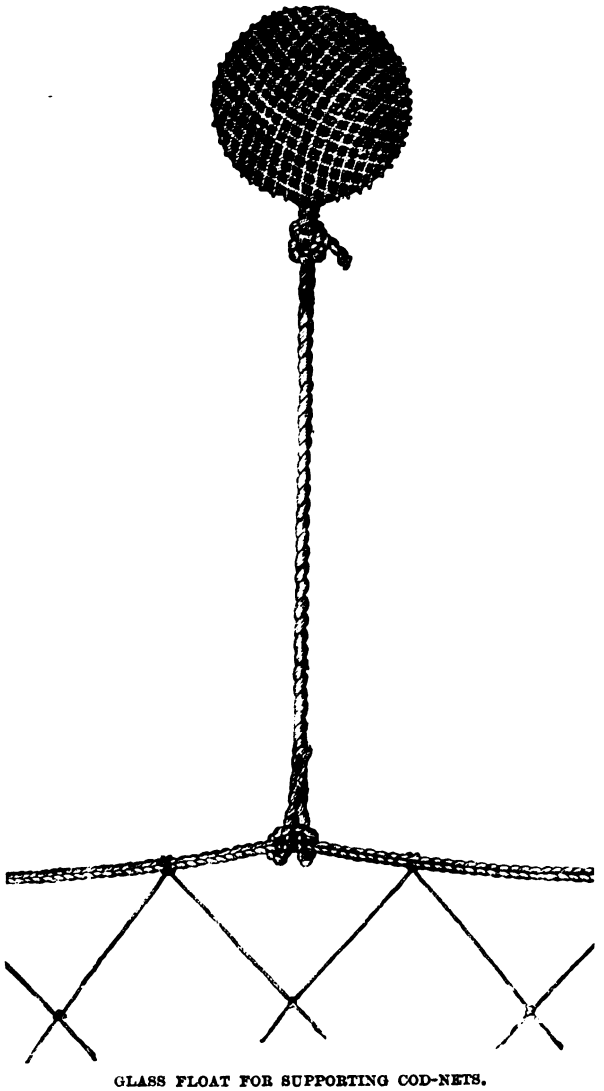
NORWEGIAN COD-NETS SET AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

We have hitherto spoken of the fisheries in general. It is now, perhaps, not unwise to take a hurried glance at the more important of our food-fisheries in the order of their financial importance.

The Oyster.— To begin with the oyster, which heads the list from this standpoint, we find, from the results of the late census, that 52,805 persons are employed in this fishery, and that over 22,000,000 of bushels were produced, worth to the producers over nine million dollars. Nearly two-thirds of this amount were either replanted or packed in tins for market, which operation enhanced their value by more than four and a quarter million dollars, thus making the total value of the entire products of this fishery nearly thirteen and a half million dollars. About eighty per cent. of the whole catch was yielded by the waters of Chesapeake Bay. No less than ten and a half million dollars are invested in this industry.

The Cod.— The Greeks named this fish "*bacchi*," from *bacchus*, a rod: others ascribe the Spanish name *bacallas* to the word *bacillus*, a rod or stick used in stretching the fish to dry; and this theory finds some support in the Dutch name of *Stick-fish*. The Latin generic name, "*Gadus*" is also derived, according to some, from the Sanscrit root "*cad*," or "*gad*" a rod. It was the abundance of this fish on the banks of Newfoundland which, as we have seen, led to the first fishing industry on the American coast.

The distribution of this fish is very extensive. The cod occurs in the North Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and in the Polar Seas far beyond the Arctic Circle. On our coast it is found as far south as Cape Hatteras. Early in the Fall the cod migrates from shallow water to rocky depths, where they remain until they have deposited their eggs. It has been computed that from two to nine million eggs—the number varying with the size of the fish—may be found in one ripe female of this



GLASS FLOAT FOR SUPPORTING COD-NETS.

species. The average weight of the cod does not exceed twelve pounds. The voracity of the fish is remarkable. In their stomachs have been found the most indigestible objects, such as scissors, corn-cobs, oil-cans, rings, portions of oil-clothing, etc. In 1861 a lady was lost from the steamer *Anglo-Saxon* off Chance Cove, Newfoundland, and a few years ago a ring which she had worn was found by a St. John's fisherman in the stomach of a cod-fish. He found out her son and presented the ring to him, receiving as a reward $250.

Salmon.—Salmon abounded in all our waters in the early colonial days, as we may infer from the frequent use of the name applied to streams, falls and rapids, though in many cases little more than the memory of the fact remained a few years since. But while the supply on the Atlantic coast has been injudiciously and unwisely impoverished, that on the Pacific coast is still of wonderful extent. The species of salmon that now takes the lead, in the value and extent of the fishery, is that known as the "California Salmon." Immense numbers of these are taken in the Spring, in gill-nets and traps, whilst ascending the rivers for the purpose of spawning. In 1880 nearly fifty-two million pounds were taken, the majority being packed in tins, and the rest smoked or pickled. The work attending the operations of this industry is done chiefly by the Chinese, of whom 3,370 were employed. The value of the above production was over three and a third million dollars.

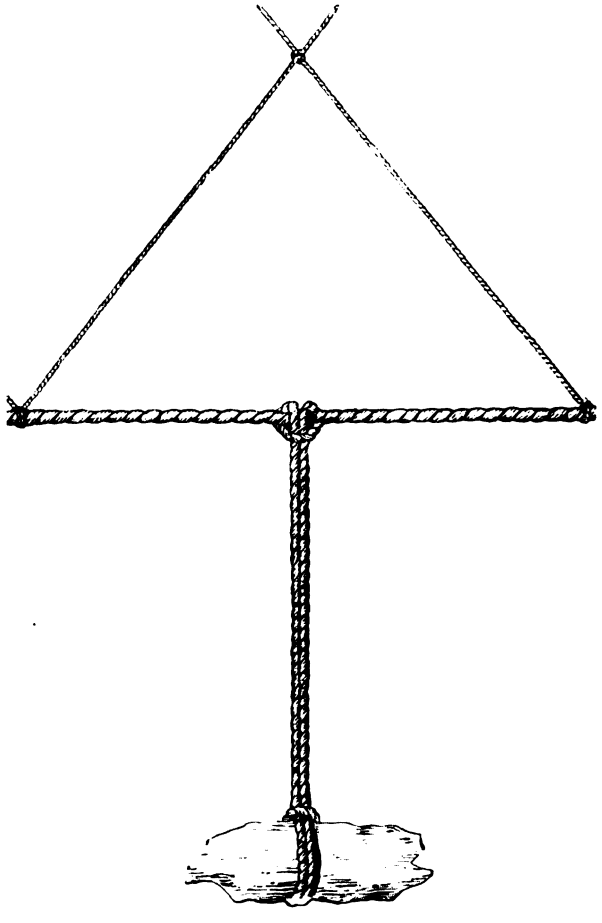
To six regions may be assigned the whole of the Pacific salmon industry, namely: 1, Sacramento River, California; 2, Smith and Eel Rivers, California; 3, Rogue River, Oregon, and vicinity; 4, Columbia River; 5, Puget Sound; and 6, Alaska. On Columbia River there are twenty-nine salmon-canning establishments, while probably all our smoked salmon comes from the Sacramento River, California.

The Mackerel-fishery is an industry of special concern to all interested in the subject, since, thirteen years ago, the United States fishermen were compelled to resort to Canadian waters to prosecute their operations. The position has, however, undergone a complete change; for now, by reason of the introduction of the purse-seine, our fishermen can obtain immense supplies of mackerel without going so far. In 1880, 468 vessels and more than 5,000 men were employed in this fishery. The production was 131,939,225 pounds, 117,500,000 pounds of which were salted, and the whole valued at $1,501,000.

The Shad.—With the approach of warm weather immense schools of shad ascend our Atlantic rivers, for the purpose of spawning. It is then that millions of pounds are captured with seines and drift-nets. In 1880 over 18,000,000 pounds of shad, valued at more than $1,000,000, were taken.

Extensive efforts have been made to restock with salmon and shad the rivers emptying into the Atlantic. The results thus far have been highly gratifying.

The Herring.—Many large vessels, belonging to Massa-



STONE SINKER FOR COD-NETS.

chusetts, coast along Maine, New Brunswick and Newfoundland during the Winter, and secure immense quantities of fine herring for the New England markets. These are for the most part packed and sold as "sardines," the remainder being smoked, pickled, or sold for bait. In 1880 the "sardine" industry gave work to more than 1,800 fishermen and factory-hands. The total value of this fishery is placed at $1,130,000.

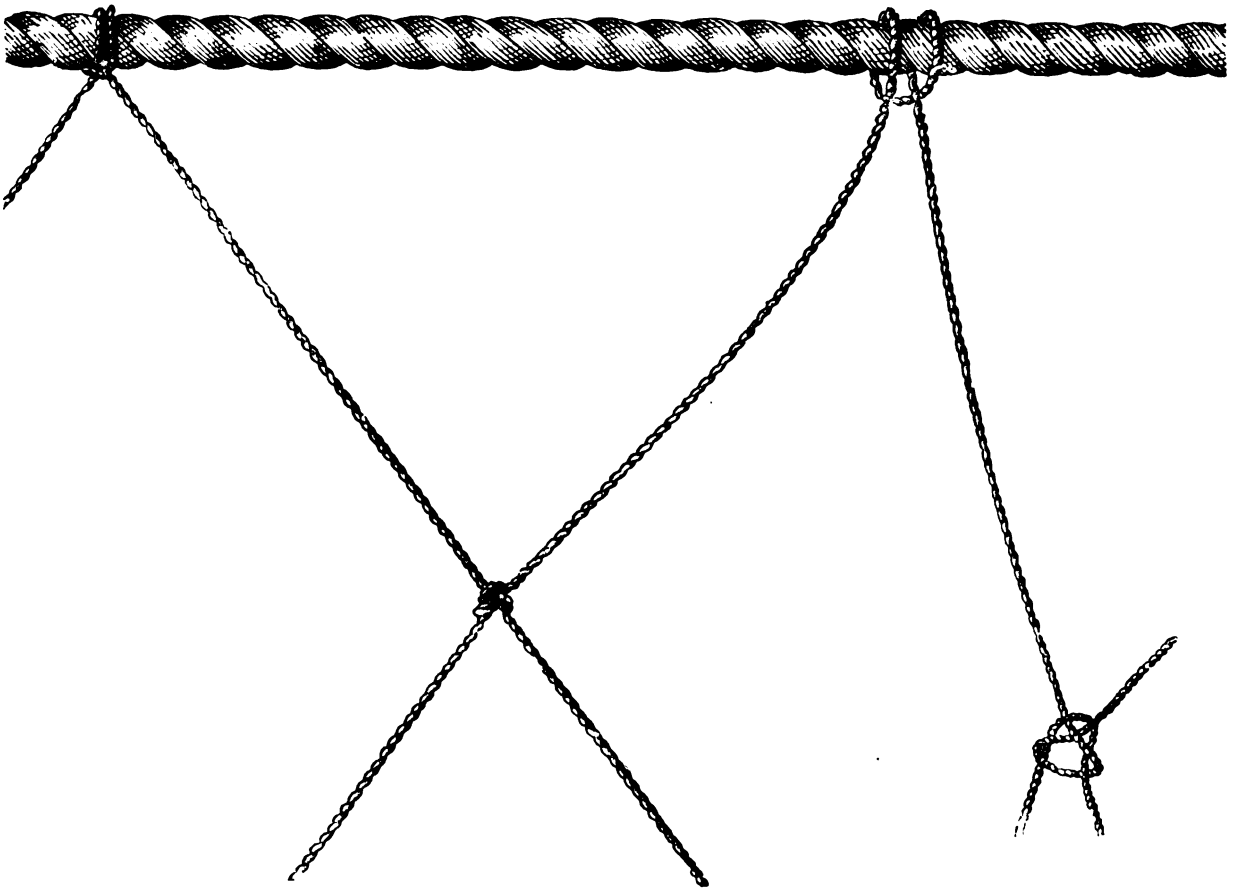
The Clam.—Large beds of the "Long Clam" are found along the coast of Maine, yielding nearly one-third of a million bushels, which are valued at about $88,000. At Guilford, on the Connecticut coast, clams occur six to eight inches long, weighing each a pound or more, and retailing for $1.25 a dozen. These are not abundant. The south shore of Long Island supplies large quantities, and from the Jersey shore are gathered some 70,000 bushels. Round clams, or "Quahaugs," are highly esteemed as food, and the largest bring $3 a barrel. The implements of capture are rakes, dredges and oyster-tongs. The products of this entire industry are valued at more than $1,000,000.

The White-fish. — The largest of these fish are found in Lake Superior, where they have occasionally attained the weight of twenty-three pounds! But their abundance in this lake has materially decreased. This is ascribed to three causes. The immense quantity of sawdust washed down from the mills into the lake; the agitation of the waters, caused by steamers, and especially the overfishing since the increase of settlements.

In Green Bay, Lake Michigan, a fish known as the "Cisco" is caught. This is a variety of white-fish. In November they pair off and approach the shore for the purpose of spawning, preferring sheltered spots with sandy or gravelly bottoms. In 1875 the first attempts were made in the artificial propagation of the white-fish, but the experiment was only partially successful. In 1868 Messrs. Seth Green and Samuel Wilmot commenced the same work with good results. White-fish are taken in pound-nets and gill-nets. The annual product of this fishery is estimated at $900,000.

The Pike.—This species is found chiefly in the great lakes, though not very abundantly. It appears to be resident on the western shore of Lake Michigan, off Racine. Near Ashtabula large numbers are taken in the Spring. On the south shore of Lake Erie some are caught in pound-nets. They prefer deep water, and seldom come near the shore.

The Lobster.—On the coast of Massachusetts this fishery



METHOD OF HANGING NORWEGIAN COD GILL-NETS.

commenced about eighty years ago. Traps, made of wooden frames, or pots of lathing, are the means of capture. These are baited with refuse fish, etc., and anchored at the bottom. Lobsters under ten inches long are generally sold to the canneries. In 1880, 9,500,000 pounds of lobsters were canned in Maine, and in that condition were valued at over $2,250,000. Several canneries in the Provinces are owned by Americans, and the lobsters canned in them are sent to foreign countries. On the coast of Massachusetts, in 1880, $158,000 worth of lobsters were caught. The entire value of this fishery in the market is about $732,000.

The Halibut.—This fish is in Scotland frequently called the "turbot." Only three of our eastern species of fish, namely, the sword-fish, the tunny, and the tarpum, exceed the halibut in size. The average weight of a female halibut is about 125 pounds. Halibut are found at all seasons on the edges of the "Banks," from Georges to

Grand Bank. They spawn in September, and over 2,000,000 eggs have been found in one fish. The value of this fishery is placed at $447,000.

The Crab.—The most common species of crab eaten is the Blue Crab. It is found from Massachusetts to the Gulf of Mexico. It is more valuable when in its soft state. The reverse is the case with all other species of crabs. The general manner in which they are caught is well-known. On the Louisiana coast trout-lines are used. In 1880 there were two canneries in Virginia and one in Maryland. After being boiled, or steamed, the flesh is taken from the shells and put up in tins. The value of this fishery on the Atlantic coast in 1880 was $328,000, and on the Gulf of Mexico about $10,000.

The Sea-bass.—This fish is known by many names, according to the locality, such as "Black-fish," "Black Will," "Black Harry," "Hannahills," "Blue-fish," and "Rock-bass." It is a splendid fish for the table, and is fished for from about May 1st to June 10th. It lives on crabs, shrimps, etc., etc. The average size of this fish is one and a half pounds, although, from the stories of many fishermen, we should imagine it weighed as much as a halibut. In the Gulf of Mexico their average size is still smaller. It spawns in July and August. This is the first sea-fish on which the experiment of artificial propagation was tried.

The Eel.—This fish is found in the rivers and along the coast from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Texas. The eggs are, for the most part, laid in salt water, and in Spring the young eels ascend the rivers. Later in the season they return to the sea, and it is then that immense numbers are caught in "eel-baskets." They are abundant in Lake Ontario, and have been artificially introduced in Lake Erie. Eels will eat almost any kind of food, and will thrive anywhere, though they prefer waters with muddy bottoms. They are fit for eating when three years old, and can be transported without much difficulty to remote places, on account of their hardy nature.

The Mullet, the Red Mullet, and Grouper.—These are peculiarly southern fishes. The mullets, "striped" and "white," live in salt water near the mouths of rivers. At mid-Summer they *school*, at this period swimming at the surface. They spawn from the middle of November to the middle of January. Mullet-roes are generally eaten fresh, but sometimes salted and dried by exposure to the sun, and in this state are eaten like dried beef or fried. An oil can be extracted from their heads. This fishery is valued at $225,000.

The Red Mullet, which is a native of West Indian waters, is related to the "Surmullus" of Europe, and is the same as the "Mullus" of the Romans. It is said that this fish was brought alive into the ancient banqueting-halls, to delight the guests by its brilliant changes of color while dying.

The Grouper is not found north of Florida, where it is called "Brown Snapper," or "Red-bellied Snapper." Large horny crabs are often found in the stomachs of this fish. It is splendid for the table, and when boiled and served with drawn butter is said to be as good in edible qualities as the turbot.

In the preparation of this paper the writings of Professor G. Brown Goode have been freely used.

In conclusion, it may be said that science has played a most important part in the development of the American fisheries. Many people are wont to imagine that the fish can take care of themselves, and that nature does not require the aid of human intervention. That such a mode of thought is due to ignorance on the one hand, or a willful refusal to accept the results of applied science on the other, must be apparent to all thoughtful persons, and it is hoped that this rough sketch of the late improvements in and conditions of our fisheries will aid in proving the statement that in no other industry than the fisheries have scientific and practical work blended more harmoniously, or produced more beneficial results to the community at large.

RANDOLPH W. GEARE.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE bladderwort—a well-known water-weed, of which the United States has fifteen or more species—has lately been creating alarm among fish-culturists. This plant (of the genus *Utricularia*) grows in long stems, surrounded at short intervals by whorls of feathery leaves, which, as they mature, tend to approach the surface of the pond or aquarium in which they live. This movement is aided by the growth of a great number of small bladders placed in the axils of the leaf. Each of these buoyant bladders is about the size of a No. 6 shot, and is open at the top by a small aperture, surrounded with waving ciliæ and guarded by a sensitive and elastic membrane. It has long been known that these bladders formed traps for infusoria, which more or less willingly entered them and died there, their bodies going to nourish the plant. It has now been found, in addition, that young fishes, when no more than a third of an inch in length, may also be seized. In moving about under and among the leaves of this feathery weed, seeking dark corners in which to shelter themselves from their swimming enemies, the baby fishes become entangled in the ciliæ, and are drawn forward until they get a nose or a tail into the aperture in the bladder, when there occurs at once a spasmodic contraction, and the fish is fatally captured. There is a specimen of the plant in the National Museum, not over three inches in length, which had caught no less than ten infant perch, which are preserved in alcohol, attached to the deadly plant. If a single stem can make way with as many as this, how great must be the destruction of young trout, perch, or carp, in a pond infested with the bladderwort, as are most waters devoted to fish-culture!

AMONG the many strange pharmaceutical preparations of the Chinese, those prepared from reptiles seem the strangest. In various provinces of the Empire the under shell of one or another tortoise, powdered, is used as a medicine, dissolved in water or mixed with jelly. This remedy is reputed to be tonic, astringent, cordial, useful in diseases of the kidneys and in rheumatism. The upper shell of a water-turtle is similarly employed. In Amoy, a powder made of dried toads is considered tonic and sleep-provoking. In the Fukien province the cast skins of snakes are taken to relieve itching in skin-diseases, for piles, fistula, etc. Why superstition should have attached these ailments to so utterly worthless a curative, rather than some other, is a mystery. Probably there was some reason at the beginning in the goblin-filled mind of the man who first tried the cure. In another case the explanatory philosophy seems to have survived; for we are told that in certain parts of China it is customary to mix a powder of dried snake's-flesh with other medicines, in order that the latter may be penetrating and efficacious. From its habit in hiding in crevices, the serpent-nature in the medicine will lead it to seek the utmost recesses of the human system. So say the native doctors.

PROFESSOR AUGUST HIRSCH, of the University of Berlin, has been studying the history of smallpox, and traces account of the disease as far back as the tenth century. So common a scourge was it in those days, that it seemed to have attracted very little notice when an epidemic occurred. Interesting evidence is given to show that the starting-point of the disease was in India and Central Africa; and as to the manner in which, with advancing colonization, it has been carried to islands and distant dependencies of Europe. It did not reach Australia until 1838, and has never yet appeared in Tasmania or New Zealand. America owes its introduction to the European conquerors. It has been very common in Peru, where, according to Professor Hirsch, the natives appear to have been acquainted with the protective power of vaccine long before Jenner's announcement. Upon the value of vaccination, and the need for its thorough enforcement, Professor Hirsch speaks in strong terms; and the testimony of one who had made himself so familiar with the ravages of the disease in times before this beneficent discovery was given to the world, is not to be disposed.

SINCE engines for ruling purposes have been perfected, diffraction gratings have superseded prisms in careful spectroscopic work. The superiority is due to the purity of the spectra and the fact that the dispersion is proportional to wave-lengths—one of the smallest gratings having a dispersive power equal to a dozen or more prisms. An exceptionally perfect ruling-machine has lately been invented by Professor Rowland, of John Hopkins University, which will mark 14,438 lines to the inch on a disk of polished speculum metal, at a selling price of only ten dollars for a disk one and a fourth inches in diameter.

MR. EDWARD WHYMPER states that the height of the glacier-clad interior of Greenland, near the seventieth parallel of latitude, considerably exceeds 10,000 feet. He describes it as presenting, everywhere, from about latitude 68 degrees to latitude 72 degrees, a high, level ridge, so absolutely covered by snow and ice that not a crag breaks the line. Many of the highest summits are strewn with drifted rocks.

DR. P. ALBRECHT, of Brussels, publishes investigations leading him to conclude that there are primitively four intermaxillary bones in the front of the lower jaw, and that hare-lip, which is never central, takes place by the separation of the inner and outer intermaxillaries of one or the other side. As proof of this, he figures cases of double hare-lips in which the two inner bones stand out as a separate bone, solidified together, while each outer intermaxillary, barring its incisor, is united to the maxillary.

RECENT researches as to the distance from the earth of fixed stars, by Dr. David Gill and Dr. Elkin, English astronomers at the Cape of Good Hope, show that it would require 4.36 years for a ray of light to reach us from *a* Centauri, and 8.6 from Sirius; while from other designated stars, fifteen, nineteen, twenty-three, and fifty-four years, would be required respectively. Knowing the velocity of light, the vast distances can be computed in miles, but can never be comprehended by the imagination.

ONE of the regular duties at the Naval Observatory is the conaant correction of the standard mean-time clock, by observations ts the sun, moon and major planets through the meridian transit nstrument. Over 1,400 observations have been taken during the ost six months by daily attention to the subject, applied each day il the standard clock for setting the correct time to the transm-ıı ong clock, by which time-signals are dispatched and chronometers rated.

THAT the common humble bees (or "bumble"-bees) make their homes in the abandoned nests of the field-mice, just under the sod, is well known; but lately they have been recorded as varying from this so far as to inhabit in one instance a deserted wren's nest under the roof of a porch twelve feet above the ground; a marten's nest among rocks, in another instance; and, in a third, a mouse's nest in the brace of a barn.

THE fear of the parasitic worms which occasionally infest all fish is based upon ignorance of how easily their harmfulness is destroyed by cooking. It has been shown satisfactorily that not only the filarian worms inhabiting fishes, but flesh parasites, like the *Trichina spiralis* of pork, are killed at a temperature of fifty degrees centigrade, which is always far surpassed in the process of thorough cooking.

THERE can be no doubt that the habits of insects often indicate affinities in plants. There is doubtless a strong affinity between the solanaceæ and scrophularinæ; the small oval pollen is almost identical in both. The habits of fungus parasites sometimes disclose similar relationships, often more real than at first apparent. An example of this is had in the fungus of the potato disease.

DR. HENRY C. CHAPMAN has issued an interesting pamphlet on the history of the circulation of the blood, in which he concludes the discovery of the fact belongs to no age, country or person. It has been noted during the last two thousand years by all the great medical minds, who gradually contributed to the elucidation of the whole truth.

PERENOSPORA INFESTANS.—This parasite is almost peculiar to the solanaceæ, being especially destructive to solanum, lycopersicum and petunia, but at times it invades the scrophularinæ, and grows on authocersis and schizanthus. Other examples of one parasitic fungus invading two orders could be given.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

LIVES of great men all remind us that we have got to watch out very carefully if we expect to leave any respectable footprints.

A SUBURBAN correspondent writes to inquire the best method of raising calves. It evidently never occurred to him to ask his mother.

"WHAT is more awful to contemplate," said a lecturer, glaring about him, "than the relentless power of the maelstrom?" And a henpecked-looking man in the rear of the building softly replied, "The femalestrom."

GOING & GONNE was the style of a well-known banking-house in Ireland, and on their failure in business some one wrote:

"Going & Gonne are now both one,
For Gone is going, and Going's gone."

A WIT was dining one day with an ex-Lord Chancellor. In the course of conversation on rural affairs the latter remarked that he kept on his pasture-land nearly a thousand sheep. "I perceive, then," said the wit, "that your lordship has still an eye to the woolsack."

A CELEBRATED actress was on one occasion starring in the provinces. One evening after the fall of the curtain, the beaux of the village assembled round her, to congratulate her. "Ah, gentlemen," she said, "to play that part well one ought to be young and beautiful!" "Oh, madame," answered one of the beaux, "*you have proved the contrary.*" That actress missed her mark.

"BEWARE OF THE PAINT."—The Scotch joke is usually dry; in one case it was wet. An Aberdeen wit had a large handsome gold-edged card placed high up on his door; in the centre of the card something was written in very small characters. The object naturally attracted the attention of the curious, and the near-sighted had to get very close up to it. Afterward they found the value of the advice it contained, which was "Beware of the paint."

"WHAT do you live on?" asked a visitor of the country-editor "My ink-come," said the shears-wrestler.

A DOCTOR writes, asking the renewal of a bill, and says: "We are in a horrible crisis; there is not a sick man in the district."

"SO YOU say your husband loves you, Mary?" "Oh, he dotes wildly upon me." "Indeed; but he'll soon get over that." "What makes you think so?" "Because men generally soon get over sowing their wild dotes."

"WE cannot," writes a shrewd contemporary, "impress too strongly upon all correspondents, when in doubt whether the postage of a letter is a cent or two cents, the force of the old proverb, 'Two heads are better than one.'"

HUSBAND (airily, they had just returned from their wedding-trip)—"If I'm not home from the club by—ah—10, love, you won't wait——" *Wife* (quietly)—"No, dear"—but with appalling firmness—"I'll come for you!" He was back at 9:45 sharp.

A GENTLEMAN at a theatre said to his companion: "Who is that ugly creature who has just entered the box opposite?" "Why," sir, that is *my sister.*" "No, no, sir," cried the other; "I mean that shocking monster with her." "That, sir, is *my wife.*"

A BARBER who was a terrible gossip was one day about to commence operations on the beard and hair of a customer, and, by way of opening up a new vein of small talk, asked the usual preliminary question—"How shall I cut it?" "In silence!" was the unexpected reply.

ON visiting a menagerie, Tooke was comparing the countenance to that of a monkey of one of his fellow-members of the English Parliament. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks, so to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologize to—you or the monkey."

A SCHOOL-INSPECTOR asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water." He varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked, "What, then, do land and water make?" To which came the immediate response, "Mud."

"WHAT are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweler, pointing to some elegant silver cups on the showcase. "These are race-cups, to be given as prizes to the best racer. "If that's so, suppose you and I race for one?" And the stranger, with cup in hand, started, the jeweler after him. The stranger won the cup.

THE German philosopher, Lessing, was so absent-minded that he is said to have one day knocked at his own door and asked if himself were at home. A servant who had been engaged during his absence opened it, and gravely informed him that his master was out. "Very well," was the reply, "I will call again another day."

TWO SONS of an aristocrat were remarkable for hastiness of temper, which on certain occasions gave rise to very indiscreet expressions. During a quarrel, and in the height of passion, one said to the other: "You are the greatest ass in the world!" "Come, come, my lads," said their highly incensed father; "you forget that I am present."

IN the diamond field. *Biggs*—"But who did you say that third baseman was?" *Griggs*—"Oh, that is Baggers." *Biggs*—"Baggers? Baggers? Don't think I ever heard of him. What college did he graduate at?" *Griggs*—"College! He never went to school more'n nine months in his life." *Biggs*—"Ah, that accounts for it. I thought he wasn't much of a player."

A YOUNG lady's opinion of her bonnet: "Oh, the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore to school! I really thought them pretty! I must have been a fool! And yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss! Perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this? Oh, the lovely little pancake—the charming little mat! It makes my head so level, and so very, very flat!"

ONCE upon a time Albert Smith inscribed upon a register at Chamouni the following sentiment:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know."

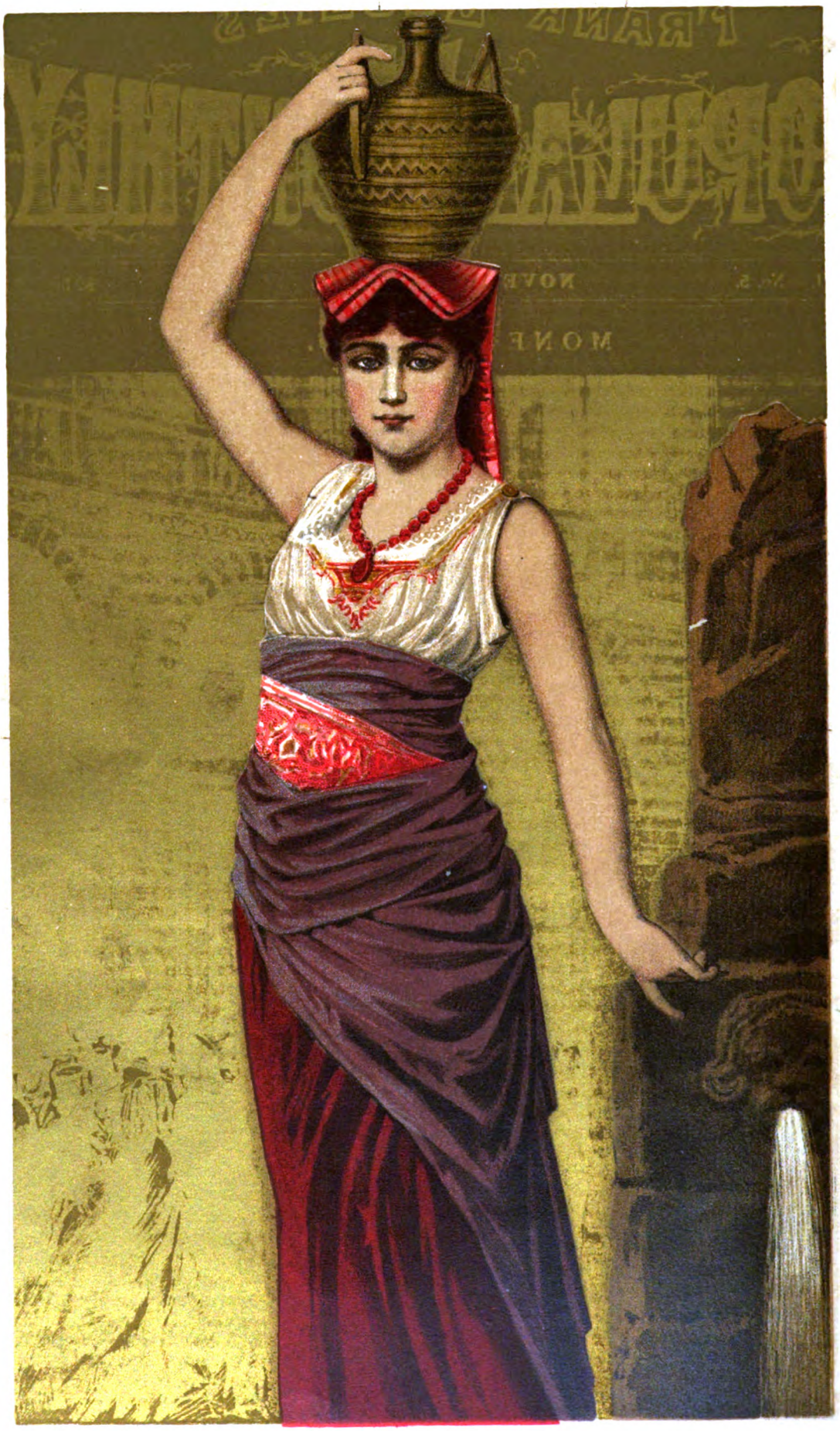
Whereupon Thackeray, who happened to be the next distinguished visitor, added on the same page:

"I know that Albert wrote in a hurry,
To criticise I dare not presume,
But yet I think that Lindley Murray
Instead of 'who,' would have written, 'whom.'"

YOUNG WIFE—"Why do you invite that odious Mr. Goode to the house, John?" *John*—"Odious? Why, he is noted for his benevolence and nobility of soul. Besides being very tender-hearted, he has charmingly unaffected manners." "Well, I think he is horrid. He is a perfect brute." "You certainly used to admire him. What has he done?" "Why, last evening I showed him our precious little darling, and he said all babies looked alike to him."

SEND your address on a postal-card for 100-page Book on the Liver. DR. SANFORD, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

A HEAD.—BY PAUL THUMANN.

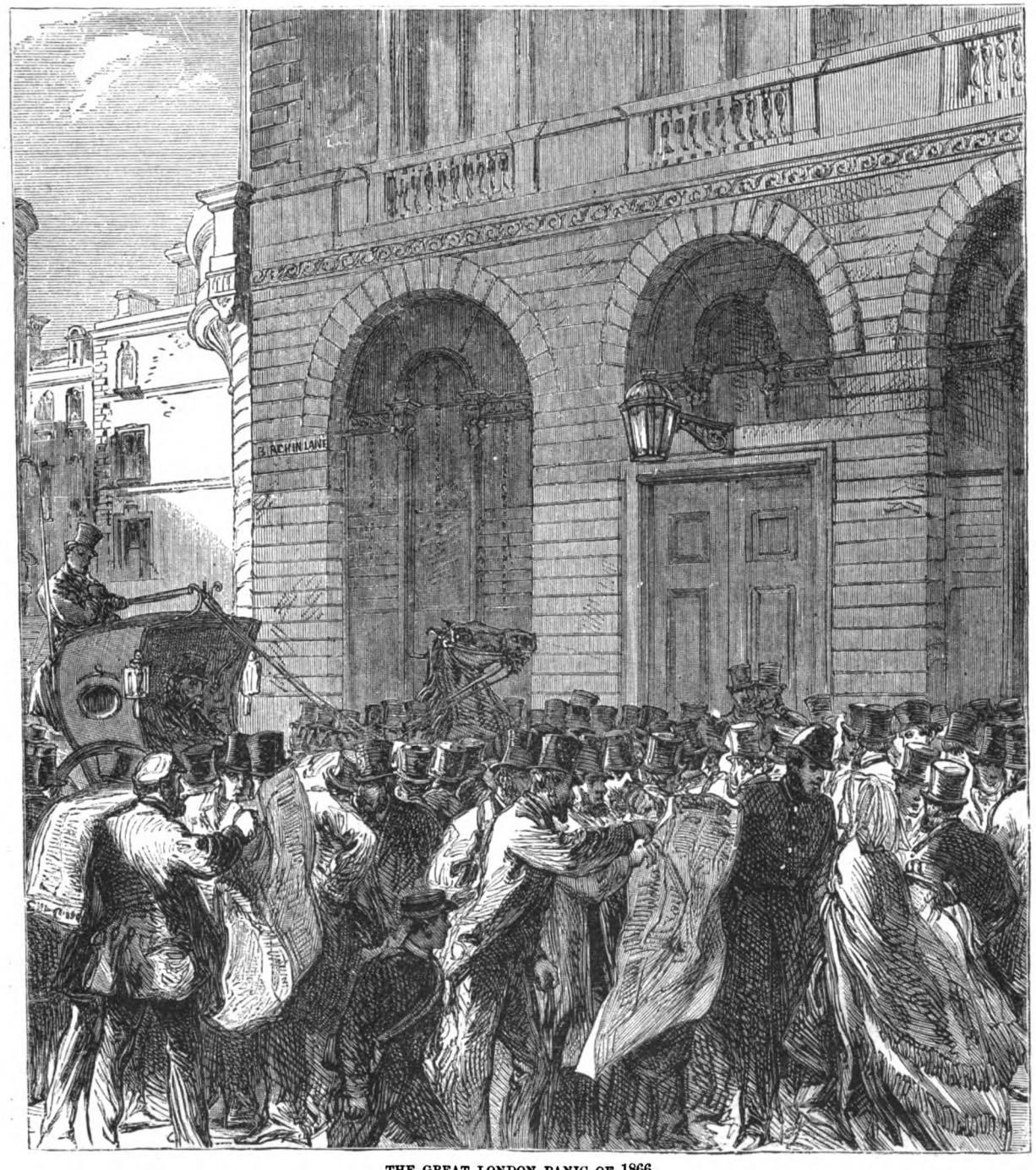


THE WATER GIRL OF POMPEII.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1884. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

MONEY PANICS.



THE GREAT LONDON PANIC OF 1866.

MONEY PANICS.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.

Toward the close of the year 1883, some unexpected failures of some large leather-men (by which I mean men who deal in leather) in the City of New York took the business community of that city, as well as the rank and file of the class ycleped speculators, by surprise. It was an unlooked-for and unexpected occurrence, but it produced little or no effect on the aforesaid business community, or on the speculators—no more effect than the peculiar disturbance in the wells of Herculaneum and Pompeii, noticed by those sent to draw water from them, had on the inhabitants of those cities just before the outbreak which buried them centuries deep in ashes.

For, a little before that, bank presidents, discussing the state of affairs with favorite bank customers, over a chop and a goblet of brown stout, or a glass of sherry, at their luncheon, had pronounced the financial situation satisfactory. It is strange these gentlemen did not stop to consider that the traditional ten years had elapsed since the panic of 1873, and that it was time to put their "houses in order." But they did not stop to consider, and they made no attempt to put their houses in order; in fact, they kept on putting them out of order by lending their money to stock operators (gamblers), so that the respectable merchants who were connected with these banks as customers and depositors were certain, when the crisis did come, to be shut off from the lawful discounts to which they were entitled, and be forced to succumb for lack of the assistance they had a right to claim and expect.

It was some little time later, and after the year 1884 had opened, that an adventurous individual, who was credited by the "street" as the possessor of enormous wealth, and who had undertaken to carry through one of the railroad routes to the Pacific (the enterprise which, ten years before, had brought to grief the successful negotiator of United States securities, precipitating the panic of 1873)—I say, as the year 1884 opened, this prominent railroad-man collapsed, and the bank presidents and the speculators, paying slight respect to a defunct friend, began the task of explaining how the thing had happened. It was "just as they always thought. They never believed there was much financial strength in that quarter. The failure would prove a great relief to monetary circles; it would purify the commercial atmosphere," and much more of the same sort.

But, "while they were yet speaking," there came another announcement — an announcement which shook the city to its very centre, and which shook the land as well, for the crash was not alone a business one, not alone a money catastrophe—it was a moral enormity, laying bare a series of incredible frauds, positively unparalleled in their nature, disgracefully wrecking whole families, and throwing the baleful shadow of suspicion over one of the most honored names of the land. Then came with frightful recurrence bank failures and bank suspensions in New York, and over the country. The President of the Stock Exchange succumbed; and house after house of greater or lesser note followed. But this was not all. All sorts of rascalities came to light; accounts of the absconding of bank presidents, bank cashiers and of bank tellers, bookkeepers and confidential secretaries and clerks, filled the newspapers in rapid succession. To this succeeded the era of suicide. Many who could not manage to abscond cut their throats, took poison, or hanged themselves. In fact, the whole country was horror-stricken. Such are the astounding events which mark the Panic of 1884.

I propose in this article to give the readers of the Popular Monthly some account of the money panics, so called, which have burst upon us at nearly regular intervals of ten years, commencing with 1816–17. In doing this, I have the design not only to give a history of what happened, but to make some observations touching the causes which from time to time produce this collapse in the country's affairs, which takes place with such appalling regularity.

Everybody understands what is meant by "Panic." We speak of an army being panic-struck, of people being panic-struck at a fire, on the water, in face of any accident, or when exposed under any circumstances to any danger, real or imaginary, where presence of mind is lost. It is contagious; people lose their heads, and then they do just such strange and unreasonable things as people without heads might be expected to do. In fact, they commit all sorts of extravagances of action, and so the panic runs its course without hindrance till, by degrees, the turned heads begin to get right, and then, in the case of financial panics, the newspapers report a better "*feeling*." And they are right, for, so far as panic, as such, is concerned, it is all Feeling—nothing but feeling.

In taking up the history of these various money troubles, I warn the reader not to mistake the effect for the cause. He must not suppose because he discovers the first breaking out of disaster in Wall Street (I use the term Wall Street to represent our great money centre, and in a sense the money operations of all our large towns), that to Wall Street is to be charged the calamities and miseries of this constantly recurring crisis. Do not be surprised when I tell you Wall Street should not, except in a secondary way, be held responsible for it. It is chargeable to the country—the whole country—and not to the "street." It is true, in our large cities, stock gamblers ply their never-ending vocation; but, if outsiders would stand aloof, these people could only prey on one another, and the public would look on careless of results.

There is in the nature of man a restlessness which tends for ever to drive him out of the common course. In our large and undeveloped country there is the greater and more rational temptation for this. We seek constantly to undertake large and difficult enterprises. We succeed often—often we fail. The rank and file of the people of the United States take an interest in these various schemes, and adventure their time and money in them. They become encouraged, and their ideas inflated, by their hopes of increased wealth. They buy on credit more than they can pay for, and commence thus to live beyond their means. A glamour of prosperity deludes them, and they begin to discount the future, which holds out illimitable credit, and realizations in proportion. The manufacturer, stimulated by the extraordinary demand, doubles his activity, runs his mills on extra time, till a stock is produced which he cannot sell—or, if sold, which he cannot get paid for. Then comes a crisis. The farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic, the shopkeeper, the divine, the doctor, and the college professor, if the truth be known, have adventured their money; have all indulged in their day-dreams; have all depended on a future which has betrayed them; and now

they all must suffer. The veins refuse longer to collect and transmit back to the heart its vital fluid, and the collapse follows. Wall Street can no longer propel, through the arteries of trade, commerce, and general business, the life-blood necessary for their operations, and things come to a standstill. Add the unhappy effects of panic to this, and the picture is complete.

* * * * * *

The war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain taxed the country, with an impoverished treasury and resources undeveloped, to its utmost capacity. There was no reliable paper currency. For Congress, in 1811, had refused to re-charter the Bank of the United States, whose term of existence had just expired, and the country was delivered over to the evils of innumerable petty banks chartered by the different States. These banks issued in a reckless manner bills with no responsible limit, which, if we except those of the New England banks, were at a depreciation of from ten to twenty-five per cent.

The war was brought to a close in 1815. The succeeding year, that of 1816, proved to be the most melancholy period ever witnessed by the inhabitants. There was neither enterprise nor the spirit which prompts it. People were discouraged. A dark pall had fallen over the land. In most of the Middle States, and in all of the New England States, there were severe frosts in every one of the Summer months, by which the crops were destroyed and incipient famine threatened. Specie payments were out of the question, and the country was delivered over to the tender mercies of petty usurers and speculators—remorseless wretches who had managed to secure enough money to control the machinery by which to start a bank(!) or to individually prey upon the distresses of those who found themselves without any ready means. The hard-working farmer, reduced to the necessity of borrowing from the local Shylock of the neighborhood, in due time was forced to give up his home and move into the wilderness. The distress was genuine and universal. The few profited by the calamities of the many, and a terrible desolation (we can scarcely call this a panic where only a real and dreadful misery prevailed) swept over the land.

The Democrats were at that time in power, and to their praise it should be said that, ignoring party judgments and traditions, they passed a Bill chartering the Bank of the United States, with an existence of twenty years from January 1st, 1817. The effect was admirable. Within two years from the date of its organization its beneficent influence was felt through the whole country. It is difficult now to figure the intense satisfaction of the people in handling "paper money" which they were not afraid to keep in their pockets over night, lest the bank which issued it should break. Another cause for rejoicing was, that these bills were equally current in Boston and New Orleans, as well as at all intermediate places.

It was now that confidence revived. The pendulum began to swing to the other side. The cotton crop increased largely year by year. The fertile lands of the Great West (at that time the phrase meant Western New York, Ohio and Michigan) offered alluring inducements to the farmers of New England, who commenced to emigrate in numbers. Manufactures were largely on the increase. The steamboat had become a success in river navigation; and the new State of Maine, with its marvelous wealth of timber, began to attract the immigrant and the speculator. The genius of De Witt Clinton had devised a plan to unite the "Great Lakes" with the Atlantic by means of the Erie Canal, and in the year 1825 this important work was accomplished.

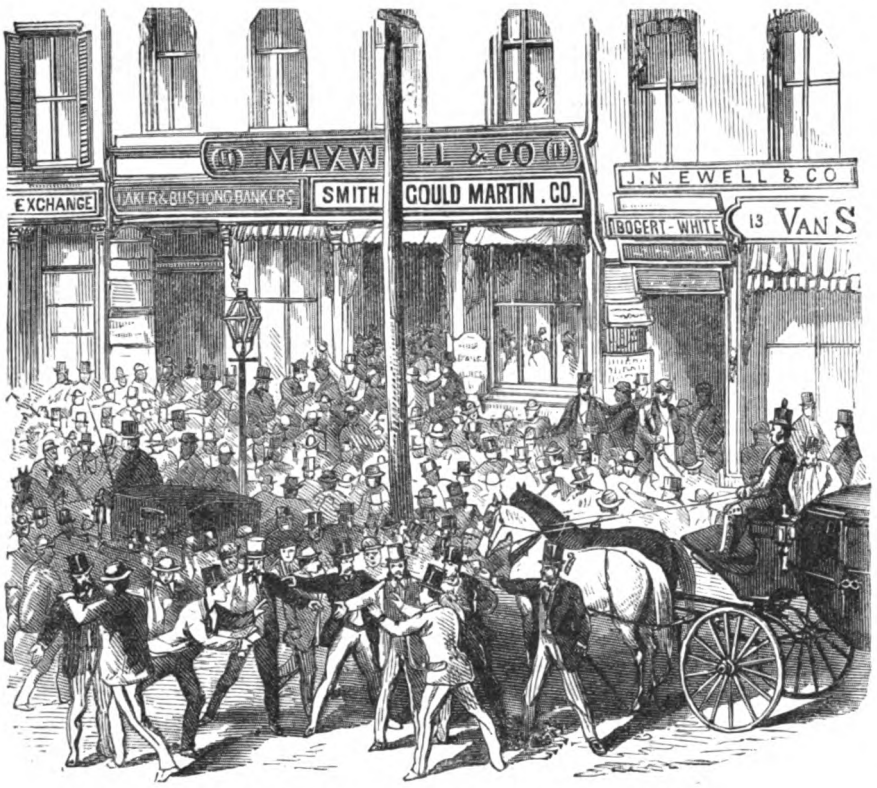
The Bank of the United States, in its financial correspondence with the money-dealers of England especially, had attracted the attention of capitalists to the large opportunities for investment in the "States." Loan companies were organized, private agencies were established, authorized to invest English money in desirable enterprises, and we may rest assured that these desirable enterprises were at all times forthcoming. In fact, since history repeats itself, the arrangements, just half a century ago, for employing John Bull's surplus money, were very much like the mortgage and loan companies of to-day, constructed to lend English cash on Western and Southwestern mortgages, at the moderate rate of from eight to twelve per cent. interest per annum.

It is needless to say, with these aids to speculation, the period of inflation was soon at high tide. On this occasion the great excitement was in Western lands, with an alluring diversion after Maine timber lands. The country was alive with land-jobbers. They filled every little tavern and shanty through the land. It was just like the oil-regions fever or that after gold-mines, which came later. Rarely was a person to be met with who did not own a city, or, at least, a town (on paper), "out West," and who was not possessed of an imaginative wealth untold. At the same time, strange as we may regard it, no money ever figured in these transactions except what occasionally went into the pockets of the land-surveyor or the map-man, who generally, however, took his pay in "city lots."

I give an amusing anecdote current at the time, and illustrative of the state of affairs. It was in 1835 (so the story goes), when a man with an enthusiastic cast of features reached the city of Troy, N. Y., on his return from the "West," and put up at the Troy House. After looking about the place, he called up Mr. Kidd, the proprietor of the hotel, and said, "Landlord, I rather like this little place. Do you know if it is for sale?" "I cannot answer your question," was the reply, "but I presume the Mayor can tell you." "Please send for him forthwith," said the stranger; and the Mayor was summoned, and came accordingly. The same remark was repeated, and the same question put. "Yes," said the Mayor, "the place is for sale; but there is one condition I am afraid you would not be able to comply with. I should insist on three cents down." "Oh, no! Oh, no! I could not think of that. No money down; certainly not," retorted the speculator; and consequently the city of Troy remained unsold.

In the City of New York the fever of speculation was rampant. It seized not only on the doctors and the legal gentlemen, but it invaded the pulpit, where it might be supposed the clergy could find a safe refuge. It paid no respect to the bench: the ermine of the judge was no protection. In 1837 came the terrible reaction, and all classes and conditions of men went down "in one red burial blent."

I ought to have observed that the charter of the United States Bank expired on the 1st of January, 1837, the Act of Congress for its re-charter having been vetoed by General Jackson. This compelled the bank to wind up its affairs, and in doing so they certainly employed unnecessarily severe methods, which had the effect to weaken all financial credit. The local banks were in this way driven to protect themselves as best they could. There was but little money in the country, not a tenth part of what should serve as a basis for these



A PRIVATE BANKING HOUSE DURING THE PANIC OF 1873.

unreasonable speculations, so that a species of universal bankruptcy prevailed.

In England the money crisis was severe. Nearly all the banking-houses which had done business with the United States failed. Of these, the failure of the "Three W's" afforded the most notable instances. The "Three W's" referred to George Wildes & Co., Thomas Wilson & Co., and Timothy Wiggins & Co., all leading houses, with intimate business relations in America. A fourth "W" barely escaped. This was the then famous American house of John Welles & Co., Paris. Welles's accomplished wife (she was a Miss Fowle, a Massachusetts girl, afterward the Countess Lavalette), in the midst of the most stringent period, went herself to the Bank of France with all her jewels, and succeeded in making arrangements for money to carry the house through. I was at that time myself living in the Latin Quarter in Paris, and it is difficult to describe the distress American students were in, since they could obtain no money on their letters of credit when the banks failed; and it took (there were no steamers) sixty days to get remittances from home by the packet-ships.

In America, as I have said, bankruptcy was universal. The bankrupt list seemed to include everybody. The exceptions were those who, by some chance, remained solvent.

At length Congress passed, in 1841, a general bankrupt law, and people's faces brightened. It was an easy-going Bill, and the number who availed themselves of it was enormous. It amounted to a proclamation of the Year of Jubilee, and after the people had slipped through and were free the law was repealed.

Once more hope was in the ascendant. Folks began to reflect that the country was what it had always been—vast, illimitable, impossible to appreciate in its undeveloped resources. Heretofore the people (so they said) had

PRESIDENT GRANT AND THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY INTERVIEWED BY CAPITALISTS AFTER THE BLACK FRIDAY OF 1873.

traveled too fast, or, rather, had begun too soon. But now the time had come. The prevailing tone was first hopeful, then sanguine. Railroads were commenced, reaching Westward, to develop the wealth of the land; companies were formed for schemes of industrial improvement; additional Western States had come into the Union; the grain and cotton producing area was continually extended, and the universal Yankee nation went at it again!

The next tenth year found the people unprepared as before, but not so entirely carried away by the demon of speculation as during the previous decade. There had been more of solid industry displayed through the country, and consequently more money had been accumulated, and the inhabitants were better prepared for the reaction. The excellent market for grain had attracted the farmers to the West, and swelled in a healthy way immigration to that quarter. Speculation in bread-stuffs sprang up, and formed a new element in Wall Street. Every thing was prosperous and everybody content. As usual, the people began to buy freely, the manufacturers to manufacture freely. The situation was so unlike that of the country in 1837, that the future looked very safe, indeed.

A RUN ON A NATIONAL BANK IN THE PANIC OF 1873.

The year 1847 was marked by the dreadful famine in Ireland; the potato crop was a failure, the crops in England were below par, and it was evident that large demands would be made on the United States for all kinds of cereals. It was on this occasion that Congress dispatched a Government vessel loaded with grain for the relief of the Irish. It was this famine that precipitated the crisis of 1847. For it led to wild and extravagant speculations in grain. Prices rose and rose; fortunes beyond computation were made—on paper; the bottom fell out, and the crash came. One of the most noteworthy incidents in Wall Street was the failure (among many others) of one of the oldest, one of the most honored, and, as was considered, one of the most conservative banking-houses of the city. This house had issued its acceptances for a very large amount, sending agents through the Western States to purchase grain. Cargoes were shipped to England and bills drawn on correspondents there. The fall in the market was sudden and heavy. It literally involved the whole trading community. The farmer who had stored his grain in order to get the very top of the market, and who had counted on the highest price, perhaps picking up small lots from his poorer neighbors, found himself badly shattered when prices tumbled. His distress was shared by others in one way and another. So gloom was over the land again. The Western banks suffered the most. But as all the country banks were forced to draw on Wall Street for whatever balances they might have, often seeking aid in addition, and as failures abounded, in the city the banks themselves were in very close quarters. This added to the prevailing distress, so that the Autumn of 1847 found Panic in full sway.

The Panic of 1847 proved very disastrous in London. There were not only very large speculations in grain, but also in the China trade and with the East Indies. It is a remarkable fact that one eminent commercial house which stopped payment was found, on careful examination into its condition, to have actually been insolvent for more than forty years! It had been sustained by the

use of its enormous credits, which reached around the globe. Similar instances of a previous insolvency were found, though for shorter periods, in regard to several other firms, which led to many disagreeable exposures when least expected.

While this tenth year had, as usual, found the people of the United States unprepared, they had at least been making some effort to escape from the demon of speculation. There had been more of sober, solid industry throughout; consequently, more money had been accumulated, the resources of the land had been steadily developed, and the country was far richer than ever before, so that the inhabitants were better prepared for the reaction. The consequence was that the period of disaster was comparatively short. In 1837 Panic could not well exaggerate the distress. In 1847 Panic did exaggerate it, and the distress was to an extent short-lived.

There was now a new element of prosperity to be added to the nation's resources.

On the 9th of February, 1848, three men were at work at Sutter's Mill, situated on the American Branch of the Sacramento River, in El Dorado County, California. They were repairing the raceway, which had been damaged by the recent freshets. The overseer of the work was a man by the name of Marshall. His little daughter, attracted by the unusual spectacle of a dry channel where the water usually rushed with violence, ventured to inspect it. Presently she picked up a yellow pebble, and running to her father exclaimed, "See what a pretty little stone I've found." It was a gold nugget. The news flew like wildfire, and by the month of August of the same year more than 4,000 persons were at work in California after gold, and with most promising results. We all know what followed. The speedy settlement of the State and large additions to the stock of gold in the country.

This unexpected discovery and rapid influx of gold was the first great motor to revive the energies of the people and set affairs in motion again. So that the period between 1847 and 1857 proved to be one of most extraordinary activity in every department of industry and in every conceivable kind of speculation. This decade was the era of railroad construction; of gold-hunting, not in California alone, but in Central America and in Australia. It was the happy period for coal companies, for copper companies, for timber companies and land companies, to say nothing of a great variety of smaller schemes and enterprises "too numerous to mention." In short, the entire community was agitated. If you went into the interior you could not encounter an individual who was not the (then) happy proprietor of shares or bonds of some one of these promising corporations. All over Europe, in London, Paris, Frankfort, Amsterdam, and every other important town, you found "American securities" in continually increasing quanities. You encountered Americans at every point loaded with schemes, noisy, self-assured and entirely complacent. Railroads were built with bonds negotiated by English, Dutch and German bankers, while in France, American mining shares—gold, silver, copper, etc.—found a ready market. It was the blissful time for the stock-brokers; they were all rich; everybody was rich, or going to become so—which was to them much the same thing—and so everybody was happy.

But, alas! when the sons of men were feasting in each others houses, Crisis came also, and with Crisis, Panic. It was midsummer—August—when the swift, sharp, disastrous failure of a large and prominent Life and Trust Company suddenly closed its doors. What a commotion ensued! Bankers and brokers, merchants, solid men, speculative men, and capitalists, were telegraphed for at Newport, Saratoga, Sharon, Cape May and other points, to come home and save their property. They did come, only to find there was very little worth saving. Failure succeeded failure, and crash followed crash. The banks could no longer respond in gold to the demands upon them, and specie payments, by a sort of common consent, were suspended. Bank-stock tumbled about thirty per cent. The panic was alarming; it exaggerated the already wretched condition of things a hundredfold, and added immensely to the distress. England and the Continent were seriously involved in this sudden and unexpected overthrow.

It was on this occasion that George Peabody, the great American merchant and banker in London, was forced to seek the aid of the Bank of England in order to sustain himself. He had made extraordinary advances to a well-known banking-house in New York, with whom his relations were very intimate. When the storm burst the leading partner of that house filled his trunk with railroad bonds and shares, and started for London. He went straight to Mr. Peabody, but he had little to offer that in the crisis was available.

Mr. Peabody's application to the bank for aid was always a sore subject with him. For many years I had been on terms of personal friendship with him, and I happened to be in Europe the entire year of 1858. I saw him frequently, and had from his own lips an account of his application to the bank. In the interview he told me he stated to the governor of the bank, who was a personal friend, that he might be in a position to require a pretty large sum of money in the course of a few weeks, and he desired to know *then* if he could, in such a contingency, be accommodated. "Mr. Peabody," said the governor, pleasantly, "that is not business. What sum do you want *now*, and for how long a time?" Mr. Peabody named the amount, and was careful to make it sufficiently large and to put the time sufficiently far off. The transaction was at once concluded, and the amount placed to Mr. Peabody's credit. Mr. Peabody did not use three-fourths of this sum, as I now recollect, and he paid into the bank the whole loan some time before it became due. The rate of interest at the bank had risen to ten per cent., and the governor, in the interest of the bank, shrewdly took advantage of the fact to make the loan on those terms. I may mention, as an instance of Mr. Mr. Peabody's honesty of nature, his reply to me when I said to him, "It was very kind in you to sustain that house (naming the New York house) and carry them through." "Oh," he answered, quickly, "had I not sustained them they would have dragged me down."

At this time a great many foreign houses were carried down, by being overloaded with securities of every possible description, a large portion of which had become, at least for the present (and maybe for all time) utterly valueless. Notwithstanding affairs appeared to be involved in a universal ruin (they were certainly involved in a universal catastrophe), when the panic began to subside and the wreckage was cleared away, much remained that was good and substantial. To be sure, there were mining companies whose shares would remain utterly worthless; but gold, nevertheless, was abundant, and was being produced in large quantities. This gave substantial proof of what could be counted on as certain. The railroads, which were at first unremunerative, began to show large increase of earnings as the traffic of the new sections through which they passed increased. Coal and iron had become, as it were, necessities of life, and were in constant demand, notwithstanding many dis-

reputable companies had gone by the board. The result was that a large number of our railroads gradually redeemed the promise of great success first claimed for them. Other roads were sold under mortgage and reconstructed, and set once more on their feet with fresh capital. Promise, which had now displaced Panic, smiled upon the situation!

The year 1859 came in with hope once more in the ascendant. But mingled with her charming forecast of events were certain dark mutterings, which, at the dawn of 1860, were transformed into dark threatenings, out of the political horizon. These greatly impeded the upward movement in affairs.

This was the year of all years the most momentous in the history of the United States. Abraham Lincoln was elected President in November. In December, South Carolina went out of the Union, and the Spring of 1861 found a rebellion—or whatever other name best suits the sensibilities of the reader—organized in the Southern States. For one year the country sustained the shock and the money pressure, with no depreciation of its bank issues. It was a year of gloom, of misery, of wretchedness. Then came the enormous issue of paper money, with its rapid depreciation in value, fluctuating suddenly and largely, as news of victory or defeat were brought. With this there now came an era of prosperity to the land. I am serious when I use the term prosperity. All the industries, all the labor resources, of the country were employed. The Government wanted men, arms, accoutrements, provisions of every kind; clothing in every shape; steamships, large and small; live stock—cattle; horses, mules—everything, for which the highest prices were paid. Issue after issue of Government bonds were made. The handling of these bonds enriched the famous banker and his subordinates who were intrusted with their sale. The country responded nobly. United States bonds were offered largely abroad. The Dutch were not afraid of them, the Germans were not afraid of them. Both countries invested largely in them. As for the English, they preferred "Confederate bonds"! We shall see by-and-by how severely they fared by the investment.

The war, notwithstanding the fearful loss of life, the enormous expenditure of treasure, and the unhappy distraction which an unnatural state of things produces—I say the war was to the people of the United States (I mean *all* the States) a source and cause of benefits innumerable. We got rid of slavery, and at the same time rid of the dangerous altercations which always threatened to disrupt the country. We vindicated the strength of republican institutions before the whole world, to the infinite mortification of England and the discomfiture of the Emperor of the French. The tremendous exhibition of *power*, North and South (as much South as North), displayed in battle array, ending in a peaceful and contented reunion of forces, put the United States of America in the first rank of first-class powers among the nations of the earth.

But there was another side to the picture—a side not pleasant to contemplate. There were certain hideous creations of the war growing out of the suddenly amassed wealth of the army contractor, the purveyor of army stores and equipments; of the dealer, in short, in everything required by the exigencies of war. I repeat, the sudden and overgrown wealth of these persons, often uneducated, coarse and vulgar in their notions and habits, brought into wretched prominence a new set in society. These people were blazing with jewels and vulgar adornment. They bought, at foreclosure sales, the beautiful residences on the avenues which the old and respectable families were forced to quit, because oppressed by the adverse condition of things; for they did not know how to get money, or make money, according to the new dispensation. This was termed the reign of Shoddy, and a most disreputable reign it was. It was not alone that a certain class had become suddenly enriched. It was the evil example which such as these presented to the young, who had to secure a living by unremitting industry. Their actions and conduct plainly said, "Don't work; don't be industrious. It doesn't pay. Look at us!" These were some of the evils to be placed to the debit side when taking account of the results of the war.

About this time, there came to the front another class, whom the discoveries in the "oil regions" had suddenly enriched beyond any ordinary computation. This class, while fewer in number than the inhabitants of the domain of "Shoddy," greatly exceeded them in wealth and vulgar expenditure. Anecdotes are still rife of the disgusting exhibitions made by some of these individuals.

The necessities of the war gave a tremendous impetus to the building of railroads, the chief of which was the marvelous work which connected the Great East with the Great West, the railroad to the Pacific. True, in Congress, the construction of this road was attended with all sorts of political jobbery, terminating in the open disgrace of many members; but the road itself was a substantial fact, and of inconceivable benefit to the country.

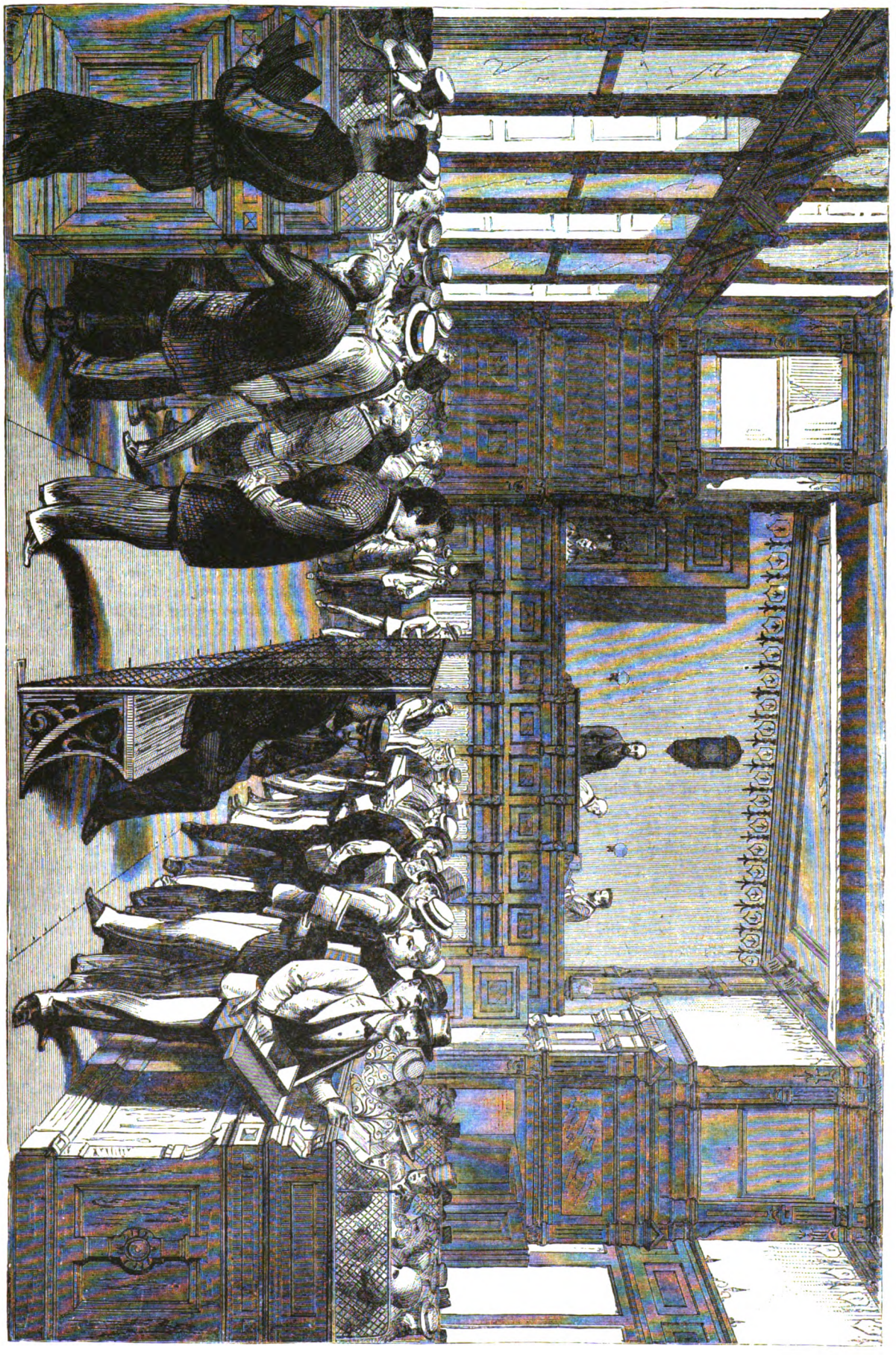
In the midst of all these extraordinary demonstrations, these marvelous accumulations in the hands of individuals, this tremendous inflation, the tenth year again made its appearance, and demanded a reckoning. At least such was the judgment of old-fashioned, cautious people. But no reckoning was permitted. "The time has gone by for panics. The country is too rich to be frightened by bugaboos," was the language of the sanguine. Many judicious people, however, declared it was time to return to specie payments; they admitted that, so long as paper money was easy of manufacture, so long it would be possible to put off the evil day. But was it best to put it off? The answer of the country was "Yes." And the evil day was put off six years, namely, from 1867 to 1873. There was an ample explanation, and, in a sense, a good reason for this, in the condition of things after the close of the war, which made it of the first necessity that, with the still low credit of the Government, no money crisis should come upon us. So the Government went on manufacturing bonds at a large rate of interest, and resumption of specie payments was not attempted.

Let us stop here, and take a glance across the water at our English friends. In England, as everybody knows, the sympathy of the wealthy classes was entirely with the South. They thought that their mercantile and commercial interests would be greatly served by the dismemberment of the States. This influenced the commercial classes. The aristocracy, with an instinctive dislike of republican institutions, expressed, without reserve, their satisfaction in seeing, as they supposed, the "Great Republic" come to an ignominious end. It is true that a proportion of the middle classes, and nearly all of the lower classes—the artisans, mechanics, and day-laborers—of England sympathized with the North, and bore without a murmur the diminished cotton supply, which compelled them often to work on half-time. But the power, the wealth, and the influence of England were exerted against the North in the controversy. The result was that that country became a gilded Mecca for our brethren of the Southern States, and

thither they resorted. There they sold "Confederate bonds," and disposed of "Confederate Cotton Loan," as fast as they could be manufactured, at prices far above par (United States bonds could be purchased below fifty per cent.), to eager, sympathizing John Bull. It was not a happy period for the Northern man to visit Great Britain. He encountered Southerners at all the leading hotels; he met them in great variety and profusion in private houses; he could not call on his banker, or on a leading merchant, without finding them already in possession of the private office, and in close consultation with the principal; he was subject to continually-repeated stale jokes and witticisms about the collapse of the "Universal Yankee Nation." This, too, from personal friends, who, notwithstanding any previous intimacy, appeared to take delight in causing him chagrin and annoyance by specially marked attentions to all hailing from the other side.

CLOSING THE DOORS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON ITS MEMBERS, IN THE PANIC OF 1873.

While our war lasted there was no disposition in the English to invest in the various enterprises which were in full progress in the North, stimulated, as I have said, by the continual increase of paper money. After absorbing quantities of "Confederate bonds," which became a feature in the stock market, they turned their attention



MONEY PANICS.—THE CLEARING-HOUSE, NEW YORK.

to other schemes in other quarters. There were large ventures in Italian railways and Italian irrigation companies, and other Italian schemes. Others found in Germany and Russia opportunities for promising speculation.

This period is specially noticable for the passing of an Act by Parliament (in 1862) authorizing the creation of "limited liability" companies. In other words, companies where the liability of the shareholders is limited to the amount of their investments, and where no personal responsibility is involved beyond that, very much after the plan of the New York statutes providing for the organization of various kinds of corporations. The English rushed into this "limited" plan with impetuosity and recklessness. The word "limited" stared you everywhere in the face. You could scarcely take a bath, ride in a cab, order an overcoat, or lodge in a hotel, without the aid of a "limited" company. There was much harm in thus adapting the machinery of the Act to the smaller industrial occupations, for it caused a less careful attention to the details of the business when personal responsibility was not at stake. The experiment was still more dangerous when applied to banking business, to bill-brokers and large discount-houses. The Englishman was wedded to the joint-stock system in banking, where every shareholder is individually responsible to the full extent of the liabilities of the banking-house.

The new corporations made a strong bid for public patronage by offering unusually large rates of interest on deposits—often as high as five per cent. To pay this and to make dividends, the sums lodged with them had to be invested at a considerably larger rate. This could only be done by the banking-houses embarking in speculative schemes, and they embarked accordingly. The largest discount-house in London was that of Overend, Gurney & Co., known over the world for its solid, sure foundation. At this time the old members of the house sold out to the junior members and retired. The latter at once transformed the famous old concern into a "limited liability" company, and went on swimmingly under the advantage of the prestige of the old house. The business of this house was something enormous. Amounts daily passing through their hands, if stated, could scarcely be credited. The younger members were ambitious. They were carried away by the alluring situation of affairs, and they accepted without proper scrutiny the notes and securities presented.

At this time England was indulging in an extravagant, reckless speculation never perhaps witnessed in the United States. But the crisis was at hand. In April, 1865, the Southern Confederacy collapsed, her armies were disbanded, and the Stars and Stripes floated once more over the whole country. What a commotion in England! For suddenly the bonds of the South, so eagerly sought after, became like waste-paper. The shipping merchants who furnished steamers to run the blockade, and helped fit out *Alabamas*, went to the wall. That was not all. The termination of the "American War" had apparently a baleful effect on the whole class-speculative in England. Italian railroads required more money; irrigation companies asked for further installments; Russian schemes and German schemes required further investments of cash to develop their promised results. Then came Distrust.

An important, indeed, a very large, commercial house in Liverpool suddenly suspended without notice or premonition of trouble. This house had large relations with the railway magnate Sir Morton Peto. There was a disturbed state of feeling in London consequent on this failure, which ordinarily might have passed without serious notice.

On Wednesday morning, May 9th, 1866, the house of Overend, Gurney & Co. applied to the Bank of England to re-discount a large amount of bills. The bank, carrying out its settled policy not to discount for discount-houses, peremptorily refused. The next day, Overend, Gurney & Co. applied to the bank for a loan on a large deposit of what they called securities, such as they had ventured large sums upon; it was refused, and thereupon Overend, Gurney & Co. closed their doors. Their liabilities amounted to £10,000,000 sterling—over $50,000,000!

Meantime the limited liability corporations were running to the Bank of England for aid on their so-styled securities—not a shilling could they get. Sir Morton Peto's firm then went by the board with £4,000,000 sterling liabilities, and everybody felt that the next day—Friday, May 12th, known as "Black Friday"—would witness extraordinary scenes.

I was in London at the time. My headquarters in the City ("in the City" is a term used in London to express what is meant by "down-town" in New York) was at a prominent American banker's. All the American houses during the crisis stood firm and unscathed, for they had had nothing to do whatever with prevailing speculations. The representative of the American house I speak of was one of the junior partners and a personal friend of mine. I was in his private office Thursday afternoon, and on leaving he asked me if I was coming into the city the next day. I gave a doubtful response. "You had better come in," he said, "and see the fun." The expression grated on me. It did not seem like him to employ it. It struck me as in very bad taste and out of place that he should speak in this way at a time of so great a financial disaster because his own house was in a safe condition. I told him so with considerable emphasis.

"My friend," was his reply, "it was my duty to represent our house in London from the commencement of the Rebellion through to the close. I had, socially, many friends here, and I counted, aside from attending to affairs, on having an agreeable time. Instead of that, I lived the entire period in a species of purgatory. To be sure, I had abundant invitations to dinner; but wherever I went I found myself confronted by Southern men, to whom were allotted every possible attention, and who treated me with marked discourtesy, while my presence seemed rather to be tolerated than enjoyed by my entertainers. All the conversation was directed against my section, and was of a nature to make my ears tingle. It is impossible to describe to you how much I was harassed and annoyed. Of course I stopped accepting invitations. This was not all. I encountered much the same thing in the street. Every morning when I came to the City I was met with insulting observations and jeering questions, such as, 'What news this morning from the Dis-United States?' 'How about the Yankee Republic?' and so on. At last I settled into a regular habit. It was to come in the morning, attend to my business, and at the close of the day go to some quiet place and dine, thence to my chambers, where I took a cup of tea. Then I locked my door, smoked my cigar and went to bed. Now, d——n 'em, let them break."

And they did break!

I came in on the morning of Friday, May 12th, as my friend advised, and I can never forget the scene. I had witnessed a great many panics in various countries, including our New York panics, with their exciting and turbulent demonstrations, but I have never seen anything which equaled in desperate, furious commotion,

the scenes in Lombard Street on that memorable 12th of May, 1866. The streets in the vicinity were blocked at an early hour by an eager crowd, anxious to draw their money from the banks, and by another and not altogether inspiring set who gathered as spectators. Respectable old gentlemen, with bags in hand, would approach, draw the gold and come out, frightened by the chaffing of a curious mob, some of whom would propose a division of the spoils. Frequently the parties would return and redeposit. Said an old gentlemen, who was about to draw out his money from a prominent bank (for all were distrusted), to a young man who was making a deposit, "How much are you putting in?" "Four thousand pounds," was the answer. "Is it your own or your employers' money?" The young man named a substantial city house as his principals. "I think I can trust their judgment," said the old fellow, and left the bank with his money undrawn.

At this time the "limited" houses were all forced to suspend, and large numbers of first-class merchants. The joint-stock banks stood firm, as well as the private bankers, who did business on the same principle. The Bank of England came boldly to the relief, and advanced on the occasion over four million sterling ($20,000,000) to Lombard Street, at from nine to ten per cent. interest. The next day the Bank-charter Act was suspended by the Government, by which the Bank of England is allowed to over-issue (a virtual suspension of specie payments), and the relief was instantaneous.

A leading London paper gave the following description of the panic: "The money unsettledness of several weeks which the day before rose to a gale, culminated in a tornado, the frightful force of which was far beyond all precedent in the memory of the living, and which, if it had continued twenty-four hours longer, seemed likely to involve in disaster and wreck all the money interests of the country. Owing to the moral courage and promptitude of the Government, the fury of the commotion was as short-lived as it was violent. This trouble was entirely limited to England, and there was no general unsoundness in commercial affairs."

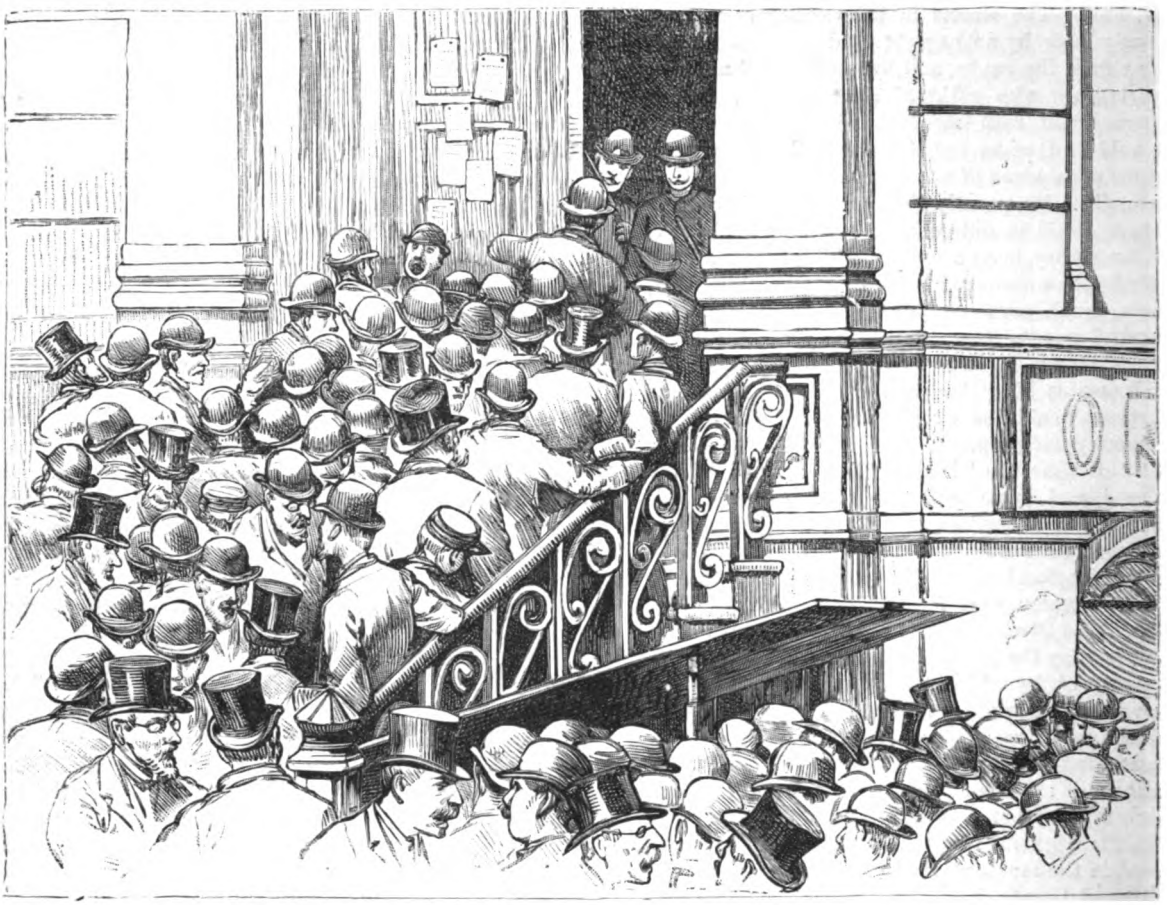
To return to our own country. I have remarked that the enormous issues of paper money postponed the crisis which, in the nature of things, was sure to come. The country at large was in a sounder condition than it had ever been before. True, the nation had incurred an enormous indebtedness, but the money had been distributed everywhere through the land. The farmer had found an ample market for his products at large prices, payable in paper. But with that paper he could pay off the mortgage upon his place, counting dollar for dollar. The mechanic had all he could do at good rates, and the laborer received high wages. As to the manufacturer, it was with him a season of perpetual harvest. The fact is, while the nation as a body had been depleted, it was only to send out its wealth in small channels to the people. Of course, instances of overgrown accumulation, such as I have mentioned, were abundant, but it did not interfere with the prosperity of the industries.

Meanwhile the tide of speculation was at the flood. And now began to be gravely considered the necessity of a resumption of specie payments by the Government. The very idea gave speculators of every description a cold shiver. Those were halcyon days with these gentlemen, and they got up meetings to declare that the United States should conduct its affairs independent of other nations! Why should we pay our bonds in gold and silver, when greenbacks were good enough for us? This wretched twaddle gained but few adherents, and it brought the sober thought of the country to bear upon the situation.

Toward the close of the Summer of 1873, the sudden, precipitate failure of a prominent house, which had acquired large wealth by successfully making a market for United States bonds during the war, brought on the memorable panic of that year. This house, bold and courageous, undertook a northern route to the Pacific. It was a great enterprise; but they had faith in it, and they endeavored to inspire the same confidence throughout the community. They succeeded in part, but not wholly, and failing to mobilize their scheme, they were obliged, without note or warning to constituent or correspondent, to succumb. The scenes which followed could scarcely be exaggerated by even the sensational journals. A large proportion of what was termed the circulating medium (*i.e.* greenbacks) was rapidly hoarded, and as failure is inability to deliver when called on what we have not got, nearly all of business New York failed. Not that it stands exactly in this way recorded; for those who had deposits in banks (imaginary deposits, for really they were no longer there, for the banks, as is their habit, had employed them) checked against the amount which stood to their credit. These checks were duly "certified" to be good, only they could not be honored if they were presented to the counter for payment, but by a fraternal and certainly wise and judicious arrangement between the banks, by which they undertook to sustain each other, bits of paper were originated which were supposed to represent greenbacks, and passed current as such between them, like the present gold certificate, with the difference that one was imaginary, the other is real. By this plan the danger was tided over, and a great catastrophe averted. It amounted in a local way to the suspension of the Bank Act in England.

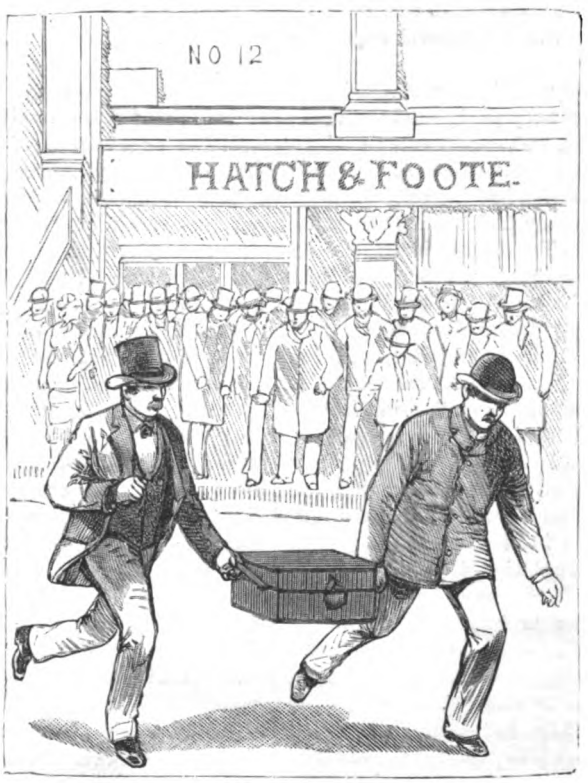
The Stock Exchange undertook to stay the overwhelming tide which was sweeping everything before it, by closing its doors. The monster which had seized the "street" threatened to devour everything in its path, and common cause was made against it. I am sorry to record the fact that the numerous speculating concerns which called themselves bankers showed no disposition to combine or unite to stay the inroads of the destroyer. On the contrary, much jealousy and much uncharitableness were manifested, and the word seemed to be "each one for himself." This crisis passed over and affected the entire country with force and disaster; for, it turned out, that all sorts and conditions of people had been speculating as of yore—that is, had become interested and had invested in the various schemes with which the country was filled. Real estate met with a terrible fall, or, rather, downfall. Many persons who had gone to bed worth millions, by universal acceptation, awoke to find their property not worth the supposed light mortgage which was recorded against it. Some quitted the city; some committed suicide; some quietly accepted the situation. While many instances of embezzlement and fraud were discovered, and various money institutions suspended, never to be revived, this cannot be called an era of fraud in affairs generally. I do not speak of the extraordinary career of Tweed and his ring, which, about this time, came to its disgraceful close, nor of the many and varied imitations of this ring in other States, because these are not to be classed under the head of "Money Panics." I repeat that this was not so much the period of personal fraud and rascality, as of the fraud and rascality of rings and combinations.

The panic, like all panics, subsided. The crisis came



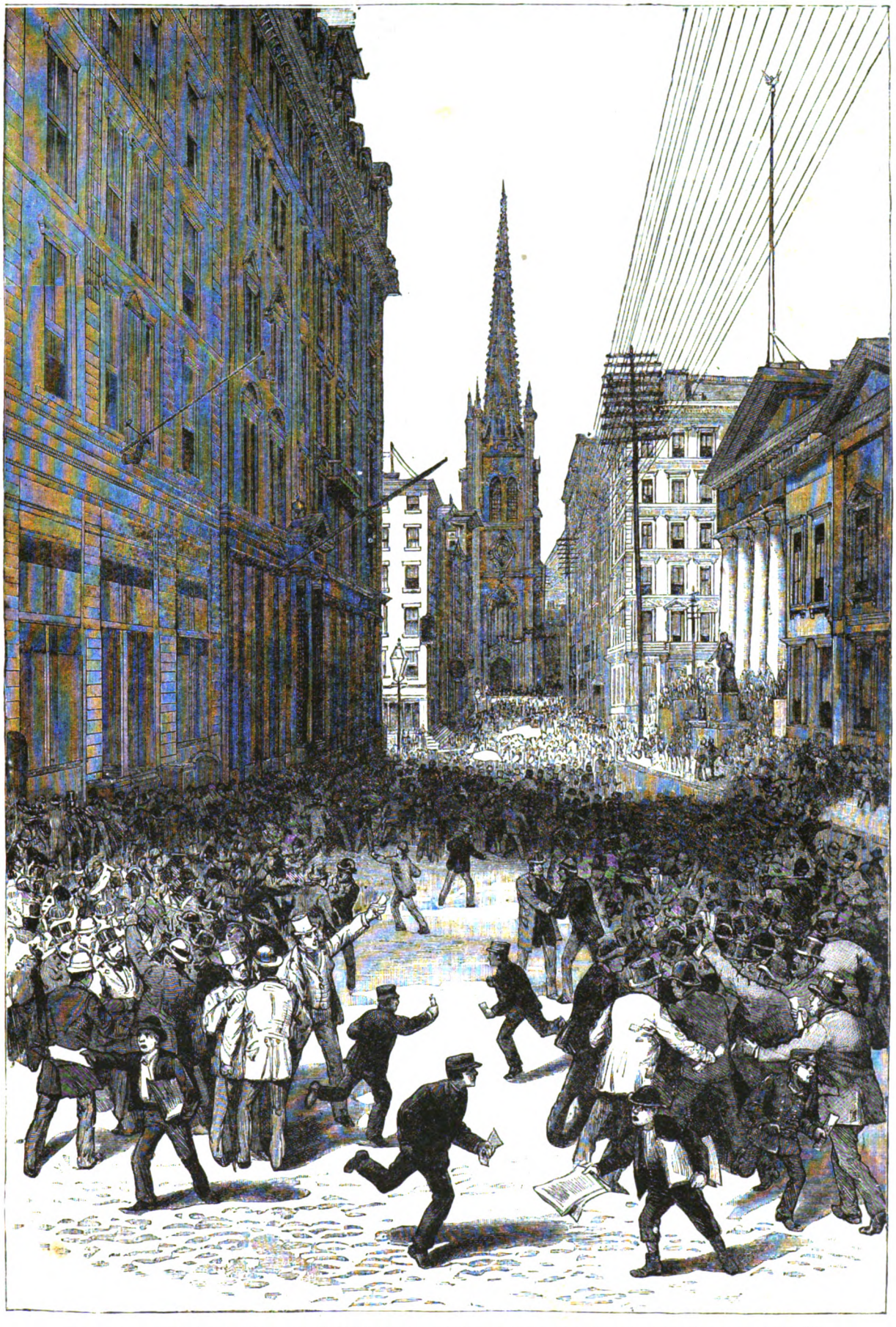
SUSPENSION OF THE METROPOLITAN BANK. 1884.

to an end. Prices were marked down, and folks went to work again. To be sure, the same people did not occupy the same fine houses, ride in the same carriages, or drive the same fast horses. But the houses were still there, firm enough. The carriages and the horses had not suffered collapse. Other people occupied the houses, rode in the carriages (freshly varnished with brand-new coats-of-arms), and drove the fast horses on the road. On the first day of January, 1879, our Government resumed specie payments, and took at once a first rank among solvent, faith-keeping countries, *primus inter pares*. This enabled the banks to resume. Preparation for resumption had long been going on, and, when it came, the result stultified the predictions of the croakers and the pessimists, who had predicted another terrible crisis in affairs. From that time tremendous strides were made in development of every kind of industry, and in pushing forward the various enterprises which had already been planned or undertaken. This brings us to the consideration of the present condition of affairs, and of the crisis to which I alluded at the commencement of this article.



REMOVING SECURITIES DURING A PANIC.

One of the inevitable results consequent on the remarkable promise held out to the sanguine and courageous in the surroundings of a young country, with an enormous territory and a rapidly increasing population, is that many valuable projects, which are sure in the end to be remunerative, fail, perhaps, just as success is about to be realized, leaving the work finished and the projectors bankrupt. Then we come upon another



A VIEW IN WALL STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS TRINITY CHURCH, DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE PANIC, MAY 14TH, 1884.

class, shrewd, keen, remorseless. They form combinations, or possibly, when strong enough, work each for himself. The expenditure of years in money and labor falls into their hands at an insignificant outlay of cash. They reconstruct the broken railroad corporation. Once in control, it becomes a simple matter to re-capitalize the road at twenty times the original amount, and perhaps to make it in combination a trunk line. This has brought a new class of men to the front, who have displaced the army contractor and all of Shoddydom, before whom the wealth of the oil-regions is dim, and the splendors of mining kings fade. The deposits of these overgrown men of wealth were not acquired by the legitimate application of capital combined with industry, nor by honest inheritance, but by the appliances of a fertile, cunning brain adapted to the exigencies and misfortunes to which early though valuable enterprises are subject. The wealth got together in this way is like that of the gambler without his sense of honor, and of the highway robber without the peril which he braves. These people have no conception of human responsibility, nor of any duty to the mass of humanity they see struggling around them. Their lives are cold and rayless, and their only satisfaction is in the successful prosecution of their unscrupulous designs.

A recent traveler in Portugal gives an amusing account of the exaggerated mode of salutation among the inhabitants. The beggars in the street and on the highway are entitled to a certain style of address. A workingman takes rank with an English magistrate, and must be saluted as "Your Worship"; an ordinary tradesman, as "Your Lordship; while "Your Excellency" is reserved for all the upper classes. This habit is so complete that even the street-boys maintain it, and you frequently hear such expressions as, "Your worship is cheating," "Your lordship has stolen my kite." Between the years 1873 and 1883 there came into vogue, financially, something of this habit of exaltation in titles by the exaggerated and ridiculous rating of individuals (agreed on among themselves as a mutual admiration set) whose means, like those of the unlucky Antonio, were "in supposition." It was, "Your worship who is worth five millions," "Your lordship who is worth twenty millions," "Your excellency who is worth a hundred millions." These men all had a peculiar appreciation of each other. They were all of the class I have just attempted to portray! So long as affairs went swimmingly they swam together in a delightful accord. But when symptoms of financial trouble were pregnant and disturbances were threatened, came loud complaints of, "Your worship is cheating," "Your lordship has stolen my kite." It is still fresh in the recollection of New Yorkers how a distinguished Atlantic Cable man sailed for England, and how one of the most prominent of New York's citizens, who had once been a candidate for the Presidency, went to the steamer to see him off, and how, on the return of the distinguished Atlantic Cable man, he published an accusing communication against his supposed friend and coadjutor, in which were charges (denied, of course) that can be properly paraphrased by "Your excellency has stolen my kite," and much to the same effect. I mention these little items, not because it is of the least importance to the public which one depleted the other, but as characteristic of this class, which class had a strong hold on the vitals of Wall Street when the last panic broke upon us as described in the beginning of this paper. The panic came in a way unlike any which had come before. It has been characterized as the "Rogues' Crisis." I need not describe it, for it is very fresh in the minds of every one of us. Examples of unparalleled and audacious fraud and rascality in affairs; examples of idiotic and criminal trustfulness in the offers and promises held out, characterized one set of disasters. Embezzlement, forgery, constructive robbery by people trusted officially, characterized another set. Mixed with this was the now tremendous strain throughout the country by overdoing generally. A few of the rogues have been arrested and await trial. A few committed suicide, and many fled. We know all about this, for we all read the newspapers, and the close of the year finds us doubtful if the worst is over.

Probably the worst is over.

We hear it sometimes remarked that money panics are peculiarly the growth of American soil. That, owing to our "way of doing business," the "condition of our currency," and I know not what else, they may be termed an American malady. Nothing is further from the truth. They come from the causes I have already explained, and break with equal force in Vienna, in Berlin, in Paris, in London and New York. I have spoken of London in 1866. In 1873 the panic in Vienna far exceeded in intensity that in New York. We may say the same at other times of panics in Paris and Berlin.

I have thus endeavored to give some account of the state of the country at its various periods of financial trouble, beginning almost at the commencement of the century. What I desire especially to impress upon the reader is that these troubles do not originate at the centre and work toward the circumference, but, on the contrary, the centre is disturbed by forces from the exterior portion. In other words, as I have before intimated, while the first signs of a money crisis appear at our money centres, these are by reason of disturbances throughout the country. There is much senseless twaddle directed against "Wall Street" and the Stock Exchange, when, in fact, were it not for this great money centre and its stock-board, very few, indeed, of the useful enterprises of the day could be carried through. If what are termed "outsiders" would but keep clear of *speculating* in stocks, the business of the stock-brokers would be confined to purchases for investment and to gambling with each other, to which the public would be indifferent. It is time the people should discriminate in this regard. They should distinctly understand that to the stock-exchange boards through the country we are indebted for the country's advance in material prosperity. For it is by the machinery of these institutions that we are enabled to mobilize large values which will yield an income. This emphatically marks the new order of things in affairs. Time was when public improvements were the work of the state, and enterprises of various kinds were measured by the ability of a single proprietor to promote them. All this is changed by the plan of mobilizing, by which everybody is invited to help do everything. Its tremendous results are now seen in all civilized states. It supports governments. It brings armies into the field, and sustains them in a long war. It builds our railways, floats our steamers, opens our mines, transports with regularity and speed all articles, great and small, and sends our messages from one end of the earth to the other. It builds and conducts our hotels, our factories, our machine-shops. It develops our water-power, it experiments with our inventions, it works our patent rights; in short, it does almost everything for everybody by bringing almost everybody to do something.

This new element is *mobilization*. It works by means of pieces of paper called shares or certificates, bonds or

obligations, all of which pass under the name of securities. By this machinery coöperation is secured, and coöperation is a giant. With good results which come by its aid come also much that is to be deprecated, and in this way: It is very well and very safe to mobilize values where those values will yield an income, but in the excitement of the times, when everything is flush, and money abundant, sanguine persons, honest, doubtless, in their confidence of results, come forward and attempt to mobilize schemes which they believe will have value in the future. Arguments are framed and printed, and considerable money employed; they partially succeed, but not sufficiently, and at last they are obliged to acknowledge themselves mistaken in their own strength, or in their hopes, or in the thing itself. These are the sort of schemes which breed panic. Yet the country could not get on without the sanguine and courageous and restless men. It is to them really that we owe our material progress. The "solid men," so called, those whose time is spent in seeing their money is carefully invested, are of little use in the world.

I have referred to the new order of things carried especially to perfection by the aid of steam and electricity. This has enabled us to bring the system of transposing, forwarding and dealing with large sums to a state of ingenious perfection. Our new system is born of the necessities and sharpened intelligence of the age, and breathes the spirit of energy and confidence. The old habit was one of distrust and suspicion, but it also was the child of necessity. The securities of the ancient capitalist consisted in Arab steeds, Milan armors, in silks and drugs and choice perfumes, in paintings, in wines, in jewels and in gold. He lived, he could not help living, in a state of constant dread, not only of predatory nobles and rapacious sovereigns, wherever he sojourned, but also of the common marauder and robber, at sea and on shore—the land rats and the water rats of society. There are dangers to the capitalist now. He does not live in terror of a De Lacy, or a De Montreal, with his free lances, but he does fear, and perhaps must always be in dread of, a far more dangerous, because subtler, enemy—in dishonest trustees and treacherous officials and confidential agents, some of whom inhabit his counting-room and have control of his books. These know how to deal marvelously with figures. They learn more of his affairs, for they make it their study, than he knows himself. They suck the marrow of his finances, so that when he thinks himself firmest he is seen suddenly to topple, fall and shrink to nothing. Nevertheless, the change is all on the side of the present. It is the railway against the old stage-coach. True, there are frequent "accidents," but when we consider the millions who ride so swift over the world scathless, we "find" in favor of to-day.

One of the great elements in all our business transactions is confidence. For—I say it not irreverently—we transact business by faith rather than by sight. The idea is nobly progressive. Subject to abuses and betrayals, its operation is in the main successful. By its aid we make a dollar do work which, years ago, would have appeared miraculous. It flies from point to point, over sea and land, with lightning speed. It is in London to-day. To-morrow the cable places it on duty in New York. The next day the same dollar is in San Francisco. In an incredibly short time it appears in China or Japan, to travel immediately back to London, and thence on its ceaseless course. All this time the substantial coin itself rests safely in the vault, never even to be handled, except under some disturbance in the exchanges, when it at once does duty in the way of settling balances. All this is the work of faith, applied in the management of the great barter trade of the world. We are liable, of course, to be deceived or disappointed. Invoices may be short; their quality may prove inferior; transfers may be forged; or we may have confidence in our confidential clerk, and he embezzles; we may trust to a savings-bank or some other bank, and its guardians squander its funds. But our faith in the march of affairs should not waver. These particular cases do not invalidate the principle; they only teach us carefulness and discretion.

I have no intention of entering further into the causes which led to our recent difficulties, nor, with a self-sufficient presumption, telling the readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY how they are to be avoided. Are not all these subjects oracularly disposed of by bank presidents, capitalists, and solid money-men, all eminent financiers? Have we not ready-made formulas, nostrums, salves, unguents and various emollients, in the way of prescriptions, furnished by all sorts of people, from the Secretary of the Treasury down to the merest curbstone broker who flies around the street? As if there was any physic which will make men honest, conscientious or careful; which will restrain avarice and selfishness and render the "operator" no longer reckless, grasping or unscrupulous; which will protect against a weak credulity and over-sanguine nature. Just so long as these elements exist in our common humanity, just so long we shall be exposed to disastrous outbreaks in financial matters. Physicians and quacks are equally useless to prevent disaster.

Meantime the country will go on in its prosperous career, rejoicing as a bridegroom to run his race. Impediments are to be expected. Without them we should not be sufficiently stimulated. But they are merely impediments. They do us good, for they give way if resolutely met, and we gain vigor and courage from the encounter. The traditional frog, in mounting from the well, jumped up three feet and fell back two, a somewhat discouraging performance, many would think; but there was a clear gain of one foot per diem, which brought the adventurer at last to the top into the free, open air.

Let us take all the consolation we can from the moral of the fable.

NOT QUITE WHAT HE WANTED.

THE love of fun is not unknown among the serious-looking celestials who, during the last few years have been collecting in some parts of the Australian colonies. A storekeeper, wishing to advertise his articles in the Chinese language, engaged a celestial to paint him a sign, expecting, of course, that it would be a very enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only perceptible effect it had on "the relations of the sun and moon," as the Chinese term themselves, was to excite a grin of the broadest dimensions. At length the storekeeper, by a considerable bribe, obtained a translation in English of the advertisement, and found it to be as follows: "*Don't buy anything here; storekeeper is a rogue!*"

THE COTTON-PLANT FOR ORNAMENTAL PURPOSES.

THE cotton-plant is chiefly interesting as yielding a product of immense commercial and industrial importance; but the London *Garden* suggests that it also deserves cultivation for its large yellow hibiscus-like flowers and the woolball-like capsules which succeed

them. A well-grown specimen of it could not fail to prove attractive. Its cultural requirements are extremely simple, and the seeds are easily obtained. Liberal treatment, and a warm, moist house would no doubt produce perfect cotton-plants in about six months from the time of sowing.

In the Southern States, the seeds are sown in March or April, germinate in a week or ten days; and, in about a fortnight after germinating, the seedlings are thinned out. In from three to four months from sowing, the plants are in bloom, and, as the flowers fall, the capsules rapidly swell, and continue to form and develop until frost nips them. The cotton-pods are picked as they ripen, otherwise they would hang on the plants a long time. There is no reason why handsome pot-specimens of the cotton-plant should not be grown by following the main lines adopted for its cultivation on a gigantic scale.

JOY.—FROM THE WELL-KNOWN STATUE.

The flowers are exceedingly beautiful, but, like those of many of the plants of the Malva family, they last only about a day. Being produced, however, very freely, their fugacious character would not rob the plants of their beauty, and as each flower is followed by a ball of white fleece, which will remain on the plant as long as it is allowed to do so, it will be seen how handsome a well-managed cotton-plant must be.

The use of cotton for clothing and other purposes is almost prehistoric. Herodotus found it in India two thousand years ago. He says, "Certain wild trees bear wool instead of fruit, that in beauty and quality exceeds that of sheep, and the Indians make clothing from these trees."

THE HUMAN FRAME.

THE proportions of the human frame are strictly mathematical. The whole is six times the length of the feet. Whether the form be slender or plump, the law holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the tip of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. Height from the top of the head is regarded as equal to the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the two arms are fully extended.

STRONG and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not strength of mind to forgive is by no means so weak as to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing than to say a severe one.

A VERY STRANGE WOMAN.—"MYRA HAD STRUCK THE PISTOL ASIDE, BUT NOT BEFORE IT HAD GONE OFF. SHE HAD SAVED LOUIS'S LIFE, BUT SHE HERSELF HAD RECEIVED THE BALL IN HER BOSOM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

INCOGNITA.

By Morgan Evans.

I saw the slight tremor, the flush on her cheek,
As we crawled up the hill-side—a perilous way—
Or plunged into darkness with terrible shriek,
Then burst with a scream into dazzling day.

Swiftly we sped by the fleeting mills,
Furnaces, factories, fields of grain,
As we rumbled and rolled through the echoing hills,
Then clattered and clanged on the open plain.

And we talked of the sea as it stole up the sand,
Creeping ripple by ripple, as still as a pond,
Where the road lined the edge of the bay as a band,
On our way round the marsh to the blue speck beyond.

The glittering bay, like the gleaming shield
Of a Norman knight, when the battle is done—
That lies upturned on the lonely field—
Lay flat in the glare of the evening sun.

And we pleasantly talked of the world around—
The lime-washed cottages, white and gay,
Of the peasants who stood in the swathes unbound,
To waft us a welcome upon our way.

And when we had traveled a hundred miles,
She rose and left me, and gently bowed,
With a quick "Good-by," and the sweetest of smiles,
And then passed from my gaze thro' the clamorous crowd.

My love! oh, my love! you are gone away,
And I never shall see your blossoming face,
Though I sadden and sicken at heart and pray
For the light that is lost from its shining place.

And my soul goes hunting the whole world through,
Weary and tired of its terrible task—
Its hopeless longing and search for you,
And the "Never!" that's answered to all I ask.

I have mourned for years for the one that left;
I have peered into faces and passing eyes,
But ever in vain; I am still bereft
Of that beauteous form, of that wondrous prize.

No more shall I look on her like again,
For the dews of the evening fall around:
And the night which follows the day of men
Hurries me on to the dark profound.

Mayhap, when the dawn breaks over the hill,
I shall see her glory, and touch the hem
Of her garment; and rise with a joyous thrill,
And place my hand on her diadem;

And call her my Queen—my Goddess of Love!
Through days, and months, and seasons, and years.
And ride with her in the realms above,
On the thundering wheels of celestial spheres.

A VERY STRANGE WOMAN.

Chapter I.

Myra Gilmore was looking in at a metropolitan shop-window that was exceptional in the beauty of its arrangement. The dazzling show of colors, well combined—of goods so brought into notice that one saw at a glance the resources of the establishment—gave evidence that mind as well as taste controlled its exterior.

Mrs. Gilmore was looking for dolls, and the most lovely among the many perfect things could scarcely rival her face—a face at once expressive of goodness, and exquisite in all its features.

"I think there is a doll that would suit Imogene," she murmured. "She wanted a baby that would sleep, and that had hair almost white. I believe I'll buy it without looking at the others. It is exquisite; and Louis would like it, too,"

She still lingered, however, unconsciously challenging the admiration of the shifting crowd no less by the perfect taste of her attire than by her large, wonderfully expressive eyes, and making room for a young girl, apparently twelve or thirteen, who, instead of looking at the shop-window, looked at her.

Presently the persistent gaze of the child attracted Myra Gilmore's attention; she turned to her, and saw nothing but hate in the dark eyes fastened upon hers.

"I should like to kill you!" said the child, in a voice of concentrated passion; "and perhaps I will, some time."

"Why, what in the world do you mean?" asked the astonished woman, drawing back a little. "What harm have I ever done to you, my child?"

"You have taken my mother's place," said the girl, and vanished.

"Good heavens!" cried the woman, *sotto voce*. "What does the girl mean? I have seen that face before. I am quite certain of it, for I never could forget those eyes. Taken her mother's place! What can that mean? But, oh, what am I to think? The girl could not certainly insult me in that way without some cause apparent to her. Perhaps she mistakes me for another person. At any rate, I will think so. I will buy the doll and go home. I must see Louis."

She entered the shop. Half a dozen clerks who had been watching from the inside, unseen by her, sprang forward. Everybody loves to wait upon wealth and beauty, and Mrs. Gilmore was not unknown to fame. Her husband's pictures brought immense sums of money, and all the world went to the Academy whenever one was hung there.

No, she would not have it sent; the package was small, and her residence only a little way up-town; so she took the parcel, wrapped her fur cloak about her, and tripped along, lost in thought.

"It is evident that woman is not vain, though she is beautiful," said Joe Bernart, the last favorite of the Upper Ten. "Did you see she did not even notice *us*?"

"Oh, that's Louis Gilmore's wife!" said his companion, swinging his dainty cane. "Been married ten years, and the two are as spoony as ever. They say he found her somewhere abroad—a poor orphan, or a pretty waiter-girl, or something of the kind—and elevated her to his heart's throne, where she evidently knows how to keep her seat."

Myra walked rapidly home, striving to forget the little scene at the shop-window, but somehow it persisted in annoying her. The many friends she met scarcely received due attention for their nods and smiles. It was only when the doors of the mansion where she lived flew open, and she heard the musical, ringing tones of her only child, Imogene, that her brow cleared, and her beauty shone forth transcendently.

"It is mamma—I know it is mamma!" cried the child, running down the broad staircase, the dainty reins of knit wool, which had been the work of loving hands, held at their extreme end by a swarthy-faced young Frenchwoman, in an unmistakably foreign cap and with an unmistakable idiom. "Oh, my beautiful mamma! And you have got the doll with blue eyes and white hair! Look, Angelique; she brought it home herself: she knew I wanted it so much. Thanks, dearest mamma. Oh, I do thank you so much! Is it not lovely, Angy? And will you dress her for me? Make her a little peasant, you know, and let her have a Tyrolese cap and a black silk apron."

"I am glad you are pleased, my darling."

"Oh, indeed I am!" exclaimed the little maiden, her wonderful face aglow, "and I've been just as good as could be—haven't I, Angy? I said all my lessons, and only missed one word. And then Angelique was so kind as to play horse with me, and the reins are splendid! Come, Angelique, let's hurry and dress my pretty new doll."

"Has papa come home yet?" asked Myra, every cloud gone from her face, so that she looked more like the sister than the mother of the beautiful piece of flesh and blood so like her.

"Yes, I think he has. Angelique said she saw him go in the study, and I wanted to go there, too; but I had not got through my lessons, and remembered that I was to be so good, and I just wouldn't."

"That was right, dear. I think I'll go see papa."

The woman went first to her room, a perfect boudoir in pink and gold, substituted for her fur cloak a graceful shawl, and, casting one glance at the bewitching countenance her mirrors gave back to her, she went downstairs and out across the yard into a gorgeous affair in stucco, built in mediæval style, and that opened at once into a large saloon—its only room—splendidly lighted and furnished. This, as easels and pictures, and lights and shadows in hangings, and casts and antique armor at once proclaimed, was Louis Gilmore's *atelier*.

The artist had just donned his velvet coat and cap, and was brushing his mustache, evidently with not a thought as to what he was doing, when his wife entered.

"The best of news, my darling, from Europe," he said, brightly, as soon as he saw her. "Ned has written me. He sold my picture for ten thousand pounds, and sent an order for two more. What an enthusiast he is! Besides, Vernon wants a companion to the 'Moss Gatherers,' just as soon as I can get it up. Don't you congratulate me, my beautiful darling!—you who brought me all my luck? But, hey! what's the matter? Is that a tear, and in *your* eye? By Jove! I'll paint it. I never saw a tear in that place before; and, if you'll only stand still—— What is it, my love?" for she had hidden her face in his shoulder.

"A little thing, Louis, but so terrible—so real, I mean;" and she told him her story.

He looked puzzled.

"It must have been a mad creature," he said, excitedly.

"No, a girl so young could scarcely have been mad," she made answer. "And, besides, I have seen her before. Don't you remember about three years ago, when we were riding out with Imogene, who was then a baby, we stopped to buy something of some poor creature, and a little girl came up to the carriage and looked at us? You remarked that there was something singular in her eyes, and she really frightened me, though she said nothing. Well, this is the same girl—I am sure of it."

"Perhaps; but she must still be mad, to make such a threat as that. It must be attended to," said Louis. "And furthermore, my dear, you must ride. I cannot have you walking about the streets subject to annoyances. Besides, you are too pretty. I cannot bear to have my sweet, innocent wife exposed to the rude stare of the crowd."

"I do hate a carriage," said Myra, plaintively. "When I walk, I am happy. I tread on air, though I miss the dear old mountains I used to climb. Why, Louis, I should die if I could not walk much and often."

"Well, I'm not going to let you die, if I can help it. You must have some companion, Myra, since you hate riding. I can fancy most of our carriage ladies of New York, hearing you say you hate a carriage. What if I buy you a dog?"

"I hate dogs!"

He laughed heartily.

"Even those 'divine pugs,' as Miss Eldridge calls them. Well, then I must try to get out with you myself, for go alone you shall not. It seems to me you might often take Imogene and the nurse."

"Yes; but some—we—always make a spectacle," murmured Myra, poutingly, her face looking more charming than ever with this new expression.

"And you hate spectacles, I suppose?" laughed her husband. "I expect the plain English of that is that everybody stares at my charming wife and child, and the picturesque ugliness of the *bonne*. Very well, we must arrange it someway. Only don't let that thing trouble you. Evidently the girl is put up to it, and hopes to make some money by the job."

"Oh, but she is well dressed and rather pretty," said Myra, who the more she thought of the matter the more it troubled her. "I can't get her look of dreadful hate out of my mind. I do hope I never shall meet her again."

"She had better not meet me," said Louis, severely, "or she will find herself in the hands of the police. I won't have you frightened out of your wits by a beggar."

"And that would be terrible, too. But, Louis—about my taking her mother's place! Do you wonder it startled me? Could I help thinking—that——"

The man looked at her with a somewhat sarcastic smile. He was not handsome, this painter of great pictures, but he looked all the grandeur, goodness, nobleness, genius there was in him.

His face was rare in its expression, startling from the depth of his piercing eyes, and the warrant they gave that he could read men, and women, too. There was little color, but that indescribable beauty, not of outline or tinting, but of soul, for want of a better phrase, and the sun shone on whomsoever he smiled.

That smile had won many a heart that he had never cared or tried to win.

"Well, darling, go on," he said.

"Oh, Louis, forgive me!" she cried, and came forward like a penitent.

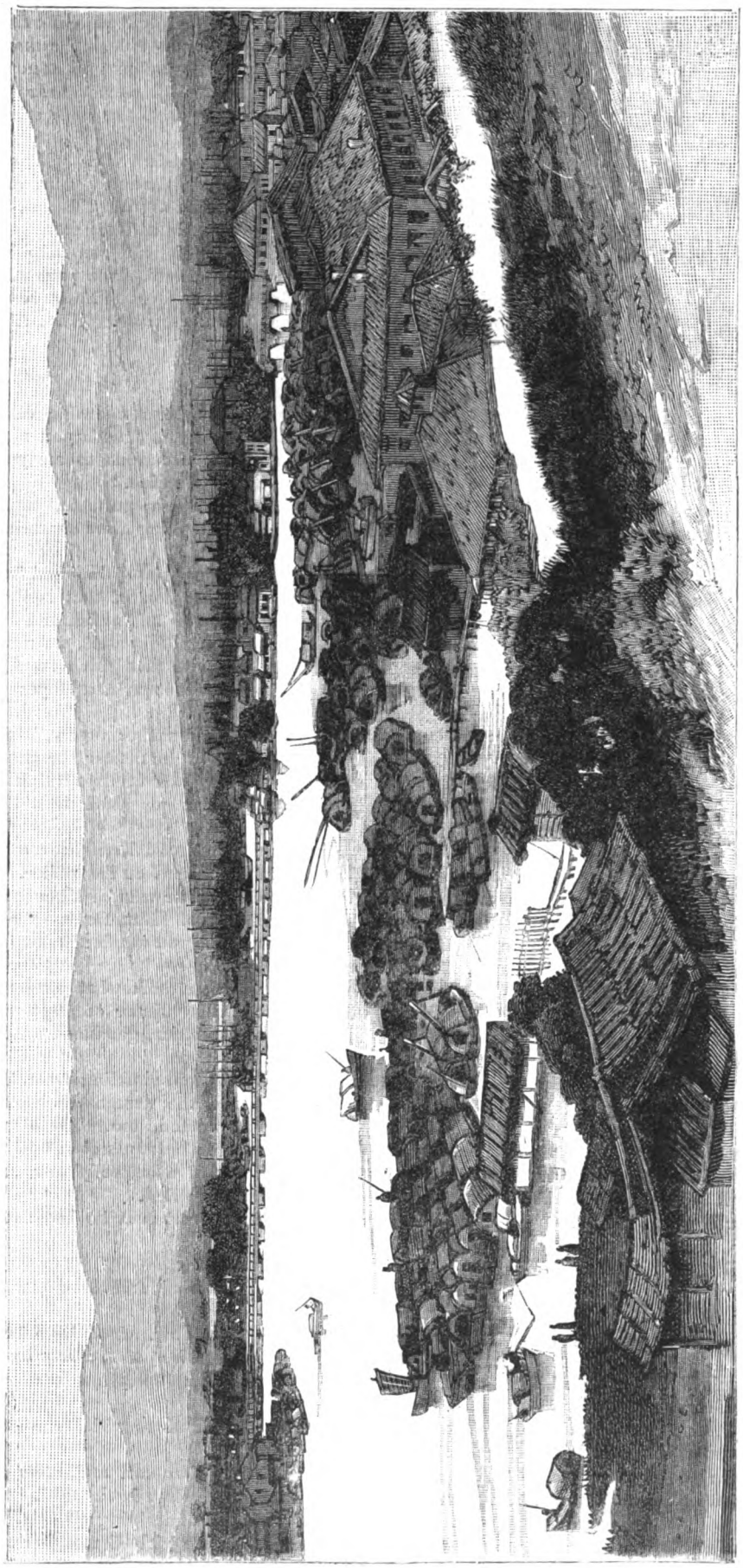
"There is nothing to forgive, dear. You have been badly frightened, and I don't wonder you scarcely know what to think. But trust me; don't doubt me, whatever you do."

"Never, Louis; I never can—I never will!" she said.

"Thanks, love."

And kissing her, he led her to the door, and, after she had gone, stood for some moments lost in thought.

"There is evidently something underlying all this," he said to himself. "I remember the girl—I met her myself not long ago; a girl with a strangely concentrated



VIEW OF FOO-CHOW.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 536.

expression, as if she were cherishing some terrible evil, to work it out by-and-by, when she thinks the time has come. I don't in the least understand it. The next time I meet this girl, if I ever do, I will learn something of her intentions. It cannot be any woman that I ever knew—this mother the child tells about. I'm sorry they are troubling my darling, though, and it must be put to an end—some way it must and shall be put an end to!"

Chapter II.

A woman sat in a large, well-furnished upper room, the appointments of which suggested that they had once belonged to better times. A bright fender, elaborate in its adornments, and a brighter fire, gave a sort of charm to the surroundings. The woman herself brought up visions of departed prosperity. The comb in her hair, though battered and worn, was real silver, and the old, old ring she wore on one of her slender fingers contained a valuable diamond, that flashed as it turned from white to rosy red, and then shot forth rays of yellow flame at every movement of the hand.

The woman was of that style of beauty which is called commanding. Her features and manners were aristocratic, and everything about her, from the bit of saffron-colored old lace she was mending to the quaint fashion of her headgear and dressing of her neck, proclaimed that at some time she must have enjoyed privileges which, through poverty or some equally powerful reason, had of late years been denied her.

There was, however, a restlessness in her eyes, a twitching of her lips, and now and then a motion of the hands, that did not seem quite natural. She inspired a certain kind of dread in the mere looker-on, whatever those accustomed to her society might feel. As her landlady sometimes said, there was a flightiness about her that was absolutely distressing at times;

but that was not often, and she was subject to fits of depressing headache.

The woman was apparently not yet thirty years old, and still there were white hairs here and there amid her brown locks. She was evidently at this moment expecting somebody, for she looked often toward the door, and anxiously.

At last the welcome click of the latch was heard, and the door flew open. The same girl who had frightened Myra entered, her arms full of what looked like yellow floss, and which proved to be an enormous cat, that, leaping from its shelter, went straight to the fire, and contentedly purred as she felt the reviving warmth.

"I found her down-street," said the girl. "I wish you didn't hate her so. You always put her out in the cold when I am gone, and some time I shall lose her."

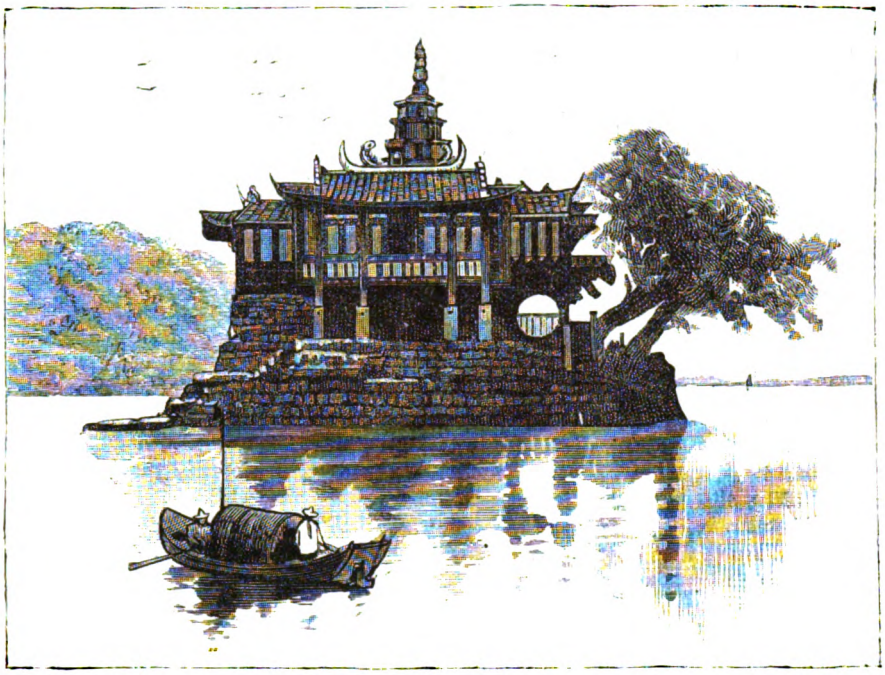
"It would be no great loss!" said the woman, dryly.

"Yes, it would—to me," replied the girl, tugging at her cloak, which, though not fashionable, was thick and warm. "I'm so tired of wearing your old clothes made over," she added, petulantly.

"Did you get the money, Rachel?" asked her mother.

"Yes; don't I always get it? But that only pays for the rent and enough to live on, and your 'proofs,' as you call them. I wish I could save up something for a new dress! But what's the use? You are always promising."

"Wait, child—wait till justice is done, and you shall have all the dresses you want."



FOO-CHOW.— ISLAND JOSS-HOUSE.— SEE PAGE 536.

"Yes, wait till I am as old as Methuselah, I suppose," said the girl, dragging down, as she pulled off her hat, a wealth of golden hair. "I don't believe it will ever come. I am getting desperate. I shall do some evil thing yet, if you don't hasten matters. What are you waiting for?"

"For proofs, child," said the woman, solemnly. "They will certainly come, and then you——"

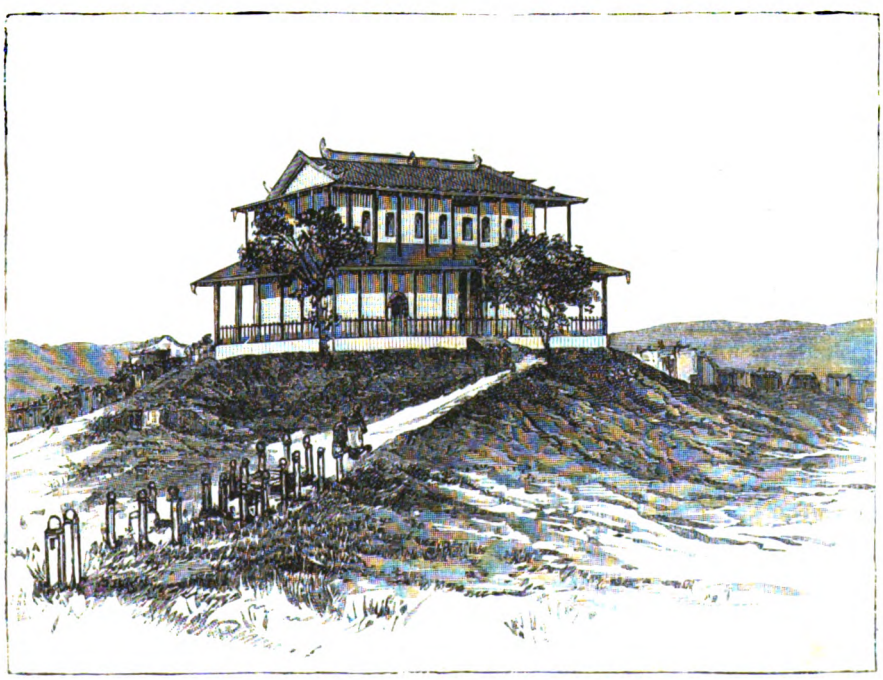
"I saw her—I saw her to-day," said the girl, excitedly, as she drew a chair up nearly opposite her mother. "Oh, how lovely she is! You are pretty, but it seems to me that you never could have been as beautiful as she!"

"You have a bad habit," said the woman, angrily. "Why do you tell your thoughts? When I was married they called me the handsomest woman in the city."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the girl; "but she looks like eighteen, and not a year older. I spoke to her; for, instead of liking her, I hated her for being so lovely. I don't wonder she was frightened. The words came to me, and I spoke them."

"What did you say?" the woman asked, excitedly.

"I told her I would kill her some time," said the girl, deliberately, her large eyes fixed on the fire. "When I thought, looking at her, of all you and I have suffered, it made me wild. She taking your place, and her child taking mine! If we were in our rightful position, just think how different it would be! I should never have to wear these old-fashioned, cast-off duds. Mother, when



FOO-CHOW.— GUARD-HOUSE NEAR THE GATE OF THE CITY.

are you going to see about it? If you really did marry him years and years ago—when he was only a poor struggling young man—secretly, because of your fear of your father, and he left you to travel, and for years never wrote, never knew what had become of you—left you to be blamed and cursed, and sent away from home burdened with me—why don't you face him? The mean, contemptible wretch, to bring home another wife, and live here in splendor and opulence! Oh, it makes me furious to think of it!"

"I tell you it will all come right," said the woman, her long thin hands working nervously. "For these years of shame and misery and penury he shall pay dearly enough. I have almost all the proofs in my possession. What I need is only one signature, and I look for that every day. Patience, child! You shall have enough to wear and to eat, while she, my rival, my deadly enemy, shall sit in the ashes of disgrace, and die in want and ignominy."

"There! I like you when you look like that—when you talk like that. I only wish you would go and confront that woman. Little she thinks how she has been deceived, though that is terrible. They say he worships her, and you may see her face in many of his pictures. And yet," she added, rising, "were he ten times the wonderful man he is, and my father, I shall always despise him. Do I look like him in any way? I hope not?"

"No, you look like your grandfather," said the woman, who seemed in ecstasy as the girl thus expressed herself. "You are like your grandfather, too—as like as is possible, you being what you are, a Gilmore. But then you have gifts," and she glanced about the room, where here and there certain rude sketches, unartistic, but showing proofs of unmistakable talent, were pinned against the wall. "And you will be a handsome, haughty woman, for you have more spirit than I have, and, of course, more beauty. I was beautiful once, though," and she sighed.

"I don't see as beauty does much for one, then," said the girl, scornfully, as she proceeded to hang a brass kettle over the coals. "It's the ugly women of genius who do great things. I have read that. Beauty stands in one's way. Everybody is teasing you, and never letting you alone till you get married I'll never get married, though. Give me the money for the baker. I've got to buy some bread, and we owe him for last month."

The woman counted out the money in the girl's right palm.

"The lines run crooked," she muttered, scanning the comely hand. "I wish I knew what that means. I want a great fortune for you."

As the girl disappeared the cat slunk under the sofa at the furthest end of the room. The woman rubbed her hands, chuckling like one in ecstasy.

"Good! good!" she exclaimed. "I shall outwit them all. Then will I give them scorn for scorn. Then, when I ride in my carriage, will they look down upon me? Then will they avoid me? Frown at sight of me? Oh, they shall pay me double for every insult they have heaped upon me, and I—I will never forgive them—never! no, not even my own father! Rachel shall be great; she will be great anyway. She is wonderful for a girl of thirteen. She will be a grand woman, a splendid woman! And I, at last, shall be righted before the world!"

Chapter III.

"Hush, dear; do not not make so much noise! Mamma's head aches."

"But you were well enough before that letter came," said the child, creeping softly up to her mother's couch. "Let me lie down, too—put the pretty train away, and let me lie down."

"No, no; go to your *bonne*, child; I can't have you. There, there, come and kiss me, dearest. I didn't mean to speak cross, and I can't bear to see tears in your eyes. Come and let me kiss them away, and snuggle close to me, little one. See if you can take the ache out of mamma's heart."

"I thought it was your head?" said the child, coming closer, as her mother's arm encircled her.

"Both, dear—both head and heart; but I am better now, since I hold you. I'm going to be such a kind, good, dear mamma, to you!"

"And papa; he is kind and good always, you know," said the child, jealous because of something she fancied she saw in her mother's face, heard in her mother's tones.

"Yes, darling, papa is—papa!" and she sighed so heavily that tears came again in the sweet eyes of the child.

"What did the letter say to you, mamma?" asked Imogene.

"Never mind, my dear—it was a letter that I should not have read, because it was anonymous."

"And what does that hard word mean, dearest mamma?"

"It means that the person who writes it dares not, for some reason, put his name to it."

"And has papa seen it?"

The woman shuddered.

"Dear child, no! Papa would only think it written by some crazy creature; but let us talk no more about it, my darling You only torture poor mamma."

The letter had reached Mrs. Gilmore's hands about eleven o'clock that morning, and ran as follows:

"Madame—I have reason to know that your reign is almost over, and that the rightful claimant of the name you wear will soon be in your place. The dastard whom you call husband deserted the woman he swore to love and protect thirteen years ago, left the country, and, after wandering half over the world, found the stranger who unconsciously committed the crime of marrying him. *The waters are troubled, and the angel will soon descend.* Farewell till you hear from me in another way."

There was no signature, but the words had struck terror to poor Myra's heart. She knew that the man she believed to be her husband, and whom she adored, was fifteen years older than herself, and that she had met him when, weighed down with grief at the loss of both parents in a far-off country, at a little mountain inn, where she had just been engaged as a companion by a traveling lady.

It had been a case of love at first sight on both sides, and she had never for a moment had cause to repent her choice. Though every word in the letter stabbed her, yet its incoherent ending impressed her strangely.

Whether to show it to her husband or not she could not decide. It seemed such a monstrous charge, and it would be so unwifely to allow that she for a moment believed there was one word of truth in it, and yet—and yet—how could she hide this new trouble from him? She had always run to him like a child in any grief.

Hark! there was his tread upon the stairs! Doubt vanished at the first sight of his honest, loyal, loving face.

"Come, my queen!" he said, joyously, "I'm going to put both you and Imogene on canvas. My picture is almost finished. I only want two faces, and why not yours?"

"But you always paint me," said Myra, slowly rising.

"Yes, because I can get nothing that suits me so well. But, what is the matter—have you been crying?"

"No, indeed," she said, speaking cheerfully.

"Mamma's head aches," said Imogene.

"Ah, we must have a brisk walk in the open air," he said.

"And her heart, too, added the child," prompted by his special notice of her.

"That's more serious," said the man, uneasily. "How long have you been suffering that way, Myra?" he asked, going toward her.

"Ever since she got the letter," said Imogene, graciously adapting herself to the character of the child fiend of the period.

"What letter, Myra?"

"Dear, I received a letter from an old schoolgirl friend of mine, and she is in great trouble," said Myra, flashing upon the child a lightning-like glance. "It came just when my head felt so badly, and it's pulled me down a little."

She told the truth. Such a letter had come with the other.

"Oh, that is it. Well, let's go into the studio. A little change will do you good. Come, pet."

And he caught the child up in his arms.

They went down-stairs together and crossed the yard and entered the studio, the place being seldom locked in the day-time. Everything was just as he had left it save one. His chair was occupied by a vailed figure, which sat as immovable as a statue. It did not even turn its head.

"Who is it?" whispered Myra, her courage failing her.

"Only a lay-figure," said her husband, in a low voice. "Fred has been here, I don't doubt, and played one of his practical jokes."

They went slowly forward, the artist laughing to himself. No, it was no lay-figure. The statue rose, it had life, it lifted its vail, revealing features stately and handsome yet.

Could it be a customer? Some one who wished for a painting of the dead? Sometimes he had such orders.

"Madame?" he said, courteously.

"Why do you bring *her* here?" asked the strange woman, pointing imperiously at Myra.

"Because she is my wife," he said, somewhat surprised at the question.

"That is a lie, Louis Gilmore," was the answer. "*I* am your rightful wife."

Myra uttered a cry of terror and turned pale as death.

"Leave this place, woman!" exclaimed the artist, as he folded an arm about Myra. "I have been troubled enough with your insane fancies. I will have you arrested if you stay another moment. Who and what in thunder are you?" he added, almost losing his head in his indignation.

"You know well enough who I am. You married me before you went abroad, years ago, and then shamelessly deserted me and my poor child. Then you dared to bring home this woman, whom may Heaven curse!"

"Oh, Louis! this is dreadful," said Myra, faintly. "I had only you in all the world. God help us both!"

"You are a wicked woman! Go away!" cried little Imogene, in a passion. "You make my mamma, cry. Send her off quick, papa!"

And the little foot came down imperatively.

"My darling, don't let this matter trouble you; it is outrageously false. I swear I never saw this woman in my life, to my best recollection," said Louis, rapidly. "Come into the house, and I will find some means to get rid of her."

"You shall find means to get rid of me!" shrieked the woman, her face distorted with hate and jealousy. "You shall never have the opportunity."

And before he could move or speak the woman held a weapon at his heart.

One loud cry, and Myra had struck the pistol aside, but not before it had gone off. She had saved Louis's life, but she herself had received the ball in her bosom.

There were days of silence after that—days and days on which scarcely a footfall was heard in the house.

Even Imogene had been sent away, and Louis sat in the darkened room where his idol lay battling for her life. Doctors came and went, and two skillful nurses held sway over the curtained bed, vying with each other in attentions bestowed and care judiciously exercised.

Outside, all the world was talking. The affair had been in the newspapers, and at every breakfast-table the first question was, "I wonder if she is still alive?"

* * * * * *

God was merciful to Louis Gilmore, though he often despaired. His was the first smile that met his wife's returning consciousness. Week after week he sat by her side.

His was the first arm upon which she leaned when, weaker than a child, she had to go back to first principles and learn to walk again.

Once more in the pretty boudoir, growing daily stronger, he felt, as he watched the flitting color, that she was all his own again, and one day he told her the story.

"The woman was insane, dear, as I supposed all along. She was considered 'strange' by everybody who saw her, and few were in the secret of her great trouble. Her father, whom it seems she offended beyond pardon by her marriage with some one of his servants, has been here to apologize, and he was deeply and sincerely sorry that her first outbreak of violence occurred as it did. It seems she has held the hallucination for years that I was her husband—ever since she sat for a picture, just before I left the country—an event I had forgotten—and has imbued her daughter with the same feeling. Her father tells me that he has always kept a sort of supervision over her, settling upon her monthly a sufficient sum to enable her to live in comfort, much of which she spent in efforts to prove what her crazed brain believed to be actual truth. It is all over now, dear; the poor woman is where she should have been long ago—in a lunatic asylum—and the child has at last been taken home, and will be cared for as befits her present station; as her real father is dead. You were always my inspiration, darling; you brought me good luck. You have been my good angel and the savior of my life. How can I reward you?"

"It is reward enough to have come out of this great trial and terrible danger as I have, and to know you for what you are," she replied—"the best and dearest husband in the world."

THE earliest known occasion of the name pianoforte being used is in a playbill dated May 16th, 1767, of which a copy is preserved by the Messrs. Broadwood, piano manufacturers, London. It is a curious historical broadsheet. The piece announced is "The Beggars' Opera." Part of the attraction is thus given: "Miss Buckler will sing a song from 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr. Dibdin upon a new instrument called pianoforte."

FOO-CHOW,

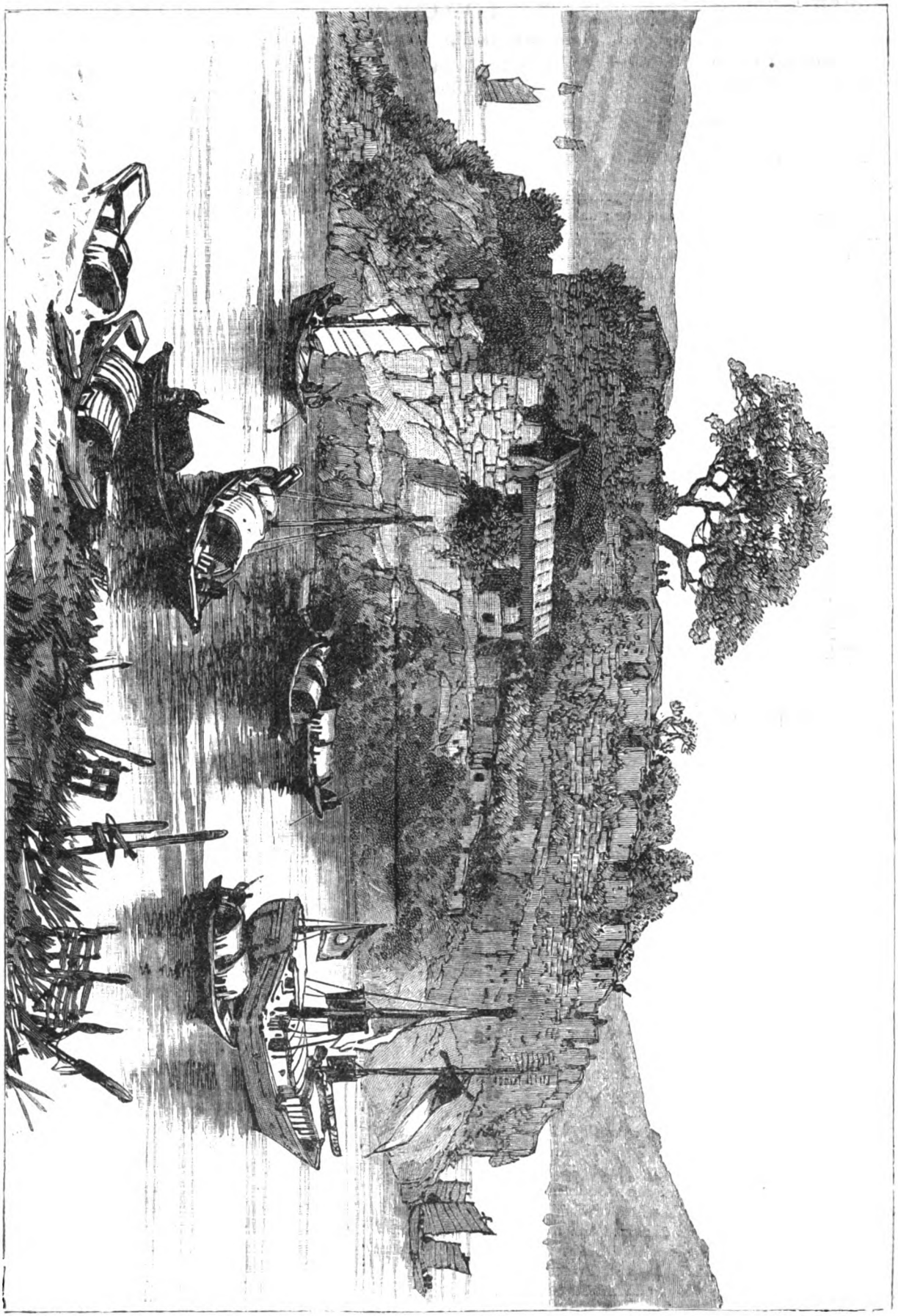
By Rev. S. L. Baldwin.

The City of Foo-chow, around which so much interest has lately gathered, on account of the operations of the French navy in its vicinity, is the capital of the Province of Fo-kien, which comprises a territory as large as Ireland, and nearly three times as populous. The city takes rank in the first class of Chinese cities, and has a population of about 600,000. Its situation is exceedingly beautiful, occupying the northern part of a vast amphitheatre, nearly twenty miles in diameter, formed by the mountain ranges which circle about it. The surface of the plain is dotted with beautiful knolls, and here and there a high hill rises, sometimes terraced from base to summit, and covered with growing vegetation, and sometimes presenting an almost perpendicular side of rugged granite. The River Min winds its course through the valley. Groves of orange, lungan, and other fruit trees, add variety and beauty to the plain. Both inside and outside the city walls the giant banyan-tree is frequently met, stretching out its long, horizontal branches, with grateful shelter from the hot rays of the sun. Often its branches are covered with graceful ferns. Here and there a beautiful camphor-tree stands in solitary grandeur, with its straight and symmetrical trunk rising for twenty-five or thirty feet without a branch, and all its deep, rich, dark-green foliage at the top. Hundreds of acres are covered with the green, waving rice crop. No fences mar the beauty of the scenery, the fields of different owners being separated only by little ridges of earth eighteen or twenty inches high, which are hidden from view as the crop attains its growth; so that as the observer, standing on a mountain-side, looks off over the plain, it seems like a vast carpet of richest green. Amid such surroundings as these the walls of the city rise, thirty feet high and twelve feet thick, constructed of brick, resting on a solid granite foundation. The wall is six and one-quarter miles in circuit, and from it many fine views of the city and surrounding country may be obtained. Native poets have not been insensible to the beauty of the situation, and one of them, indulging in a little poetic license, exclaimed:

"Ten thousand miles around Foo-chow,
Spread out the terraced hills."

VIEW FROM PRINCESS'S GRAVE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

The most prominent landmarks within the city are the White and Black Pagodas, and the North Watch-tower. The Pagodas are nine-storied towers, erected 900 years ago. They are not, as many suppose, temples for idolatrous worship; though a few idols may be found in the lowest story, just as they may in almost every public building and every private house. The Pagodas were erected to preserve the city from the evil influences of atmospheric currents, which, according to the theory of the Chinese, may be deflected by these high structures, and great calamities thus be warded off from the city. The North Watch-tower is a two-storied building, erected on top of the wall, at the summit of a high hill, which position makes it a prominent object. From its shape, and its location on this summit, it has been called by foreigners "Noah's Ark."



FOO-CHOW.—THE OLD FORT AT MINGAN PASS, SILENCED BY THE FRENCH.

The city, of course, abounds in temples, many of which are elaborate and costly. One of the most celebrated is that erected in honor of the great Chinese sage, Confucius. It contains handsomely-cut pillars of dark granite, of great size and strength. The chief object of attention in the main room of the temple is the tablet of Confucius, which is of wood, six feet high and one foot wide, painted red and partially gilded. The inscription on it, in large gilt characters, is: "The Most Ancient Holy Teacher, Confucius." Before this tablet, on stated occasions, the chief mandarins of the province bow down, in reverence for the great philosopher; and on his birthday numerous offerings are made, a prominent feature of which is an ox roasted whole. After the spirit of the ancient sage has satiated itself on the essence of the offerings presented, the worshipers and their attendants fall to and devour the substance with such gusto as to give assurance that the viands have not lost any appetizing quality by reason of the sage's previous feast upon the essence thereof.

There are also large temples devoted to the worship of the gods of Buddhism and Tanism, and to various national and local deities of greater or less renown.

There are many *yamens* (or public offices). Chief among them are those of the Viceroy, the Tartar-general, the Governor, the Treasurer, the Provincial Judge, and the Rice and Salt Commissioners. The Examination Hall, or Provincial College, is also a building of note. It is surrounded by a high wall, and consists of long rows of low compartments, provided for the students who come up to the provincial examinations. An avenue twelve feet wide runs through the centre, on each side of which the rows of cells branch off. Each cell is about two and one-half feet deep, four feet wide, and eight feet high. Ten thousand students are thus accommodated, who must remain for ten days (with two recesses of half a day each, however), and write essays upon themes given out to them by the examiners, to test their knowledge of the Chinese classics. Only 300 out of the 10,000 can receive the coveted degree.

It is difficult to describe the general appearance of such a city as Foo-chow. As you stand on Blackstone Hill, and look out over the city below you, the first impression is that of a sea of tiles, as all the roofs are covered with gray tiles. Then the beautiful foliage of the banyans, the lichis, and the bamboos, attracts attention and charms the eye. The tall red poles, indicating official residences and temple grounds, are numerous. The Pagodas come in for their share of admiration. The river, with its thousands of curious boats, with sails of bamboo, or of cotton cloth, and great awkward junks with their big eyes, present an animated scene. The nearer mountains, in their quiet beauty, and the more distant ranges, towering up in grandeur, complete a picture seldom rivaled, and not easily excelled.

The city is in southeastern China, in latitude 26° 5′ north, and longitude 119° 20′ east. As it is approached from the sea, Sharp Peak Island, with its beautiful hills, crowned with the sanitariums of the three Protestant missions at Foo-chow, is observed to the south of the entrance of the Min. Steaming slowly in, we seem confronted with great hills, and are wondering where there can be any passage through, when suddenly a little opening appears, and on we go through the narrow channel, between the precipitous sides of the Kinpai Pass. Here the Chinese forts, well built, and armed with Krupp guns, until the recent attack, guarded the entrance. Close down by the shore were batteries which, if effectively manned, ought to have made considerable havoc before they were captured. Now, on either side of us, are high hills, beautifully terraced. On the narrow plain at the base of one of these is the thriving market-town of Kwantan, with its native custom-house, and its noisy, bustling crowd of excited buyers and sellers. Little villages of one-storied wooden houses, with their tiled roofs, nestle along the mountain-sides. Now and then little mountain streams and sparkling cascades pour their waters into the river. As the steamer winds its way cautiously among the junks and sampans, we notice on the south bank a huge rock, resembling a man's leg, and terminating in a well-formed foot, with heel and toe clearly discernible. Soon another narrow pass, called the Mingan Pass, appears, with a picturesque island in the centre, surmounted by fortifications. On the right was a pretty and prosperous village, which it is to be feared is now a scene of desolation.

Proceeding on our way, passing a few more villages and some fertile rice plains, we soon come out into a broad bay, twenty miles from the mouth of the river, whose ample waters afford a fine harbor for the ships and steamers engaged in foreign trade. This is the now well-known Pagoda Anchorage, so called from a Pagoda on a large island situated on the north side of the river at this point. On this island were two ship-chandleries, or general stores, one owned by an American, and the other by a British, firm. A British Vice-consulate was also located here.

At the upper end of this bay, on the mainland, was located the Arsenal. This was an immense manufacturing establishment of gunboats and transports, where, under direction of French and English instructors, natives had learned to construct a gunboat from the engine down to a second-hand on a chronometer. It had numerous workshops, in which about 1,800 workmen were constantly employed. There were also schools of theoretical and practical navigation, designing, naval construction, engineering and chronometer-making. Many intelligent young Chinamen had been instructed in these various branches. On the grounds were large and commodious residences for the foreign instructors and the native officials connected with the establishment. About $70,000 monthly was paid by the Government in keeping it up. French shot and shell soon laid it all in ashes.

Just opposite the Arsenal is the east end of an island, fourteen miles long, which here separates the river into two branches, which reunite at the upper end of the island, as only vessels of very light draft can ascend the river any further. We are obliged to leave our steamer at the Anchorage, and stepping into a handsome steam-launch belonging to one of the foreign firms, we pursue our way ten miles further up the river to the foreign settlement on the large island just mentioned. On our right looms up Koo-shan, or Drum Mountain, whose summit is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Away off to the left, on the mainland south of the large island, is a precipitous cliff, where, high up in air, is an anvil-shaped projection. Foreigners have called it "Lovers' Leap." It looks like the veritable "jumping-off place." Soon the buildings of the foreign settlement come in sight, most of them lying on the north side of a sightly hill. The handsome brick structure of Jardine, Matheson & Co., and the solid granite building of Russell & Co., the oldest and best-known American firm in China, are among the most noticable. In a fine position on the crest of the hill are the buildings of the British Consulate, and the residences, schools and church of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, adjoining which is the British church, built of granite, with facings of dark

granite or porphyry. The hillsides for miles adjoining the foreign settlement are covered with Chinese graves.

Now we have reached the foreign settlement, but we are still three miles away from the city. We must turn our faces northward, and the first thing to be encountered is the River Min. We at once cross from the large island to the small island in the river over a granite bridge, and are soon in the midst of a dense population, for this island, scarcely larger than Governor's Island in New York Harbor, has a population of several thousand. On leaving this, we enter upon a granite bridge, with forty solid buttresses placed at irregular distances, and connected by stones three feet square, and varying in length from twenty-five to forty-five feet. On these, as sleepers, are laid the stones which constitute the platform of the bridge. It has granite railings, mortised into granite posts. For nearly a thousand years has this bridge resounded to the steady tramp of the multitudes, crossing and recrossing; and it seems ready for another thousand years of service. So dense is the throng, that we sometimes find it difficult to keep our footing. Here is a peddler of wonderful salve cutting his own flesh, to show the marvelous curative properties of his salve. Here is a dentist, with a string of hundreds of teeth, the evidences of his skill. He pulls no teeth with cruel forceps, however, but puts a corroding powder about the tooth, which loosens it from the gum, until it can be taken out with the fingers. Here, too, are men with eyes and noses eaten away by disease, piteous applicants for charity. But the bridge is passed, and we plunge into the main street leading to the city. It is only about ten feet wide. There are no wagons or carriages. All the carrying of persons or goods is done by men. The coolies carrying the sedan-chairs, and moving at a rapid pace, call out to the burden-bearers, who are in the way, according to the burdens carried, either "Slop-buckets, out of the way!" or, "Turnips to one side!" or, "Opium, give us the road!"

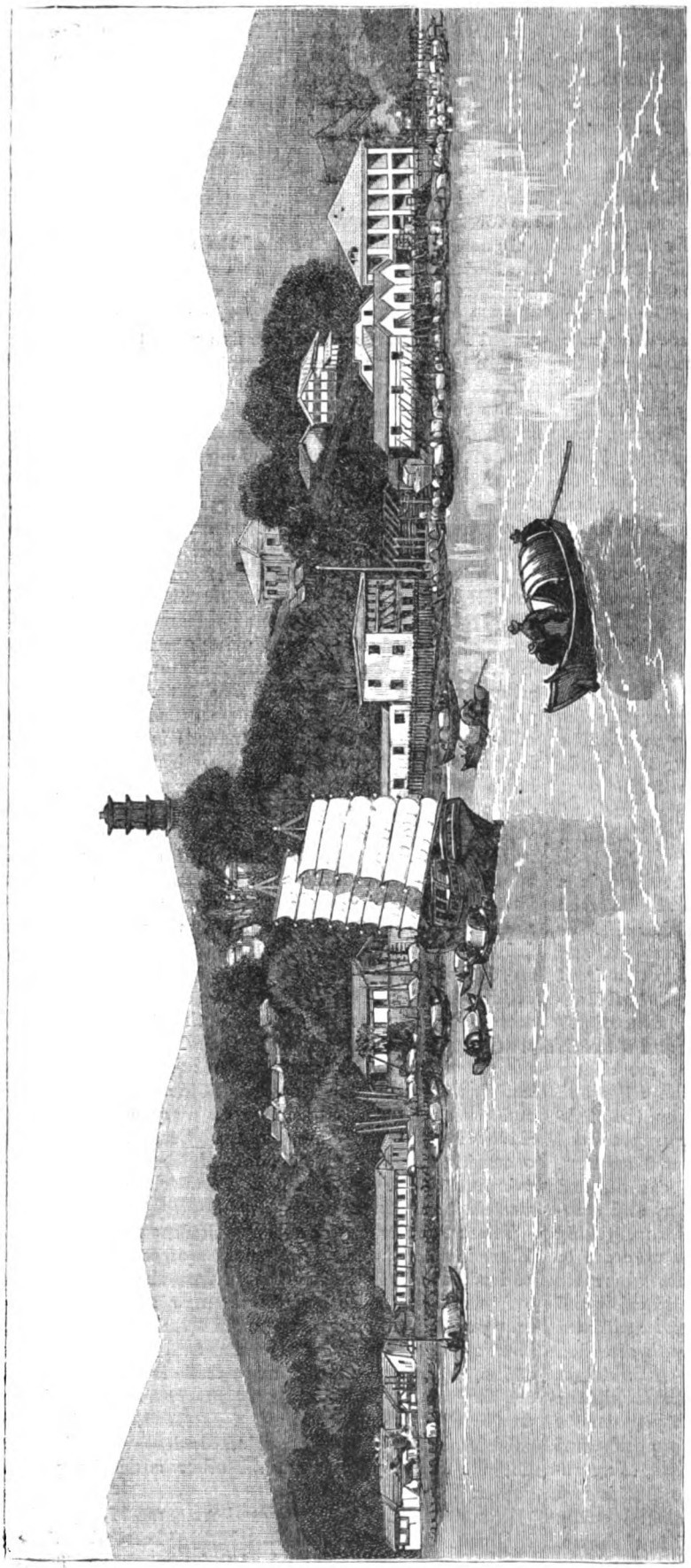
Generally the crowd is good-natured, but once in a while there will occur a brisk fisticuff battle between coolies who have come into collision. On either side the street are stores and shops, some common enough, and others handsome and elegant. Swinging signs in front bear such high-sounding firm titles as, "Perpetual Longevity," "Myriad Profits," "Flourishing Prosperity." Here is the "Eternal Happiness Oil-store," and there is the "Celestial Fragrance Drug-store." Here are showy drygoods-stores, in which you may find rich silks and satins. Now, hold your nose as you pass the fish-market, for the odor is rather strong for unpracticed olfactories. Here are carp, and mackerel, and suckers, and soles, and cuttle-fish, and eels, and catfish, and crabs, and lobsters, and clams, and muscles, and sturgeons, and sharks, and sea-blubber, and almost everything that sea or river or pond can produce. Now we come to the "Tea Pavilion," an open, breezy saloon, where tea is furnished in delicate little cups, and rice and cakes and other delicacies may be obtained. But who are those men in cages, just at the entrance? The cages are high and narrow, just wide enough to hold a man. Their chins rest on the edge of a board at the top, and only the toes of their feet can touch the bottom. They are under sentence of death by starvation, and are purposely put where men are eating and drinking all the time, to aggravate their punishment. What is the crime that is met with such awful penalty? They have been found guilty of kidnapping girls from their parents for a life of shame. It seems a terrible punishment; but if all kidnapping were thus punished, perhaps no parents' hearts would mourn, as do some in our land, besides those of Charlie Ross.

But we pass on, and soon find, by the sound of merry hammers upon the tin and copper and brass, that we are among the kettle-makers, for all the avocations are carried on in the front shops, and we see them all in active operation as we go along. Soon the broad arch of the South Gate is before us, the massive doors are open, and we are in the city. Our watches tell us that nearly an hour of fairly brisk walking has been required to bring us from the foreign settlement.

As early as the latter part of the seventeenth century, the East India Company made an effort to establish trade with Foo-chow, but it proved unsuccessful. The treaties of 1842, following the opium war with Great Britain, named Foo-chow as one of the five ports to be opened to foreign trade; but there was great local opposition to the admission of foreign commerce, and so many difficulties had to be encountered, that foreign trade can scarcely be said to have fairly commenced until 1853—the American firm of Russell & Co. being among the first to secure a permanent lodging there. From that time onward, for seven or eight years, every Summer witnessed the arrival of a splendid fleet of the swiftest American and English clipper-ships, which bore away their cargoes of fragrant tea, on which great profits were frequently made. But now all this has changed. The beautiful, clean and tidy clippers have given way to smoky steamers. The American flag began to disappear during the time of the Civil War, and is seen only occasionally on some bark or schooner at the Anchorage. The American firms have gradually withdrawn from the port until only one—that of Russell & Co.—remains. Business is precarious, and fortunes are not so easily made. Yet Foo-chow still holds a leading position among the great tea-ports of China, exporting annually about fifty million pounds, valued at somewhere near twenty millions of dollars, and importing about 560,000 pounds of opium, valued at about twenty-three millions of dollars. This gives some idea of the fearful ravages of the opium trade among the people. Twenty-five years ago only the wealthier classes indulged in the habit. Now men of all classes—officials, merchants, merchanics, farmers, soldiers, boatmen and coolies—are smoking opium. The victims of the habit soon begin to show its effects in their sallow faces, unsteady gait, and general weakness. Many are hurried to the grave by it. Patrimonies are squandered, ancestral lands go to waste, houses are ruined, furniture parted with, and even wife and children sold away, until the poor slave of opium is left penniless. Cases are frequently occurring in which suicide, sometimes from a purposed overdose of the drug, ends a life which it has rendered wretched and despairing.

These two items of trade overshadow everything else. There is a considerable importation of cotton goods and of lead, which is mostly beaten into sheet-lead for the teaboxes; and large exports of sugar and of timber, of oranges and of olives, are made from Foo-chow to the more northern ports. As is true of all the other ports of China, the great bulk of foreign trade is in the hands of the English, whose interests are nearly five times as large as those of any other nation. Indeed, taking in her colonies, England has a considerably larger share both of imports and exports than all other countries put together.

It may be of interest to name here some of the peculiar customs of the people. Much has been said of the custom of binding the feet of Chinese women. It prevails among some classes in all parts of the Empire, but



PAGODA ISLAND.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

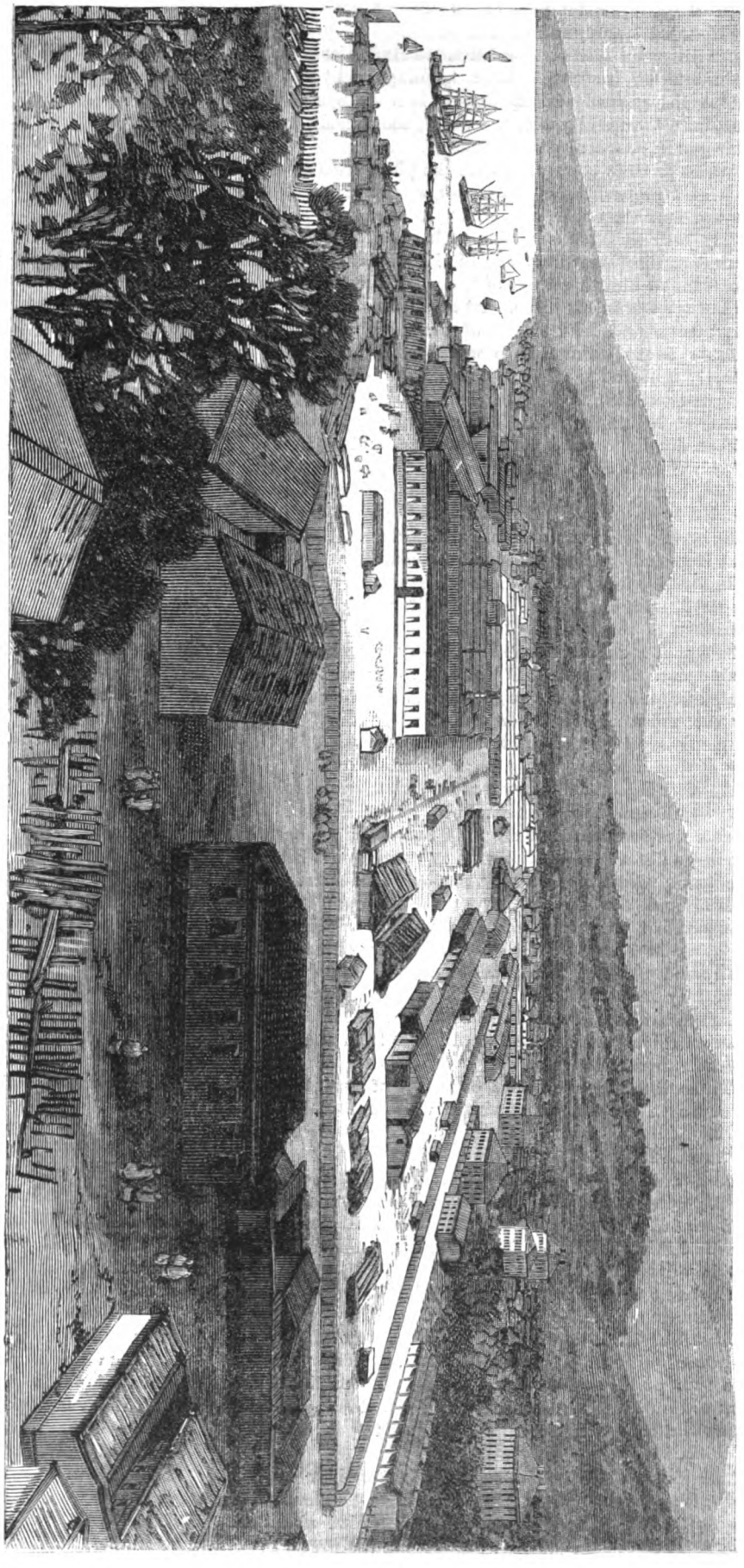
it is, at Foo-chow, carried to an extent scarcely to be met with elsewhere. While at some ports all the women have bound feet, and the binding is more in appearance than reality, allowing them to walk about readily on feet not badly compressed, at Foo-chow the binding is a very real and serious matter. There is a respectable laboring class of women with feet of natural size; but the "real ladies" of Foo-chow wear shoes that are only from two and one-half inches to three inches in length on the sole. To make this possible, girls of five or six years of age have their feet bound with tight bandages of cotton cloth—all the toes except the great-toe being turned under the foot. This bandaging is kept up, in spite of the great pain occasioned by it, for several years, until the foot is crushed and distorted, and withers and shrivels up until it can be incased in a delicately-embroidered shoe with a two-and-a-half-inch sole. Of course the ladies who have this high mark of fashion are not able to walk, in the proper sense of the word. They go hobbling about, sometimes with a cane, sometimes resting a hand upon the shoulder of a child or a servant. But this class have little use for walking, as they spend most of their time in the inner apartments of the house, secluded from all observation, and with no companions but the other female members of the household, and when they go to visit other ladies, they are carried in close-covered sedan-chairs, to screen them from observation.

In time of a lunar eclipse, the people turn out with gongs, drums, old tin pans, and anything else that will make a noise, and beat away with great vigor. If the eclipse is total, as the darkness increases, the pounding becomes more vehement and excited; and when the whole surface is obscured, the din is perfectly terrific. Men shout, "Drum away! Pound away! The dragon has the moon all inside his mouth now. If we don't make him give it up, it will be gone for ever!" Then, as more and more of the moon's surface comes out clear, they encourage each other to keep on until the dreaded dragon is compelled to yield it up entirely. When finally the moon sails off fair and clear through the heavens, they go off home with gongs and drums under their arms, in the happy consciousness of duty discharged, and congratulating one another that the moon is saved for future usefulness.

Nearly two-thirds of the way up to the summit of Koo-shan, the high

mountain near Foo-chow, is located this celebrated Buddhist monastery. It is reached by a gradual ascent over solid granite steps, circling up the mountain-side, with rest-houses here and there, in which the coolies put down their sedan-chairs and refresh themselves with a pipe of tobacco while they rest. Half way up is a tea-house, where cups of the fragrant beverage are always in readiness for the travelers, and the attendant priests are always ready to receive large fees for dispensing the same. The views from some points of this road back over the plain below, and out beyond the hills at the mouth of the river to the open ocean, are exceedingly beautiful. The near approach to the monastery is amid most charming scenery. The broad and ample stone pavement winds in a graceful curve around a spur on the mountain-side. On each side are immense camphor-trees, tall and beautiful pines and graceful bamboos, whose delicate leaves gently rustle in the lightest breezes. The sweet tones of the ancient bell, constantly tolling, sound out more and more distinctly; and soon the numerous buildings of the monastery are in sight, their tiled roofs gray with age, nestling in a sequestered nook, surrounded by camphor-trees.

The first temple was built here in the year 899, and others have been added at various times. Three immense images of Buddha, each represented as sitting on a lotus-leaf, occupy the rear end of the main temple, while on each side are images of nine of his ancient disciples. In the large area in front of the Buddhas are kneeling-stools, upon which, twice a day, the eighty priests of the monastery kneel as they commence the recital of the ritual service before the gods. Afterward they march in single file around every row of their stools, chanting as they go, two priests taking the lead, one of them jingling a small bell, and then pounding upon a queer-shaped hollow piece of wood.



FOO-CHOW.—THE ARSENAL BEFORE THE FRENCH ATTACK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

In their other temples are images of Kwan-yin, the Goddess of Mercy, and of various deified Emperors and other divinities—Chinese additions to Buddhism. In the main temple, incense is kept burning night and day before the great Buddhas, and it is a strange thought that, for a thousand years, the fire of the incense has not gone out at these altars of Buddha.

Weird legends connected with the place are numerous. It is said that a king of Foo-chow was once on his way up the mountain-side, attended by some of his soldiers. a very holy priest was sitting with his legs crossed, in devout meditation, directly in the king's path. A soldier commanded him to get out of the way ; but he remained imperturbably in his place. At a second, and more vehement command, he got out of the way, but in such a manner as to astonish the whole company. He rose directly up into the air for a considerable distance. The king begged him to descend, and promised to give him whatever he might ask. The modest priest responded with a simple request for as much ground as he could cover with his robe. This was readily granted, and the priest began to spread out his robe, when, lo ! it expanded as he spread, until it covered the whole mountain-side, and the fields below clear to the river. Thus it was that Koo-shan became consecrated ground.

In s shady dell, not far from the monastery, is a trickling rill, with high sides of precipitous rock. The appearance of the bed of the rill impresses one with the idea that it must some time have been a stream of considerable size. The legend is that a devout priest was once seated in meditation near the stream, and being disturbed by the noise of its waters, called out, "*Hak !*" (Stop !) Immediately the rush of waters ceased, and ever since the stream has been only an insignificant rill.

Another legend tells how a pious priest died, and after his death his hair continued to grow. Barber after barber was summoned to shave it, but could not succeed. At last a sister of his, living many miles away, heard of the trouble, and made a pilgrimage to Koo-shan. When she arrived the dead man opened his eyes. She announced her purpose of shaving his head, which she did with entire success. She promised to return periodically and perform this kind office, which promise she faithfully kept until she was sixty years old, when she asked him what he would to do when she died. The old man made no answer, but wept ; and from that period his hair ceased to grow.

These are only specimens of scores of quaint legends with which the priests entertain visitors to this sacred spot.

On one side of the monastery is the inclosure for the sacred animals—cows and pigs, deer, goats, chickens, ducks, geese—that have been presented to the monastery, and are fed and protected until they die a natural death—the Buddhists believing that there is great merit in preserving animal life.

In front is a fish-pond, which for 750 years has received many varieties of fish, and where they are allowed to live out their natural lives. It is one of the amusements of visitors at the monastery to throw crackers into this pond, and witness the struggles of the fish, as they come to the surface and chase the floating crackers all around the pond, in their eagerness to get possession of them.

The Roman Catholics publicly began their work in Foo-chow over 200 years ago. They suffered very greatly in the persecution which prevailed about the middle of the last century ; and during the present century their efforts seem to have been mostly directed toward keeping in the faith the descendants of the old Catholic families. They claim in the neighborhood of Foo-chow about 3,000 converts, mostly among the boat population ; and in the whole Province of Fo-kien about 30,000.

Protestant Missions entered upon the work in Foo-chow in 1846, when the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions opened a mission there ; and were followed the next year by the American Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1850 by the English Church Missionary Society.

The work was very slow at first, as many prejudices had to be overcome, many suspicions as to the real object of the missionaries to be obviated, and much preliminary work in the study of the language, the preparation of books, and the instruction of the people, was to be accomplished. Nearly ten years elapsed before a single convert was received, since which time considerable progress has been made. The American Methodist Episcopal Church now has an organized Conference in the field, with five foreign missionaries and twenty-two ordained native ministers constituting its membership. Besides these, there are forty-five unordained traveling ministers, and forty local preachers. The number of full members is about 1,700, of probationers about 900, and of baptized children about 600—making a Christian community of about 3,200 souls connected with this mission. The English Church Mission has nearly the same number, and the American Board Mission several hundreds, so that the three missions now aggregate a Protestant community of about 7,000 souls.

The native Christians are subjected to many persecutions by their heathen neighbors. Ancestral lands are often left to descendants, with provision for annual ceremonies of an idolatrous nature, to be performed in turn by the heirs. When the Christians refuse to perform such ceremonies they are often obliged to relinquish their share in the inheritance. Sometimes the dwellings of the Christians are destroyed, and their farming implements carried away by their heathen neighbors. Occasionally a Christian has to render his life a forfeit in fidelity to his religion. Yet, in general there is toleration for Christianity, and in many places a feeling of even decided friendliness toward the Christians.

Of late years, one of the most important developments of the mission work has been that of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The work of lady physicians in treating native women, in hospital and dispensary, and at their homes, not only medically, but surgically, and in cases requiring very skillful and delicate operations, is coming to be very greatly appreciated by the natives, and opens doors for the missionary work which would otherwise long have remained closed. The work of Christian ladies in the schools, and in training native women to act as "Bible women," or "evangelists," in taking the gospel from house to house, has also been of inestimable advantage to the progress of the missions.

The societies support many free day-schools, and a few large boarding-schools for boys and girls. The Methodist Mission has a printing-office, which prints several millions of pages of Scriptures and tracts every year. Bishop Wiley is now on his way to China, and expects to visit Foo-chow, and to open the Conference Session there on the 19th of November.

It may be well, in closing this article, to correct a few of the mistakes into which the newspapers have fallen in their notices of recent events. We have frequently seen the heading, "Bombardment of Foo-chow." It will be readily seen, by the readers of this article, that Foo-chow

has not been bombarded at all; and that no French shot or shell have fallen within several miles of the city—the Arsenal, which was the chief point of attack, being located ten miles below the city, and no vessels, except of very light draught, being able to proceed further; and the forts subsequently attacked being between the Arsenal and the mouth of the river, and, of course, still further away from the city of Foo-chow. To speak of the bombardment of Foo-chow is like calling the bombardment of Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island, the bombardment of New York.

One dispatch spoke of the "foreign settlement" as being looted by a Chinese rabble after the French attack; but the foreign settlement is ten miles up the river from the scene of disturbance, and the buildings looted must have been the few buildings occupied by foreigners at Pagoda Anchorage, in the neighborhood of the Arsenal.

The *Tribune* informed us that the Island of Hainan belongs to the Province of Fo-kien, and is governed by the Viceroy of Kwangtung and Fo-kien. The island belongs to the Province of Kwangtung, off the coast of which it lies, and which province is not associated with Fo-kien in a viceroyalty.

A Chinese doctor is represented as saying that most of the streets of Foo-chow are as clean as Broadway. That is a statement that must be taken with very many grains of allowance. Some of its streets are respectably clean, as compared with other Chinese cities; but no one who has ever walked through them would think of soberly comparing them with Broadway for cleanliness. So, too, the statement that the British Consul lives in a Buddhist temple is very misleading. He lives in a handsome consular residence in the foreign settlement, built by the British Government. He has, however, a building on Blackstone Hill, in the city, which was once a temple, but is now used as a place of recreation by the consul and attachés of the consulate, who occasionally spend a few days there.

Foo-chow is an interesting city, as to its situation, its surroundings, its people and their avocations, and its important connection with the past history and future prospects of the great Empire of which it forms a part. Long may it be preserved from the ravages of war, and allowed to work out in quiet and peaceful industry an honorable history among the great cities of the world!

LARGE VINES.

Captain Phelps has a grapevine which, according to the *Pacific Rural Press*, is the largest in the United States. In 1867, the large vine that was famous in Southern California, was cut down, and exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition. It measured fourteen inches in diameter. Captain Phelps's vine is twenty-five years old, and is thirteen inches in diameter. It is of the Mission variety, and it has never received the benefits of irrigation. It stands near the house (south of Stockton about two miles), and covers about four thousand square feet of ground. If it had been permitted to run where it wished, it would have covered a much larder area; but it was found necessary to cut it back in order to save the roof of the house. The largest crop produced by it was two or three years ago, when, after selling a ton and a half by actual weight, the remainder was estimated at two tons and a half.

In the *Bulletin of the Torrey Club* for January, 1882, Professor Bessey reports finding in Wayne County, Ohio, a colony of vines, supposed to be *Vitis labrusca*, the trunks of which were, some of them, over a foot in diameter. In a subsequent number of the same journal, Mr. Ravenel states that in March, 1881, while in Darien, Ga., he rode out to Blaisden's Bluff, on the coast, some twelve miles northeast of Darien, to see a celebrated grapevine. It was just in leaf, and, judging from the wood and bark, appeared to be *Vitis æstivalis*. On measuring the trunk at eight feet from the ground, it was found to have a circumference of forty-four inches.

A DAY-DREAM.

By William Reid.

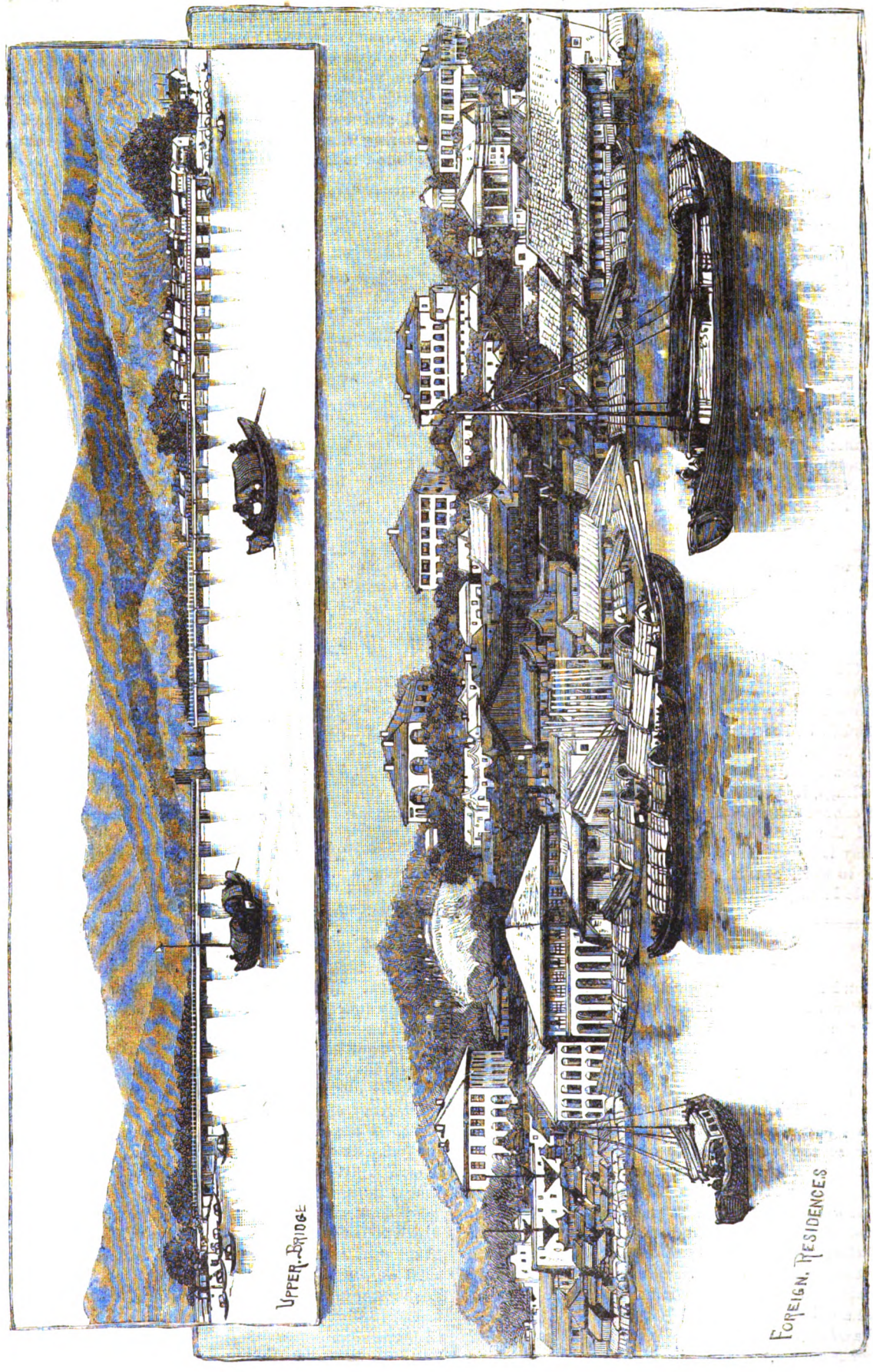
Once in the musing twilight
Of advancing Summer day,
I sat at the window gazing
On the landscape far away;
Thinking sadly, dreaming madly,
Of a bright and fair young maiden
Who should have been my bride:
Of a fair and beauteous maiden
Who should have been my bride,
With her throbbing hand in mine,
Sitting gladly at my side.

But, ah! she was too beautiful
For such a one as I!
The very demons loved her,
And the angels in the sky;
And so at last it happened
That the spirit we call Death
Came one balmy Summer evening,
And kissed away her breath;
O God! that I were Death!

And thus, as I was floating
On the ebb of memory's stream,
Never marking, never noting
Aught else beside my dream,
Suddenly I heard a ringing
Of a strange aërial singing,
Of a wild, unearthly singing,
Throughout my chamber ringing.
With its ghostly melody.

THE KING OF SPIDERS.

The king of spiders on the pampas is not a mygole, but a lycosa of extraordinary size, light-gray in color, with a black ring around its middle. It is active and swift, and irritable to such a degree that one can scarcely help thinking that in this species Nature has overshot her mark. When a person passes near one—say within three or four yards of its lurking-place—it starts up and gives chase, and will often follow for a distance of thirty or forty yards. I came once very nearly being bitten by one of these savage creatures. Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me. The gauchos have a very quaint ballad which tells that the City of Cordova was once invaded by an army of monstrous spiders, and that the townspeople went out, with beating drums and flags flying, to repel the invasion, and after firing several volleys they were forced to turn and fly for their lives. I have no doubt that a sudden great increase of the man-chasing spiders, in a year exceptionally favorable to them, suggested this fable to some rhyming satirist of the town.



FOO-CHOW.—UPPER BRIDGE AND FOREIGN SETTLEMENT.—SEE PAGE 536.

DORA.

DORA, DICK, AND CAT-TAILS.

By Eva M. De Jarnette.

"Cat-tails. *Genus Typhus*, also called Reed-mace." *Vide* dictionary.

Girls, do you know what they say? In your zeal for gathering and decorating with them, have you ever thought to bend down your ear and listen to their whispers.

Far back in the dim ages of antiquity the Phrygian king, Midas, was punished for ill-taste in music by having ass's ears clapped on his head.

Of course Mrs. Midas knew it, and she helped the king to start the fashion of bangs, frizzles, earlocks and such, and he wore a great bag-topped crown to conceal his deformity.

But no man is hero to his valet, and the barber knew all about it. Weary of the burden of the terrible secret, he dug a hole in a solitary place, and whispered into it, "Our master has asses' ears!"

Cat-tails sprang up, and to this day, when agitated by the wind, they mischievously repeat the tale, maliciously varying the message to make a personal affair of it. "Our rulers have asses' ears!" they murmur—"asses' ears!"

They whisper in Greek, and if Dick and Tom, fresh from college, cannot make it out, it is because they are just humbugs, and don't know anything about the language.

Moreover, Homer says, the giant Typhus gave more trouble to the gods than all the rest put together. He was like a cork; push him under in one spot and he would pop up in another. It was a difficult thing 'for to put a head on him,' for he possessed already a hundred of his own. And when at last Jupiter "planted" him alive on the Isle of Ischia, and was thinking about setting up a nice tombstone over him, to let his friends know what a generous, spreading, ubiquitous kind of an old hairpin he was, all at once cat-tails, with their hundred heads, appeared, and the winds floated their downy seed-puffs over the face of the earth.

Diseases with a hundred forms broke out among men and beasts, which are still called by his name wherever the cat-tails grow. So Jupiter concluded not to waste his money on a fellow who could actually make the four winds of heaven and whole race of nature do his advertising gratis, even bending into the same channel the æsthetic fancies of fashionable young ladies of the nineteenth century.

But Dick Harrington didn't know a word of all this.

Although long past the age when a fellow's friends constantly tell him, as a piece of unexpected news, "how he has grown," Dick had all the whiskers he would ever own, and had grown to feel sorry he had not let his troublesome mustache remain latent, instead of rasping and scraping at it, and cutting it with his sister's scissors, till it was stiff as a blacking-brush.

Of course, he had trampled over cat-tails and club-mosses, pond-lilies and wild celery, thousands of times, but he had never bothered his brain over the generic names of sedges and reeds.

He distinguished them as good "cover" for grouse, partridges and Indian hens, or classed them along with sand-worms, snapshells and other small crustacea, as the proper food, or signs of feeding-ground, for "willets," "marlins," "summer-ducks," "seek-no-furthers" and "doe-witches."

He wasn't æsthetic at all, Dick wasn't, and no wonder his pretty sister Kate was "out" with him for putting on that rusty velveteen shooting-jacket, and stuffing his pantaloons into boots that were quite big and strong enough to walk about alone, and for going out after "dippers" and "spring-tails" when a girl was coming—one of those "utterly utter" kind, too, who have never had a shadow of any kind of real trouble to sour them, and consequently think that the sun shines and the "wild world wags" for their private and individual benefit.

"Afraid of a gal! And he just six feet two in his stocking feet." No wonder he looked sneaking and mean; and when Kate followed him as far as the horse-blocks, still arguing the question, he gave three perfectly hypocritical reasons for not going to the station to meet Dora, her doubly dear schoolmate and bosom friend, Dora.

Falsely he averred a flock of didappers or wild turkeys (Kate could not make out he said, he mumbled so) to be scattered and in waiting for him to kill in Carrie's Wood. In testimony of which he produced a "yelper," and yelped till Kate put her fingers to her ears, for all the gobblers in the yard, angrily answering, came strutting up, with their "Turk's heads" swelled up as red and big as some tomatoes.

"Dick, you are just too utterly mean to live. I'd like to throw a plate at you. Really, Dick, I am ready to cry. To have to send the hired boy to drive, when I've got a brother tall as a church steeple."

"Katie, I'd go in a minute, but I've got to meet a man——"

"Hush, Dick; you are telling stories. Dora is so pretty, too," sighs Kate.

"The washerwoman has all my collars, and——"

"I wonder you are not afraid you'll end like Ananias and Sapphira. Oh, I do wish I wasn't afraid to drive Flirt myself," and two bright little tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Really, Katie, I was in the village yesterday, where they have measles, and I should not like to run the risk of her catching them through me."

"Oh, I do hope Dora will pay you for this; indeed I do I hope she will flirt the hat off your head, you aggravating, good-for-nothing——."

Dick fled away out of hearing, for in his heart of hearts he was "afeerd of a gal."

He had climbed Harney's Peak when it was two feet deep in snow; shot a California grizzly; had slept calmly by the bivouac fire to the music of the gray wolves' hideous howling and the mountain-lions' doleful roar. He had dared the redskins of the Black Hills in their rocky fastnesses, but was pitifully "afeerd of a woman."

Stepping out, as if he was owner of the Seven League Boots, keeping a keen eye to the slightest indication of a "point" from his black-and-tan setter, he communed sadly with himself as to how he could possibly avail himself of lodging privileges under his father's roof for the coming week—how he was to eat and sleep, keep out of sight of his sister's friend, and still be highly thought of and admired by her.

"Afeerd of a woman!"

Kate this time, for he dearly loved his pretty sister, and hated to cross her wishes.

"Unless I break a leg, or knock out an eye, she would never forgive me," was his conclusion. "However, I'll hunt to-day, and go into the martyr business in the morning."

"Sing while we may
Another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

Hola! Something is the matter with Ponto! His white-tipped tail has ceased to vibrate—he elongates his body, thrust forward his head; his eye is set; his limbs stiffen rigidly; he is about to have a fit!

"Hie on!" Whir-r! Bang, bang! How the feathers fly! Three birds, by all that's lovely!

He bags the pretty, brown quivering creatures without a pang of compunction, and loads up for fresh victims. When game is plentiful the true hunter takes no note of time, nor does he heed the pangs of hunger.

Passing through the dim, damp depths of the leafless woods, he added some woodcock and "merry brown hares" to his bag.

The short Winter's day is almost ended. The naked, rusty tree-tops stand out coldly against the pale grayish sky; the shuddering chill of the dying day creeps over

him, and he begins to realize that he has eaten nothing since breakfast.

As the Loadstone Rock drew Sinbad's frail bark remorselessly to its destruction, so Dick is marching straight into the meshes Fate has prepared for him.

The unerring certainty with which skillful sportsmen can distinguish objects afar off is well-known, but none the less remarkable. By the pale, smothered gleam of the fading sunset Dick perceives a thing which makes his heart flutter.

There has been no signal of danger. His own footsteps crunching over the stiff, dry flags, and the noise of

> "The ripple washing in the reeds
> And the water lapping on the crag."

are the only sounds he hears.

Yet Crusoe's man Friday was not more startled at the man's footprint in the sand" than was Dick at a blue gauze vail, caught in a bunch of briers, gently, innocently waving in the evening breeze.

A step further there is a sprig of scarlet china-berries, some small footprints in the mud, and a glove.

Victor Hugo makes a big tough old sailorman particularly fastidious about ladies' hands. Dick liked them small himself, although his own would have done for Hercules. Ladies' gloves are sometimes prettier than the hands they cover.

This one was a dainty, embroidered little affair, and told a tale of distress lying there among the dried grasses and things girls are for ever reaching after for their Winter vases, with scrambling little footprints in the mud all around it.

Beauty bebogged in its greed for the decorative cat-tail! Dick sighed as he put the pretty trifles in his vest-pocket.

A few more strides of the Seven League Boots and he was in the high road, where Flirt had stamped holes, while the hired boy held her in, and the young lady "went for" the rushes.

Afar off he could, through the parlor windows, see the light "where household fires gleamed warm and bright." He stalked along with pounds of mud clinging to his boots, bristling all over with cockle-burrs and Spanish needles, hands grimed with gunpowder, and a heavy gun and gamebag.

But nothing felt so heavy as that bit of gauze in his pocket, and the dainty glove. Like the sybarite's crumpled rose-leaf, they made a lump that rubbed and galled him. He was in a fever to be rid of them.

He made a circuit of the stable-lot and garden to prevent the possibility of his being seen from the parlor windows, as if in these days of high art young ladies had nothing better to do than sit moping and gaping like Mariana in the moated grange.

Cautiously passing the honeysuckle arbor, looking about and around over his shoulders, he plumped upon what he most wished to avoid.

Sitting on the back porch steps, gazing at the moon rising in mystic majesty over the big wood-pile, sat his sister and her friend.

He nearly stepped upon them, but before he had time to swoon or shoot himself, wicked Katie, who thoroughly enjoyed the situation, was introducing them. A fairy-like creature, with Italian sunset in her hair, and aurora-borealis in her cheeks, was murmuring his name.

He had not the sense to excuse himself and leave, but stood like a great object, blushing, muttering, looking like the poor "Exile of Erin," or a Pennsylvania road-tramp.

To Dora he appeared more of a bandit of the Pyrenees, for the slouch hat hid all the face his great beard left exposed, and in a pretty flute voice, she began talking to him.

"'Oh, Mr. Harrington, Kate and I have been thinking such things about the Pleiades and Orion, and Berenice's Hair. How they must have looked and shone, just as they do now, thousands of years ago, when the Greek boys and girls went tramping over the hilly roads of Arcadia on their way to the Olympic Games; and they talked of them under the same names that we do to-night—didn't they, Kate?"

"Indeed they did, Dora."

"And they twinkle now just as they did on the night Alexander stormed Tyre, and Hannibal terrified Rome with his victory at Cannæ. Don't you think so, Mr Harrington?"

Kate did not want to see her brother die right in the prime of life, so she mercifully answered for him in an off-hand kind of way:

"Indeed he does, Dora. Dick has been half over the world, you know."

Then she carried her friend into the parlor, leaving Dick too weak to walk up the steps.

When she went up to his room later, to see why he did not come down, he told her "he had got a chip in his eye, his ankle was out of joint, his nose was bleeding."

Kate just went on laying out his best clothes on the bed for him to put on.

"Now, sonny, don't you be a great goose. Dora's the dearest little creature in the world. Don't you mind her talk about the stars and things; it's just a way she has, and she'll get over it in no time. She is all dressed up in her great-grandfather's shoe-buckle, playing back-gammon with pa like a dear. She'd make a nice sister for me, but I don't want her for a *ma*, so hurry on down."

Only a few girls will admit that they tremble and stand at the parlor-door to get their courage up. Dick would have done so, but the man with an armful of wood to replenish the fire came along, and he had to go in to keep Sambo from laughing at him.

Dora was standing before an old family picture, which Mrs. Harrington was expatiating upon. She wore a black velvet dress, white lace ruffles, a diamond buckle, and a graceful bunch of crimson bouvardia in her lovely golden hair.

Dick slipped into a seat and tried to look as if he had been sitting there a long time.

"What you see to the left there is water," the old gentleman was saying. "It is the river, not much of one, but there seems to be attraction enough to keep Dick for ever rambling along its margin. Come, Dick, and tell us what you find."

"Willets, marlins and doe-witches," repeats Dick, as if answering a question in geography.

"Oh, but I saw lovely things growing on the banks when I crossed it to-day!" cries Dora, and old Mr. Harrington having lugged his bashful son into the conversation, gracefully retired behind his paper.

Dick stood by her, and couldn't help thinking her distractingly pretty, but he was not the fellow to take a lead in conversation.

"Don't you think cat-tails are too utterly lovely for anything?" asked Dora, in a confidential kind of way.

"I—I can't say I like them much. They are always getting mashed, or trod on, or being caught in shutting the door."

Dora opened her eyes and looked puzzled.

"They should be hung with red ribbon to have the most artistic effect. You know we cannot get them in town, and I am so anxious to take three home with me. Will you not help me, Mr. Harrington to get them?"

"Cat-tails would be worse, as you would have to kill them first, I suppose. My sister thinks almost as much of Tabby as she does of me."

Dora looked as completely mystified as if she were list-

"THE WINDOW-SEAT."— FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANCIS D. MILLET.

"Certainly. But would you not prefer fox? I know a fellow who has a glass case full. He cuts them off as trophies."

"How awfully cruel!"

ening to a few remarks in the Hebrew language. Kate, on the lookout, caught the expression, and carried her friend off to the piano.

Was it a shaft at random sent that made Dora sing

"Wapping Old Stairs," instead of the German songs she had spent so much time over?

Some little fairylike creatures know their man by instinct, and suit their ammunition to the game.

Dick thought he had never heard anything so entrancingly sweet when Dora had finished the humble song.

"And then, to show what a domestic turn she possessed, the little creature went and got her knitting, and began narrowing to set the heel.

A freak of memory called to mind how his mother used to do it, knitting his father's socks in the bright firelight while he and his baby sister romped with the kittens on that very hearth. He wondered if anybody would ever knit socks for him there.

"And did you spin the yarn?"

He looked so in hopes she would say yes. Dora was really sorry she had not. She did not think fit to tell him that the silk cost as much as six ordinary pairs, and

GROWING OLD.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 559.

There was a skein to be wound, and before Dick knew what he was about his arms were stretched in an imploring attitude, holding the hank, while Dora's pretty white fingers loosened a tangle here and there in the most charming manner possible.

"Is this for a—a tidy?" he asked, by way of being agreeable.

"No. It is for my—my stockings," murmured Dora. "I always knit them myself," she added.

You might have knocked Dick down with a feather. Knitting her own stockings! Economical little thing!

that the knitting had been her company work for a year. Crimson and cream-colored silk make little hands look so cunning and white.

"You are not like the young lady I met at a ball in California," said Dick. "She said to me, 'Stockings I can do without, but earrings I must have.' I see you wear no earrings."

"I wear no ornaments except natural flowers, and this old shoe-buckle of my grandfather's."

Then and there Dick made up his mind he would get her the biggest breastpin money could buy, the very

next time he went to the city, and send it anonymously. A girl who did her own knitting, wore a black gown without any peaks or ruffles, and an old shoe-buckle for jewelry, deserved a breastpin.

And that very night he reflected over his usual pipe, that even if a fellow had not a great deal of money, any man would do well to get a wife like that, and believed he would tell his friend Howard about her. And he dreamed pleasant dreams of Dora knitting socks, and patching the big hole he had that day torn in his corduroy trousers, though the stars, and cats with their tails cut off, came and bothered him some.

Dick spent an hour with the brushes next morning, trying to get his hair to lie smooth.

He had a way of looking as if he were always in a high wind, even on a day when a feather would drop like a bullet. But his teeth were as white as Ponto's, and he looked you straight in the eye.

There was a broiled woodcock for breakfast.

"Oh, Katie, stop!" cries Dora. "You must eat yours from the plate I painted for you."

She runs away for it, and comes down with a charming bit of Ceramic art. Ariadne was represented riding on a panther on a background of palest green, the color of a duck's egg. The nymph was in a most graceful attitude; her countenance beaming with love and hope, as the joyous bride of Bacchus.

"This is a present for you, dear; I did it myself."

"How utterly lovely! It must be hung up; it must! Look, pa, how beautiful."

Mr. Harrington put on his spectacles, and examined it critically.

"A very pretty Scripture picture! Very good, indeed!"

Dick's wonder and admiration were too great for utterance. What could she *not* do? To make a plate actually? It was the last straw that broke the camel's back. He threw up the sponge.

The others chatted on about the plate, but he saw only Dora, and gazing at her between morsels of food, ran great risk of injuring himself with his fork.

When his friend Howard came next day with hot-house flowers, and another friend took her riding in the tightest, trimmest little habit, he despised his own sheepishness in letting the other fellows get ahead of him. And he wondered why they made such officious fools of themselves. He grew dissatisfied with the fit of his clothes, and promised to make it lively for that bootmaker who sent him number nines, knowing that he could squeeze into eights and a half.

So many visitors kept on coming to see Dora that he grew gloomy and low-spirited, and fell away from his food, till Kate was quite uneasy about her brother.

He wearied himself hunting woodcock because Dora was fond of them, and endangered his life climbing slim trees for deserted birds'-nests after she had begged him to bring her home one.

His game-bag was stuffed with long mosses, like old men's gray beards, and dry seed-pods, and bunches of "trash" for Dora.

He had caught a part of the tune of "Wapping Old Stairs," which in secluded spots he sang with great gusto; and he foolishly kissed the little glove more than once, a thorn in the side no longer.

The week had nearly slipped away, and he was out washing his gun, when she came and watched him.

"You have not kept your promise," she remarked.

"What promise?"

"To help me get cat-tails."

"I'll do it now. Shall I shoot them first?" he asked.

"What do you mean? I'll run in and get my hat and go with you."

"Like as not they are on the roof of the house," muttered Dick, "and I don't know what Kate will do. But if Dora wants Mazeppa's tail it shall be cut off for her. What queer fancies girls have! To want a cat's tail!"

Under that great furry black hat, with its wealth of soft plumes, any girl would have looked charming. Dora always looked so.

"Come," she said, "they are down on the river. I want to scramble after them myself. It brings good luck."

"They'll scratch you fearfully."

"I am not afraid," she replied, "with you at my side."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and Dick felt that his had flowed of its own accord right to his feet, and that if ever he intended to get Dora to knitting his socks, he must make the arrangements at once. He became so excited, and appeared to have such a hurricane blowing around him, that he could scarcely keep his hat on his head.

Dora walked calmly and peacefully along under her big hat.

Let us draw a vail over the love-making, which has been going on in about the same fashion ever since Adam said, "Miss Eve, I love you."

They came walking back about dinner-time, with hands full of plethoric, brown, decorative cat-tails, and seemed to have very little to say to one another or anybody else.

Kate, watching them from the window, felt so sorry Dick's bashfulness was such a hindrance to him. While she helped Dora arrange cat-tails, she told her how mortified she was that she and Dick got along so poorly, and hoped she would excuse his not being more attentive to her.

Dora burst into a little ringing laugh.

"Why, my dear little goose, as soon as Dick has time to ask papa for me, we shall be regularly engaged."

"Then may heaven bless you, my dear children!" cries Kate, dramatically. "And may you never wake to sorrow from 'Love's young dream.'"

* * * * * *

The last heard from young Mrs. Harrington she was insisting that Dick should look at a duck of a bonnet in the light of poultry—as a household necessity.

WASHINGTON'S SURRENDER AT FORT NECESSITY.

By Charles Gayarré.

In 1753 the French and the English were at peace by virtue of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed in 1748; but it was more than probable that this peace would not be of long duration, in consequence of events that were transpiring in North America. The limits of the French colonies of Louisiana, Canada and Acadia, as well as of the British colonies on that continent, were uncertain. Unfortunately they had not been settled by the treaty itself, but had been referred to commissioners, who were so far apart in their views and pretensions, that evidently they never would come to any amicable and final understanding.

Meanwhile, both nations were respectively engaged in trying to encroach upon the vast territory which was the object of dispute between them, and which was still occupied by the aborigines, whose rights were but little

respected by either English or French. Whenever the French sought to establish themselves on the land claimed by the Indians as their own, there came to the French commandant a notification from some colonial English Governor that he, the commandant, was on the territory of His Britannic Majesty. On the other hand, the English, whenever they attempted to act as the French had done, were officially informed that they were violating the sacred rights of His Most Christian Majesty, and were requested at once to withdraw. There was a frequent exchange of these paper bullets in the shape of protests and defiances, and it was foreseen that they soon would be followed by missiles much heavier and of metallic composition. This state of things produced commotion and irritation. The Indians, finding themselves between the hammer and the anvil, were alarmed, and the French and the English had assumed a reciprocally hostile attitude, although not actually at war. They certainly were preparing for it, and whilst at peace were marching and countermarching, plotting and intriguing with the Indians, and striving as to which of the two adversaries should occupy the best strategic points, the strongest positions, and secure the aid of the savages, whom they endeavored to decoy into an alliance by presents, promises, and all the seductions of an artful diplomacy.

It seems that the French were considered more aggressive than the English by some of the Ohio tribes, whose chief, called the "Half King," repaired to a French post on the shores of Lake Erie, where he made the following complaint: "Fathers, you are the disturbers of this land, by building towns and taking the country from us by fraud and force. We kindled a fire a long time since at Montreal, where we desired you to stay, and not to come and intrude upon our land. I now advise you to return to that place, for this land is ours. If you had come in a peaceable manner, like our brothers the English, we should have traded with you as we do with them. But that you should come and build houses on our land and take it by force, is what we cannot submit to. Both you and the English are white. We live in a country between you both; the land belongs to neither of you. The Great Being allotted it to us as a residence. So, fathers, I desire you, as I have desired our brothers the English, to withdraw, for I will keep you both at arm's-length. Whichever most regards this request, that side we will stand by and consider our friends. Our brothers the English have heard this, and I now tell it to you, for I am not afraid to order you off this land."

The French commandant replied: "Child, you talk foolishly. You say this land belongs to you; there is not as much as the black of my nail yours. It is my land, and I will have it, let who will stand up against me. I am not afraid of fleas and musquitoes—for as such I consider the Indians. I tell you that down the River Ohio I will go, and build upon its banks. If it were blocked up, I have force sufficient to burst it open and trample down all who oppose. My force is as the sand upon the seashore. Therefore here is your wampum; I fling it at you."

The excitement became very great among all the Indian tribes. Some were friendly to the English, and others to the French. A spark might produce a general conflagration. All sorts of warlike and disquieting rumors were afloat. It was reported that the French were coming up the Mississippi River from Louisiana, and that their plan was to cement the connection of that province with Canada by a long chain of military hem posts, and the English within the Alleghany Mountains.

Interested parties having addressed loud complaints to the Executive of Virginia, named Dinwiddie, of the aggressive encroachments of the French and their Indian allies, particularly on the Ohio, the Governor determined to send an envoy to remonstrate with these trespassers on the rights and claims of His Britannic Majesty. George Washington, although only twenty-one years old, was the person selected.

Among his instructions* was a precise and minute recommendation to acquaint himself with the numbers and military force of the French stationed on the Ohio and in its vicinity; their capability of being reinforced from Canada; the forts they had erected; where situated; how garrisoned; the object of their advancing through these parts, and how they were likely to be supported and aided by the Indians. It is important to keep in mind these instructions in order the better to judge of subsequent events, of their consequences, and of the sharp controversy in which they were referred to by the French.

On the 30th of October, 1753, the very day on which he received his credentials, Washington departed to accomplish his mission, and engaged his old master of fence, Jacob Van Braam—probably a Dutchman, from his name—to accompany him as French interpreter. On the 14th of November, Washington, with the horses, tents and other traveling equipments, and with the companions he had selected, arrived at Will's Creek, which empties into the Cumberland River. There he secured the services of an additional escort, and departed the next day, traveling through the wilderness, studying the country according to his instructions, and examining with great care the localities where settlements might be made and forts usefully erected.

On the 24th of the same month Washington reached the dwelling of the Half King, who was known to be favorable to the English, and who had addressed to the French commandant on Lake Erie the speech which has been reported. After a good deal of deliberation it was decided that the Half King and only two other Indians should accompany Washington to the end of his intended journey; it was thought that a larger number of Indians might excite the suspicions of the French.

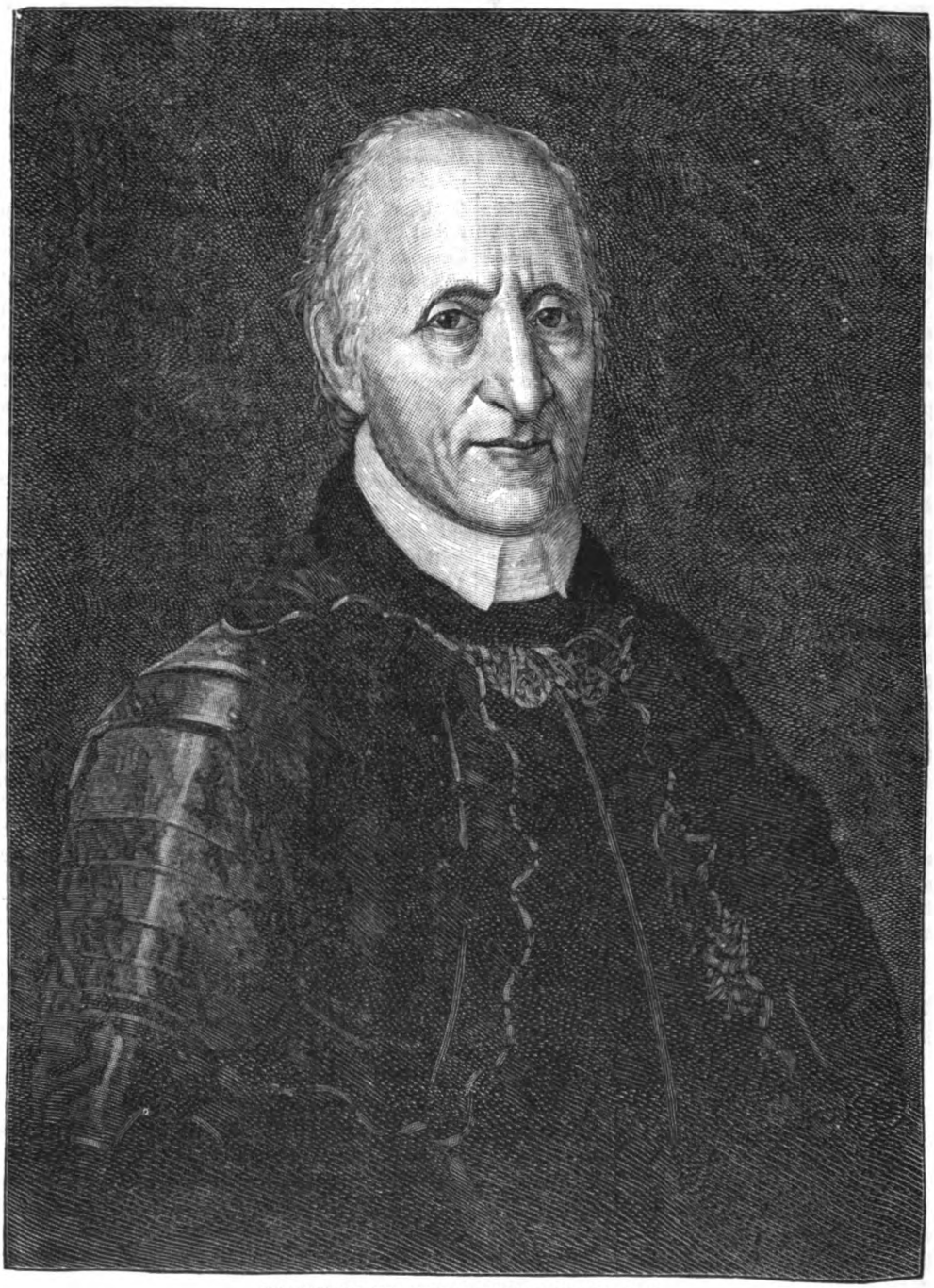
On his way Washington met a small French post commanded by a redoubtable warrior, Captain Joncaire, famous for his exploits in the wilderness, and whom Washington Irving calls the "veteran intriguer of the frontier." The English envoy was treated with generous hospitality and invited to supper, "during which Joncaire told me," writes Washington, "that the intention of the French was to take possession of the Ohio, and by G—— they would do it; for, although they were sensible that the English could raise two men for their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking. They pretended to have an undoubted right to the river from a discovery made by one La Salle, sixty years ago, and the rise of this expedition is to prevent our settling on the river or the waters of it, as they heard of some families moving out in order thereto."

Whilst the guest of Joncaire, Washington, according to his own account, availing himself of his opportunities of observation, and of the "bacchanalian convivialities" of his host, from which he, of course, abstained—from temperament and from prudence—"took careful note of all their revelations, and collected a variety of information

* Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," Vol. I., p. 88.

concerning the French forces ; how and where they were distributed ; the situations and distances of their forts ; and their means and mode of obtaining supplies."

Joncaire had referred Washington for an answer to the object of his diplomatic mission to a superior officer at some distance from the station he occupied. The youthful ambassador thought that he had been purposely detained several days by Joncaire, under various pretexts skillfully alleged. At last, however, he extricated himself from these apparently friendly clutches and deceitful festivities, and on the 7th day of December he resumed his journey, accompanied by a French commissary and three soldiers who were sent to escort him and his guides.



THE CHEVALIER FRANCIS COULON DE VILLIERS.

After four days of hardship, through snow, wind, sleet and mud, Washington reached the principal French settlement and fort, commanded by the Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, Knight of the Military Order of St. Louis—old and silver-haired, but active as a young man, courteous, but punctiliously ceremonious, and the true representative of the polished gentleman of the old school under the iron corselet of the precise and veteran soldier.

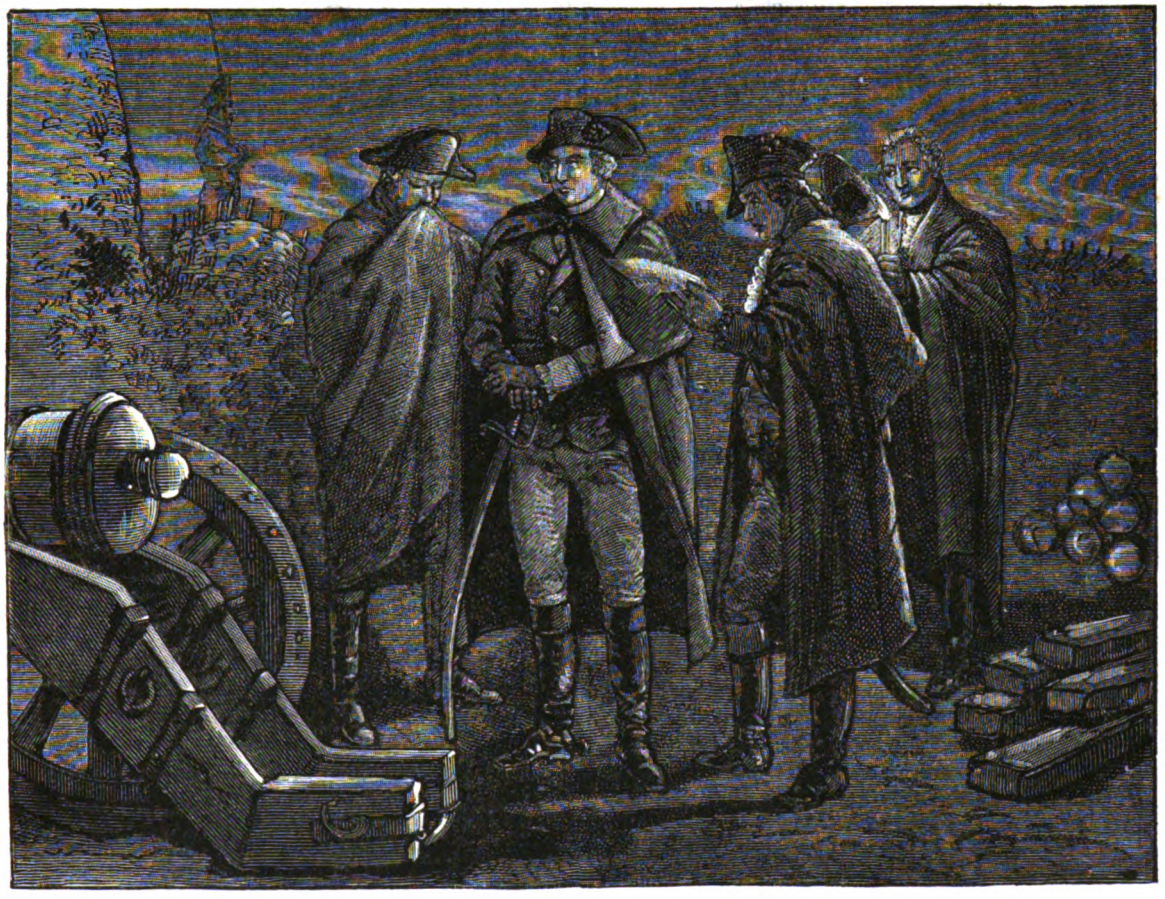
On being presented to Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, Washington delivered his credentials and Dinwiddie's letter, in which the Governor of Virginia inquired by what authority and instructions the French commanding officer had marched this force from Canada and made this invasion, informing the chevalier that his own action would be regulated by the answer he should receive, and by the tenor of the commission with which

he was honored. At the same time he required of the French commandant his peaceful departure, and "that he would forbear to prosecute a purpose so interruptive of the amity and good understanding which His Britannic Majesty was desirous to continue and cultivate with the Most Christian King."

The chevalier and his officers assembled in council, to deliberate upon the answer. It took them two days, during which Washington occupied himself in observing and in taking notes of the plan, dimension and strength of the fort, and of everything about it. He gave orders to his people also to take an exact account of the canoes in readiness, and of others in process of construction, for the conveyance of troops down the river in the ensuing Spring. He also had done all he could, whilst on his mission, to strengthen the friendship of the Indians for the English, and stir up their hostility against the French.

On the 1st of January, 1754, Washington, returning from his successfully accomplished mission, reached Williamsburg, in Virginia, after a most painful and dangerous journey through the wilderness, and delivered to Governor Dinwiddie the reply of Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, with a full report of his own doings and observations. The answer of the chevalier was: "I will transmit your letter to my general, the Marquis Duquesne, to whom it better belongs than to me to set forth the evidence and reality of the rights of the King, my master, upon the land situated along the River Ohio, and to contest the pretensions of the King of Great Britain thereto. His answer shall be a law to me. As to the summons you send me to retire, I do not think myself obliged to obey it. Whatever may be your instructions, I am here by virtue of the orders of my general, and I entreat you, sir, not to doubt one moment but that I am determined to conform myself to them with all the exactness and resolution which can be expected from the best officer. I made it my particular care to receive Mr. Washington with a distinction suitable to your dignity, as well as to his own quality and great merit. I flatter myself that he will do me this justice before you, sir, and that he will signify to you, in the manner I do myself, the profound respect with which I am myself," etc. . . . .

Washington's Journal of this expedition (says Irving, in his "Life" of that great man) was printed and widely circulated throughout the colonies and England, and awakened the nation to a sense of the impending danger, and of the necessity of prompt measures to anticipate the French movements.



THE NIGHT COUNCIL AT FORT NECESSITY.

Under these circumstances a regiment of 600 men was raised, and the command was given to Colonel Fry, Washington being the lieutenant-colonel. He was ordered to march at the head of 150 men to the banks of the Ohio, clearing the way and making a road for the rest of the regiment to pass with their artillery, wagons, and supplies. Whilst thus engaged, he learned that the French were in large force on the Ohio, and that 50 English soldiers, who had begun the building of a fort on that river, had been compelled to surrender to Captain Contrecœur.

On the 9th of May, 1754, Washington was not further than twenty miles from Will's Creek, on the Cumberland, at a place called the "Little Meadows." There were

gloomy accounts from the Ohio. Flying settlers from that part of the country confirmed the statement that the French were in great force, and were diligently constructing a fort at the very place which Washington had remarked whilst an envoy the preceding year, and which he had subsequently recommended as a suitable site for a military post. Many were his inquietudes. He was much in advance of the rest of his regiment; scouts were bringing in all sorts of alarming reports; numerous footprints were noticed all around his column during their march, and he came to the conclusion that he was followed and observed by many spies, inferring therefrom that he might be attacked at any time.

Washington was then on the territory and in the neighborhood of the friendly Half King. On the 22d of May, Indian scouts brought word that the French were not above 800 strong, and that about half their numbers had been detached at night on a secret expedition. Close upon this there came a message from the Half King, who said: "The French army is coming to meet Major Washington. Be on your guard against them, my brother; they have been on their march two days. I know not their number. The Half King and the rest of the chiefs will be with you in five days, to hold a council."

In the evening of that day, Washington was told that the French were crossing the ford of the Youghiogeny, about eighteen miles off. He now hastened to take position in a place called the "Great Meadows," where he caused the bushes to be cleared away, made an intrenchment and prepared what he named "a charming field for an encounter."

If there had been any serious engagement at that moment, it might not have been "charming." The men under the command of Washington were in a nervous condition. They were surrounded by dense forests, which exposed them to be stealthily approached and surprised. All around their camp, within a radius of five miles, tracks were seen which were supposed to be those of a prowling enemy. Fifty men, it was said, under a well-known and intrepid leader, Captain Laforce, had been sighted at no great distance. The sensitiveness increased so much that, about two o'clock in the night following the day of their encampment, the excited sentries fired at what they thought foes coming upon them. The troops rushed to arms and remained on the alert until daybreak, when the enemy proved to be invisible. But an unpleasant discovery was made. The roll being called, five men were found to have deserted. It showed that the moral spirit of the force was not what it should have been.

About nine o'clock at night, on the 25th of May, there came an alarming message. It was from the Half King, who was encamped six miles from Washington's quarters. He sent word that he had seen the track of two Frenchmen, and inferred that a body of them was lying in ambush in their neighborhood.

Indian scouts were sent out. They followed the tracks like hounds, and on their return, reported that they had discovered within five miles of Washington's camp a number of Frenchmen, in a low bottom, surrounded by rocks and trees, where they had built a few cabins for shelter against the rain.

It was then determined to surprise this party, who were considered as lurking foes, and action followed close on the heels of resolution. The English and their red allies marched in the most profound silence, and taking every precaution not to be seen. It had been concerted that Washington would approach the French on the right, and the Half King with his warriors on the left. Washington was the first on the ground. The French, who numbered scarcely over thirty, having caught sight of him, ran to arms, Instantly there was on both sides a sharp firing, which lasted fifteen minutes. The balls whistled around Washington; one man was killed close by him, and three others wounded. This was the whole extent of the casualties among the English. Jumonville de Villiers, the youthful commander of the French, had been shot through the head at the first fire. Ten of his men had fallen dead, one had been wounded, who was captured with the rest, excepting a swift-footed Canadian, who escaped and carried the news of this disaster to the fort on the Ohio.

Washington Irving, from whose "Life of Washington" I have quoted these details, does not say which of the two parties fired first. But Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," relates that, "perceiving the English approach, the French (who had been surprised) ran to seize their arms. 'Fire!' said Washington, and with his own musket gave the example. That word of command kindled the world into a flame." Thus it appears that the English were the first to fire, and this confirms the French version on that point.

The Indians, according to their ferocious habits, wanted to massacre and scalp the prisoners, but Washington prevented it. He was greatly elated; it was the first time he had been under fire. The music of the bullets, whistling as they passed near his head, was new to him, and he considered his escape miraculous.

The French affirmed that Jumonville was a peaceful envoy to Washington. But, instructions having been found on his body requesting him to inform himself of the roads, rivers and other features of the country as far as the Potomac; to send back, from time to time, by fleet messengers, all the information he could collect, and to give notice of the day on which he intended to serve the summons on the English not to advance, but on the contrary to evacuate the territory of His Most Christian Majesty, Washington maintained that he had the right to look upon this body of men as spies and to treat them as such.

Washington sent the prisoners to Governor Dinwiddie at Winchester, and thus addressed him: "I have still stronger presumption, indeed, almost confirmation, that they were sent as spies, and were ordered to wait near us till they were fully informed of our intentions, situation and strength, and were to have acquainted their commander therewith, and to have been lurking here for reinforcements before they served the summons, if served at all. I doubt not but they will endeavor to amuse you with many smooth stories, as they did me. But they were confuted in them all, and, by circumstances too plain to be denied, almost made ashamed of their assertions. I have heard, since they went away, they should say they called upon us not to fire; but that I know to be false, for I was the first man to approach them, and the first whom they saw, and immediately ran to their arms and fired briskly till they were defeated. . . . . I fancy they will have the assurance of asking the privilege due to an embassy, when, in strict justice, they ought to be hanged as spies of the worst sort."

It was natural that Washington, after having achieved what he considered an important success, should feel like a young man full of ardor and ambition. This exultation is fully expressed in a letter which, on the 31st of May, he wrote to one of his brothers, and in which he relates what had occurred: "I fortunately escaped, and without a wound," he said, "for the right wing where I stood was exposed to and received all the enemy's fire,

and it was the part where the man was killed and the rest wounded" (three men). "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

This letter was published, shortly after it had been written, in the *London Magazine* for 1754. Horace Walpole sneers at it as a "rodomontade," calling Washington a "brave braggart," and relates that George II., when it reached his ears, observed, dryly: "He would not say so, if he had been used to hear many." They both seemed not to have been kindly disposed toward the rising soldier. Had they a presentiment of what he was destined to accomplish?

Meanwhile, Washington expected to be attacked every day. By the death of Colonel Fry, his superior officer, at Will's Creek, he found himself in command of all the British forces on that frontier. They numbered above 400 men. Apprehending that he would soon have to contend against an enemy much superior to him, he hastened to fortify his position, and erected a palisaded fort on the Monongahela, which, on account of the famine then prevailing among the Indians and his own troops, was called Fort Necessity.

On the 10th of June there came stirring news. Scouts reported that a party of 90 Frenchmen were approaching. Washington ordered out 150 of his best men, put himself at their head, and sallied forth, as he subsequently wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, "in the full hope of procuring him another present of French prisoners." It turned out, however, that the 90 Frenchmen in military array were only nine French deserters. An alarmed imagination had multiplied their number by ten.

On the 11th of June, Washington, leaving a garrison at Fort Necessity, marched on toward Redstone Creek, undertaking laboriously to cut a military road to that place. When about thirteen miles from Fort Necessity he received the startling news that the French had been largely reinforced. After a council of war he determined on a precipitate retreat, which was not effected without encountering difficulties, arising from different causes, which the limits of this paper do not permit to be recited.

On the 1st of July Washington re-entered Fort Necessity, and began to strengthen and increase his fortifications. He had not been in too great haste. Captain de Villiers, a brother of Jumonville, and a very brave and expert officer—eager to avenge what he considered an assassination—was marching rapidly against Washington, at the head of upward of 500 Frenchmen and several hundred Indians.

Fort Necessity was about 100 feet square, and protected by trenches and palisades. It stood on the margin of a small stream, nearly in the centre of the "Great Meadows," which is a grassy plain, perfectly level, surrounded by wooded hills of a moderate height, and at that place about 250 yards wide. It seems that Washington's situation was considered critical, for his friend, the Half King, with all the Indians, deserted and left him to encounter, only with his white troops, the impending danger.

Early in the morning of the 3d of July a sentinel who had been fired at ran bleeding to the fort, and announced that the French were advancing. Washington drew up his men on level ground, outside of his works, to await attack. The French remained under cover, and kept up a galling fire. Washington had to fall back into the trenches, from which his men fired whenever they could get a sight of the enemy.

In this way there was skirmishing throughout the day, the French and their Indian allies advancing as near as the covert of the woods would permit, which in the nearest place was sixty yards; but they never came into open sight. The rain fell in torrents; the harassed, famished and jaded troops were half drowned in their trenches, and many of their muskets were rendered unfit for use.

About eight o'clock at night the French requested a parley, to propose terms of capitulation. Washington refused. After a while the request was repeated, with the addition that an officer might be sent to treat with the assailants, under their parole for his safety. Washington then sent his former fencing-master and interpreter, Jacob Van Braam, who, through the patronage of the young Virginian, had been raised to the grade of captain in the colonial troops, and who was believed to be perfectly acquainted with the French language. Twice the captain returned with separate propositions under which the garrison were required to surrender. Both were rejected. I will quote here the very words of Washington Irving as to this capitulation: "He, Van Braam, returned a third time, with written articles of capitulation. They were in French. As no implements of writing were at hand, Van Braam undertook to translate them by word of mouth. A candle was brought and held close to the paper while he read. The rain fell in torrents; it was difficult to keep the light from being extinguished. The captain rendered the capitulation, article by article, in mongrel English, while Washington and his officers stood listening, endeavoring to disentangle the meaning. One article stipulated that, on surrendering the fort, they should leave all their military stores, munitions and artillery in possession of the French. This was objected to, and readily modified. The main articles, as Washington and his officers understood them, were: That they should be allowed to return to the settlements without molestation from French or Indians; that they should march out of the fort with the honors of war, drums beating and colors flying, and with all their effects and military stores, excepting the artillery, which should be destroyed; that they should be allowed to deposit their effects in some secret place, and leave a guard to protect them until they could send horses to bring them away—their horses having been nearly all killed or lost during the action; that they should give their word of honor not to attempt any buildings or improvements on the lands of His Most Christian Majesty for the space of a year; that the prisoners taken in the skirmish with Jumonville should be restored, and until their delivery that Captain Van Braam and Captain Stobo should remain with the French as hostages. The next morning, accordingly, Washington and his men marched out of the fortress with the honors of war, bearing with them their regimental colors, but leaving a large flag too cumbrous to be transported. Scarcely had they begun their march, however, when, in defiance of the terms of capitulation, they were beset by a large body of Indians, allies of the French, who began plundering the baggage and committing other irregularities. Seeing that the French did not or could not prevent them, and that all the baggage which could not be transported on the shoulders of his troops would fall into the hands of these savages, Washington ordered it to be destroyed, as well as the artillery, gunpowder, and other military stores. All this detained him until ten o'clock, when he set out on his melancholy march. He had not proceeded above a mile, when two or three of the wounded men were reported to be missing. He immediately detached a few men back in quest of them, and continued on until three

SCENE OF WASHINGTON'S EARLY DAYS—ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NEW KENT, VA., WHERE HE WAS MARRIED.

miles from Fort Necessity, where he encamped for the night, and was rejoined by the stragglers."

It is a curious coincidence, in connection with subsequent events, that Washington, a lieutenant-colonel serving under the British Flag, surrendered to the French on the 4th of July, 1754, the fatidical predecessor of another 4th of July so calamitous to Great Britain.

Irving does not mention in the body of his work, but incidentally relates only in a note at the end of a chapter, that there subsequently arose a very serious dispute on the misinterpretation of two clauses in the articles of capitulation. For instance: The French had stipulated in writing that, for the space of a year, the British should not work on any establishment *beyond the mountains;* whereas it is alleged that it was translated by Washington's interpreter, Van Braam, "on any establishment *on the lands of the King of France,*" which was quite another thing, as most of the land beyond the mountains was considered by the British as belonging to Great Britain. It was also mentioned in the written articles of capitulation that Washington acknowledged *l'assassinat du Sieur de Jumonville,* which the English maintain to have been translated by Van Braam, "the *death* of Jumonville," instead of *assassination.*

Bancroft, without mentioning these details, merely says: "The terms of capitulation which were offered were interpreted to Washington, who did not understand French, and, as interpreted, were accepted."

The flippant Horace Walpole, when this capitulation came to his knowledge, wrote: "The French have tied up the hands of an excellent *fanfaron,* a Major Washington, whom they took, and engaged not to serve for one year."

As to the Half King, says Irving, he expressed himself perfectly disgusted at the white man's mode of warfare. "The French," remarked the red chief, "were cowards; the English, fools. Washington was a good man, but wanted experience; he would not take advice of the Indians, and was always driving them to fight according to his own notions." For this reason the Half King had departed, carrying off his wife and children to a place of safety, on the approach of the French.

A copy of the capitulation was laid before the Virginia House of Burgesses, with *explanations.* Notwithstanding the unfortunate result of the campaign, the conduct of Washington and his officers was highly appreciated, and they received a vote of thanks for their bravery and gallant defense of their country. Three hundred pistoles (nearly $1,100) were voted to be distributed among the privates who had been in action. Captain Van Braam was excepted, because of his being accused of treachery in purposely misinterpreting the articles of capitulation.

Washington Irving, however, completely acquits Van Braam of treachery, and only taxes him with ignorance of the French language. He says: "It is not probable that a French officer of De Villiers's rank would practice such a base perfidy, nor does the subsequent treatment experienced by Van Braam from the French corroborate the charge. It is more than probable that the inaccuracy of translation originated in his ignorance of the precise weight and value of words in the language, neither of which was native to him, and between which he was the blundering agent of exchange."

Washington Irving says: "Jumonville was a young officer of merit, and his fate was made the subject of lamentation in prose and verse—chiefly through political motives."

"When the tidings of this affray crossed the Atlantic," wrote Bancroft, "the name of Washington was for the first time heard in the saloons of Paris. The partisans of absolute monarchy pronounced it with execration. They forboded the loss of the Western World; and the flatterers of Louis XV. and of Madame de Pompadour, the high-born panders to the royal lust, outraged the fair fame of the spotless hero as a violator of the law of nations. What courtier, academician, or palace menial, would have exchanged his hope of fame with that of the calumniated American? The death of Jumonville became the subject for loudest complaint; this martyr to the cause of feudal-

ism and despotism was celebrated in heroic verse, and continents were invoked to weep for his fall."

This is the English version of the affair. It is natural that we, Americans, so deeply interested in the fame of Washington, should adopt it as correct. Besides, it is impossible to admit that an officer of high rank, or even of any rank, would consign himself to eternal infamy by acknowledging in articles of capitulation that he had been guilty of assassination. On this point, at least, there must certainly have been a misunderstanding. But, at the same time, I think that the impartiality of history requires that the version of the French as to the facts in question should be given in full, together with their commentaries, views and feelings on the subject, leaving to the reader to decide for himself on which side are the probabilities of truth in the conflicting statements of the two parties.

It will be remembered that in the previous year, in 1753, the Governor of Virginia had sent Washington to Legardeur de St. Pierre, to request him to retire from the position he occupied on British territory. Washington, on his return, had brought back to Dinwiddie the refusal of the French commandant to comply with this request. Now, in the following year, in 1754, Contrecœur, the officer who had succeeded Legardeur de St. Pierre, was informed that this same envoy, Lieutenant-colonel Washington, was marching toward him with a large force and a formidable artillery. He ordered Jumonville de Villiers, a young officer of very great promise, to take thirty men as an escort, and to carry to Washington a notification that he was on French territory, and a summons to withdraw. At that time Great Britain and France were at peace, by virtue of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, and were negotiating as to the limits of their respective possessions in America. Commissioners had been appointed to settle this question, if possible, and efforts, simulated or real, were made on both sides to come to an understanding. The general impression was, however, that those efforts would be abortive, and that hostilities would recommence at no distant time.

France was not desirous to precipitate these foreseen hostilities, and had sent positive orders to her official representatives in America to prepare for the coming conflict, but at the same time to abstain carefully from any act that might lead to immediate war. The Indians descried the coming storm, became very much excited, and were ready to declare themselves on one side or the other, according to their inclinations or interests.

Contrecœur, knowing that the territory his envoy was to traverse was inhabited by ill-disposed tribes, had cautioned him to guard against surprises, recommending that he should conceal his movements as much as possible, and choose his encampments at night in the least open and exposed places. Jumonville had acted in conformity with these instructions, and had arrived within a few miles of Washington's camp without being discovered. Night had set in ; and, for security, he had established his quarters in a deep and densely wooded gorge, after having sent two scouts to reconnoitre the locality through which he had to advance the next day, and the position occupied by Washington. The tracks of these two men were noticed by Indians friendly to the British, and reported to Washington, who immediately departed that very night, with a number of Indians commanded by the Half King, and with more than 200 of his own men, by whom Jumonville was surprised and attacked at daybreak, before his being summoned to surrender and to declare his intentions, and although that unfortunate officer tried his best, by word and by gesture, to signify that he was a peaceful enemy. The French affirmed that the English fired first, and with the utmost precipitation ; that at the first fire Jumonville fell dead, and that all the men of his escort were killed or made prisoners, with the exception of one, who escaped and carried to Contrecœur the news of this catastrophe.

The French maintained that no impartial person could

SCENE OF WASHINGTON'S EARLY DAYS—HIS SURVEYOR'S OFFICE AT BERRYVILLE, VA.

believe they had fired first. It would have been an uncalled for violation of their positive instructions. It would even have been an act of insanity, for they knew that they were within striking distance and in the power of an overwhelming force of English and Indian enemies. Under such circumstances they could not justly be reproached with having provoked a conflict which, to them, could not but be disastrous.

The French indignantly denied that they were spies, and deserving of being hung, as Washington alleged. Spies, they said, were never known to move in compact bodies of thirty armed men. They were too numerous to be seriously taken for spies, and too few to be suspected of meditating an attack upon a force more than ten times their number, in a fortified position, and in possession of nine pieces of artillery.

True, instructions were found on the body of Jumonville requesting him to inform himself of the roads, rivers, and others features of the country. But the French retorted this accusation by saying that the English had given similar instructions to the envoy they had sent the preceding year to Legardeur de St. Pierre. Therefore, if Jumonville was a spy, Washington had been one, equally deserving to be hung—and even a spy of a worse nature, because, whilst on his late embassy, not only had he taken the most minute notes of the country he traveled through, carefully examining the best sites to be occupied, intriguing and plotting with the Indians, and stirring them up against the French, but he had also, as he boasted in his diary, kept his sobriety, when enjoying the hospitality and festivities of those who treated him as a guest, and had availed himself of the unguarded revelations which had escaped during bacchanalian convivialities to pry into their designs, and "to collect a variety of information concerning the French forces; how and where they were distributed, the situations and distances of their forts, and their mode and means of obtaining supplies."

Villiers reported that when he reached Fort Necessity he found Washington outside, at the head of 400 men, in battle array; but that they soon fell back and re-entered their intrenchments, which were armed with nine pieces of artillery; that the Canadians, animated with the desire of avenging the assassination of their youthful and favorite countryman, Jumonville de Villiers, fought with such desperate courage that, with their muskets alone, they silenced the batteries of the enemy; that, far from imitating Washington, who had neglected to summon the few men he had surprised to surrender to his overwhelming force, they, the French, had the humanity to demand a capitulation before storming the fort, in conformity with the rules existing among civilized nations.

The French maintained that in law and equity, morally and politically, the English were bound by the articles of capitulation they had signed. Washington had selected his own agent and interpreter. The French were not responsible for his acts. If any one of the two parties to the contract was to suffer in consequence of a mistranslation by Van Braam, it was the English, not the French. The English averred that "*beyond the mountains*" had been translated "*on the lands of the King of France.*" But by whom translated? By their own agent! The evident object of the article was to guard, during one year, against any encroachment by the English on the land that was in dispute beyond the mountains. It had a meaning; it settled something. The absurdity of the translation, if made as reported, must have struck Washington himself as being void of sense and purpose. What were the lands of the King of France? This was the very question—the cause of all this difficulty. What would the French have gained by inserting these words, "the lands of the King of France"? It left the whole subject open to contestation. The absurdity of such a vague stipulation could not but have struck Washington. The land beyond the mountains were claimed both by the English and the French. Who was to judge and decide? Hence the words, "beyond the mountains." Otherwise it was no better than signing a mere blank piece of paper. Hence they urged that Washington could not have believed in such an interpretation.

The French also maintained that the article in which Washington acknowledged the assassination of Jumonville de Villiers was meaningless and even absurd, if the word *death* was substituted for the other word. There was no contest about the fact of Jumonville being dead. Why compel Washington to acknowledge it? What would it have signified? But the word "assassination" had a meaning. The question was, whether Jumonville had been assassinated or not. An irritated brother wanted it to be settled, and to have the satisfaction of inflicting this stigma of disgrace upon the English. "We," they said, "considered this clause as the main point. The plea of misinterpretation is a pretext and a ruse. You cannot be permitted to challenge your own witness, to repudiate your own agent and interpreter. Nay, you do not tax him at all with ignorance of the French language and with an involuntary error. You abandon this plea to shelter yourselves, when you resort to another, by accusing him of having been bribed by us. This is a calumny and a gratuitous insult to our address. Van Braam is accused of treason simply because he refused to confirm your declarations as to the pretended misinterpretation of the articles of capitulation."

The Chevalier de Villiers, in his report to the French Government, says: "We made the English consent to sign that they had assassinated my brother in his camp; we caused them to abandon the lands belonging to the King; we obliged them to leave their cannon, which consisted of nine pieces, etc. The English, struck with panic, took to flight, and left their flag and one of their colors." It is difficult to conceive how it happened that the English, in a fortified position, did not with their nine pieces of artillery sweep away the French, who had only muskets.

The English said that the flag left was the unwieldy one belonging to the fort, and too cumbrous to be transported by troops who could not carry their own necessary baggage. To this the French replied that the English fled in a panic, and that it was because of that panic that they left their flag, and not because it was too cumbersome. It was easy to haul it down, to fold it and carry it away. It was not the flag, but the staff, which might have been too heavy to admit of transportation; and as to the staff itself, if any importance had been attached to it, the English could have cut it into splinters in a few minutes. The French further affirmed, in contradiction to the English, that the latter left one of their colors.

The English relate that they had scarcely begun their march when, in defiance of the terms of capitulation, they were beset by a large body of Indians, allies of the French, who began plundering the baggage and committing other irregularities; and that Washington, seeing that the baggage could not be transported on the shoulders of the troops and would fall into the hands of the Indians, ordered it to be destroyed, as well as the artillery, gunpowder and other military stores.

The French denied that the English were beset by the Indians, who, they say, merely followed in the trail of

the flying column, picking up what was dropped, and what the men could not, or would not, carry on their shoulders. They also denied that the English destroyed any of their artillery after having begun their march. If they had carried away any of their guns, it would have been a violation of the capitulation. All the artillery was left in the fort.

The proper way to write history, and to do it impartially, is to represent fairly both sides before the tribunal of posterity, whenever the parties materially differ in their statements of facts and in the conclusions which they adopt. This is what I have attempted to do in this article, irrespectively of persons and nationalities.

It is impossible to give an idea of the sensation produced in France by the death of Jumonville de Villiers—an event now almost forgotten—and if remembered, of very little importance, were it not that one of the most august and famous of names is connected with it. But at that time the event loomed into something of a colossal magnitude which it is hard for us to realize. The whole of France was in a blaze of indignation, and Washington was proclaimed an assassin at every fireside in that country. Thomas, a man of high social standing, a distinguished author, who became a member of the French Academy, wrote an epic poem in four cantos entitled "Jumonville." In his preface he calls the death of that officer an assassination which was an outrageous violation of the laws of nations, and relates what he considers the historical facts upon which his composition is based.

It is one of the most striking curiosities of literature that Washington, who surrendered to the French on the 4th of July, 1754, and was proclaimed by them an assassin, deserving to be outlawed by the whole of Christendom, began, from and after the 4th of July, 1776, to assume in their eyes the character of a hero, and is now justly considered by them as one of the greatest and most virtuous men who ever lived.

Lineal descendants of Chevalier François Coulon de Villiers, to whom Washington surrendered at Fort Necessity, and who was born in Montreal in 1712, still exist in Louisiana. It is to them that I am indebted for the authentic portrait of their ancestor, which is appended to this article.

SCENES OF WASHINGTON'S EARLY DAYS.—The story of Fort Necessity brings to mind scenes in the early life of General Washington, and we illustrate the plain, unpretending log-hut to which General Daniel Morgan gave the name of "Soldier's Rest." It stands in the Valley of the Shenandoah, near Berryville, Va., and tradition declares that Washington occupied it for a time when, as a stripling, he began his labors as a surveyor. Still more interesting is St. Peter's Church, on the Pamunkey, not far from White House, where the Rev. Mr. Munson united him in marriage to Martha Custis.

SEEING A LIGHTNING-FLASH.—Professor Tait, of Edinburgh, insists that, when people think they see a lightning-flash go upward or downward, they must be mistaken. The duration of a lightning-flash is less than the millionth part of a second, and the eye cannot possibly follow movements of such extraordinary rapidity. The origin of the mistake seems, he says, to be a subjective one; viz., that the central parts of the retina are more sensitive, by practice, than the rest, and therefore that the portion of the flash which is seen directly affects the brain sooner than the rest. Hence a spectator looking toward either end of the flash very naturally fancies that end to be its starting-point.

GROWING OLD.

We are growing old together,
John and I;
We have seen youth's precious morning
Swiftly fly;
We have seen life's Summer bloom,
Quick, for Autumn shade, make room;
We have have watched the rustling flight
Of life's song-birds, out of sight;
We have known the hopes and fears
Crowding full life's busy years;
All the changes, who can tell,
Since love rang our wedding-bell,
Life's great joy, that came, we know.
"Five-and-twenty years ago!"

We have planned and hoped together,
John and I;
We have sowed, to reap together,
By-and-by;
Not the good for which we groped,
Not the harvest that we hoped,
Always waited; but no frost
O'er home's threshold ever crossed;
Come what might, of good or ill,
Mutual love kept shining still,
And when life some joy denied;
Love still found us side by side,
With the trust we learned to know,
"Five-and-twenty years ago!"

We have lived and toiled together,
John and I;
We have mourned and wept together,
John and I;
We have clasped in tender arms,
Babyhood's sweet, winsome charms;
And the churchyard holds a name,
Only John and I can claim;
While from childhood homes we miss
A father's smile, a mother's kiss,
Yet our clinging hearts still say,
"We will walk life's chosen way—
Just the way we learned to know,
Five-and-twenty years ago."

We must walk life's shadowy valley,
John and I;
Locks of brown will turn to silver,
By-and-by;
Lines will mark the once smooth face;
Care and grief will leave their trace:
Hands will not so lightly move,
Love, by tender tasks, to prove;
Feet will slow and slower take
Countless steps, for love's sweet sake;
But, dear heart, what can we ask
More than this, that age may bask
In love's rays, that brightened so
'Five-and-twenty years ago."

THE VENGEANCE OF FATE; OR, THE COMMANDANTE'S PLOT.

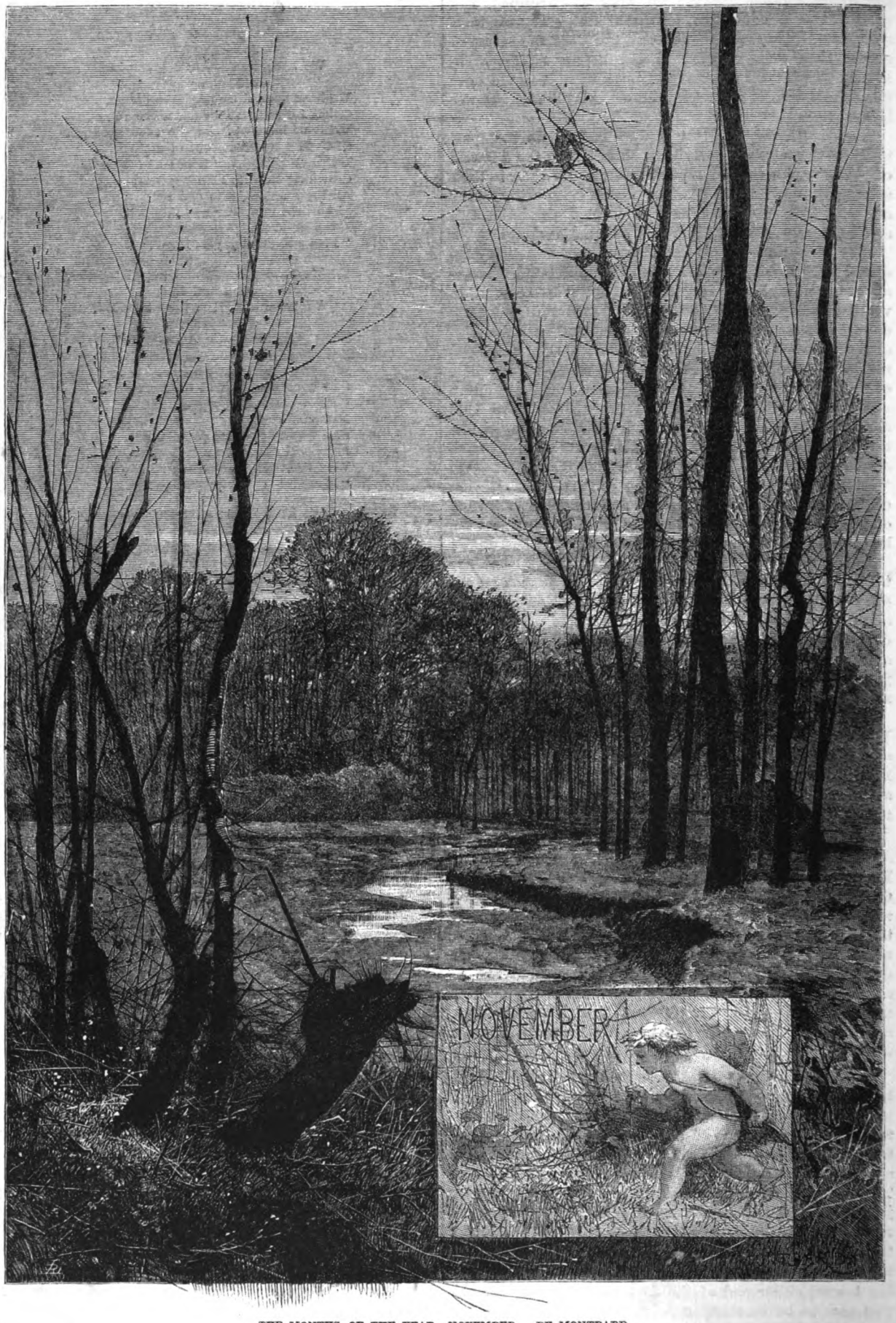
BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a rainy afternoon in October, 1809. Under the weeping sky Paris, half drowned and compassed by a sea of mud, seemed, through the gloom of approaching evening, to shudder in the shrill blast which lashed the house-walls with whips of rain, and went shrieking through the irregular streets laden with the crash of falling chimneys and torn-off shutters.

Few people were abroad in all the city save those whom the most urgent business compelled to be out of doors.

One of this miserable minority was a handsome young



THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—NOVEMBER.—BY MONTBARD.

fellow in the uniform of a captain of the *chasseurs* of the Imperial Guard. Mounted on a powerful roan, bathed, like himself, in the mud of a long and rapid journey, he rode up the Rue de Rivoli at a jaded canter, and into the court of one of the many grand mansions which were beginning to palisade that then new, though now world-famous, thoroughfare.

Leaving his half-floundered brute under the shelter of an arched stone shed, where several less weary animals were already secured, he crossed the courtyard and ascended the terraced staircase into the house, with the assured step of one who knew his way well. The few servants dawdling about in yawning idleness stared in indolent astonishment, but made no effort to halt him, and, without interruption, he entered the ante-chamber at the head of the staircase.

An old servant, in a livery of purple velvet and silver, who was mending a fire of fagots in the cavernous, carved fireplace, looked round at the sharp ring of the trooper's spurs on the tiled floor, and uttered a cry of consternation.

"Mercy of Heaven! Monsieur Patrice!"

"Truly, my good Henri," was the gay reply. "Patrice Milbert, and none other."

"But, in God's name, Monsieur Patrice, what brings you here?"

"What, in God's name — or the other party's — should bring me here? Where is Mademoiselle Claire?"

The servant gave vent to a warning exclamation, and seizing the hand of the amazed visitor, drew him to the door. A heavy curtain covering another doorway at the further end of the room was pushed aside, and a man entering as they passed out followed them with stealthy steps.

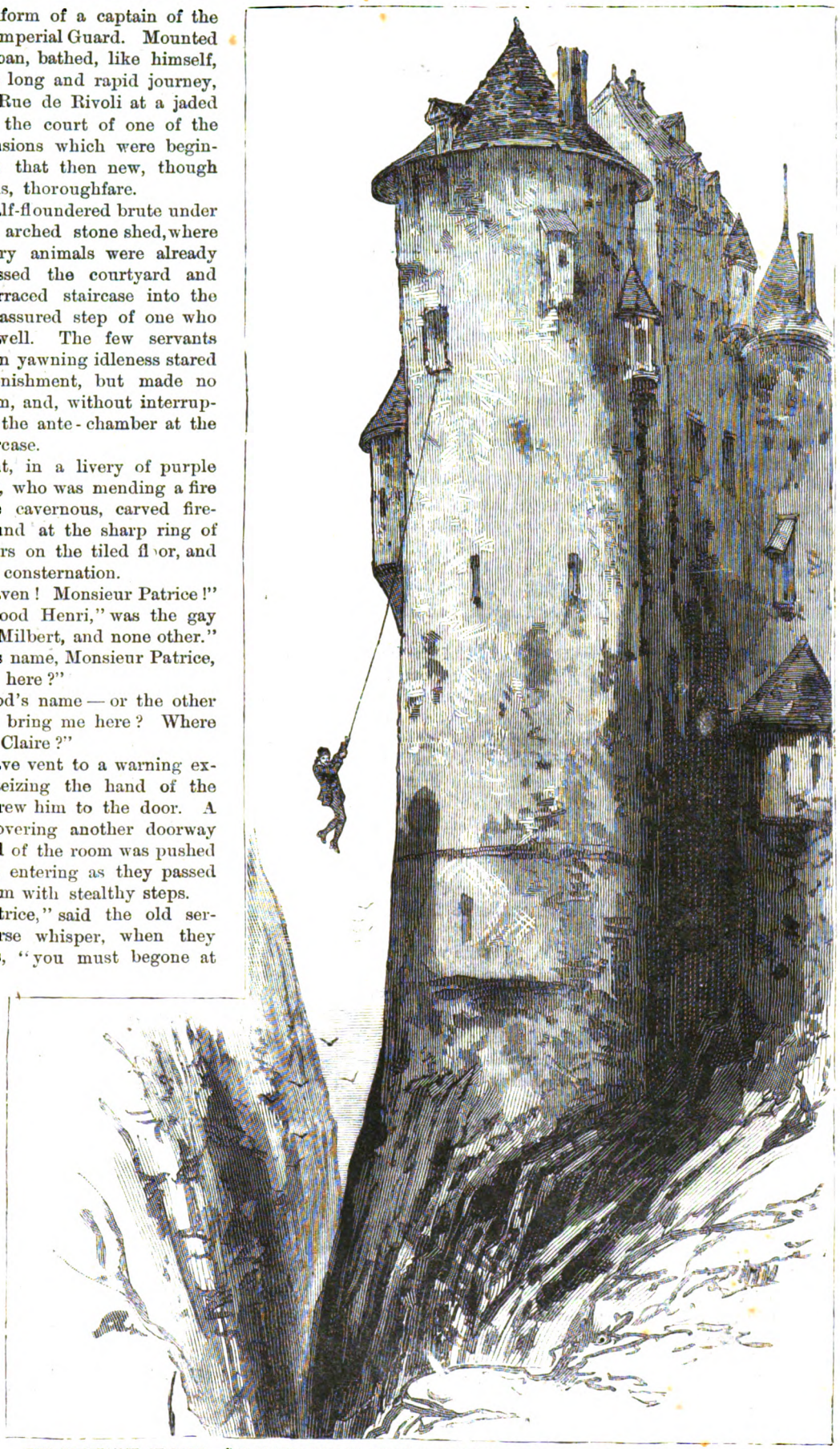
"Monsieur Patrice," said the old servant, in a hoarse whisper, when they gained the stairs, "you must begone at once."

"Begone at once?"

"Indeed, sir, yes."

"But what the deuce do you mean? Is this, then, the reception a man gets when he comes to visit his betrothed after three years' absence at the wars? Where is Mademoiselle Claire?"

"There is no longer a Mademoiselle Claire, Monsieur Patrice."



THE VENGEANCE OF FATE.—"CAPTAIN PATRICE MILBERT WAS SWINGING AT THE END OF A ROPE, FORTY FEET, AT LEAST, FROM THE GROUND."—SEE PAGE 557.

"Dead?" gasped the young man, staggering back.

"No, married."

"Married!"

"A year ago, and to a man who is so odiously jealous of her that, if he knew of your presence here, he would make her life a curse. For heaven's sake——"

The sharp tinkle of a bell in the room interrupted him, and he fairly forced his stupefied listener down upon the stairs.

"It is his ring," he said, rapidly; "be off at once, for Mademoiselle Claire's sake if not your own. I will manage to see you before to-morrow night and tell you all."

Chapter II.

When Patrice Milbert partially recovered himself he was on his horse, galloping madly along one of the roads outside of Paris. It was night. What had happened to him in the last couple of hours, how he had reached this place, he knew not. All that he remembered was the old servant's words, which had smitten him like the blow of a hammer between the eyes.

Three years ago, previous to his departure to join the army, he had been betrothed to Claire le Maure, the daughter of the famous army contractor, and with the full approval of that opulent speculator himself; since then he had heard little from her, and that little most irregularly. In the last year absolutely nothing, for he had been a prisoner in a German fortress, and had now just been exchanged.

Out of that captivity, where the thought of the happiness which would follow his release had supported him through privations under which stronger men, less powerfully encouraged, had succumbed, he came now to find his dream dissipated, his hope shattered, his happiness a phantom, whose death-shriek was sung to him by the wild wind. The blood surged to his brain in a fierce, burning flood as old Henri's words rang in his ears again. He ground out a savage curse, and drove his spurs deep into his panting horse's flanks.

"It is a plot; a cursed cabal against me!" he said, furiously. "She married! Then, by the Great Cross of the Legion, she shall be a widow, once I learn her husband's name."

And with a furious twist of the reins he wheeled his horse about to where the livid smear on the sombre sky denoted the great city lying in the darkness, like some fiery monster in its gloomy lair. With vigorous head-shakings that made the steel bridle-chain ring sharply, the overtaxed brute protested against his rider's violence. Another oath escaped Patrice Milbert's lips.

"Even you, whom I fed when I myself was hungry, conspire against me!" he cried. "Thunder of war! I am master here, though, yet."

And the sharp rowels scored another bloody line on the trembling animal's raw sides.

With a snort and an indignant toss of the head the charger bounded forward, tripped in an inequality of the miry road, and rolled over in the mud, throwing his rider ten feet off into a puddle.

Out of the darkness, in which he could see nothing, Patrice heard a single, long, resonant, fluttering breath, almost like the exaggeration of a human groan. Then all was still but the anthem of wind and rain.

Dripping like a river god, limed with mud, and half suffocated by the ducking he had got, the captain of *chasseurs* scrambled to his feet and stood for some moments gasping for breath.

Then he groped his way to where his horse lay. A single touch convinced him of the truth. The charger was dead!

It was a bad habit which Captain Patrice Milbert had contracted in the camp. But veracity is one of the cardinal virtues of the historian, and in deference to it it must be written that the captain swore in a way that would not have disgraced the most ferocious pirate who ever scourged the seas.

Chapter III.

Captain Patrice Milbert swore himself out of breath, and then commenced to consider what to do next. The problem was by no means easy of solution.

He was ten miles from Paris, on a lonely road, which, to augur from its condition, was rarely traveled. To make his way back on foot, in the very teeth of the tempest whose violence showed no promise of abatement, was next to impossible. So, arguing on the theory that the easiest way is the best, Captain Patrice Milbert turned his back on the wind and allowed it to hurry him along.

He had not been propelled a dozen yards along this road, which was invisible to his keenest scrutiny, when a red light flickered through what he knew must be some foliage ahead.

His heart leaped joyfully at the crimson spark glowing like a gem on the velvety blackness which environed him.

"A house!" he exclaimed. "Fortune has not deserted me, after all."

The favor of the fickle goddess seemed, however, not of any very great value. The light undoubtedly proceeded from a house. The house was, with equal certainty, close at hand. But how was it to be reached?

The captain dared not step to the right or left, for French roads at that period were unpleasantly guarded by deep and boggy trenches. To advance toward the light was to encounter the same peril, for the way must at this place describe a curve. A month earlier the lightning might have come to his assistance. It was too late in the season now, though, to count upon that aid.

Wrapped in his rain-sodden cloak, Captain Patrice Milbert stood motionless and pondering. His eyes were fixed upon the light, so full at once of promise and disappointment, when suddenly another flashed into existence close to the first. Unlike it, however, it moved, and while the first one held its place with a fixed and steady glow, the second shifted its position, vanished, gleamed out again, and was again obscured, but each time appeared larger, stronger and nearer at hand.

The plashing of hoofs now became audible, too, and the creak and rattle of saddle-leathers and bridle-chains. The sound proceeded from the captain's left hand, and he was about to call out, when a voice, some distance off, but blown to him by the wind, with perfect distinctness, said:

"We can feel our way to the road now; out with the light."

The illumination vanished almost as the words were uttered, and another voice said:

"*Peste!* what a beast of a night!"

"The better for our purpose," returned the first speaker.

"If our purpose was to be drowned it would be the best of all."

"Silence! Here is the road."

A hollow echo announced that the horses were crossing a bridge. Then the hoofbeats splashed off rapidly, until they died away. Whatever the purpose of the horsemen was, it led them away from Paris.

It was with some wondering surmises as to the character of that mysterious object that Captain Patrice Milbert, feeling his way step by step with his feet, advanced toward the unseen bridge. But when his heavy boots evoked the first reverberation from the planks, he forgot everything else in a sense of satisfaction, and murmured:

"Soho, my friends! You are welcome to the rest of the night and the tempest. I resign it to you willingly."

Chapter IV.

After crossing the bridge, which he felt to be a narrow rustic structure, by no means in the best of repair, the *chasseur* found himself in a straight path, hemmed in by thickets whose neglected branches smote him drippingly in the face as he advanced. Tall grass was growing in the path, too, and he occasionally tripped on running vines which sprawled across it. Altogether it was patent that but few feet had trodden the track of late.

Those of Captain Patrice Milbert carried him, with no worse casualty than a couple of stumbles, out into an open space, where the beacon-light glowed from the shutterless window of a house whose irregular outline was lost in the night over the weedy confines of a disused garden. Feeling along the house-wall, the wayfarer found a door whose stone frame was richly carved, while from a sheltering lintel roof the rain poured in a perfect cascade. Upon this door he knocked long and loudly.

The echoes of his summons reverberated hollowly through the interior of the house, but he received no other reply. He knocked again. The result was the same.

"*Parbleu!* The place seems to be empty," he said.

And setting his broad shoulders against the door, he burst it from its fastenings, and stumbled in.

A fire blazed merrily in a great ornamental fireplace, revealing, with crimson flashes of light, a hall upon which several doors opened.

There was an open door at the further end, evidently the one which the strangers had used. A table in the middle of the place, and a couple of old-fashioned chairs, constituted the trappings of the hall.

Some fragments on the hearth showed that whatever other furniture there had been was converted into firewood.

On the table were three wine-bottles, two of which were empty, a portion of a broken loaf, and the carcass of a roasted fowl.

"My friends have been dining," said the *chasseur* to himself, as he suspended his soaked cloak over a chair-back in front of the fire. "Happily for me, their appetites were not presented to them by a day's march with a tight belt. Upon my honor, I am in luck's way! I not only find a shelter for the night, but a table ready laid."

Before he sat down to it, however, the captain, with soldierly caution, surveyed the house by the light of a firebrand.

The place had evidently been one of those dainty retreats to which that aristocracy, upon whose head the sharp ax of the great Revolution had fallen so heavily, treated itself—nests where it could play at country life in sight of the Paris it loved far too well to desert entirely.

The structure had but one floor. The half-dozen rooms on it were all furnished, and the furniture was all in one common condition of decay.

Winding-sheets of cobwebs festooned blotched walls and discolored ceilings; rank vines found their way in through the jalousies, and trailed their sickly, pale-green leafage over the floor; and groves of toadstools, which had gained footing in dark corners, filled the damp air with their moldy reek.

"It smells," said the captain, with an involuntary shudder, "like the dead-trenches on an August day. Ah, bah! Enough of this! Patrice, my friend, the supper waits."

The supper did not wait long. It gone, and the last drop drained from the old bottle, Captain Patrice Milbert, after replenishing his fire, curled himself up in front of it, and was soon dreaming of cutting the throat of a man whom he did not know, and bearing off in triumph a lovely girl in widow's weeds, who bore an astonishing resemblance to Claire le Maure.

Chapter V.

"*Ventre du Diable!* The fellow sleeps like an honest man."

"The assassin does not even dream."

"Such stolidity seems incredible."

"But these murderers are all alike."

"True. They have no nerves."

"Here, you fellow, wake up."

Captain Patrice Milbert having heard the foregoing through his dreams, now opened his eyes. He was the centre of a party of peasants and gendarmes. One of the latter was stirring him with a by no means dainty or considerate foot.

"Eh! well, then," said the *chasseur*, impatiently, sitting up, "what is the matter?"

The peasants had fallen back in evident alarm when he moved. The gendarmes had brought their muskets to their hips and a half-cock. In no small degree, perplexed by these demonstrations, the captain repeated:

"Eh! well, then, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough," responded the first gendarme, gruffly, "as thou shalt find."

"Thou," repeated the *chasseur;* "why, thou insolent scoundrel! What dost thou mean *tutoying* me? Dost know who I am?"

"Well enough, thou assassin!"

The captain bounded to his feet as if the insulting words had been a shock from a galvanic battery. The peasants scattered. The gendarmes closed in on him. There was a struggle, furious blows, oaths and the discharge of pistols.

Half an hour later Captain Patrice Milbert, beaten senseless, but still clutching the empty pistols he had removed from his holsters the night before, was stretched in the bottom of a country cart, jolting toward Paris under a strong guard.

The *Moniteur* next day contained the following paragraph:

"At midnight, night before last, the official courier from Lyons, with important dispatches to the Secret Service Bureau, was fallen upon and shot dead near the old Chateau de Tournay. One of the assassins succeeded in making his escape with the dispatches. The other, by the foundering of his horse, was compelled to seek refuge in the chateau which has long been deserted. He was incautious enough to build a fire which attracted the attention of a passing husbandman, who gave the alarm. The miscreant was only secured after a determined resistance, in the course of which two of the zealous officials interested in his capture were seriously wounded. He himself suffered a violent concussion of the brain. The dispatches, whose possession these villains purchased at such a price, contained information in regard to the mysterious band of smugglers at present infesting Paris, and were of exceptional value to the police."

Paris had long discussed, digested and forgotten this

tragic event before Captain Patrice Milbert knew anything about it.

In point of fact, the concussion of the brain to which the *Moniteur* so casually alluded, combined, with the morbid brooding at the loss of his bride, to secure for the unlucky *chasseur* as fine an example of brain fever as could be desired. And while he lay tossing on a bed in a prison hospital the same veracious chronicle of passing events recorded this fact:

"We detail with sorrow the decease of the gallant Captain Patrice Milbert, of the ——— *Chasseurs* of the Guard. Captain Milbert, released from a German dungeon, hurried to Paris, to present himself before his betrothed, only to find that she had construed his long absence into death, and conferred her hand upon another. The unfortunate soldier succumbed to the shock. He who had survived the perils of three bloody campaigns fell a victim to a sorrow none can control, and is supposed to have drowned himself. His body has not been recovered."

Chapter VI.

The consequences of this complication can be imagined. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered Captain Milbert was subjected to a rigid examination, conducted by Fouché himself, and, according to the custom, in secret. At first his assertions of his identity were regarded simply as parts of a clumsy attempt to carry out an impudent imposture. His persistence led to the formation of a new theory—that the blow on his head had affected his reason.

No amount of explanation could shake Fouché in this opinion. His uniform! pshaw! any one could obtain a uniform nowadays, and the desire to disguise himself was natural to a man bent on such a mission as his supposititious one. His knowledge of himself! Nonsense! The story of the brave Captain Milbert and his sad end was familiar to every one. In short, the chief of Napoleon's police had made up his mind that his prisoner was an assassin, and an assassin he must remain.

French law even then was beginning to exhibit that merciful dislike of capital punishment which to-day shapes itself into that clause of "extenuating circumstances" which saves so many criminals from the guillotine. Still, nothing but Fouché's firm belief in his insanity saved the *chasseur's* life. As it was, the officially decreed madman was sent off to the Castle of L'Escarpe, a prisoner. He submitted to his fate philosophically, once he found he could not combat it.

"I am not the first victim of circumstances in this world," he said to himself. "Patience, and shuffle the cards."

L'Escarpe was one of those ancient strongholds of the Breton nobles which stud that iron-bound coast, sombre monuments of an existence and a people as gloomy as the granite cliffs on which they are erected—cliffs in whose wave-worn caves the restless waters constantly roar.

Its last owner had been swept away in some one of the bloody civil wars of the Revolution. The Empire had turned his ancestral hall into a state prison.

The Commandante of L'Escarpe was an old *moustache*, who, after making every campaign possible, from that under Kellermann against the invading Austrians down to the triumphal invasion of Germany in 1808, had succumbed to years and wounds, and exchanged the life of the camp for that of the fortress. He was married, and jealous as a Turk, but jovial enough, with the brutal joviality of the bivouac, and a tolerable friend enough to his prisoners, in whom he found the only relief to the tedium of his humdrum existence.

THE VENGEANCE OF FATE.—"IN ORDER TO MAKE SURE, HE PERMITTED THE FILE TO FALL."

He received Patrice Milbert under the name which Fouché had designated that he was to bear, that of Laborde, with open arms. Every liberty consistent with his captive condition he allowed him. His stock of companionable prisoners was very short at the time, and he made the last-comer his favorite.

More guest than prisoner, the trooper shared his table, drank his wine, and lounged his idle hours away in the comfortable library where they were wont to spend their evenings in deep drinking and long games of cards and chess.

But one thing piqued the curiosity of Captain Patrice Milbert. Neither he nor any other of the prisoners had ever seen the commandante's wife. Wondrous legends in regard to her grace, her loveliness, and her gentleness of heart, were current; but her jealous spouse guarded her from any more definite knowledge by the vulgar herd with the watchfulness of a Cerberus.

"Nevertheless," observed Captain Patrice Milbert to himself, "it is I who will see her."

Chapter VII.

Possessed of this intention, the *chasseur* neglected no opportunity of carrying his purpose out. He learned the commandante's hours to the fraction of a minute, and, while that worthy disciplinarian was executing his duties with the mechanical regularity peculiarly his own, his captive guest was prowling about the sanctuary in which the most intimate jewel of his host's existence was enshrined.

The private apartments of the commandante communicated with the library. In the library, therefore, Captain

THE VINEYARD AND THE WINE-PRESS.— TREADING OUT THE WINE.— SEE PAGE 567.

Patrice Milbert lingered most devouring the door which separated him from his fondest desire with glances which ought to have charred the wood to cinders, and left the coveted passage open.

Lounging in his usual place one morning, he heard a bolt lightly shoot in the lock of the mysterious door. A hinge creaked, there was the rustling of a skirt, and a lady, with a book in her hand, entered the room. Captain Patrice Milbert started to his feet with an exclamation compounded of wonder and joy.

The lady uttered a shriek of mingled consternation and pleasure.

"Patrice!"

"Claire!"

"You here—a prisoner?"

"You here—a wife?"

"But you are not dead?"

"You can judge for yourself."

"Still, the *Moniteur*——"

"The flames scorch the *Moniteur*. It has declared me at one and the same time dead and an assassin. How can you explain that paradox?"

"I cannot."

"Then I will."

And, with the voice of the commandante from the drill-court below punctuating the story, Captain Patrice Milbert rapidly unfolded the facts with which the reader is already familiar.

AN ANCIENT ROMAN WINE-BOTTLE, OF SKIN.

"And you," he said, "you whom I return from my captivity to find the bride of another—what explanation have you to make?"

"A simple one."

"In effect, then?"

"Sheer necessity."

"You were, then, forced to marry?"

"I was."

"By whom?"

"By my father, who, through certain dishonest acts in connection with his contracts, was in the power of Colonel Leblanc, at that time the commissary with whom most of his dealings were. Leblanc threatened to give him up to justice unless he granted him my hand. He had become inspired with a passion for me, and would consider no other compromise. To save my father I sacrificed myself."

Captain Patrice Milbert drew a long breath, and thoughtfully passed his hand over his eyes, which sparkled strangely.

"You did well," he said, in a low, unsteady voice. "Far be it from me to reproach you. And now, Claire, do you love this man?"

"Patrice, you insult me."

The *chasseur* bit his lips till the blood came, and his face was radiant.

"Thank God and Monsieur Fouché, then!" he cried, "that I have learned this. Better these bars and stone walls, with thy love imprisoned here, than the freedom of all France!"

A WINE-CART IN SPAIN.

He clasped her to his breast, mingling the deep respiration of his suppressed emotion with her fluttering sobs of joy.

The voice of the commandante no longer sounded from the drill-court. Two people less absorbed in one another than the reunited lovers might have noticed a curious agitation of the heavy curtain of one of the library-windows.

CHAPTER VIII.

"BUT you have not explained your presence here," observed the *chasseur*, after a time. "What sends you to this desolate place?"

"You do."

"I do?"

"Yes."

"And in what way?"

"Simply enough. When you returned to Paris you visited my father's house."

"Having dreamed of it every night, having had it in my memory every day, during my martyrdom in that Prussian hell of granite and iron, it was naturally the first spot I shaped my course for once I was back in France."

"You met old Henri there?"

"I did."

"And conversed with him?'

"Of a verity."

"Scarcely a word that passed between you was unheard."

"By your——"

He could not say husband, so he added "him."

"By himself. That night witnessed a scene of horror. His fury was that of a devil. I feared at one time for my life."

"He struck you?"

She buried her face in her hands without reply. The curtain shook as if a strong wind were blowing in the airless room. The grinding of the *chasseur's* teeth was like the fierce champing of a beast of prey.

"Go on," he said, hollowly. "What more?"

"Nothing. Next day he brought me here—to be out of harm's way, as he expressed it. Here I have been since, no whit less a prisoner than yourself. But, Patrice, what would you do?"

He had started up, and now stood facing her with a great vein, swollen and purple, in the middle of his forehead, and his nails boring bloody pits in his strong palms.

"Do!" he cried. "A man—a monster—struck you and he lives!"

"He must live still."

"But——"

"I tell thee he must not be harmed. Listen, my love. Thou shalt escape. I will contrive to aid thee. Once away, thou must be content to wait and hope."

"And thou?"

"I remain where I am bound. I bear my burden till I sink beneath it, or it drops away from me. Not a word. Dost thou not love me?"

"Love thee?"

"Then obey me, word for word. *He* will be here quickly now. We must part; but remember, thou shalt be free; believe me."

An embrace, a fervid meeting of burning lips, and they parted, by separate doors, going their several ways.

A voice followed the departing trooper, hoarse, broken with fury, hollow as a voice from the vast tomb, and said:

"Ay, my *gaillard*, thou shalt be free—so free that no earthly shackles will ever trouble thee again!"

Chapter IX.

Captain Patrice Milbert, watchful as he ever was for the opportunity, did not see the commandante's wife again. Her image was ever before him, her words were ever in his ears, her love ever nestled like a poor, tired, lost bird in his heart, but her actual presence was denied him.

As if to make amends, the commandante became each day more friendly than ever.

In fact, he became too friendly altogether. But the *chasseur* was too deeply absorbed in the dream-world he had created for himself to notice or take warning from his altered manner. So a week slipped by.

Then, one morning, the keeper who brought him his early coffee, permitted something to fall from his pocket on the floor.

"From madame," he said, guardedly, hurrying away.

The trooper began to use the file on his window-bars that day.

Next day brought him a package of money.

"From madame," said the keeper, in the same tone as before. "To-night, at midnight, you are to have a cord."

At dusk that evening the captain had the last bar filed through. A few wrenches of his strong hand would leave the way to liberty clear before him.

His window was so narrow and the wall so thick that he could not see the ground. He was on the landward side of the castle, though, he knew, and he relied upon his guardian angel to calculate for him. The brief messages of the keeper he accepted without questioning their truth. Did he not come from her?

Night fell dark and tempestuous. The wild west wind blew the spray in sheets even over the summit of the cliff. The onset of the waves shook the granite precipice, and made the tower shiver as if in fear.

In the wail of the storm one could fancy a host of phantoms abroad, hurrying by in the darkness on their errand of mystery.

With the usual hour for securing the prisoners in their cells, the keeper appeared to acquit himself of the final act of his mission. He unwound from around his body a long, strong silken cord, and made the usual terse announcement.

There was a gleam in his eye when he wished his prisoner good-speed. The honest trooper thought it a glance of sympathy, and thanked him cordially. The man muttered something under his breath, and went out quickly.

It seemed to Captain Patrice that another step joined his just outside the door, and that the pair went away together.

Some fancy possessed him that this was she, and that though she dared not speak to him, she still watched over him until the last.

This thought, and the recollection of how indefinite any hope of a future meeting with her was, quite unmanned him, and for a few minutes he had not strength enough left to knot the end of his rope around the stump of the bar he had left for that purpose. He soon recovered himself, though; performed that work, and dropped the line out, weighted with one of the bars to steady it.

Then, with a last glance around him, almost sorry to part with this prison which brought him near to her, he crawled out of the window, and gripped the cord.

Chapter X.

The storm had increased, and, heavy as the fugitive was, his bulk was a mere toy to the fierce wind. It blew him here and swung him there. It spun him round and round, threatening this moment to tear him from his hold, the next to brain him against the prison-wall.

Still, he felt his feet touch the bar without more harm having come to him than a bruise or two. As he rested himself, his hat blew off.

He listened, and became aware that the hat required several seconds to reach the earth. This startled him. He had expected that the cord might be short, and had been prepared to take his chances of the distance he would have to drop, relying on the calculation of his protector to have provided against too great a fall. But, calculating from the fall of the hat, there must be a great

distance still beneath him—great enough, in fact, to insure his death. What did it mean?

In order to make sure, he permitted the file, which he had brought in his pocket, to fall. It dropped, requiring nearly, if not quite, as much time as the hat had, and its contact with the earth was signaled by several sharp clangs.

All was now clear. It had fallen on a jagged rock, rebounded on another, and so on. Captain Patrice Milbert was swinging at the end of a rope forty feet, at least, above the ground, with every furious gust of wind threatening to send him headlong and helpless to certain death!

"*Donnerwetter!*" said the trooper to himself, resorting to a familiar German expletive as he always did when he could not do his feelings justice in his native French. "What, then, does this mean?"

A mad blast which twisted him round and banged him against the tower with almost enough violence to shake him from his hold, apprised him that it meant death very shortly,

"I can't stop here," he said; "there is nothing for it but a trip by the road I came."

This was a journey easier planned than performed. To climb a slender cord, in a tempest which made a plaything of him, Captain Patrice Milbert discovered was infinitely more serious a task than to slide down that same. The work required the employment of all his powers, and even they were beginning to forsake him, when he seized the stone sill of his window with his bleeding hands.

As he raised himself to the level of the ledge the trooper heard his cell-door fall into its fastenings with a loud clang. A light step sounded on the dungeon floor and a voice said:

"Soho! He has gone. And a pleasant journey to him."

It almost choked the fugitive to suppress the cry of amazement which gurgled up in his throat. The speaker, standing in the middle of the cell in his night-dress, and with the yellow gleam of his candle lighting a face distorted by the malignant triumph of a demon, was Commandante Lablanc.

The truth flashed upon Captain Patrice at once. What he had supposed a mistake was an intention. The plot which he had believed originated with his sweetheart, and was intended to free him, really had birth in the brain of her husband, and was meant to send him to his death.

In spite of himself he uttered a fierce imprecation. The commandante looked up, saw the face at the window, and sprang forward with a furious curse.

Chapter XI.

To his dying day Captain Patrice Milbert could give no definite account of what followed. It was a combat between the furies of hate and of despair. A struggle in which each contestant entered heart and soul and body, with every nerve, with every drop of blood that coursed his veins.

When, with the daylight, the trooper began to gather his scattered senses, he was lying exhausted, shaken like a leaf in the wind by nervous convulsions, on his cell floor. He crawled to the window, and craning his neck, looked out.

The cord still swung in the wind, the bar that weighted it ringing as it beat against the wall. Far, far below, a flock of ravens were ripping and tearing at some object among the jagged rocks with their iron beaks.

Unnerved as he was, the *chasseur* lost no time. His cell-door was unlocked. Through the deserted corridor he slunk like a belated ghost, and gaining the library unobserved, knocked at the new-made widow's door.

When the alarm at his supposed escape was given he was snugly asleep in the bed of the commandante, of whom the ravens had by this time left little else than clean-picked bones.

Claire assumed authority over the garrison, on the plea that her husband was too ill to do so, and communicated his commands through her. That night the lovers left L'Escarpe together. Three days later they landed from a smuggler's boat in England.

To this day it is believed that Commandante Lablanc, for some reasons unknown, deserted his post, and that the cross in the lonely cemetery of L'Escarpe marks the last resting-place of the prisoner Laborde, who perished in attempting to escape.

It was not till the Allies entered Paris that Captain Patrice Milbert, long since married, and a father, ventured to to take any steps to assert his identity.

The first use he made of his regained patrimony was to purchase and repair the Chateau de Tournay.

"Fate lighted up this window for me," he said, looking out upon the way he had come on that eventful October night years before. "So long as I can buy a candle there shall be a beacon here, and may it bring to other belated and despairing men the fortune it brought to me."

THE VINEYARD AND THE WINE PRESS.

By Norton Richardson.

We are rapidly becoming a wine-drinking people in the United States. Light claret is already a recognized household institution, and dry sherry is finding its way to the dinner-tables of our middle classes. Champagne, or "Wine," holds its own in the wealthier and faster sections of society. Burgundy has numerous admirers. Hock is loved by the sons of Vaterland, and tawny port is gradually emerging from the closely-barred portals of Knickerbockerdom. With the wines produced in our own vineyards we are not on intimate terms. The European label adds bouquet, and the Custom House hieroglyphics, flavor. Wine improves by travel, and as the worst glass of champagne I ever tasted was in the heart of the district that gives it birth, Epernay, it is to be presumed that the same beverage, with its "beaded bubbles at the brim," would have been nectar in New York.

Some idea may be formed of the vastness of the area of the wine-producing districts of the world when I explain that the northern limit of the zone, within which the vine is cultivated for the purpose of producing wine, commences at the Azores, passes south of England, and proceeding from Vannes in Brittany, beyond Mazières to Alençon in Normandy, mounts thence to Beauvais in the Isle of France, and subsequently striking still more northward, through Rhenish Prussia, and above Dresden, ascends as high up as Königsburg, which forms, as it were, the apex. It then inclines southward across the Carpathian Mountains, traversing both Little and Eastern Russia to the upper shores of the Caspian, whence it stretches to the River Amoor and the Pacific, intersecting North America just above San Francisco and Colorado, and skirting Lakes Michigan, Erie and Ontario. The southern limits of the vine, which grows only at certain elevations and in particular localities within the tropics, after including Africa, Australia and New Zealand,

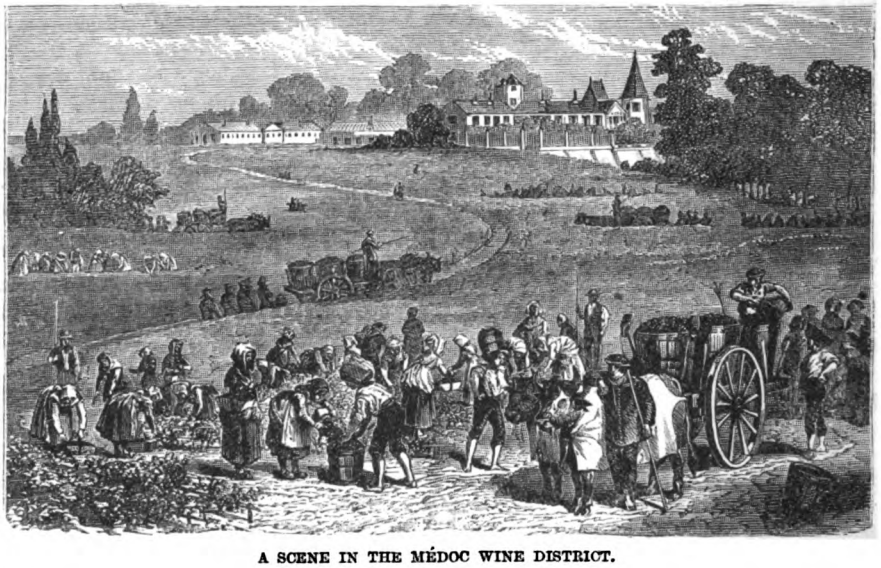
VINTAGE FEAST IN THE SAUTERNE DISTRICT, FRANCE.

terminate in South America at Valdivia, in Chili, and Bahia Blanca, in the Argentine Republic.

France has been termed not inappropriately the vineyard of the earth, its grand red wines for *finesse* and bouquet being unrivaled throughout the world, and its wines, led off by Château d'Yquem, rivaling those of any other country, not omitting even the renowned Johannisberg, and the still more renowned Tokay, while as regards its sparkling wines, France is universally acknowledged to be without a peer.

Château Laffitte is the acknowledged sovereign of Bordeaux wines. It is renowned alike for its magnificent color, exquisite softness, delicate flavor and fragrant bouquet, recalling the perfume of the almond and the violet, with a marked predominance of the latter. Braune-Mouton, now Mouton Rothschild, as the famous banking-house has bought up the entire vineyard, ranks next to the Laffitte. Then comes Château Margaux, and with it a grand Médoc wine, Château Latour. The celebrated Talleyrand once owned the one superb red vin de Graves, Château Haut Biron. The St.-Julien *crus* is highly esteemed, as is also the Crus St.-Estèphe.

With a single exception all



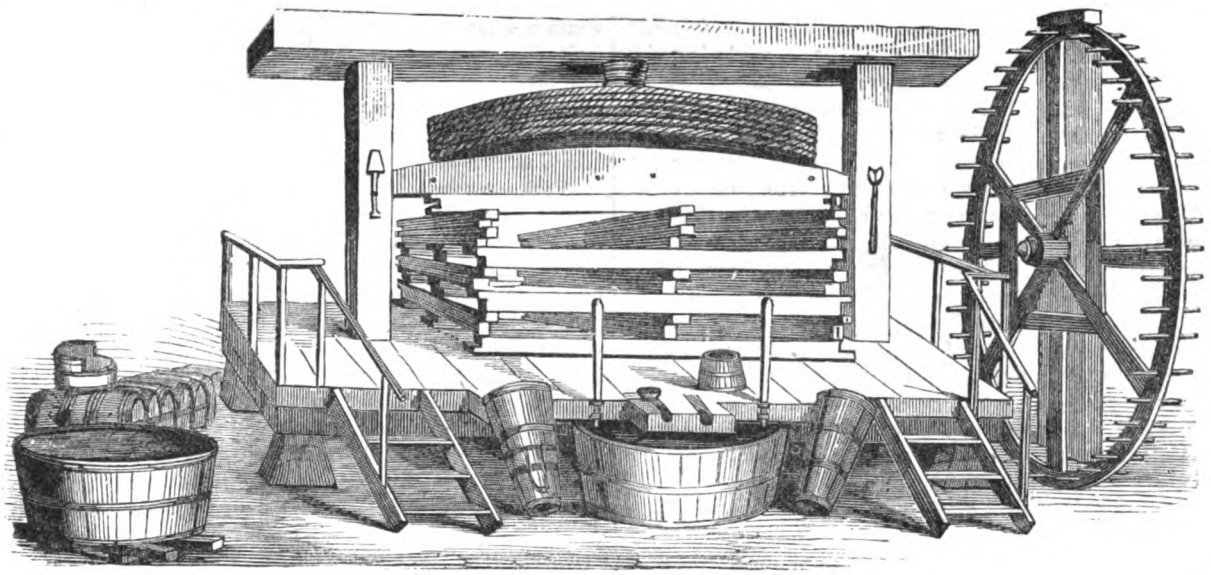
A SCENE IN THE MÉDOC WINE DISTRICT.

the grand red wines of the Gironde are produced in the celebrated Médoc district, within a space of some twenty miles, and along a mere strip of undulating ground, narrow in size, but boundless in renown, bordering one of the principal rivers in France—namely, the Garonne—and forming, so to speak, one vast vineyard cultivated as carefully as a garden.

Among the white wines of the Gironde are the renowned Château d'Yquem, the most luscious and delicately aromatic of wines, with its resplendent color, resembling liquid gold, its exquisite bouquet and delicious flavor.

The species of vines princi-

THE VINTAGE IN BAS-LANGUEDOC.



FRENCH WINE-PRESS.

pally cultivated in the Médoc, and from which the finest red wines in the world are produced, are the gros and petit Cabernet, the fruit of which is highly perfumed, and yields a soft, delicate, fragrant and brilliant, though light colored, wine.

The deep-purple, full-bodied, velvety wines of the Côte d'Or—the grand wines of Burgundy—have always been in high renown, and centuries ago wines and vines alike of this favored province passed as presents from one royal personage to another, just as the grand *cordons* are exchanged nowadays. Burgundy was then the wine of nobles and churchmen, one of the latter of whom chants:

"Nous les boirons lentement,
Nous les boirons tendrement,
Ton Clos Vougeot! ton Romanée!"

The *vignerons* of the Côte d'Or, or golden slope, for the purpose of classifying their products, divide the district into the Côte de Nuits and the Côte de Beaune, the former boasting of what the Burgundians technically term their best *climats*, the most esteemed being at Vosne, whence come Romanée-Conti, La Tâche and Richebourg, with Romanée-St.-Vivant, La Grande Rue, Gaudichot, Malconsort, and several others. Of these, Romanée-Conti is recognized king.

The characteristics of this splendid wine are body combined with extreme *finesse*, velvety softness, rich, ruby color and delicate bouquet. Genuine Romanée is rarely to be met with, for a prolific vintage never exceeds 4,000 bottles.

Clos de Vougeot is usually classed after Richebourg. It was the great favorite of Napoleon I. To considerable body it unites a fine flavor, and a suave bouquet with great *finesse*, and has, moreover, the much-prized merit of not becoming thin with age, as the majority of Burgundy growths do. The mention of Clos de Vougeot recalls the well-known story of its enthusiastic military admirer, who, while marching his regiment to the Rhine, commanded his men to halt before the vineyard and present arms in its honor.

Chablis is not a product of the Côte d'Or, but of the Department of the Yonne. It is thin, pale, dry and

INTERIOR OF DRY-WINE VAULTS.

HOSE FOR CONDUCTING WINE FROM VAULTS.

delicate, and with distinguishing *pierre à fusil* taste which is its recognized characteristic.

The aspect of the grand Burgundy vineyards is principally southeast, and the soil, which is calcareous, is impregnated with iron. Indeed, ironstone exists in a greater or less degree in all the more celebrated vineyards of France, including the Médoc, the Côte d'Or, the Champagne, the Hermitage, Roussillon, etc. Carbonate of lime is also prevalent in many of them, still its presence is by no means inseparably associated with the growth of all the higher-class wines, for scarcely any trace of it is to be found in the vineyards of the Mèdoc, the Hermitage, or the Côte Rôtie.

The higher-class wines of the Côtes du Rhone are Hermitage, Côte Rôtie, Condrieu, and St.-Peray. Hermitage has a recognized bouquet recalling the raspberry, a remarkably clean, fresh, full, vinous flavor combined with great firmness and softness, and is, moreover, of the indispensable rich deep-purple hue. The white Hermitage of a pale-yellow tint, and with an ambrosial perfume that may be pronounced unique, is exquisitely suave, rich and spirituous in flavor, and perfectly dry. The vinous, luscious, almost unctuous Hermitage *paille*, with its volume, its marrowy richness, its delicious smoothness, combined with an indescribable, refreshing sharpness free from the slightest acidity, is a *rara avis in terris*.

The wines of the South of France are numerous, coarse and cheap; this especially refers to the growths of Hérault, the Gard, the Aude, and the Pyrenees-Orientales. Muscats are numerous; Runel, Roussillon and Frontignan, the leading vintages; and a spirituous Picardin wine is a specialty.

The old province of Languedoc was originally planted with vines from Spain, at a period when it was under the same crown with Aragon, and principally Spanish varieties are still cultivated there, as well as in the neighboring southern departments. Hence the marked similarity which exists between certain red wines of the south of France and those of Spain.

The Island of Corsica boasts of one fine wine, the Santa Lucia Rançois.

A full vintage in France yields its 70,000,000 of hectolitres of wine, or one-third more than the vintage of last year, the increased value of which would be an extra twenty millions of dollars besides nearly twelve millions of dollars additional for the *eau-de-vie* distilled from the husks and stalks of the pressed grapes. The after-value of these as food for cattle and as manure, combined with the value of the pruned branches of the vine, both as fodder and fuel, will, according to the estimate by the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, bring up the total value of a full vintage to $380,891,550. Although the vineyard area comprises less than a twentieth part of the soil of France, the yield amounts in value to almost a quarter of the total agricultural revenue, and furnishes the means of existence to one-fifth of the entire population.

I shall now turn to that wine of which we Americans are so excessively fond, and the opening of which forms so important a function in not only our social ceremonies, but likewise in those connected with business, viz, Champagne.

The chalky slopes that border the Marne were early recognized as offering special advantages for the culture of the vine. St. Remi, baptizer of Clovis, the first Christian king in France, at the end of the fifth century, left by will, to various churches, the vineyards which he owned at Rheims and Laon, together with the "vilains" employed in their cultivation. Some three and a half centuries later we find worthy Bishop Pardulus of Laon imitating Paul's advice to Timothy, and urging Archbishop Hincmar to drink of the wines of Epernay and Rheims for his stomach's sake. The crusade-preaching Pope, Urban II., who was born among the vineyards of the Champagne, dearly loved the wine of Ay; and his energetic appeals to the princes of Europe to take up arms for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre may have owed some of their eloquence to his favorite beverage.

The red wine of the Champagne sparkled on the boards of monarchs in the Middle Ages when they sat at meat amidst their mailclad chivalry, and quaffed mighty beakers to the confusion of the Paynim. Henry of Andely has sung, in his *fabliau* of the "Bataille des Vins," how, when stout Philip Augustus and his chaplain constituted themselves the earliest known wine-jury, the *crus* of Espernai, Auviler, Chalons, and Rheims were amongst those which found most favor in their eyes, though nearly a couple of centuries elapsed before Eustace Deschamps recorded in verse the rival merits of those of Cumières and Ay. King Wenceslaus, of Bohemia a mighty toper, got so royally drunk day after day upon the vintages of the Champagne, that he forgot all about the treaty with Charles VI., that had formed the pretext of his visit to France, and would probably have lingered, goblet in hand, in the old cathedral city, till the day of his death, but for the presentation of a little account for wine consumed, which sobered him to repentance and led to his abrupt departure. Dunois, Lahire, Xaintrailles, and their fellows, when they rode with Joan of Arc to the coronation of Charles VII., drank the same generous fluid, through helmets barred, to the speedy expulsion of the detested English from the soil of France.

The vin d'Ay—*vinum Dei*, as Dominicus Baudoin punningly styled it—was, according to old Paulmier, the ordinary drink of the kings and princes of his day. It fostered bluff King Hal's fits of passion and the tenth Leo's artistic extravagance; consoled Francis I. for the field of Pavia, and solaced his great rival in his retirement at St. Just. All of them had their commissioners at Ay to secure the best wine for their own consumption. Henri Quatre, whose *vendangeoir* is still shown in the village, held the wine in such honor that he was wont to style himself the Seigneur d'Ay, just as James of Scotland was known as the Gudeman of Ballangeich. When his son, Louis XIII., was crowned, the wines of the Champagne were the only growths allowed to grace the board at the royal banquet. Freely, too, did they flow at the coronation feast of the Grand Monarque, when the crowd of assembled courtiers, who quaffed them in his honor, hailed them as the finest wines of the day.

Meanwhile an entirely new kind of wine, which was to carry the name of the province producing it to the uttermost corners of the earth, had been introduced. On the picturesque slopes of the Marne, about fifteen miles from Rheims, and some four or five miles from Epernay, stands the little hamlet of Hautvillers, which, in pre-Revolutionary days, was a mere dependency upon a spacious abbey dedicated to St. Peter. Here the worthy monks of the Order of St. Benedict had lived in peace and prosperity for several hundred years, carefully cultivating the acres of vineland extending around the abbey, and religiously exacting a tithe of all the other wine pressed in their district. The revenue of the community thus depending in no small degree upon the vintage, it was natural that the post of cellarer should be one of importance. It happened that about the year 1688 this office was conferred upon a worthy monk named Pe-

rignon. Poets and toasters, we know, are born, and not made; and the monk in question seems to have been a heaven-born cellarman, with a strong head and a discriminating palate.

The wine exacted from the neighboring cultivators was of all qualities—good, bad and indifferent; and with the spirit of a true Benedictine, Dom Perignon hit upon the idea of "marrying" the produce of one vineyard with that of another. He had noted that one kind of soil imparted fragrance, and another generosity, and discovered that a white wine could be made from the blackest grapes, which would keep good, instead of turning yellow and degenerating like the wine obtained from white ones. Moreover, the happy thought occurred to him that a piece of cork was a much more suitable stopper for a bottle than the flax dipped in oil which had heretofore served that purpose.

The white, or, as it was sometimes styled, the gray, wine of the Champagne grew famous, and the manufacture spread throughout the province, but that of Hautvillers held the predominance.

Ever busy among his vats and presses, barrels and bottles, Perignon alighted upon a discovery destined to be most important in its results. He found out the way of making an effervescent wine—a wine that burst out of the bottle and overflowed the glass, that was twice as dainty to the taste, and twice as exhilarating in its effects. It was at the close of the seventeenth century that this discovery was made—when the glory of the Roi Soleil was on the wane, and with it the splendor of the Court of Versailles. Louis XIV., for whose especial benefit *liqueurs* had been invented, recovered a gleam of his youthful energy as he sipped the creamy foaming vintage that enlivened his dreary *têtes-à-têtes* with the widow of Scarron. It found its chief patrons, however, amongst the band of gay young roysterers, the future *roués* of the Regency, whom the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Vendôme had gathered round them at the Palais Royal and at Anet.

To-day, Champagne is known by its "brand," and each brand has its "term of office," as the nod of fashion makes or mars it. Dry Monopole, Clicquot, Pommery, Mumm, and a host of others, are now seated on the throne. How soon they will be deposed is but a question of time. They will pop, sparkle, fizzle, and pass away.

Webster derives "Sack" and "Seck" from the Latin Siccus, and makes it correspond with the French "Sec" and Spanish "Seco." It was applied to Sherry in contradistinction to the sweet Malvoisies which are known to have been imported into England as far back as the reign of Edward IV.

That Sherry was drunk by Englishmen at an early date is certain, for, in the year 1419, a certain William Horrold was placed in the pillory for counterfeiting and vending "Old feble Spanysshe wine for good and true Romaney."

The cultivation of the vine for wine-making in Andalusia is supposed to have preceded the Roman occupation, and Pliny, Martial, and other ancient writers, allude to the fertility of the then, as now, famous "Sherry district"; but whether the Romans got unadulterated sherry may be doubted, for the vintner of all ages has been apt to *ameliorate* his wines; even in sunny Seville he had his tricks, and the Licentiate, Sebastian Horosoco, wrote this, circa 1500:

"Rogue, thus with well and river, the pricked wine thou dost fine,
And this same nauseous stew dost call the fruit of Vine.
Wine! Counterfeit and Rogue! 'tis weak and poor and dark;
It hath the look of turbid broth, and smells like tanners' bark."

In Pedro de Medina's "Libro de Grandezas y Cosas Memorables de España" (Alcala, 1566), reference is thus made to the fertility of the Jerez vineyards: "The vintage there ordinarily yields about 60,000 butts of wine, and there are shipped to England, Flanders and other parts, each year, more than 40,000 butts."

The vintage, and divers natural styles assumed by the grape juice after fermentation, are known as Finos, Amontillados, Olorosos and Bastos.

When the grapes are trodden or pressed out, the juice, after it has run into large casks, is called Mosto, andis stored in Bodegas (wine-stores), the produce of each vineyard in its separate lot. The mosto is then left to ferment for three or four months, when it is poured off from the cask in which it has stood, leaving the lees or sediment at the bottom. This operation is called "racking from the lees," and what was *mosto* is then called *wine*.

During the first year or two very extraordinary changes take place, which are quite unaccountable. Wines fron the same vineyard, although subjected to exactly the same treatment, develop in different casks totally dif ferent characters. If the research of science could be successfully directed to discover the cause, and thus give the means to produce each style of wine artificially, the philosopher's stone would indeed be found, and El Dorado realized, but the wines of themselves, as they grow two or three years old, assume different characters, and are classed Finos, Amontillados, Olorosos and Bastos.

The most valuable character is called Fino, being of a delicate, soft, mellow flavor, and very pale in color; but not more than an average of about ten per cent. of the whole produce of a vineyard takes this satisfactory turn.

A higher class of development again takes place in the Fino, producing Amontillado; this is the most valued of all; it has the character of Fino, and, in addition, a charming flavor of its own. It is invaluable in blending, to give a finer character and life to heavier wine. Oloroso is a full, nutty-flavored development, rather deep in color, and of stouter character. When old, it is of great body, and dry. There is yet an inferior development which is called Basto (coarse). In good years, however, this unsatisfactory character is only shown in small quantities, nor does it ever take place to a great extent in wines from the best vineyards. Manzanilla is a light wine, grown principally at San Lucar, and highly recommended by physicians on account of the absence in it of all sweet. Montilla is a very dry but powerful wine, grown near to Cordova, which, when old, is of great value. Vino Dulce (sweet wine) is made from the sweeter kind of grape called Pedro Jimenez.

When an order arrives from a shipper's agent or correspondent to ship a certain quantity of wine similar to that previously sent, a reference is made to the blending-book, which shows the proportions of each Solera which the former shipment contained; besides this, a sample is always kept of every mark which leaves the Bodega, and this is also used for reference in the making up of any new shipment.

The blending-glass, which is a long, narrow glass tube, divided into forty parts, representing the number of "jarras," or jars, contained in a butt, is then brought into use. The same that has to be matched having been carefully tasted, the proportionate quantities are blended from the various Soleras required, and when the result is satisfactory, the casks are filled in accordance with the component parts of the graduated glass measure.

The wine, when thus blended, is fined with whites of eggs. A long iron rod, with a loop at one end and brush at the other, is inserted through the bung-hole, and the

A VINEYARD ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

wine is stirred with the finings in it, till the whole is thoroughly amalgamated. As soon as the wine is quite clear and bright, it is drawn off into other casks for shipment, having the name of the shipper branded on the head and distinguishing mark cut in on the bung-stave.

The Rhine wines form a distinguishing feature in the "tipples" of the world, Schloss Johannisberger standing out in distinct relief. Steinberger Cabinet, by some, is considered equal, if not superior, to Johannisberger, while Ranuethalerberg has its enthusiastic admirers, as also have Hockheimer and Marcobrunner.

The Rhine vintage rarely commences until late in the Autumn, and is sometimes delayed even into the Winter. The pickers, sturdy peasant girls of eighteen and twenty years of age, have their gowns looped up kirtle fashion, according to regulation, so as not to brush the over-ripe grapes off as they pass between the rows of leafless vines, thus affording them the opportunity of displaying the very brightest printed flannel petticoats and the gayest colored stockings which money can purchase at Mayence. The season being cold, most of them wear mittens, and have woolen comforters tied over their heads, so as to allow of the ends falling down their necks behind. The men, who perform the heavier work, occasionally get themselves up in jäger costume—gray suits piped and faced with green, boots half-way up the legs, and tufts of feathers stuck jauntily in their mountaineers' hats.

Singing in chorus some song in praise of the Rhine and

A CALIFORNIA VINEYARD.

its wine, the pickers commence at the foot of the slope, one to each row of vines, and move steadily forward in a compact line, with all the precision of disciplined soldiers. With little spring shears, which they carry secured to their waists, they snip off the riper bunches as they pass along, picking from them, at the same time, the shriveled and ripely-rotten berries, and throwing them into a separate receptacle. This is what is termed the "auslese," and from these selected grapes a special and luscious class of wine is made, of fine flavor, and more or less sweet, according as the grapes have attained the stage known as *edelfaule*—in other words, a "noble rottenness"—or are merely ordinarily ripe.

When the pickers have filled their tubs, men go round and collect the contents in oval-shaped wooden vessels, called "legeln," which they carry strapped to their backs. From these the grapes are consigned to the hand-mills stationed by the roadside, and after being thoroughly crushed are emptied together with the expressed juice into a large cask, fastened by strong chains to a kind of dray, which requires a couple of horses to drag it up the steep winding roads. The aperture of the cask is invariably secured by a padlock before the dray leaves the vineyard.

When I "do" the Rhine it is my invariable practice to order a Niersteinerberg, a very cheap but well-flavored wine, with which I mix seltzer water, and I have a better and more palatable drink than swells or ignoramuses who order Johannisberger or Hockheimer, which they do not get, although paying through the nose. The one exceptionally fine Hockheimer growth comes from the vineyards of the Dom Dechanei. From the other side of the Rhine we have the Heidesheimer and the Pincannoir, or black Burgundy, while within the gorge of the Rhine itself the only wine of particular repute produced is Assmanhauser. Bacharach was famed in the Middle Ages for its wine:

> "The old rhyme keeps running in my brain;
> At Bacharach on the Rhine,
> At Hochheim on the Main,
> And at Würzburg on the Stein,
> Grow the three best kinds of wine."

From the vineyards in the rear of Ehrenbreitstein come vintages of Kreutzberger, a rather agreeable red wine, while Linz, a few miles lower down the river, produces a red wine, Dattenberger. From the valley of the Ahr, which falls into the Rhine near Sinzig, midway between Coblenz and Bonn, come the superior red wines of Walporzheimer, Ahrweilerer and Bodendorfer, fine, if not deep, in color, slightly astringent, somewhat akin to a natural Port, and exhibiting really refined vinous qualities. It is in this valley of vineyards, and in the neighborhood of the jagged basaltic mountain known as the Landskron, that the celebrated Apollinaris Brunnen takes its rise.

The wines of the Moselle stand in high repute. The Piesporter, Grünhauser, Brauenberger and Olewig Neuberger are the most esteemed, the last named being grown near the vast Roman amphitheatre, where Constantine had his captives torn in pieces by wild beasts, and the ruins of which to-day stand solitary in the midst of the vines. The Deiderheimer Kirchenstück is a gorgeous golden-colored wine of such excessive richness that a sip of it is a sufficiency.

Bavaria contributes excellent Stein and Leisten wine, and that known as "Holy Ghost wine," and which was originally the only Stein wine sold in the squat bocksbeutel, now extensively used to palm off inferior growths as genuine Stein.

Switzerland is strong in the red wines of Neufchâtel and the white wines of the Vaud. Yvorne, or the "Wine of Blood," is a remarkably pleasant wine. Austria yields Vöslauer, Gumpoldkirchner and Klosterneuberger. Styria contributes, among others, the luscious Maraschino, while Hungary holds a foremost place through its historic Tokay, anent which I must say a word or two.

Formerly Imperial Tokay invariably figured at the banquets of Kings, and was the accustomed present from Austrian Archdukes and Emperors to those they delighted to honor. It was the wine which, at the Council of Trent, Pope Paul III. proclaimed to be worthy even of the pontifical throne, and which to secure a regular supply of, the Czars and Czarinas, so recently as a quarter of a century ago, kept a company of Russian soldiers constantly on Hungarian soil. The Tokay Hegyalja, where this renowned wine is produced, is situated between the 48th and 49th degrees of northern latitude, and forms the southern spur of the volcanic mountain-chain which commences south of the Carpathians, and prolongs itself almost uninterruptedly to Tokay. The district is twenty-four square miles in extent, and one-fifth of its entire area is planted with vines, terraces being constructed on many of the steeper slopes to prevent the earth from being washed away. As all grand wines are grown contiguous to some river, so is the Tokay Hegyalja watered by the Theyss and the Bodrog.

Russia contributes through the Crimea both red and white wines. Portugal gives the world its renowned Port, so loved and dreaded by those subject to the gout.

The Douro region, producing the finest wines, comprises the slopes of the mountains bordering the river of the same name, in its course from the Spanish frontier to the province of Minho, and it is on the hilly banks of a tributary stream, named the Corgo, that the Port wine vineyards—the soil of which is extremely stony, due to the friability of the slaty schist rock of which the hills are formed—are principally situated. There is no wine imitated so extensively, and, alas! so well, as Port.

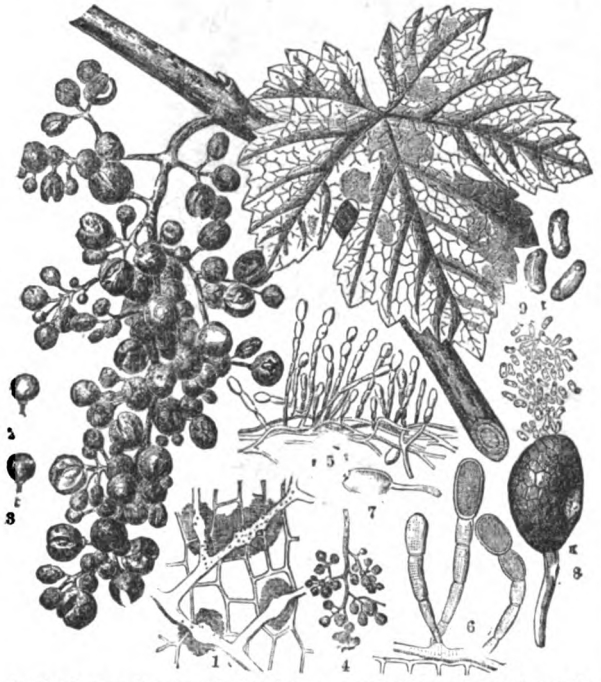
Madeira is a wine which it is commonly said cannot be drank too old. It is a wine for heroes. Of the wines of Italy, Chianti and the luscious Lacryma Christi, the exigencies of space preclude more than mere mention. Greece produces Red and White Hymettus, and a red wine of Naxos, while Turkey, Roumania, and Cyprus, contribute wines but little known to the outside world.

American wines are coming steadily to the front, the sweet and dry California, the Catawba, the Scuppernong, the Isabella, and other grapes, producing wines that in the near future are destined to take the market by storm. Certain of our red wines need only a *finesse* to equal a first-rate Burgundy, while the white growths yield a wine having all the delicacy of the Rhine. Our Champagne, too, is yearly improving in tone. From the earliest period of our colonization the vine attracted the attention of the settlers, and in 1564 wine was made from native grapes in Florida. The first attempt, however, to establish a regular vineyard dates from 1620, in Virginia, with European vines, and the prospects were so encouraging, that in 1630 the growers sent for French vine-dressers to tend their plants. This is not the country to let "a good thing" languish, and the American wine is destined to become a sturdy battler in the wines of the world.

And now a few words on that terror to viticulturists, the phylloxera.

In certain localities the falling off in the 1873 vintage was due entirely to that new scourge of the vine in Europe, the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, erroneously supposed to have been originally imported into France in 1823

with certain specimens of the *Vitis cordifolia* of the United States for the Jardin des Plantes, but which only manifested itself in the French vineyards some years ago at Pujault on the right bank of the Rhône and in the department of the Gard, whence it spread to Rouquemaure and Villeneuve-les-Avignon in Vaucluse, appearing in the course of 1866 in the vineyards of the plain of La Crau in the Bouches du Rhône, when M. Delorme, of Arles, called the attention of the scientific world to its ravages. By 1867 all the vineyards of Vaucluse, together with several of those of the Gard, were more or less attacked by this insect. and in the following year



1. The first rudiments of the disease. 2. Small brown specks on the grape. 3. Increased size and growth of the speck. 4. Withered appearance of very young grapes. 5. The feelers of the parasite. 6. Increased size of ditto. 7. White membrane which forms the *mycelium*. 8. The *Oidium Tuckeri* or seed pod of the disease. 9. The sporules or seeds.

VINE ATTACKED BY PHYLLOXERA.

the scourge, spreading along the banks of the Bas-Rhône, eventually made its appearance in the department of the Drôme. In 1869 it spread westerly in the direction of Nimes, and easterly in that of Aix, showing itself, moreover, in the vicinity of Toulon and at Lunel-Viel. In 1873 it appeared in the Charente, and no doubt its ravages influenced the falling off in the produce of that department.

In 1871 the Minister of Agriculture offered a prize of 20,000 francs, which the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce petitioned to have increased to 1,000,000, for the discovery of a means of ridding France of the scourge. The disease, however, continued to spread, and at the close of 1874 it occupied more or less the whole area of the Lower Rhône from Valence to the mouth, and from Montpelier to Toulouse. The scourge has abated during late years, but the vine-culturist is ever in terror of this grim and destructive visitor. The grape phylloxera is indigenous to the North American Continent east of the Rocky Mountains, and is found from Canada to Florida in the wild vines of the woods, and in the cultivated vines in most of the States. It presents itself in two different types. That which makes galls on the leaves is called *Gallicola;* it is smooth and very prolific, and exists only as an agamous, wingless female. It is quite transient, abundant one year, and unseen the next. The last insect is distinguished as *Radiciocola.* The winged females begin to appear in July and continue to issue from the ground until vine-growth ceases. Submersion and chemical fertilizers rich in alkali are used to destroy the dreaded phylloxera.

ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ALONG these low pleached lanes, on such a day,
So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way,
And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
And smile that warmed the world with benison,
Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,
Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime
Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came.
Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

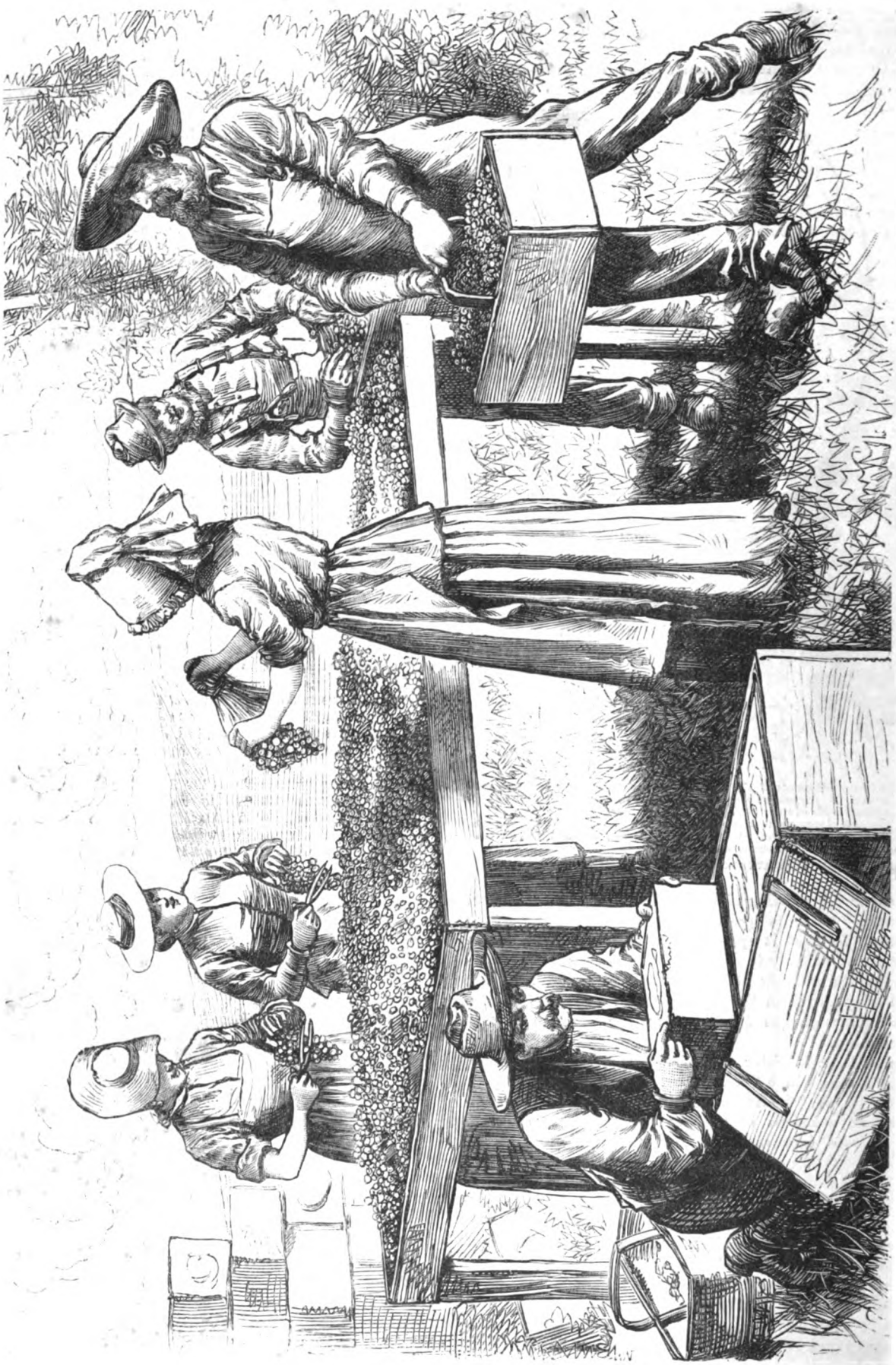
Each year that England clothes herself with May,
She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath spun
Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun
Things past for dreams of better to be won,
Through many a century since thy funeral chime
Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful crime,
To have spared not thee for very love or shame;
And yet, while mists round last year's memories climb,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we stray,
Meseems, might bring us face to face with one
Whom seeing we could not but give thanks, and pray
For England's love, our father, and her son,
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk and mime,
Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of fame.
Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme,
Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime
Na nes once beloved; but, seeing the sun the same,
As birds of Autumn fain to praise the prime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD.

ACCORDING to *Engineering*, attention has only recently been called in England to the use of iron as a metal for lightning-rods. In that country, where the subject has been left in the hands of the manufacturers, lightning-rods are made of pure copper, and, consequently, are far too expensive for general use. In other countries iron rods are in vogue, and found to answer the purpose very well, besides being inexpensive. In Canada a church was recently protected by a round iron rod three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and welded at each joint. The upper end of the rod was drawn to a point, and a damp-ground connection provided for the lower end. The rod was secured to the church by galvanized iron staples. The total cost was under fifteen dollars. While upon this subject, we may mention that Franklin was probably anticipated in his discovery of lightning-conduction. According to M. de Rochas, the Etruscans understood the art of guiding the lightning. Servius relates that in ancient times the priests ignited their sacrifices by lightning; and on one occasion Tullius Hostilius was struck dead because he neglected the precautions laid down by Numa.



THE VINEYARD AND THE WINE-PRESS.—TRIMMING AND PACKING GRAPES FOR MARKET, NEAR MARLBORO'-ON-THE-HUDSON.—SEE PAGE 567.

"UPON ONE OF THE BENCHES A MAN WAS SEATED, HIS ARMS RECLINING UPON THE TABLE, AND HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS."

THE DEATH-MARK.

By Garrett Walker.

Chapter I.

The last soft strains of the "Adieu Waltz" had died away upon the cool night-air; the tired musicians were stretching their stiffened limbs, solacing themselves with invigorating pinches of snuff, and yawning in a manner that threatened inevitable dislocation, whilst hastily thrusting away trombones,

serpents, cornets, and other brass instruments, into their green baize receptacles. Garçons, like so many excited black beetles, were flying hither and thither, clearing away the small refreshment-tables, and extinguishing the many-colored lights that twinkled like a swarm of fireflies amid the dark foliage of the trees and shrubbery.

Overhead, the large yellow stars shone out from the background of a deep, blue, cloudless firmament. The air was redolent with the odors of fragrant flowers and exotics.

Down the broad, white path leading from the dancing-pagoda, still ablaze with its flaring gaslights, a noisy crowd of men and women were hurrying toward the entrance-gate, which, crowned with its double arch of gaudy Chinese-lanterns, was visible at the further end of the avenue.

A noisy crowd indeed! Noisy with the silvery laughter, the rustle of silken skirts, the gay chatter of female voices and the deep tones of the men chanting the refrain of the last popular Parisian aria, or replying with ready repartee to the lively sallies of their gay companions. Noisy with that gayety and animation so purely French. A vivacity born of their careless and pleasure-loving, Latin natures, harmonious with the seductions of Strauss, and the wild, reckless *abandon* of Offenbach and Lecocq.

It had been a *fête en masque*, given in honor of the recent arrival at Abois of a crack cavalry corps; and the scarlet dolmans, and richly-braided blue uniforms, the glittering tinsel and waving plumes of the Hussars, assorted well with the bright-colored silks and quaint *bizarre* costumes of the maskers.

Amid this scene of color and brightness were visible here and there, like stranded wrecks upon a Summer ocean, some miserable men in the ungraceful uniform of civil life, made doubly hideous by their brilliant surroundings.

All was merriment, joy, and animation. They pushed and jostled each other in the struggle toward the gate; the women jestingly chiding some too pressing neighbor, the men shouting and laughing at these reproofs, and all hastening onward toward the entrance.

Suddenly, upon this scene of mirth and gayety, like a flash of lightning across the darkness of a midnight sky, came a terrible interruption. A loud cry! then a single word in tones of the most intense terror. A single word, but one which, coming suddenly in the darkness of the night, paralyzed for a time the courage of the bravest, chilled the warm life-blood in the veins of the most enterprising and daring, and rooted the gay and brilliant throng where they stood, mute and silent with horror and suspense.

Murder! For several moments not a movement was made to ascertain the cause of this sudden alarm. All seemed crushed and stunned by this ghastly interruption to the gayety and merriment. A second cry, louder than the first. A second repetition of that terrible word; and now, by quick revulsion of feeling, presence of mind returns to the petrified listeners, and with one accord they surge in the direction from which the cry appeared to proceed.

Men and women, pushing, hustling, and jostling each other, pellmell, in their eager desire to gratify the curiosity which had now taken the place of all other emotions! Breaking through hedges of shrubbery, ruthlessly trampling down beds of rare flowers, the eager throng pressed on.

The search was not a long one; the fleetest foot among the crowd soon reached a sidewalk, into which they turned just as the third repetition of the cry broke the stillness of the night. Another moment, and they had gained a small summer-house or arbor thickly overgrown with climbing vines.

Near the door a man, whose costume at once indicated him to be a garçon, or waiter, was wildly wringing his hands, his pale face betraying evidences of the most intense excitement.

"What is the matter?" cried a dozen voices. The man made no other reply except to point to the interior of the arbor, and wring his hands and gesticulate as if entirely overcome with terror.

Rushing past this man, from whom it was evident no further information was to be obtained, a number of the gentlemen made their way into the arbor and eagerly looked around them.

The sight that first met their eyes was one not calculated to arouse much alarm in their breasts. A couple of rustic benches, placed on each side of a small table, was the only furniture of the summer-house, which was dimly lighted by a single gas-jet.

Upon one of these benches a man was seated, his arms reclining upon the table and his head buried in his hands. The figure was mute and motionless. On the table were a number of champagne-bottles and glasses.

This was the first sight that met the eye of those that entered the arbor, and seemed innocent enough. But when one, more enterprising than the rest, laid his hand upon the reclining form and lifted it to an erect position, a shudder of horror ran through the spectators.

The sight now presented was ghastly in the extreme. The face was that of a man past middle age, broad, coarse and sensual, with gray hair, bushy side whiskers and mustache. The pallor of death was imprinted upon every feature. The eyes were wide open, staring and glassy. The lower jaw had fallen, the lips were parted; indeed, the whole countenance was stamped with an expression of overpowering fear, and, more terrible still, upon the livid white forehead were two gashes made by some sharp instrument, forming a scarlet cross from which the blood still trickled.

For some moments no one could speak. All seemed fascinated by the dreadful spectacle. The crowd choked up the doorway, and gazed with pale faces and quivering lips, powerless to reply to the questions of the less favored ones in the rear, who were unable to obtain a sight of the interior, and who eagerly demanded the cause of the disturbance.

At length the spell was broken. A man pushed his way through the crowd and entered the arbor. His uniform at once showed him to be a member of the police force, and some of the gentlemen recognized him as the Brigadier of the Gendarmerie of Abois.

No sooner did his eyes fall upon the face of the dead man than he uttered a loud exclamation:

"*Grand Dieu!*" he cried. "It is Monsieur Marrois!"

This exclamation seemed to break the charm which inthralled the spectators. In a moment there was a perfect Babel of voices, questioning, answering, hazarding a thousand wild conjectures and explanations, quarreling and fighting for a sight of the awful scene.

Pushing and shouting to gratify their curiosity, now redoubled in the breast of every one by the information, which ran like lightning through the crowd, "that a man had been murdered, and that that man was Pierre Marrois."

Several gendarmes now made their appearance; at once an order was given from their superior to disperse the crowd. A task at first not easy to accomplish. However, at length finding it impossible to obtain any further

information from the officers, whose only reply to the reiterated question of the curious was the formula, "Circulez, s'il vous plait, mesdames et messieurs. Circulez, s'il vous plait," the throng of men and women began to break away; at first in twos and threes, until finally, like a flock of sheep which had received an impetus in a certain direction, the crowd left the arbor.

Chapter II.

In the little arbor, the scene of the tragedy, there remained the Brigadier of Gendarmes, and three gentlemen who had been the first to arrive at the time of the alarm, and who had been requested to remain to give their testimony as to what they had seen.

At this moment a gentleman, accompanied by one of the gendarmes, came hastily up the walk, and entering the arbor, addressed himself to the brigadier in a manner that plainly indicated him to be one having authority.

"What is this they tell me, Jean?" he cried. "Pierre Marrois murdered?"

"Alas! monsieur, it is too true," replied the brigadier, who had been interrupted in his examination of the body by the arrival of the newcomer.

'*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the gentleman, as his eyes fell for the first time on the ghastly spectacle presented by the murdered man's face. "*Mon Dieu!* this is horrible!"

"And the strangest part of it, monsieur," said the brigadier, with a grave voice, and with an air of evident perplexity, "is the fact that, with the exception of those gashes on the forehead, I can find no other wound upon the body, although I have searched as closely as possible."

"I should say," broke in one of the three gentlemen, a handsome young man, in the costume of Polichinelle, "*I* should say that Marrois died of fright, if we are to judge from his face; for never in my life did I see overpowering terror more plainly depicted."

"Monsieur Lejeune," said the first speaker, with a tone of reproof, "fear seldom kills, and especially a man like Marrois. That wound on the forehead——"

"Is nothing," said one of the gentlemen. "It is only a flesh-cut, and never could have been the cause of death. If the brigadier is correct, and there are no other wounds on the person, I should say that this man had died by—poison."

"Monsieur is, perhaps, a doctor? Might I ask his name?" inquired the gentleman whose questions had led to this dialogue. "Your name, if you please, sir."

"Monsieur has undoubtedly the right to question me," replied the person addressed, drawing himself up, as if somewhat offended at the abruptness of his interlocutor.

"You are right, sir; I am the Mayor of Abois."

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Maire," said the gentleman, a tall, slender man, dressed in evening costume. "My name is Aristide Vis. I am not a doctor; but I do not think one needs to be a medical man to know that death could not have ensued from those cuts upon the forehead, and if there are no others, why then——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the mayor; "I see. But, now tell me, Jean," he continued, turning to the brigadier, "tell us all you know about this affair."

"Very little more, Monsieur le Maire, than your own eyes can tell you. But these gentlemen, who arrived at the arbor in advance of me, are probably better furnished with information."

"*Ma foi!*" said the young masker who had been addressed as Lejeune, "all that there is to tell is of the simplest. Monsieur and I" (and here he pointed to the tall gentleman who had given his name as Aristide Vis), "monsieur and I were, I think, the first to reach this spot. What did we find? One of the garçons dancing up and down, like a madman, and so terrified as to be utterly unable to speak. Seeing which, monsieur and I entered this place, and found, *ma foi!* what you see before you. I think that is all there is to tell," and the young man looked interrogatively at the tall gentleman, who replied with an affirmative motion of the head.

"Did you see the garçon, Jean? Which one of the men was it?"

"I did not see him, Monsieur le Maire," replied the brigadier.

"But I did," cried Lejeune. "I know the man well. It is Antoine Sachard."

"Where is he now?" the mayor looked inquiringly toward the gendarmes.

But it was Lejeune who replied.

"The poor fellow was so frightened that I should not wonder if he had run home to his wife for protection. He——"

"Go, Jean, and find the man at once, and bring him here," said the mayor, breaking in upon the young man. And as the brigadier turned to leave, he continued, addressing himself to these gentlemen: "You, messieurs, will be kind enough to give me your addresses, and can then retire."

This formality having been complied with, the gentlemen were leaving the arbor, when Lejeune bent down and picked up a small object which lay on the ground. half way between the unoccupied bench and the door, Tossing it upon the table, he said, with a laugh:

"*Pardieu!* Papa Marrois has been at his old tricks again, and this time the Siren has sung him to sleep with a vengeance. Adieu, and *au revoir*, Monsieur le Maire." And paying no attention to the look of grave reproval with which the official replied to his ill-timed levity, the young man ran away in pursuit of the brigadier.

The other two were following his example, when the mayor laid his hand on the shoulder of Aristide Vis, and begged him to remain.

The two gentlemen were soon left alone, and the mayor, who ever since his arrival had given evidence of some very strong emotion, which he succeeded in concealing only by a very powerful effort, now said, abruptly:

"You must excuse me, monsieur, for asking you to remain; but you will understand me when I tell you that I am entirely unnerved by this horrible occurrence. You are, it is true, a stranger to me, but I can see you are a man of intelligence and courage, and I really need some one to support me."

"I am entirely at your service, Monsieur le Maire; if I am to be of the slightest assistance, you can certainly count upon me to the best of my poor abilities."

The mayor drew a long breath, and sinking down upon the bench opposite the murdered man, hid his pallid face in his hands and remained for some moments silent. When he again raised his head his eyes fell upon the object which Lejeune had thrown upon the table. It was a gray kid glove. Its shape indicated that its owner was a woman.

"What is this?" he cried. "Where did this glove come from?"

"The young gentleman whom you called Lejeune found it lying there near the door."

"Dropped, I suppose, by one of the crowd?"

"I think not, monsieur; I am certain no woman

entered the arbor. And I noticed, when the glove was picked up, that it lay very close to the bench upon which you are sitting. I am inclined to think that Monsieur Lejeune's last words are true. I think the person who occupied that seat, on which you are now seated, was a woman—and if one is to judge by the shape of the hand, I should say a very pretty one." And, whilst speaking, Aristide Vis took up the little gray kid glove, and examined it with evident admiration.

"But monsieur," cried the mayor, "do you mean to insinuate that this terrible crime was committed by a woman?"

"Oh, no, I will never believe it; the idea is too repulsive. And, then, those fearful marks. Would you have me believe that any woman could have thus disfigured her victim?"

"See here, Monsieur le Maire," replied Vis, "what do you make of this?" and pointing to the slender tapering fingers of the glove, he made the mayor observe several dark-red spots upon the delicate gray kid.

"*Mon Dieu!* blood upon that glove?"

"As you say, monsieur," replied Aristide.

"Oh, horrible!" groaned the mayor, again burying his face in his hands.

Footsteps were now heard approaching the spot, and in another moment the brigadier of the gendarmes entered, followed by a pale-faced, terrified man, whose costume showed him to be one of the waiters of the garden.

Recovering himself, with an effort, from his previous emotion, the mayor turned his attention to the newcomer.

"So this is Antoine Sachard?" he inquired.

"Yes, y-e-s, M'sieu l-e M-a-i-r-e," stammered the terrified garçon, with difficulty forcing his trembling lips to frame the words.

"You were the first to discover this crime; you will now tell me all you know of it."

"Oh! for that, M'sieu le Maire, what shall I say?" replied the man, resolutely keeping his back turned toward the body of the murdered man. "What shall I say? I am clearing away the tables and extinguishing the lights; I come here, and what do I see? a table with glasses and bottles, and a m'sieu with his head buried in his arms. I say to myself, 'Antoine, the m'sieu is asleep. He has taken (*par exemple*) a drop too much.' I shake him; no reply. I shake him again; again no reply. I lift his head. I see that horrible sight. And then, *mon Dieu!* M'sieu le Maire, I lose my senses. I let m'sieu's head drop back on his arms. I fly to the door and I cry 'Murder! murder!' at the top of my voice. What can I say? I remember no more, m'sieu, until the crowd comes. They ask me questions. I can say nothing. They call me fool. What of that? all I wish is to get away as fast as possible; I fly."

All this the man poured out with the utmost volubility, tossing his arms about, and gesticulating in a manner impossible to any one but a French garçon.

"And this is all that you know?" inquired the mayor, interrupting this flood of words.

"Truly, m'sieu, it is all."

"Then you did not attend upon this table?"

"*Non*, m'sieu."

"Who did, then?"

"How shall I say, m'sieu? But the garçons, they are all yonder, and if m'sieu will permit me, I can go and find out."

"Go then, and return as quickly as possible."

The man accepted this dismissal, and as he hurried away, the mayor turned to the brigadier and inquired whether he had discovered anything further. The man replied in the negative. Dropping his face in his hands, the mayor again relapsed into silence—a silence for some time unbroken and uninterrupted.

Chapter III.

While the Mayor of Abois remained silent, evidently lost in the gloomiest of thoughts, struggling with emotions which he seemed to find great difficulty in repressing, the brigadier, respectfully considerate for the feelings of his official superior, stood stiff and rigid, a fine example of obedience and discipline.

In the meantime Aristide Vis had again picked up the glove, and now he, too, was silent; lost in admiring contemplation. A soft, tender expression stole over his face as he smoothed, with caressing touches, the delicate kid, and breathing gently into the glove, forced it to assume the shape imprinted on it by the beautiful hand it had once incased.

The look of softness and tenderness deepened upon his face, as, raising the slender trifle, he inhaled the perfume with which it was scented.

A far-away expression came into his eyes; pleasant memories of the past rose up within him.

The next moment, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, the expression of his face changed to a look of self-contempt and disgust, and flinging the tiny glove from him with an exertion of force entirely disproportionate to such a fragile object, he turned toward the body of the murdered man, and began a close investigation of the pallid and hideous countenance.

He had been absorbed in this task for some moments, when suddenly he uttered a loud exclamation, which caused the mayor to raise his head and look up inquiringly, and even infused some animation into the disciplined stolidity of the brigadier.

"If I am not mistaken, Monsieur le Maire," said Vis, with the utmost gravity, replying to the inquiring glances of the two men, "I have discovered the cause of Monsieur Marrois's death."

"What?" cried the mayor, springing to his feet and drawing near to the corpse, an example quickly followed by the brigadier, whose curiosity had now gotten beyond the control of discipline.

"Yes, monsieur," continued Vis; "look here at this mark on the neck of the murdered man!" and he pointed to a spot some two inches below the left ear.

"That scratch?" exclaimed the mayor, with undisguised astonishment; an astonishment reflected in the eyes of his official subordinate.

"It is more than a scratch, monsieur. If you look close, you will see that there is a slight puncture."

"Well, then?"

"Well then, monsieur, you will observe that all around this puncture the flesh is black and discolored. See, too, the scratch, instead of its edges being angry and inflamed, are of a dull bluish color. Monsieur le Maire," cried the speaker, "as sure as I live, *that* tiny wound produced this man's death."

"Then you think——"

"I think," interrupted Vis, "that this puncture was made with some poisoned instrument; something very slender and sharp—I should say a needle."

"I believe monsieur is correct!" excitedly exclaimed the brigadier, now past all power of controlling his feelings. "I believe monsieur is correct, and the more so as this agrees well with what little we know—or, rather, suspect. That scratch, Monsieur le Maire, might easily

have been made by the same hand that wore that little glove. I agree with monsieur. *I* believe this crime was committed by a woman."

"Oh, no, no! I can never believe it. The idea is too repulsive. And what cause?"

And the mayor looked interrogatively at the last speaker, who, in answer to his inquiring glance, replied sententiously:

"Monsieur Marrois was a gallant man. The cause may have been revenge, jealousy, or who knows what. I believe with monsieur, as I said before, that this deed was done by a woman."

"I think there can be no doubt," said Aristide Vis, joining in. "I have been thinking over the affair, and I will tell you the idea that has occurred to me. I think that this was a rendezvous, and I think the woman came to it prepared to murder this gentleman. Can there be any doubt of this? If I be correct as to the cause of death, then this murder must have been planned in advance. For you will admit, Monsieur le Maire, that it is scarcely supposable that a woman, under ordinary circumstances, would carry around with her a poisoned instrument capable of inflicting death." He glanced at the mayor, and receiving no reply, went on: "You see

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the champagne-bottles upon the table? Two of these are entirely, and the third more than one-third, empty. What do I conclude from this? That Monsieur Marrois had been drinking freely, and from the quantity of wine consumed must have been anything but clear-headed; when, taking advantage of his condition, the woman inflicted the fatal scratch. And now, see here, monsieur," continued the young man, drawing the attention of his companions to a spot upon the ground under the table, and just in front of the unoccupied bench; "this woman was deceiving her companion throughout, and while inducing him to drink, with the purpose of intoxicating him, *she* was emptying her glass here beneath the table."

"*Grand Dieu!*" cried the brigadier, who had gone down upon his knees, and with his nose to the ground, was eagerly examining the spot pointed out. "Monsieur is entirely right; the grass is still wet with champagne."

"Monsieur Vis," said the mayor, "horrible as it seems to me, I am afraid that I must admit the correctness of your conclusion; but, oh! how terrible to think that any woman could deliberately plan and carry out, with such fiendish coolness, a crime like this."

"I suspect, monsieur, that women can do a great many things, that we, in our innocence, believe them to be incapable of. I am satisfied that my theory of this affair is the true one; and see, here comes proof to support it." And Aristide pointed to the doorway, in which now appeared the form of Antoine Sachard, accompanied by a short man easily recognizable as one of his *confrères*, and whom he hastily presented to the mayor's attention.

"This is Baptiste, M'sieu le Maire; Baptiste waited on M'sieu Marrois. He can tell m'sieu all about it."

"You attended upon this table, Baptiste?"

"Yes, M'sieu le Maire," answered the second garçon, a short, stout little fellow, who, after his first horrified glance at the corpse of the murdered man, kept his pale face turned away from the body.

"Come, Baptiste, you will tell me all you know about this affair. Think well; your testimony may be of great importance. When did you first see Monsieur Marrois?"

The man replied, without any hesitation:

"I was attending in this part of the garden, M'sieu le Maire, serving refreshments. M'sieu Marrois met me in one of the walks near this place."

"Was he alone?"

"No, m'sieu, there was a lady upon his arm."

The mayor gave a slight start, and looked at Vis, who only replied by a smile. Recovering his composure, the official bade the man, "Go on."

"Well, m'sieu, M'sieu Marrois asked me if there was not a little arbor somewhere near, in which he and his companion could be alone? I replied in the affirmative, and brought him to this spot, lit the gas, and took his order, which was for champagne."

"And the woman—what of her?"

"At that time, I did not notice her closely; but when I returned with the wine, she and M'sieu Marrois were seated on the two benches, opposite each other; and then I noticed her more closely. She was in gray, a silk domino with the capuchin drawn over her head, and her hands—*mon Dieu!* I could not but notice what beautiful hands they were, incased in gray kid gloves!"

"But her face, man!—her face?" cried the mayor, excitedly.

"I never saw it, m'sieu. From beginning to end, whenever I was in the arbor, the lady's face was covered by her mask, but how it may have been when I was absent I cannot say. All I could see was a pair of flashing eyes, so bright, oh, so bright, m'sieu, shining out of the eyeholes of her gray silk mask."

"You did not hear her voice?"

"No, m'sieu; toward the last, M'sieu Marrois seemed rather affected by the wine, and when I was here for the last time, was speaking excitedly. But, stop! Now I think of it, m'sieu, the last time I entered the arbor the lady was not upon this bench here opposite, but was seated by the side of M'sieu Marrois, who was pressing her hands, and protesting his devotion in the most ardent manner. I filled the glasses from this third bottle, and left the arbor. That was the last time I came here."

"And from beginning to end you never saw the lady's face, nor heard her voice?"

"As I said before, no."

"Will you tell us, Baptiste," broke in Aristides Vis, "when you saw Monsieur Marrois was pressing the lady's hands, did she have on both her gloves?"

The man hesitated, and looked inquiringly at the mayor, who replied:

"You will answer monsieur's questions, Baptiste."

"Well, then, yes, m'sieu; at the last, when I saw the lady, she had on both gloves."

"You are sure, Baptiste?"

"Perfectly sure, m'sieu."

"One last question," continued Aristide. "Are you absolutely sure that you noticed nothing about the lady's costume except what you have told us? Nothing by which she could be identified from any other woman, wearing a gray domino and mask?"

The man remained silent for some moments, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"But, *mon Dieu!* it is true. The lady had upon her left shoulder a small bow of scarlet ribbon, and—and," he continued, "I also remember her capuchin was fastened at the back with a long golden pin."

The officials glanced instinctively at Aristide, who seemed entirely unmoved by the information his questions had elicited. Upon the face of the brigadier was an expression of unqualified admiration; whilst upon that of the mayor mingled doubt and astonishment were plainly expressed. No one spoke for some time, until at length a distant clock striking the hour of four recalled the mayor from this reverie.

"So late?" he cried, with a start; and then, suddenly addressing the garçon: "There, that will do, Baptiste; you can go now. You understand, of course, you will have to repeat this testimony before the judge. You had better be at the 'Hotel de Ville' at twelve. You, Jean," addressing himself to the brigadier, "will remain here, and see to the removal of poor Marrois's body. At the same time try and find out if any one else saw the gray domino. The gatekeeper or the gendarmes on duty at the entrance may have noticed her. And now, monsieur," he said, turning to Vis, "if you will give me your arm we will leave this detestable place."

Aristide complied with this request, and in silence the two men passed down the walks of the garden and reached the entrance-gate. Thanking his companion for his valuable assistance, and reminding him that the investigation would have to be renewed before the *Juge d'Instruction*, he bade him good-night.

Chapter IV.

On the morning of the day succeeding the tragic death of Pierre Marrois, a gentleman was seated alone at one of the tables in the "Restaurant de France," the most popular establishment of the kind in Abois. The person

was tall and spare, a fact noticeable even in his present position. His face was one which undoubtedly could not be called handsome, but yet possessed a certain peculiar attractiveness of its own. Long, and thin; high cheek-bones; a nose shaped somewhat like the bill of a hawk; large, prominent gray eyes; and a mouth whose shape was concealed by a long, drooping mustache. These made up the sum total of a face which possessed a certain grotesque resemblance to that of the illustrious knight of La Mancha—a resemblance increased by an air of melancholy which pervaded the whole countenance. This melancholy, which was especially noticeable in the large gray eyes, did not, however, apparently affect the appetite of the gentleman, who was discussing an excellent breakfast in a manner that proved fully his appreciation of good things. So absorbed was he in the task before him, that he failed to notice a young man, who, entering the restaurant, had approached the table at which he was sitting, until the newcomer, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, cried out in a laughing voice:

"Well, of all the wonders in the world, what under heaven, Aristide, could have brought you to Abois?"

The gentleman addressed was not a whit discomposed, but raising his eyes to the interlocutor, he calmly replied:

"Ah! my dear Henri, is that you? Well, I suppose it was my fate."

"You curious creature!" said the person addressed, a tall, handsome young man, with curly black hair, large dark eyes, and erect, easy carriage, which bespoke a military training. "You curious creature! always the same melancholy Don Quixote!" and sinking into a chair which a garçon had placed for him at the opposite side of the table, the young man broke into a merry laugh.

"Well, my dear Henri, I too might ask what you are doing in this place. It seems to me, the last time I heard of you, you were somewhere near Chalons, and I scarcely suppose you came here to hunt for me."

"I have the best right in the world to be here," replied the young man. "In the first place, my regiment is quartered here."

"Ah, yes, I remember now, you are serving with the ——— Hussars."

"Thanks for remembering it at last. But, besides that, if you will cudgel that brain of yours, which always seems wool-gathering, you may possibly remember, what I think I often told you, that I am a native of this place."

"Ah, yes! I remember now. You must excuse me, Henri! when I came here first, it seemed to me that I remembered something about it, but I could not recollect exactly what."

"And may I ask what brought you here, since it appears you did not come to hunt for me?"

"My dear Dantan, you see in me a hermit, an anchoret."

"A hermit indeed!" broke in the young man, with a laugh, pointing to the breakfast-table, "And is this your modern asceticism?"

"It is true, we hermits of the nineteenth century have dispensed with the parched peas of our predecessors, but we are none the less miserable creatures." And Aristide went calmly on munching the leg of a spring chicken, with an expression of the most intense melancholy.

"And now will you tell me," said Henri Dantan, "what is the meaning of all this nonsense? When we parted, after the siege of Paris, it appears to me, to my best recollection, you had little idea of turning hermit."

"That is true, my friend; but everything is changed since then."

"And the cause of this change?"

"Disgust, my dear Henri; disgust for everything and everybody. Disgust for that blatant beast you call Paris; disgust for that incongruous donkey masquerading in a lion's hide, and dignified with the high-sounding title of the French Republic."

"Come, now, Aristide, what has the French Republic done to you?"

"Shall I tell you, my dear friend? Disappointed me, that is all. After the Commune had been put down, and peace restored, I plunged with enthusiasm into what I conceived to be my vocation in life. Shall I tell you what it was? I became a journalist. Alas! my friend, my visions of a free press were soon dissipated, my hopes of fame extinguished almost at their birth. For a while my articles were accepted, and I thought myself fairly on the road to greatness, when I was suddenly abruptly awakened from my dreams. *One* of my *critiques*, it seemed, touched a tender point of one of my illustrious legislators. I was admonished of this fact, and advised to strike out the objectionable portions. I refused, and begged to say something about a free press—the right of discussing the character of public men—when I was coolly informed by my editor that all *that* might sound very nice, but that *he* was not prepared to be mulcted in damages for libeling one of the Representatives of this great Republic. My vocation was over. I utterly declined to force the eagle of my genius to fly in one direction, like those carrier-pigeons we used during the siege. I told my editor so. He was 'extremely sorry; perhaps another paper,' etc. I tried another paper. The same result. Another, but no better success. I closed my portfolio. I bade Messieurs les Editeurs adieu, and that was the end of my journalistic career."

Dantan laughed merrily at the mock-heroic manner in which his friend spoke the last words.

"And after that, my poor Aristide?" he inquired.

"After that I plunged into the gayeties of Paris. I have, as you know, enough to live on, thanks to the energetic labors of my respected parent in the manufacture of clay pipes. Well, my friend, I soon tired of this gay life, and was beginning to think of settling down, when I met with the greatest misfortune of all. I found myself beginning to be altogether too fond of a woman. What was left me? Nothing but flight. I might defy the Republic, I might abuse the newspapers, I might use my sword against any annoying fellow-man; but a woman! as I said, my friend, there was nothing for it but flight. So one day I packed up my traps, and carefully concealing my departure from every one, I came down here to live, as I told you, the life of a hermit. And that, my dear Henri, is a true history of my life since we parted."

"A-ah, ah! illustrious St. Anthony! that's where the shoe pinches, is it? And, now I think of it, I seem to remember to have heard your name coupled with that of a certain Madame d'Aubrac, wife of the old general."

"Widow, my dear Dantan. The old hero departed this life two years ago."

"That is true. And being the case, will you explain to me why in the name of Heaven you ran away from the pretty widow?"

"My friend," replied Vis, bending across the table and speaking in a solemn tone, "will you believe me? I began to think of marriage!" and falling back in his chair, he looked as if he expected his companion to be utterly stunned by this disclosure.

"Ah! ah!" cried Henri Dantan, when at length he was able to control the burst of laughter produced by the ludicrous gravity of his friend. "Still the same

droll fellow as when we cooked our bouillon of horse-flesh in the trenches around Paris."

"Just the same, my friend—or, no, I should say grown into an egotist, for here I have been talking for a half-hour of my own affairs, never thinking to inquire what has been your experience of life since we parted."

"Very simple, indeed," replied Henri Dantan. "When the war was over I was still young enough to enter 'St.-Cyr,' passed my examination, obtained my commission in a good cavalry regiment, and here I am now, a captain, quartered in my native town, and disposed to enjoy myself as much as possible. That is all."

"And how is it? I thought, with that handsome face of yours, some woman would have had you in her toils long before this."

"You are forgetting our old confidences, my friend. I have always had a palladium against such dangers. If you try, you may recall the fact, for I know I told it you, that I had been betrothed to my cousin, Henriette Rousel, ever since childhood. And that brings me back to what I should have told you in the beginning. My uncle, Léon Dantan, is mayor of this town; and it was through him, most mysterious of men, that I heard of your presence in Abois."

"I was just going to ask you," interrupted Aristide, "whether some good angel sent you to me."

"No. My uncle, as I have said, heard your name, in connection with the horrible affair of last night. And now, my dear fellow, I must tell you, I promised my uncle to bring you to the Hotel de Ville, to give your testimony before the judge who is investigating poor Marrois's murder. And after that I intend to present you to my cousin, and perhaps to another charming young woman."

"Ah, *you* call me St. Anthony! Do you intend taking the *rôle* of the devil, and tempt me?"

"No, no, you incorrigible misogynist. This young lady, although very charming, will appeal to you more through the ear than the eye, seeing she is an accomplished musician. And I don't suppose you have lost your old passion. But, come, let us be going."

Accepting his friend's invitation, Aristide Vis settled his bill, and, arm-in-arm, the two friends passed out of the restaurant.

Chapter V.

As the two friends strolled along the street toward the Hotel de Ville, Vis said, inquiringly, to his companion:

"You knew this Marrois who was murdered last night?"

"I should think so. He was senior in the firm in which my father and uncle were partners, and only a few years ago retired from the business, in which he had accumulated a large fortune."

"But his character, my friend?"

"He was a sharp, sagacious man in business, not intellectual, it is true; but——"

"Pshaw, man! I mean his moral character."

"Well, my dear friend, it seems hard to say anything against a dead man, but I am afraid I must admit that Pierre Marrois's moral character was anything but good. He was a sensualist, and they tell me there have been several very ugly tales about him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Aristide; "that might account for the whole affair; and yet—and yet, why should your uncle, who must have known Marrois's character well, seem to doubt this solution of the crime?"

"That is the strangest part of the whole thing," replied Henri Dantan. "I suggested this idea to my uncle after he had related to me what you two had discovered last night—about the woman, I mean. But, for some reason, he did not appear satisfied. Do you know, Aristide, I cannot remove from my mind the impression that my uncle suspects some other cause than a woman's revenge. I never saw him so much discomposed before in my life. He is really completely overcome."

"You have spoken my own thoughts, my friend, and I will tell you now that I watched your uncle last night very closely, and I am satisfied as you are that he thinks he knows the cause of the murder."

"Well, I hope the mystery may be solved; and here we are at the Hotel de Ville. Ah, Claude," continued Dantan, calling to a gendarme, who stood near the large entrance to the Town Hall, "is Monsieur Duquesnay in his office?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine."

"Come this way, then, Aristide. I must be your pilot. I am pretty familiar with this place."

Passing up the broad entrance, the two young men traversed a number of passages, ascended a flight of stairs, and finally arrived at a door in front of which were two gendarmes, and three or four other men, among whom Vis recognized the two garçons, Antoine and Baptiste.

"Your uncle was inquiring for you, Monsieur le Capitaine," said one of the gendarmes with a respectful salute. "He is within."

"May we enter?"

"Certainly, Monsieur le Capitaine." And opening the door, the speaker admitted the two friends."

The room was plainly furnished, with two or three desks, a number of chairs, a rack upon the wall containing several leather-bound books, and some pegs, upon which were hanging a couple of hats. At one of the desks, the Mayor of Abois was seated in conversation with a gray-haired man, of grave and even stern expression of countenance, and with a broad forehead, which bore the stamp of intellectuality. A third man, who from his appearance was evidently a clerk, was busily engaged in writing at one of the other desks.

The mayor rose eagerly.

"Thanks, Henri," he said, "I am glad to see you have found Monsieur Vis. Monsieur Duquesnay, this is the gentleman of whom I have been speaking to you, Monsieur Aristide Vis."

The two gentlemen acknowledged the introduction.

"Monsieur le Maire has been explaining to me," said Duquesnay, "the valuable services you rendered him last night. Will you take a chair, monsieur? I am only awaiting the report of the doctor who is examining the body, and will then begin the investigation."

The two young men accepted the offered chairs, and the judge, resuming his seat, renewed his conversation with the mayor, which was carried on in so low a tone as to be inaudible to the others. Some time elapsed; and Aristide and Captain Dantan were beginning to be rather fatigued, when one of the gendarmes at length opened the door, and announced, "Le Dr. Bulot."

A small man, with an extremely bald head, smooth-shaven face, and dressed in black, entered the room, and coming forward, shook hands with the mayor and Monsieur Duquesnay.

"There, Monsieur le Juge," he said, laying a paper upon the desk—"there is my report, and the certificate of death."

"And in plain language, Monsieur le Docteur," said the Judge, after he had glanced at the report, "you find the cause of Monsieur Marrois's death to be——?"

LADY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. COSTA.

"A punctured wound and scratch on the neck, inflicted by some sharp, slender instrument which had been steeped in poison. You see, I have given the name of the poison in my report. It is an unusual one, seldom met with except among the Eastern nations, and causes death by paralysis, which ensues shortly after the poison has been injected into the body."

"Thanks, doctor; and those wounds upon the forehead?"

"Oh, they are nothing; that is to say, merely flesh-wounds."

The mayor here leaned over and whispered something into the judge's ear.

"Doctor," said Monsieur Duquesnay, "you have said that this poison causes paralysis; how long would a person remain conscious after the poison had been injected into their system?"

"Oh, for some time. The brain would be the last to yield."

"Did you notice the expression of overpowering terror on poor Marrois's face? Could that have been due to the discovery that he had been poisoned?"

"Scarcely, Monsieur le Juge. As I have told you, the drug is almost insensible in its effects."

The judge looked inquiringly toward the mayor, who replied with a negative motion of the head, whereupon Monsieur Duquesnay again thanked the doctor, saying they would no longer monopolize his valuable time.

Dr. Bulot accepted this as a dismissal, and the gendarme who opened the door for his departure received an order from the judge to "bring in Antoine Sachard."

The testimony of this man was given in very much the same words as has been related in a former chapter. This evidence was taken down by the clerk, and when he had concluded, it was read over to him, and he was requested to sign it. This he did, and retired, giving place to his *confrère*, Baptiste, who told his story.

Nothing new was elicited from this witness, except the fact that it was about half-past twelve when Monsieur Marrois and the masked woman first entered the arbor. The garçon was positive of this, as he had noticed the clock in the restaurant when he went for the first bottle of champagne. When Baptiste had finished, the gatekeeper of the garden and the two gendarmes on duty at the entrance were successively examined, but without any result. Neither of them had noticed any particular masker, man or woman.

"Well," said the judge, when the last gendarme had withdrawn, "this appears to me to be a very hopeless case. We literally have nothing to go on except Baptiste's story of the gray woman and the blood-stained glove."

"The whole affair is, indeed, very strange," replied the mayor, gravely. "If I could but know the cause!"—he gave a little shudder, and an expression of anxiety and disquiet came over his countenance.

"The cause! I am afraid, my dear Dantan, that we must seek for the cause in some of the escapades in which, as you know, our poor friend Marrois was but too prone to indulge."

"Surely you cannot have forgotten poor Delphine Simon?"

"Ah, Claude! for mercy's sake, do not mention that unfortunate."

"You are right, it was a sad story. But there, I am detaining your friend, Monsieur Vis, unnecessarily," and turning to Aristide, he began to question him upon his connection with the affair.

Just as the young man was concluding his testimony the door opened, and two persons entered the room. The first was a tall, thin man, with closely-cropped iron-gray hair and an expression of face that indicated quickness and intelligence. His companion was altogether a more remarkable and noticeable individual. He also was tall and slender, and dressed in a suit of shabby black clothes. His head was crowned with a thick crop of hair, of such intense blackness as plainly indicated that it was indebted to art instead of nature for its color. This was further borne out by a pair of light gray eyes, which assorted very ill with the raven tresses and bushy black whiskers and mustachios which almost entirely concealed their owner's countenance.

Henri Dantan whispered to Aristide, who had just resumed his seat, "that the first man was the Chef de Police of Abois, but he was unacquainted with his companion."

However, the identity of the man was soon established, for, upon a look of inquiry from the judge, the Chef said:

"This, Monsieur le Juge, is the agent just sent down by the Prefecture of Police at Paris, in answer to our telegram."

"Ah! that is well. And now tell me, Dupont, have you examined Marrois's lodgings, as I bade you?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge."

"And the result?"

"Nothing bearing on our affair, monsieur, but this," and taking from his breastpocket a small folded paper, he handed it to the judge.

It was a sheet of note-paper, upon which was written, in the handwriting of a woman: "*At the fête to-night.*"

The judge gave a sigh of regret.

"Still as dark as ever," he said. "This is evidently a disguised hand, and unless the paper has some mark——"

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Juge," interrupted the Chef de Police. "I have examined the paper, there is no watermark, and the name of the writer has been cut off."

"Then for the present we are at a standstill. You gentlemen," continued the judge, turning to the young men, "I need detain no longer. And you, monsieur," he said, to the man with the dyed hair, "can seat yourself at that desk, and my clerk will give you the evidence he has taken down in this case."

The man obeyed; and as Aristide and his friend rose to leave the room the mayor approached them.

"I will only say *au revoir*, Monsieur Vis," he said. "Henri intends taking you to my house, I believe, and I shall have the honor of meeting you there as soon as I can get away from my official duties."

"Till then, my dear uncle," replied his nephew.

And the two young men left the judge's office, and were once more in the street.

"That's a curious-looking fellow, that chap with the dyed hair," said Henri, as they sauntered along.

"An agent from the Prefecture at Paris is apt to be a curious-looking fellow," replied Aristide. "Those men see more in a year of all that is horrible and vile in humanity than we do in our whole lives. And yet, do you know, that to me there is a sort of fascination in that kind of thing. Will you believe me, Henri? Scores of times I have been tempted to try my hand in that direction. It seems to me, my friend, that there is in me all the powers (as yet undeveloped, it is true) of a Vidocq."

"Ah, bah! Aristide, here is a chance to use your powers in a much more pleasing manner," and stopping in front of a large, handsome house, he inquired of a domestic, who opened the door in response to his summons, "whether mademoiselle was in."

The full rich notes of a piano, which came in a flood of

melody from some upper portion of the house, seemed to settle the question to the young man's satisfaction, for, without waiting for any reply from the servant, he said:

"Yes, yes, Tomas, it's all right; I will find Henriette in the music-room. Come along, Aristide," and beckoning his friend to follow, entered the house.

Chapter VI.

The home of the Mayor of Abois everywhere exhibited the evidence of wealth, in conjunction with good taste. There was a simple elegance about the appointments, a richness in the furniture, and all the other accessories, extremely pleasing to the eye. This Aristide acknowledged to himself, as he followed his friend up the broad handsome staircase. The sound of the piano grew every moment more and more loud, and, following this clew, the young men soon reached an open doorway, at which Henri stopped. The room into which the two young men were now looking was a small *salon*, furnished in the most chaste and delicate style. The furniture was covered with *cretonne*, of a pale-green ground, upon which were bouquets of exquisite roses; the wall was tinted to match, and adorned with several handsome oil-paintings in richly carved frames. The tables and dwarf book-cases were laden with *bric-à-brac* and *objets d'art*. At the far end of the room, immediately opposite the door, a large grand piano was placed, and in front of the instrument a couple of young women were grouped in a pose charming and unstudied. One, seated upon the piano-stool, was evoking the melodious sounds which had guided the young men to that spot; whilst the other, standing by her companion's side, with one arm thrown affectionately around her shoulders, was turning the leaves of the music. The young men were allowed only a short time to enjoy this charming tableau, for they had been but a few moments in the doorway when the music died away in a soft melodious chord.

"*Brava! Brava!*" cried Henri. "That was charming, mesdemoiselles."

The young ladies turned suddenly at this interruption, and revealed two as pretty faces as Aristide had ever looked upon. No more complete contrast could be conceived of than was here exhibited. The one who had been standing, and whose arm was still entwined around the neck of her companion, was a *petite* brunette, with large liquid brown eyes, full round cheeks as delicately tinged as the downy side of a peach, a *nez retroussé*, dainty little mouth, and dimpled chin. Her head was crowned with a wealth of dark-brown tresses, which grew low on the white forehead in soft fluffy curls. She was dressed in a plain white mull robe, trimmed with delicate laces, which served to display all the perfections of her rounded form.

The other was tall and slender, even to fragility. Her dress, a plain black robe, increased the intense pallor of her complexion, and made more vivid the rich scarlet of her lips. The contour of her face was exquisite. The nose and chin as delicately chiseled as a piece of sculpture; the large dark-gray eyes bore an expression of subdued melancholy; and the hair, which was twisted into a large coil at the back of the head, was of that pure blonde tint so seldom met with except among the Northern races.

"My dear Henriette, permit me to introduce my friend, Monsieur Aristide Vis. Aristide, this is my cousin, Henriette Rousel. And this," continued Dantan, turning toward the blonde, "is Mademoiselle Zortichoff."

"Ah! monsieur," exclaimed Mademoiselle Rousel, acknowledging Aristide's bow, with a charming smile, "we are delighted to meet you. I can assure you that this is not the first time that we have heard your name from Henri. But I was unaware that you were staying at Abois. It is seldom that you Parisian gentlemen stray down to our quiet little town."

"And in what character do you suppose he has come here now, Henriette?" cried Dantan, with a laugh. "Would you believe, young ladies, that you see before you a veritable hermit, like St. Anthony and those other gentlemen?"

"But, Henri——"

"It is a fact, I assure you, my dear cousin. And where do you think I found this venerable anchoret? Not in a cave, fasting on herbs and water, but seated in the "Restaurant de France," enjoying all the delicacies of Père Dubois's kitchen."

"And, pray, monsieur," said the laughing Henriette, "what could have induced you to choose such a singular *rôle* in life?"

"That's it!" cried Henri, before Aristide could reply; "that's the worst of the whole affair. Would you believe it, Henriette?—my heroic friend ran away from a woman; and a very pretty one to boot."

"Mademoiselle knows very well that a woman can sometimes be very dangerous," said Aristide. "And a man is not a coward who flees from a danger he feels himself powerless to resist."

"Well, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle Rousel, as she led the way to a sofa, whilst Henri Dantan remained at the piano conversing in a low tone with the blonde—"well, monsieur, now you have been induced to relax this strictness of your hermit-life, you must allow us to prove that you can enjoy the society of women without any danger to your heart or appetite."

"I am not so sure of that, mademoiselle, and don't know but what it would be best for me to remain in the solitude of my cave."

"But tell me, then: this lady from whom you have fled, was she a blonde or brunette?"

"Can you ask such a question? Could I have the bad taste to admire any but a brunette?" replied Aristide, with a complimentary bow.

"I am afraid, Monsieur Vis, you are inclined to be a flatterer. What you say is very complimentary to *me*, but not by any means so to my friend Valiska; and, *apropos*, is she not charming?"

"Too charming, mademoiselle, I should think, for you to expose Henri to her fascinations. You know that it has been said that there are two things which a woman cannot safely trust to her dearest female friend—her letters and her lover."

"Fy for shame, monsieur! You should not try to weaken my faith in my friend. And as for Henri, he is, as you know, almost insane on the subject of music. That is the tie between him and Valiska. And, by-the-by, monsieur, I hope it may cause a similar attachment in your case."

"Mademoiselle Zortichoff is undoubtedly an exquisite performer, if I am to judge from the little that I have heard; but I still advise you, mademoiselle, to beware of platonic attachments."

"I shall not listen to you; and, see there, Valiska is about to play, and I am sure that her music is better worth listening to than the voice of any woman, even if she is a brunette;" and, with a sly laugh, Mademoiselle Rousel rose, and, followed by Aristide, approached the piano.

"Now, my friend," said Henri, "you are going to have

a treat. Mademoiselle will give us one of Chopin's Serenades."

The next moment the rich notes of the piano filled the apartment with entrancing melody. The first feeling of Aristide Vis was one of admiration for the skill of the performer, her delicacy of touch, and the exquisite tenderness with which she rendered Chopin's beautiful composition. Soon, however, a dreamy sense of ecstasy stole over him. His mind seemed lulled into a soft trance-like spell, in which dim visions of past happiness flitted by in quick succession. His eyes involuntarily followed the slender white hands as they moved so deftly over the keyboard of the piano, and, without any exercise of volition, he found himself thinking of another pair of white hands, which had entwined themselves around his heartstrings.

Unconsciously, whilst absorbed in this delightful reverie, he had been toying with a pair of gloves which, together with a small black hat, lay upon the piano by his side. These remembrances of the past grew more and more powerful, and without being clearly aware of what he was doing, Aristide involuntarily raised one of the tiny black gloves to his lips.

In a moment all the tenderness of his face died away as suddenly as if Medusa's head had frozen him into a stone. A look of blended fear and horror usurped its place, a shudder ran through his frame, and for a moment it seemed as if the blood stood still in his veins. He looked at the small black glove which he still held in his hand; he looked at the slender white hands moving so swiftly over the ivory keys; he looked at the pale, statuesque beauty of Valiska's face, the large gray eyes filled with a sympathetic softness, as if the soul of the girl was bathed in the delicious harmony of the great master.

Great God! was he mad? What was this terrible idea that had come upon him? Was it some fiend who had raised this fearful thought in his mind? Again he lifted the glove to his face. No, there could be no doubt, no mistake; he recognized that strange and subtle perfume. Where had he last noticed that peculiar odor? He remembered only too well.

As if by the spell of a magician, the whole scene arose before him. The little arbor, the ghastly, blood-stained face of the murdered man; the mayor, his face buried in his hands; the stiff, erect figure of the brigadier, and *he* himself standing there with the small gray kid glove raised to his face, just as he was now holding this black one. He looked closer at the little object.

Yes, a thousand times yes! Frightful as the idea was, he was forced to admit to himself the similarity between this black glove and the one which Lejeune had picked up in the little arbor of the public garden.

Not only was the perfume identical, but the shape, the slim palm, the delicate-tapered fingers, all were there. With the exception of the color, the gloves were the same. He dropped the tiny morsel of kid, as if it had been a burning coal of fire, and his eyes again followed the rapid motion of the two small white hands. Could this be an inspiration—this terrible suspicion which, in spite of himself, held him in its thralldom? Could those delicate hands be in truth stained with the blood of Pierre Marrois? Could that beautiful head, with its sculptured face, the large gray eyes now moist and tender in dreamy sympathy with the soft swell of the music—could that head contain a brain capable of planning and executing so atrocious a deed as the murder of the night before? Was this pale and melancholy girl a Brinvilliers, a Borgia, steeped to her scarlet lips in crime and blood?

The sudden cessation of the music broke the train of thought, and, moved by an irresistible impulse, which he did not even seek to fathom, Aristide, fixing his eye upon Mademoiselle Zortichoff, to mark the effect of his words, said, abruptly:

"That was a terrible ending to the *fête* last night—poor Monsieur Marrois's death. You were there, I suppose, mademoiselle?"

The young lady gave a sudden start, and for a moment it seemed to Aristide that a look came into her eyes like that of a hunted deer which finds itself discovered by its pursuers—an expression of anxiety and fright painful to behold. The next moment she had covered her face with her hands.

Aristide was shocked at this seeming confirmation of the terrible suspicion which had been slowly shaping itself in his mind. Could it be fate that had brought him here? Was he to be the avenger of Marrois's murder? And was the frail, delicate girl before him——?

He had only reached this point, when he was interrupted. Mademoiselle Zortichoff, recovering by an effort her composure, said, in a low, grave voice:

"Excuse me, monsieur. *You* have unknowingly given me great pain. You are perhaps unaware of the fact that poor Monsieur Marrois was a friend—a very kind one indeed—to me and my brother. It was only this morning that we heard of his terrible death. And I confess, monsieur, I have not yet recovered from the shock it gave me."

The increased pallor of her cheeks, and the sad, reproachful expression in the dark-gray eyes of the speaker, caused a pang of remorse to shoot through the breast of the young man; and before he could recover from it, another crushing blow was given to his suspicions by Henriette Rousel, who said:

"Oh, but neither Valiska nor I was at the *fête*, Monsieur Vis, and we not only had the bad taste to stay away ourselves, but we actually succeeded in keeping Henri here as well. I say 'we,' but I am afraid it was rather due to Valiska's music than to any attraction of mine that we owed such a compliment."

"Mademoiselle must excuse me; I only supposed, like the other young ladies of Abois——"

"Come, now," broke in Henri Dantan, "see what you have done, Aristide. Surely, mademoiselle, you are not going to allow the sad remembrance of poor Marrois's death to deprive us of your music?"

"You must pardon me, Monsieur Dantan," said the young lady, rising; "I have overstaid my time already."

"Surely, mademoiselle," said Aristide, "you will not suffer my sad mistake to deprive us of the pleasure of your company? The punishment will be too great a one. You must, at least, allow me the chance to gain your forgiveness for the pain I have caused you."

"You are forgiven already, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle Zortichoff, a gentle smile lighting up the sadness of her countenance. "In fact, there is nothing to forgive."

And turning away, she was bidding Henriette adieu, when Léon Dantan entered the apartment, and approaching the group at the piano, exclaimed:

"What! going so soon? Mademoiselle Valiska, I *had* hoped to be in time for some music."

"Not to-day, Monsieur le Maire. You will excuse me, for I have a lesson to give. Henriette!" she looked at Mademoiselle Rousel, and then bowing to the gentlemen, she left the room in company with her friend.

"Monsieur," said the mayor, when the three gentlemen were alone, addressing himself to Vis, "that man

they sent us up from the Prefecture has gone over all the testimony in relation to Marrois's murder, and his opinion coincides with yours."

"I am not surprised at that, monsieur. It seems to me to be the only rational one," said Vis. "And the only thing that astonishes me, is that you should have any doubt in the matter. For, pardon me, monsieur, I can see from the expression of your face that you still *have* a doubt."

"Well, then, yes; I admit it, and am going to ask a favor of you, Monsieur Vis. Henri, your cousin has not finished her adieus to Mademoiselle Valiska. I have no doubt you will be willing to join in them. The fact is, my dear boy, I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with your friend."

"Certainly," replied the young man, at the same time leaving the apartment with a haste that proved that this dismissal was not disagreeable to him.

Chapter VII.

When his nephew had left the *salon* the mayor, inviting Aristide to be seated, said, abruptly:

"Again, monsieur, I see you are right. Though what should have put the idea into your head I cannot imagine. Yes, I do doubt this theory which you have originated. In spite of its plausibility, in spite of any additional weight it may now gain, from the opinion of this man from Paris, I do doubt it."

"But, monsieur, you must then have some reason; for you will admit, everything points to the woman in the gray domino as the author of the crime!"

The mayor, who had not seated himself, walked up and down the room before replying. At length he stopped, and said, abruptly:

"Monsieur, you will pardon me if I seem to be taking a liberty with you, but the rare acumen displayed by you last night has impressed me so strongly, that I desire to ask you a question, which I hope you will consider as entirely private between us two."

Aristide bowed affirmatively, without making any further reply.

Monsieur Dantan remained silent for some moments, his eyes fixed upon the face of his companion.

"Monsieur," he said, at length, "suppose a man bound by an oath to keep a secret, when would that man, in your opinion, be justified in breaking his oath?"

"I cannot pretend to misunderstand you," said Aristide. "Your question refers to something in connection with the affair of last night. You, perhaps, possess a clew unknown to any one else."

The mayor seemed to hesitate to reply, and Aristide continued:

"This is my idea, monsieur. If you know anything that would assist justice to avenge your friend, in my poor opinion you would be justified in violating a dozen oaths."

The mayor again walked up and down the room twice before replying. At length he burst forth:

"I will deal frankly with you, monsieur. Ever since I saw poor Marrois's murdered body I have been tortured by the belief that I knew the real cause of the crime; there is not the slightest proof to sustain this, it is only an idea, but one so firmly rooted in my mind that I cannot shake myself loose from its dominion."

"And this cause, I conceive, has some connection with the secret you have taken an oath to preserve?"

"It has."

"Would the revelation of the secret, in your opinion, aid justice to discover the murderer?"

"That's it, monsieur. As far as I can see, it would be of no assistance. I have thought and thought; I have looked at it from every direction; but cannot see that justice could derive the slightest benefit from my revelation. And then, to be honest with you, Monsieur Vis, this secret is an ugly one; and if made public would bring discredit on the names of a number of persons who, up to the present, have lived respected and honored here in Abois."

STORY'S STATUE OF "SIBYLLA LIBYCA."

"Will you allow me to ask you a question, Monsieur Dantan? Has the secret anything to do with a woman?"

"No! Why? Oh, yes, I see; you still adhere to your gray domino."

"I have never wavered, monsieur, in my belief. I am as certain that it was the masked lady who committed last night's crime as that I see you standing before me."

"But do you not hesitate before believing that any woman could do such a deed? And then those strange marks upon the forehead, that bloody cross. Have you tried to explain that to yourself, monsieur?"

"My faith! No! I have not sought to explain anything. I only believe; but I believe as intensely,

Monsieur Dantan, as possible. I can see the whole scene before me—your poor friend half-intoxicated, the woman seated by his side, her right hand grasping the poisoned weapon——"

"Stop, stop! Monsieur, here comes Henriette. Not a word before her. I can rely on your secrecy?"

Aristide bowed.

"Really, monsieur," said Mademoiselle Rousel, as she and her cousin entered the room, "I am half disposed to quarrel with you for the pain you caused my poor Valiska."

"You cannot suppose, mademoiselle, it was intentional; and, truly, I regret it as much as yourself."

"I only jested, monsieur. Of course you could not have known that what you said would pain her? But hers is such a hard life, monsieur. I cannot tell you how much I sympathize with her in all her troubles. So young, and yet forced to labor not only for her own support, but for that of an invalid brother and an old and decrepit servant, both of whom are entirely dependent upon her. Ah, it is a beautiful sight to see how nobly she bears up under it all, and should make us idle creatures ashamed to look her in the face!"

"You are a charming champion, Henriette!" cries Henri. "I hope when I am absent," he said, looking inquiringly toward his uncle, who seemed so immersed in thought as to be almost unconscious of what was passing around him—"I hope when I am absent you are equally ready to defend me."

"Ah, were you speaking to me?" inquired Léon Dantan, with a start, as if suddenly recalled from the reverie in which he had been plunged.

"No, no, my dear uncle!" cried Henriette, with a merry laugh. "Henri was only trying to make me admit that I was a defender of all his follies and flirtations. But, my dear cousin, you were asking too much of me."

The conversation was continued for some time in this jesting tone, the sprightly Henriette rallying and teasing both her cousin and Aristide, who eagerly disclaimed the follies with which she sought to reproach them.

The appearance of a servant put an end to this *badinage*. The domestic informed the mayor that a gendarme had been sent by Monsieur Duquesnay to request his immediate presence at that gentleman's office."

"I hope, my dear Henri," said the uncle, as he rose to obey the summons—"I hope you will prevail on Monsieur Vis to remain and dine with us."

"Thanks, monsieur," responded Aristide; "but to-day it will be impossible. I have some business."

"Oh, *par exemple!*" broke in Captain Dantan, with a laugh. "A hermit with business! I never heard of such incongruity; that is, unless by business you mean praying to your divinity."

"Oh, but monsieur has run away from his divinity!" cried Mademoiselle Rousel.

"There, there, Henriette, you must have some mercy!" said the mayor, with a smile. "At least," he continued—"at least I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here on my return?"

He looked inquiringly at Aristide; but it was Henri who replied for his friend:

"Yes, yes, uncle! I intend taking him to my room, and I promise that if we begin talking of old times in Paris, he won't be able to tear himself away."

"*Au revoir*, then!" The mayor withdrew, and the two young men made their bow to Mademoiselle Rousel.

"My dear Henri," said Aristide Vis, when the friends were seated alone in the private apartments of the younger Dantan, "I want you to tell me all about this Mademoiselle Zortichoff."

"Oho, my dear hermit!" replied Henri, with a laugh, as he lit a cigar and pushed the box across to his friend; "so you, too, are yielding to Mademoiselle Valiska's fascinations!"

"Not at all, my friend. Of course, I cannot but admire her beauty; but, I assure you, it was the settled melancholy, which seems to shadow all her features, that drew my attention to her. I fancy, Henri, hers must have been, or must be, a life of sorrow, if one is to judge from the expression of those gray eyes."

"And beautiful eyes they are, my Aristide."

"Yes, I agree with you; the poor girl must know the full meaning of the word suffering. But there! You ask me what I know of Mademoiselle Zortichoff. Very little. I met her for the first time five days ago, when my regiment arrived at Abois. She had been established at this place, so my cousin informed me, for three years. Supports herself by giving music-lessons; lives in a tiny little cottage at the far end of the town, and seems to have no thoughts beyond her music and that invalid brother of hers."

"But she mentioned that dead man, Monsieur Marrois. It seems he had been very kind to her."

"Now, my dear friend, you will pardon me, but that poor Marrois had a very bad reputation, and——"

"I shall really quarrel with you, Aristide, if you talk like that."

"Oh, believe me, my friend, I intend no reflection upon your divinity, for I really must say that, to judge from appearances, you are becoming more interested in that quarter than I would like, were I Mademoiselle Rousel."

"Pshaw! Cannot a young man admire a handsome face without——"

"Oh, certainly, if mademoiselle has nothing to say. But why was it that the gay Captain Dantan was not at the *fête* last night? Am I to suppose that your cousin was the attraction that kept you away?"

"Well, what would you have? Mademoiselle Valiska dined here yesterday, and Henriette refused to go to the *fête*, and would not allow me to leave until Mademoiselle Zortichoff returned to her home, which, by-the-by, my dear fellow, I did not regret. I had the pleasure of accompanying the charming creature to her cottage."

"What! alone?"

"Oh, no! there was a great hulking fellow who called for her; an old family servant, I believe. He stalked along behind us, stiff as a grenadier on parade. I assure you, my friend, in spite of the Cerberus, I enjoyed the *tête-à-tête*. The young lady's conversational powers are as perfect as her face, and that you will admit, Aristide, is saying a great deal. I really was so charmed, that, when I left her at her door, I could not make up my mind to go to the *fête*, although it was only half-past eleven, and I had promised my brother-officers to attend. I returned home, and went to bed; a very lucky thing, as it turned out, for it spared me the sight of poor Marrois's murdered face."

"Yes, yes," said Aristide, speaking in a musing tone of voice. "It was, indeed, a horrible sight."

"Tell me, Aristide, do you really believe it was a woman who did the deed?"

"I fear, my friend, there can be no doubt of it, although *this* woman seems to have disappeared as entirely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her, leaving no trace behind. For how in the world," he continued, relapsing into his former meditative tone, "are we

to trace so unremarkable a thing as a gray domino amongst all that crowd of maskers who attended the *fête?* What time did you say you parted from Mademoiselle Zortichoff?"

"A little after half-past eleven. But what in the world has that to do with it?"

"Nothing at all, my dear Henri," replied Vis. "But, really, I am lapsing into such a gloomy state, I cannot have the heart to bore you any longer."

"Oh, but you are going to remain until my uncle returns?"

"No, not to-day. I will have to postpone that pleasure until some future occasion."

However, Aristide proved to be mistaken, for he had only gone a few steps from the mayor's house, after separating from his friend, when he came suddenly upon Léon Dantan himself returning home.

"Ah, monsieur!" cried the mayor, excitedly. "What do you think? We have discovered a trace of the gray woman."

Aristide started.

"Yes," continued the speaker, apparently not noticing the movement made by the young man—"yes, we have found the *fiacre* that took her to the *fête*. The driver describes her appearance perfectly, and noticed especially the beauty of her hands. Do you know, monsieur, that if this woman is ever discovered, those same little hands will be the cause of her capture."

"But where did the driver pick this woman up?" inquired Aristide. "That should enable you to ascertain her identity."

"There is the trouble, my friend. We scarcely get a glimpse of light before everything is again cloudy. All that the driver can say is that he was engaged by a tall man, whose face was so wrapped up as to be unrecognizable. He (the driver) was to call at a certain corner, where he would find a fare awaiting him. The *fiacre* was driven to the corner mentioned. A woman in a gray domino was walking excitedly up and down the pavement. She entered, and was driven to the garden, and that is all the man knows. The place at which the masker took the *fiacre* was at the corner of Rue Magenta and Rue d'Orville."

"Had the *cocher* any idea of what time it was when he picked up the masked woman?"

"Oh, yes; he was very clear on that point. It seems he was about leaving the cab stand for the night, when he was accosted by the disguised man, who engaged him. He looked at his watch, and seeing it wanted a few minutes to twelve, told the man the charge would be an extra. This was agreed to."

"And at what time did he reach the garden?"

"It was scarcely a quarter past twelve. The driver is a thoroughly reliable man, Monsieur Vis. But excuse me. This wretched affair runs in my head so, that I forget everything else. I certainly expected the pleasure of your company at dinner."

"For to-day? Monsieur le Maire, it is impossible."

Without another word the gentlemen separated, and so absorbed was the mayor in turning over in his mind the recently discovered evidence, that he was entirely oblivious to the intense emotion which his last words had excited in his companion.

(*To be continued.*)

IF we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

NEW ENGLAND PRIMER DAYS.

THE free-school system was made compulsory in 1647, but free schools existed many years before. Log cabins began the series, but palaces ended it. The first teachers were men exclusively, stern, strong, and orthodox. School and church worked together. Girls did not attend the public schools, nor were women employed in them as teachers, until near the beginning of the present century. They were not educated like the boys, and so were not competent to instruct. Indeed, the girl was of little account in the educational schemes of our fathers. She received a little attention, perhaps, in dame or nursery schools. She was well educated if she could read. To write, to cipher, these were accomplishments. What did not bear directly and obviously upon cooking food, scrubbing floors, spinning yarn, milking cows—what could not be seen to have an immediate market quotability—all this was not practical, would not help a girl to fill her station one whit more acceptably, and was therefore useless. She worked into the system very slowly, and usually in the face of protests. She recited to the master after the boys were dismissed. She was provided for in separate schools; she was permitted to attend Summer schools with the boys, but not Winter. And so for a long time she hung about the outskirts of the system.

In separate schools for the sexes to-day old-time conservatism is shown. It has been only five or six years since Boston decided to give her girls the same opportunity to fit for college that her boys have had for 250 years. The discipline of the early school was harsh. Perversity in the young was expected and provided for. They were all theoretically depraved, and some naturally. The flesh needed to be mortified. These old-time schools began commonly at 7 A. M. and closed at 5 P. M., with an hour's intermission. The Winter hours were 8 and 4. Studies were few, chiefly Latin or Greek in the grammar or college-fitting schools, and reading and writing in the English schools. Books were scarce. There was the Bible everywhere and always. There was the "Bay State Psalm Book," that sounded the depths of poetry if it did not scale the heights. For more than 100 years, and well into the present century, the "New-England Primer" was the almost exclusive juvenile book. It was the first book in language, the first in religion, and, to many, the first and only book in literature. Its range was *a-b—ab* from to the profoundest dogmas of theology. The sombre thought-drift of the times is caught in a list of twelve six-syllable words to be spelled, five of which are abomination, edification, humiliation, mortification, purification. The primer bounds, in six pages, from the alphabet to the Apostles' Creed. The rhymed couplets designed to convey bits of advice, moral lessons, and suggestive facts, are familiar to all. Nearly half of the primer is devoted to the Westminster Catechism, whose 107 points had to be committed to memory by nearly all. The effect of this work on New-England character was marked, if not uniform. The primer days may be said to have closed about the time of the great educational awakening that witnessed the founding of the American Institute of Instruction in 1830, of normal schools in 1839, and the general quickening of educational life in Massachusetts and throughout New England, under the fearless leadership of Horace Mann.

CONFRONT improper conduct, not by retaliation, but by example.

SONNET.

If it is sweet, in Summer's gladsome day,
To see the morn in spangling flowrets dressed,
To see the sands and meadows gay caressed,
By river murmuring as it winds its way—
If sweet to hear, amidst the orchard grove,
The winged lovers to each other chant,
Warble the ardor of their fervent love,
And in their songs, their joyous bliss descant—
If it is sweet to view the sea serene,
The sky's cerulean brightness, and the charms
Which nature gives to gild this mortal scene,
And fill each living thing with soft alarms;
More sweet to see thee, conquered by my sighs,
Deal out the sweetest death from thy soft yielding eyes.

THE MODERN ROMEO.—"AT THAT MOMENT LAURE'S MAID APPEARED. 'WHAT IS IT? DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING?' WHISPERED LAUBE, BUSHING FORWARD."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE MODERN ROMEO.

By Helen W. Pierson.

The *concierge* of No. 11 Rue X awoke one fine morning in the middle of August to find his pocketbook gone, with the sum of five hundred francs.

It was a good deal for the Père Bouchu to lose. The money had been placed on a table in the *entre-sal* that the old man occupied. The only clew to the mystery was that the *concierge* next door had noticed, a few days before, or rather late at night, a young man walking through the street with a ladder on his back. He had not accosted him, because he had seen him doing nothing suspicious.

"So you're sure he was the robber?" said Bouchu.

"I have told you what I have seen," answered Courbette. "More I cannot say, my dear neighbor. He was large, well-dressed, and had black mustachios."

"And he had a ladder?"

"As true as I am here. If I were in your place, I know what I would do."

"Well, what?"

"I would conceal myself for a few days. I would watch for the robber, without saying anything to any one."

"You think he will come back?"

"I am sure of it—absolutely sure—when he imagines that nothing has been discovered."

Père Bouchu followed this advice. On the third night, between one and two o'clock—one of those clear, soft Summer nights, full of a peaceful charm—the *concierge*, overcome by fatigue, was about to seek his bed, when it appeared to him that he saw a shadow moving at the corner of the street.

The shadow was a little above medium height, and seemed to move with precaution, looking about as if to see whether it was perceived, examining all the windows, and seeking to stifle the sounds of its footsteps.

"Ah!" said Père Bouchu, "he comes!" and he concealed himself behind his door.

The young man had truly no ladder, but he appeared too anxious for concealment to be innocent—at least, so thought Père Bouchu.

The street was deserted. All the windows were closed, and nowhere a light to be seen. The noise of the last carriage had ceased in the neighboring streets.

The unknown advanced to No. 11, examined the windows, then disappeared precipitately.

"Could he have perceived me?" thought the *concierge*, half-opening the door and looking down the street; but he hastened to regain his concealment.

The man had appeared anew, but this time he carried a ladder. It was indeed the person whom Courbette had noticed—it must truly be the robber himself!

Arrived at No. 11, the unknown leaned one end of his ladder softly on the first balcony, looked about anxiously, and then slowly put his foot on the first round.

At this moment the *concierge*, carried away by his indignation, opened the door quickly, sprang out, clutched the man's shoulder, and cried out with all his might:

"Thieves! thieves!"

A window opened on the first floor, and a piercing cry rent the air. The man strove to free himself, but Bouchu had a strong grip, and before the captive could shake him off the *sergent de ville* turned the corner of the street.

"Arrest him! Arrest him!" cried Père Bouchu.

The young man, seeing that resistance was useless, let himself be taken, more dead than alive.

At the moment when they were leaving the street he turned a glance back to No. 11, and the tears came into his eyes.

The next morning all the neighbors knew of the arrest. Père Bouchu was congratulated on his courage and presence of mind.

"I told you so!" cried Courbette. "I knew the fine gentleman would come back. He has, no doubt, wasted his substance in riotous living, and now comes to devour the substance of us poor people! Does any one know his name?"

"No. He has a very distinguished air. He is certainly not an ordinary man. He says nothing, only he pretends that he did not come to rob. But when one demands what he intended to do at this hour with a ladder, he remains silent and melancholy."

"Well, he ought not to escape. He should be made an example for others."

At this moment the maid from the first floor joined the speakers. She was a trim young person, with a turned-up nose and inquisitive eyes.

"Well!" she cried, "what happened last night? What was the noise about? My mistress is sick this morning."

"Why, don't you know?"

"I know nothing! I have seen nothing!"

For the tenth time Père Bouchu recounted his exploits.

"But are you sure," asked the girl, "that the man was a robber."

Cries from all sides.

"Suppose he was—a lover?"

"A lover? Oh, the time of Romeo is past! No one gives himself trouble now except for money. There is no woman to-day worth passing a night on a ladder against a wall for."

"Nevertheless——" began the girl.

"Perhaps he came for you, you take up his defense so warmly," said Père Bouchu, slyly.

"No; but I pity the poor fellow, if he was not a thief."

"Well, let him explain——"

"But if this was a case where he could not explain."

"Then it's his affair," said the *concierge*, abruptly quitting the group, with his hands in his pockets.

The girl went up to the first floor to her mistress, who waited with the door half-open.

"Well!" she cried.

"Well, Monsieur Raoul is arrested!"

"Arrested!" cried the woman, wringing her hands.

"Arrested as a thief!" said the maid.

"Oh, my God!" cried her mistress. "What am I to do? What will become of me?"

"It appears that the *concierge* has been robbed, and he is delighted to have seized the robber."

"And is there no means of buying the silence of this man?"

"Oh, madame, the whole Faubourg knows it by this time."

"It is the punishment of Heaven!" cried the young woman, throwing herself on her knees. "We are lost."

The maid retired.

Madame Laure Lefèvre—such was the lady's name—raised herself in a moment, and began walking feverishly through the room, a prey to a frightful agitation.

"Oh, how miserable I am!" she murmured; "and yet I am innocent. How insane of him to come here at night with a ladder. God knows I never encouraged him! God knows my heart is pure, although I cannot help loving him! Oh, what a sensation this will create! My husband will hear it, and my child, my poor child—he will be dishonored! Oh, wretched woman! Wretched love!"

And she walked on frantically till fatigue made her drop upon a couch. She was a woman about thirty, in the prime of her beauty. Her black hair fell back in careless curls from a pale and lovely face. Her large eyes, now quenched in tears, were dark, tender, eloquent. Her mouth was sweet and charming. Her figure was well-developed and full of grace. She had been married about eight years to Monsieur Lefèvre, a banker, possessed of a brilliant fortune, but *blasé*, ruined by excesses—carrying the history of his life in his face. He seemed to exhale an air like a charnel vault. Debauch had left its mark on every feature of his face—on his brow, wrinkled, discolored, but not by age; on his temples, that had taken the hue of old yellow ivory; on his livid, damp lips, and in the eyes without light or warmth.

Laure could not regard him attentively without a shudder, without thinking of those hours of evil pleasures whose ravages she read in his debased countenance. She, however, never failed toward him in her duty. She consecrated her life to her child; she lavished upon him all her meed of love, until one day she met Raoul de Faverny.

This young man was twenty-five years old. He was tall, handsome, magnetic. He had spent his patrimony recklessly. His father was dead; his mother had cast him off as a spendthrift. Nevertheless, the young man was not without serious aspirations to do better. He had found the cup of pleasure unsatisfying. He longed for better things. He resolved to work his way back to the esteem of good men, and at this crisis of his life he met Laure, and loved her.

Not with the old transient passion, but with a strong, absorbing love. They recognized each other as kindred souls—though separated by an impassable barrier.

Laure combated the passion that threatened her peace. She did not love her husband, but she was incapable of being unfaithful to him. She wished to fly from Raoul; but she met him everywhere, and he sent her secretly letters full of passion that she read in spite of herself.

One day she met him in a *salon*. His looks alarmed her. He seemed to forget all caution. He seized her hand.

"I love you," he said. "You must hear me!"

Laure was frightened. He might be overheard. She allowed him to lead her into the conservatory.

"I love you as I had not believed possible!" he cried; "like a maniac, like a fool. I would like to die for you so that you might see how your image is graven on my heart. My blood burns in my veins and beats in my temples when I see you. You are beautiful, and I know you are good; I cannot hope to win you, yet I cannot forget you. I pass my nights under your windows."

"But, monsieur, I am married!" stammered poor Laure.

"Do I not know it! Do you think I do not know what you do every day? Do I not read your very thoughts?"

The young woman gazed at Raoul in terror.

"Why should you not love me a little?" he said. "Give me one word of hope—just one—and I shall be satisfied. If I could know that you think of me sometimes, that I am not utterly insignificant—one who passes like a phantom before your eyes without leaving a memory or regret in your heart—I should be the happiest of men."

Laure cast down her own eyes before those burning glances.

"I must not listen," she murmured.

"You must listen—even if you curse me," he cried. "I will confess all—I cannot keep the secret. For the last three nights I have caught glimpses of you without your knowing it. I have climbed up to your balcony."

"Upon my balcony!" cried poor Laure, trembling from head to foot.

"Upon your balcony!" replied Raoul. "I knew your husband was absent. This emboldened me. It was *so* long since I had seen you. I suffered so much from not seeing you. I had watched so many nights without catching a glimpse of your shadow on the curtain. So I took a ladder, leaned it against the wall, and mounted."

"But, monsieur, you are insane—you are compromising me cruelly."

"No, no, no!" cried Raoul, in strange excitement. "I will dare all to save you. I will even sacrifice my life. I mounted, and, with face pressed against the blinds, I saw you. You sat there reading. 'My God, how beautiful you were! I would have given my life a hundred times to have touched your hand, to have obtained one glance—one smile."

Laure became frightfully pale.

"Oh, if any one had seen you!" she gasped. "I would be a lost woman. Don't you see it is my reputation you stake—not your life?"

Raoul was silent a moment; then he said:

"Well, I have been seen by one of your neighbors as I was about to quit the balcony."

Laure gave a cry of affright.

"Courage!" said Raoul; "you will not be suspected. I have taken precautions."

"What?"

"I have stolen."

"Stolen!" cried Laure, in a faint voice.

"I have stolen," exclaimed the young man, with a sombre air, "or, at least, I have made believe. A window opened on the *entre-sal*. I went in there and hid a pocket-book. Now, you see, if I am discovered, I shall pass for a robber and not a lover."

Laure was horribly frightened. Great drops of moisture bathed her brow.

'And how will you restore it—what you have moved?"

"I will not restore it," said Raoul. "I shall not mount a second time to your window till you have told me that you love me. If you refuse this, my mind is made up. I shall blow out my brains. Life is not possible to me."

Laure did not answer.

"You cannot want me to die!" he cried, in anguish. "You will do as I ask?"

"Never!" responded Laure, turning to go.

"To-morrow night I shall be on your balcony," said Raoul.

"I forbid it!" cried the young woman, in a trembling voice, as she entered the *salon*.

Raoul did not consider himself defeated. He had noted the agitation, and knew she was not indifferent to him, and he resolved to brave all. And, in fact, on the night of his arrest, Laure found herself expecting her lover in spite of herself.

We know how the young man was surprised just as he had placed the ladder against the balcony.

At the end of twelve days, the testimony in the case of Raoul de Faverny was terminated. Bouchu and Courbette persisted in their declarations, and the young man was sent before the Court of Assizes for the approaching session.

When he learned this result, Raoul sank into despair. His brain seemed to give way, and his only thought was to kill himself as speedily as possible. He passed his days in trying the bars of his prison to see if they would bear his weight, and in making ropes of his clothing.

"Die!" cried Laure, in astonishment. "Who talks of dying?"

"What do you think I can do?" he cried; and he told her all that had passed.

"But it shall not be!" she cried. "I will not allow you to pass before the Court of Assizes as a robber. I will go to the judge; I will tell him all."

"He will not believe you."

"Then I will tell the whole publicly. The jury will believe me."

A TYPE OF ORIENTAL BEAUTY.

It was at this sorrowful occupation that Laure, having obtained admission, found him one afternoon.

When she saw his face pale as a corpse, his wild eyes, his disordered hair, she uttered a cry of despair.

Raoul sprang to his feet.

It seemed to him as if a ray of sunlight—a breath of free air had penetrated into the cold damp room that served as his prison.

"You—you here?" he cried, seizing her hand and caressing it. "I shall die happy. I could not die without seeing you."

"No, Laure—no, my darling, you shall not do this. It would be one scandal more. It is much better that I should die. Let this lunatic die who has come like a whirlwind into the peace and purity of your life. I have not the right to wish that you should sacrifice to me the confidence of your husband, the honor of your child. I would never accept it. Let me die. Until now I have squandered my life. I have been useful to no one. No one will regret me or think of me to-morrow. Such a life as I have led dies out and leaves no traces. One of your tears is worth a hundred times more than the sor-

rowful days I shall lose. Let me die, then, Laure, let me die!"

There was such a charm, such an accent of true repentance in the voice of Raoul, that the poor woman burst into tears.

"Oh, no!" she cried; "I cannot let you die. I only am guilty, after all. What wrong have you done? I will tell my husband all, and if you will promise me to go away—never to see me again—he will help you."

Tears came into the eyes of the young man.

"Oh, you see I must die! To leave you, or to die—it amounts to the same thing."

There was a moment of profound silence.

"To leave you or to die—there is no other alternative," he repeated. "I would rather die!"

The young man walked backward and forward through his prison.

"To die?" he said. "What is it, after all? Death is a thousand times better than a dishonored life. In death at least the brain is at rest, the mind is tranquil, the heart burns no more with vain longings. I shall rest tranquilly in this one ray of pure love that illumines my last days—this love that I have sought all my life, and that I only meet on the threshold of the tomb. Oh, if you knew me better, Laure, you would know that I am not worthy of you, and so I am willing to die. This heart is soiled, stained. Every one of the unworthy loves with which I have filled my life has left its stain upon it. It is not worthy of you; it is only fitting it should die for you. Let me die!"

Laure allowed Raoul to speak without interruption. She was dumb with despair. She had not strength to utter a word, and silent tears coursed down her pale cheeks.

THE FAMOUS FLYING MERCURY.

It was strange to hear Raoul, the man of the world, talking in this way; but he had been touched by grace, as was St. Paul on his way to Damascus.

The true love which he felt for Laure had completely metamorphosed him. He was no more the same man. He attributed the misfortune that had overtaken him to the punishment of Heaven. He had not the right, he, a libertine, to compromise a good woman without her consent, to bring unhappiness into her family. It was just that he should pay the heaviest penalty for his sin!

Once dead, the affair of the robbery would die out. Laure would live on tranquilly, honored as in the past. Her name would not even be mentioned; not a breath of suspicion would fall upon her. He would give his life a thousand times rather than cause her one hour of anguish or shame?

His resolve was taken, and nothing could move it. He was one of those characters who do not comprehend either compromise or half-measures.

Nevertheless, Laure tried to encourage him.

"You must not despair," she said; "it is not possible that you should be condemned. Have you not been honest? Do you not belong to an honest family? They know that you have not taken this *porte feuille*—I will see the judge of instruction. I will declare, if it is necessary, before all the world that you love me, and that it is for love of me that you have risked your life."

"It is no use," he said. "Do not let us talk of it; let me speak of my love for the last time."

"No, no; not that," cried Laure, trembling, and seeking to leave the room.

Raoul took her hand, but at that moment the guard appeared, and announced that the hour for the visit was over.

Laure took leave in profound sorrow, and went at once to make an effort in Raoul's favor with the judge of instruction, in vain! More dead than alive, she left him, and hastened to write and inform Raoul of her failure, but begged him to take courage, as she had decided to witness publicly in his favor.

Raoul kissed the note a hundred times, placed it in his bosom with a sorrowful sigh, and shook his head with a gesture of profound despair.

The trial of Raoul de Faverny was fixed for the 30th of October. Laure learned this from the papers. She was in a state of anxiety—of torture impossible to describe. Her husband had returned to Paris after a season at the baths. She was no more free. She was obliged to give an account of every movement, for he was as jealous as Othello. The terrible day approached without her being able to see Raoul again, or to make any new effort in his favor. The most she could do was to send him, from time to time, by her maid, who was devoted to her, a few words of hope and encouragement. She grew pale and haggard. She did not eat, and a nervous trembling took possession of her. Twenty times a day her husband inquired if she was sick—if she suffered. These questions aggravated her terror and her torture. Yet she felt that she was innocent. She had not deserved the trouble that had come upon her.

Monsieur Lefèvre resented this settled melancholy of his wife as if it was a personal affront. He grew more arbitrary, more irritable. On the morning of the 30th of October, Laure, who had not seen Raoul since the interview we have described, paced the floor of her room like a lunatic, hastily throwing on whatever clothing came under her hand. She had resolved to risk everything to save the young man.

She would escape, hasten to the Palace of Justice and declare all, even at the risk of compromising herself;

then she would retire to a convent and expiate what she called the sin of her life.

The day was cloudy and wet—the rain falling in a dull drizzle. The atmosphere, murky, cold and oppressive, struck upon her heart like ice.

Every now and then she ran to the window, and, hurriedly snatching aside the curtain, looked out into the street, hoping to see a ray of light and warmth, but the atmosphere remained mournful, murky, heavy as lead, and leaden in color.

Laure quitted the window and pulled the bell, feverishly.

The maid appeared.

"Order the carriage," she cried. "I must go out!"

At the same moment the door opened and Monsieur Lefèvre appeared—a newspaper in his hand.

Laure grew pale and dropped, half fainting, on a chair.

"Going out?" he asked.

"Yes. I have an errand!" she faltered.

"But I have something here to read to you. It is very interesting!"

"I beg of you!" exclaimed Laure, in a sort of terror, "not to detain me—you can read to me some other time."

Her husband gave her an examining glance.

"Stop!" he said to himself; "this excitement—this agitation. She is concealing something from me!"

That moment the maid entered and announced that the carriage was ready.

"We will not need it this morning," said the banker, coldly. "Madame is not going out!"

Poor Laure! She did not struggle longer. She dropped into a chair—like a dove that has been struck by the fatal shot, or a lamb that feels the cold knife at its throat.

Monsieur Lefèvre, content with his victory, had the good sense to respect the stifled sobs of his victim.

He continued to read his paper without a movement of pity, without the stir of a muscle. At last breakfast sounded, and he led Laure into the dining-room.

She went as one walking in her sleep. She was scarcely conscious of what passed around her. She could not swallow a morsel, but her husband did not permit her agony to destroy his appetite.

When the meal was finished Laure glanced at the clock. It was past noon. She saw, as in a horrible nightmare, Raoul conducted between two gendarmes, with downcast eyes, half dead with shame, yet resolved not to save his life by compromising her, perhaps casting an anxious glance in the crowd to see if she was not there.

And he would see nothing. He would believe that she had forgotten him; that she thought no more of him than if he had never existed—than if he had never told his love, and sacrificed honor, and, perhaps, his life, for her!

She seemed to hear the stinging, scathing words of the magistrate; she heard the jeers of the crowd, their cries and vociferations; she felt her strength going.

She made a step to the door, her hand pressed on her heart.

Monsieur Lefèvre, who was smoking tranquilly, turned toward her.

"Well, madame," he said, "are you ready to hear the reading?"

Laure gave him one glance. Her face expressed such horrible suffering that he stopped. He was silent, and read to himself.

At that moment Laure's maid appeared.

"What is it? Do you know anything?" whispered Laure, rushing forward.

The maid slipped a bit of paper into the hand of her mistress.

Laure gave a terrible cry, and fell into a dead faint.

She had seen *drops of blood* upon the *billet*.

His wife's fainting-fit annoyed Monsieur Lefèvre; it might interfere with his digestion.

"Take care of her," he said, tranquilly, to the maid. "When you have brought her to you may call me."

And he left the room.

* * * * * *

At nine o'clock of this same day—the 30th of October—two men might have been seen rushing about the corridors of the Palace of Justice in an insane manner.

"It's your fault—yes, all your fault! You have made all this trouble!" cried one.

"Blame yourself. A person shouldn't lose his head in this style!" cried the other.

"Oh! where is this judge? When will he come? My faith!—they get up late, these judges!"

"Where is he to be found? There isn't a creature in this place. Oh! there's an advocate."

"Bah! He wouldn't know the first word."

And the two men walked about frantically, disputing, gesticulating, accusing each other. These two were no other than Bouchu, the *concierge* of No. 11, and his neighbor, Courbette.

Bouchu was in despair, like one who had committed a crime. He was ready to drop with fatigue.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried. "I am a lost man! I shall be despised in my quarter, and it is your fault—entirely your fault! You see robbers everywhere—you!"

"And you are always imagining yourself robbed," returned Courbette.

"To imprison an innocent man!" cried Bouchu. "What will he say to me—this unhappy victim? If he revenges himself, what will become of me? I shall lose my home, perhaps, and the regard of every one."

"Why didn't he defend himself better, then?"

"But he couldn't defend himself—poor fellow!" was the reply.

"Nevertheless, I only told the truth. I am as sure of having seen him as I am of seeing you."

Bouchu shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Possibly. But do you think a young man, well dressed, well brought up, comes to rob? Bah! He was in love; he wanted to see one of my tenants! So imagine my desolation! How do you think this lady—the mistress of the house—regards me? My place is lost!"

And the poor man was ready to tear his hair in rage.

"Cursed pocketbook! I was so sure I had left it on the table, and there I had shut it in a drawer without remembering, and what you said turned my head! *Ma foi!* a place that has been handed down from father to son! I shall lose it!"

"Oh, no, you will not. Threaten to tell all to her husband, and she'll leave you in possession!"

Bouchu calmed himself somewhat at this idea, and waited more quietly for the opening of the court.

At ten o'clock every place was filled at once, as if by magic. When Bouchu had related to the magistrate what had happened, he regarded the *concierge* with a severe air. He believed Bouchu had been bribed to play this part and save the accused.

"And is it only this morning you have found this?" he said, in a very bad humor.

"No, Monsieur le President, it was last night, and I have looked for three months. It seems a fatality."

Bouchu had such an air of truth about him that the president was shaken.

"Well, then," he said, "it will be necessary to set this young man at liberty."

"It is for this that we have come," answered Bouchu.

The magistrate called a messenger.

"Send for Monsieur Raoul de Faverny!" he said.

Not many minutes elapsed before the messenger returned breathless, a note in his hand.

The magistrate opened it hastily. His face became livid.

"You have killed a man!" he cried to the two *concierges*, who had waited out of curiosity. "Monsieur de Faverny has hung himself!"

"Dead!" cried the two, in affright.

The magistrate did not speak, but hurried to the prison. The two men followed, speechless with horror.

When they had arrived at the cell where Raoul had been confined, all recoiled at the frightful sight.

The unhappy young man still hung from one of the bars of his prison.

It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow only in barren soil.

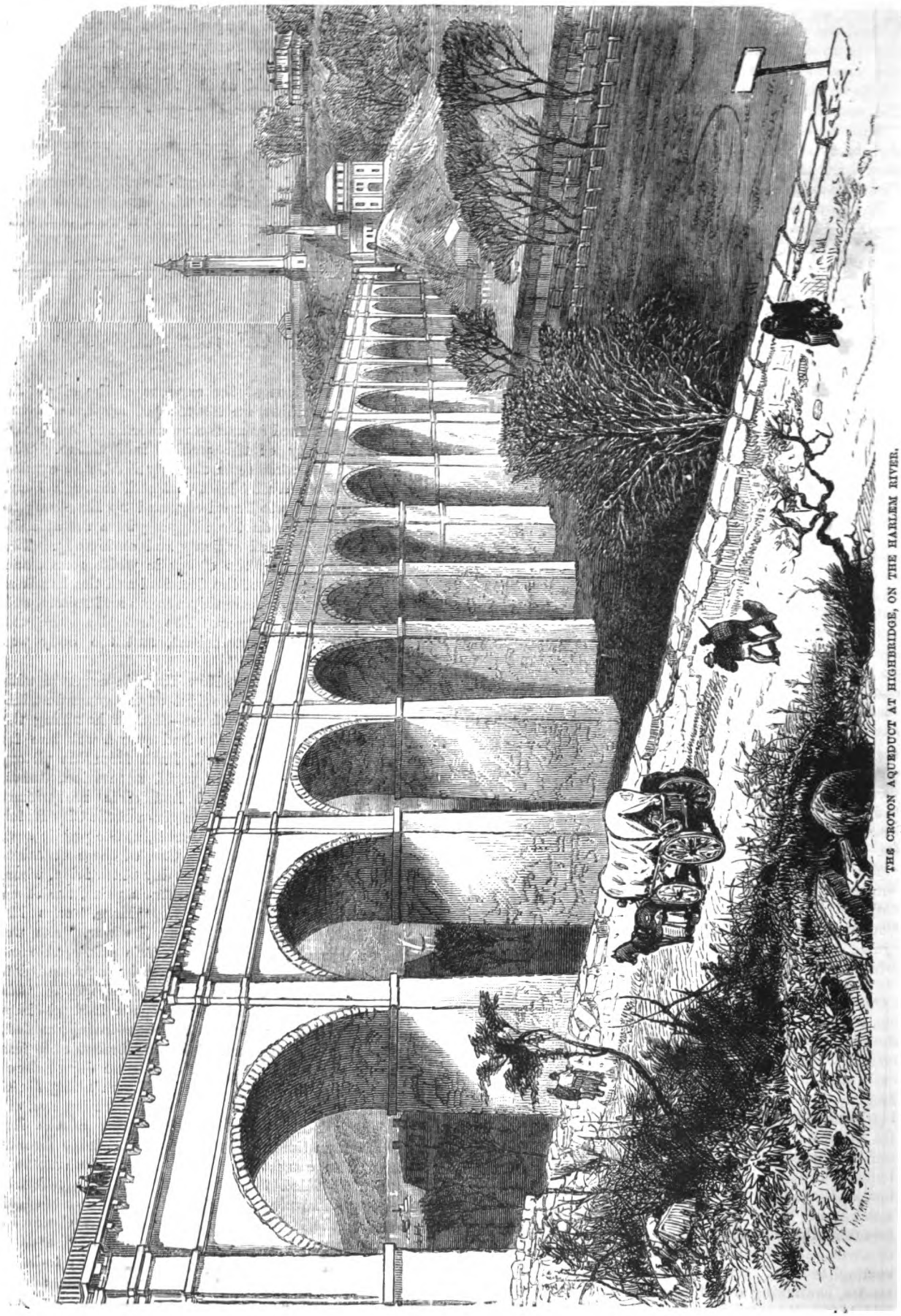
NEW YORK CITY AFTER THE WAR OF 1812.

By Evart A. Duyckinck.

In the events of the war of the United States with England of 1812, as it is termed, from the date of the formal declaration—the two countries had really been in a state of more or less active hostilities for some years previous—the City of New York, though at one time anxious for her safety, was spared the disaster of immediate suffering as the scene of conflict. Her sympathies were not the less with the patriotic efforts of the day. A mercantile people, however averse from war, could not be insensible to the long series of injuries to American commerce by England, and the dishonor to the flag by her continued and contemptuous assertion, accompanied frequently with wanton violence, of the pretended right of search. Looking back upon the period, the feeling now is one of amazement at the patience which so long bore with the infliction. It was quite customary with British officers to arrest American vessels on their course, and take from them by force sailors plausibly or not claimed as British subjects, and transfer them, without further ceremony, to the service of the Crown.

Early in 1806, after these outrages had been endured for years, the United States Congress, at the instigation of the merchants of the leading cities, among which New York was prominent, was aroused to the preliminary action for redress of prohibiting the importation of British manufactures. This had scarcely been passed when an illustration, one of many, of the evils suffered was afforded at their very doors to the citizens of New York. The story is told in a review of the times by Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity, in an historical address at the centennial celebration of St. Paul's Chapel: "On Friday, April 25th, 1806, at five o'clock in the evening, a poor little sloop, laden with market produce and stores, and hailing from the Delaware, was quietly making for the Narrows, on her way to New York. Preposterously as it sounds to us, when off Sandy Hook, she was fired into by a huge man-of-war, of two decks of guns, bearing His Britannic Majesty's commission, and named the *Leander*. At the first shot the little craft very submissively hove to. The frigate, however, fired again, and by this second shot John Pierce, the brother of the captain of the sloop, who was standing at the helm, was instantly killed. When the sloop came up to the city, bringing the news and the corpse together, there occurred one of those movements which are prophetic of coming trouble. The affidavits of the captain and master, containing a full account of the outrage, were laid before the Common Council by the Mayor, and it was thereupon ordered that the funeral of the murdered man should take place at the expense of the city. At twelve o'clock, meridian, on the 28th of April, the ceremonies were performed in such a manner as to testify the depth and intensity of the public indignation. The body, having been taken from the City Hall, was carried in procession down Wall Street to Pearl, through Pearl and Whitehall Streets to Broadway, and up Broadway to St. Paul's. The flags on the shipping were set at half-mast; all the bells tolled sullenly and ominously. The corpse was preceded by the clergy in white scarfs, and followed by the brother of the deceased and the hands of the sloop. After them came shipmasters and sailors, and a great concourse of citizens. The funeral service was read in St. Paul's by Dr. Hobart, and the body was buried in the churchyard."

When the struggle came, New York, in common with her sister cities, had, in the midst of the general suffering, one pleasing duty to perform—that of honoring the naval heroes of the day. She had ever a welcome for them as they came—first Hull, fresh from his victory over the *Guerriere;* then, in rapid succession, Jones, Decatur and Bainbridge. All had civic receptions; swords were presented; *fêtes* were given at the City Hotel; their portraits were painted by Jarvis, at the public cost, for the gallery at the City Hall. One of these occasions of rejoicing happily fell on a great day of festivity, when, on the 1st of January, 1813, Decatur's prize, the *Macedonian*, was brought to the city. "Here," says Mr. Lossing, the faithful chronicler of the war, "she was greeted with great joy as a 'New Year's gift.' 'A more acceptable compliment could not have been presented to a joyous people,' said one of the newspapers. 'She comes with the compliments of the season from old Neptune,' said another. 'Janus,' the peace-loving, smiled,' said a third, more classical. The excitement of a feast had then scarcely died away, for only three days before a splendid banquet had been given, at Gibson's City Hotel, to Hull, Jones and Decatur, by the corporation and citizens of New York, and the newspapers of the land speedily became the vehicles of the 'effusions' of a score of poets, who caught inspiration from the shouts of triumph that filled the air." Then in the following month came Lawrence's victory, in command of the *Hornet*, over the *Peacock*, when the Common Council of New York honored him with the freedom of the city, a memorial piece of plate, and a public dinner; to be followed, alas! by a very different reception, when, after he had fought his last gallant fight, and given to the world his noble signal of endurance, "Don't give up the ship!"

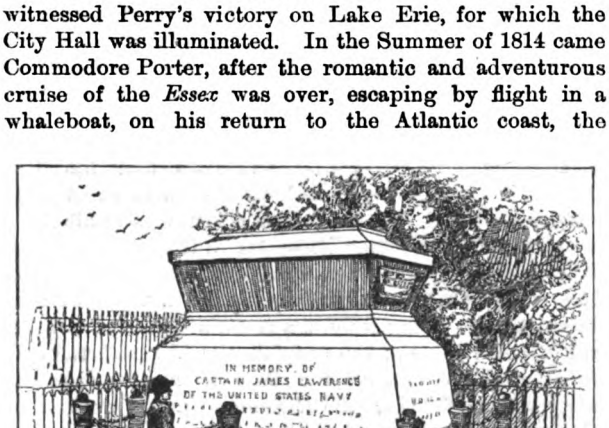


THE CROTON AQUEDUCT AT HIGHBRIDGE, ON THE HARLEM RIVER.

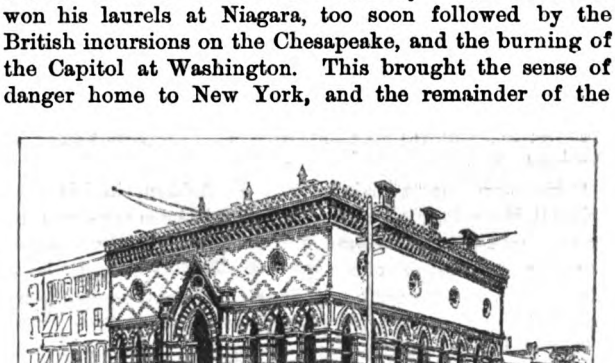
CANAL STREET AND BROADWAY IN 1812.

his remains, in September, were brought to repose with funereal honors in a corner of Trinity Churchyard. There the Corporation erected a marble monument, a broken column, typical of his untimely end. In 1847, the tomb having become dilapidated, the remains were removed to a more conspicuous station in the churchyard on Broadway, at the southern entrance to the church, where a new monument commemorates the heroic death of Lawrence, and of his companion in the action, the youthful Ludlow.

The same month which saw the burial of Lawrence witnessed Perry's victory on Lake Erie, for which the City Hall was illuminated. In the Summer of 1814 came Commodore Porter, after the romantic and adventurous cruise of the *Essex* was over, escaping by flight in a whaleboat, on his return to the Atlantic coast, the British flag under which he was conducted, to seek the shores of Long Island, where he landed in safety, and proceeded in triumph to New York. Then, in July, came the turn in the fortune of the war by land, when Scott won his laurels at Niagara, too soon followed by the British incursions on the Chesapeake, and the burning of the Capitol at Washington. This brought the sense of danger home to New York, and the remainder of the



CAPTAIN LAWRENCE'S MONUMENT.



THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Summer and Autumn of the year was passed by her citizens in strenuous exertions for defense. De Witt Clinton was then Mayor of New York, and was not wanting in words and deeds of patriotic fervor. Voluntary offerings were made, a committee of defense was organized, citizens of all classes and professions turned out to work in the trenches and at the fortifications, which rose rapidly at the defensible points of the island, at Brooklyn, and elsewhere in the harbor. We may see traces of this hearty toil of the last generation preserved within the

present peaceful inclosure of the holiday Central Park. Great gallantry was doubtless shown on the occasion by the citizens, though happily their work was never tested by the guns of the enemy. This was the season of the city poet Woodworth's easy war lyrics, and of Halleck's early verses commemorative of Swartwout's gallant company of distinguished citizens, the Iron Grays—

> "When first their banner waved in air,
> Invasion's bands were nigh,
> And the battle-drum beat long and loud,
> And the torch of war blazed high!"

The completion of the Erie Canal, uniting the waters of the Hudson with the great Lakes, accomplished in 1825, was a supplement to the achievement of Fulton, the interest taken in which, at the time, can scarcely, notwithstanding the present value of the enterprise to the State, be appreciated in these days of rapidly executed, gigantic railway undertakings. It is only by the reflection that what we are now securing, over the vast region from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of national strength and prosperity, by the multiplication of long-extended tracks of railway, then seemed to depend entirely upon opening lines of communication by water. The agitation of the topic began with the independence of the country, a growth of its new life and unfettered energies. Washington, whose early experience in the West and training as an engineer gave him an intimate acquaintance with the physical elements of the subject, was always highly impressed as a statesman with its importance in a political view. He constantly urged the necessity of directing the trade of the West from Spain, then in possession of Louisiana, holding the mouth of the Mississippi, and Great Britain in the St. Lawrence, by opening new lateral water highways to the coast. He was anxious to secure these commercial advantages for Virginia. Nowhere was the opportunity greater for a grand scheme of improvement than in the State of New York, a generally open country, threaded by magnificent rivers, and dotted at intervals by lakes inferior in size only to the inland seas which formed her western boundary, The utilization of these resources was pointed out by the route of the old Indian water communications and portages from the Hudson to Montreal on the north, and the great Lakes on the west.

"Any one," says Cadwallader D. Colden, in his able "Canal Memoir," "that had traversed those portages, or heard them described, and knew that artificial ways had been constructed in other parts of the world, must have thought of completing these water communications by canals."

The general subject consequently occupied the attention, from the close of the Revolution, of the leading politicians of the State, and of various public-spirited persons of a scientific turn of mind. Foremost among the latter in bringing the topic to the attention of the Legislature was Christopher Colles, ever active in schemes for the common welfare, often in advance of his times, and, like most ingenious inventors without capital, but ill rewarded for his pains. He proposed an improvement of the navigation of the Mohawk, and subsequently of the water communication between Oswego and Albany. Elkanah Watson, a native of Massachusetts, a mercantile agent in Europe during the Revolution, imbued with the practical ideas of Washington in internal improvements, turned his attention, during a prolonged residence at Albany, to the study of Western canals, and is to be remembered for his exertions, by his pen and in other ways, in preparing the way for the system which was afterward adopted. The active-minded Dr. Hugh Williamson also employed his pen on the subject. Governor George Clinton, General Schuyler, and Gouverneur Morris, gave it an enlightened support. But of all the statesmen favoring the canal policy, De Witt Clinton holds the first place, for his evident and persistent efforts in the cause. For fifteen years, from 1810 to the completion of the work, he was its constant advocate, as Canal Commissioner personally surveying the ground, rendering it familiar to the public in popular writings, presenting the subject to the Legislature in an able memorial, and in 1817 drafting the Bill for its successful prosecution. On the 4th of July of that year the great Erie Canal was commenced at Rome, Clinton, who had recently been elected Governor of the State, bearing a conspicuous part in the ceremony of the day. The construction of the work occupied about eight years, and was not carried on without considerable factious opposition from those who pretended to doubt the practicability of the affair, or objected to its cost. Clinton, a master of statement, met every difficulty in his addreses to the Legislature and reports of the progress of the undertaking. Success, at last, the only unassailable argument in such cases, crowned the work. In the public rejoicing at the event, the clouds which had hung over the enterprise from the beginning were dissipated for ever.

Never has the State of New York enjoyed a more hearty triumph. The celebration of the event began at Buffalo, on the 26th of October, 1825, with a city procession to the head of the canal, where Governor Clinton, with various official personages and delegations, entered the *Seneca Chief*, gayly fitted up as the leader of a flotilla of boats laden with the characteristic products of the West, drawn up to pass the entire extent of the canal, with its eighty-three locks and 363 miles to Albany, and the Hudson to its union with the ocean. As the first boat started on its course a signal-gun was fired at Buffalo, and repeated at near stations along the route till, in one continuous sound of roaring artillery, the intelligence reached New York in exactly one hour and twenty minutes. The time spent in thus forwarding the message on the banks of the Hudson River was exactly twenty minutes. A return communication was sent in similar manner and equally short time. All along the line of the canal—at Lockport, with its cleft mountain barrier; at Rochester, where prayers were offered up and an address delivered in one of the churches; at Syracuse; Utica; at Little Falls, with its wild, romantic scenery, to Albany, where a procession was formed to the capital; everywhere at all the intermediate villages—there were gatherings of the people, with notables of the region, with decorations, speeches, addresses and feastings. Descending the Hudson, the little flotilla of canal boats was escorted and led along by the famous steamboats of the river, the *Chancellor Livingston* at the head, conducting the *Seneca Chief;* the *Constitution*, with the *Young Lion of the West* in tow, charged with a representative freight of two living wolves, a fawn, a fox, four raccoons and two live eagles; the *Chief Justice Marshall*, the *Constellation*, the *Swiftsure*, the *Ohio Branch*, towing the safety barge *Matilda;* the *Richmond*—proud successors, after only a few years, of the first experimental vessels of Fulton. Many were the spectators on the banks of the river as the gay and novel procession moved along. By day there were cheers and salutes, receptions and feastings on shore at the chief towns; at night there were bonfires and illuminations, answered by rockets from the boats. At West Point there was a salute of twenty-four guns, wakening the echoes of the Highlands, and

the officers of the post were received on board as guests of the Corporation of New York, invited to take part in the closing festivities. Early on the morning of the next day, the 4th of November, the fleet was anchored opposite the city in the North River. Here Governor Clinton was welcomed by a committee of the Common Council. Presently all were again in motion for the formation of the grand aquatic procession to be manauvred in the harbor and sail in magnificent array to the ocean. The fleet which had descended the Hudson was now joined by large accessions from the city, the *Fulton* assisting the *Chancellor Livingston* in towing the *Seneca Chief;* the watermen of Whitehall in their light craft; the *Washington*, carrying the Common Council with the Mayor of the city, Philip Hone, and some 800 invited guests; the barge *Lady Clinton*, reserved for the ladies of the party; and a large number of steamers plying in the bay, among them the *Nautilus*, Captain Vanderbilt. The day was remarkably clear and calm, so that this part of the entertainment had every advantage of sky and water. As the grand procession swept by the Battery, which offered the best view of the spectacle, it was cheered by the guns of the neighboring forts, and as it entered the Narrows a national salute was fired from Fort Lafayette. On reaching the ocean the United States schooner *Porpoise* was in readiness to offer the congratulations of Neptune. A salute was fired from her decks, and immediately the whole fleet formed a circle round her of about three miles in circumference. Here the ceremony was performed by Governor Clinton of mingling the waters of the lakes with the ocean by pouring a keg of the water of Lake Erie into the Atlantic. This was followed by a characteristic performance on the part of Dr. Mitchill, who came provided for the occasion with bottles of water from the Elbe, the Thames, the Seine and Tagus, the Orinoco, La Plata and Amazon, all of which he poured into the sea. Having emptied his bottles, the doctor drew upon the exhaustless stores of his reading in an address redolent of poetry and symbolism. On their return the fleet exchanged salutes with the British ships in the harbor.

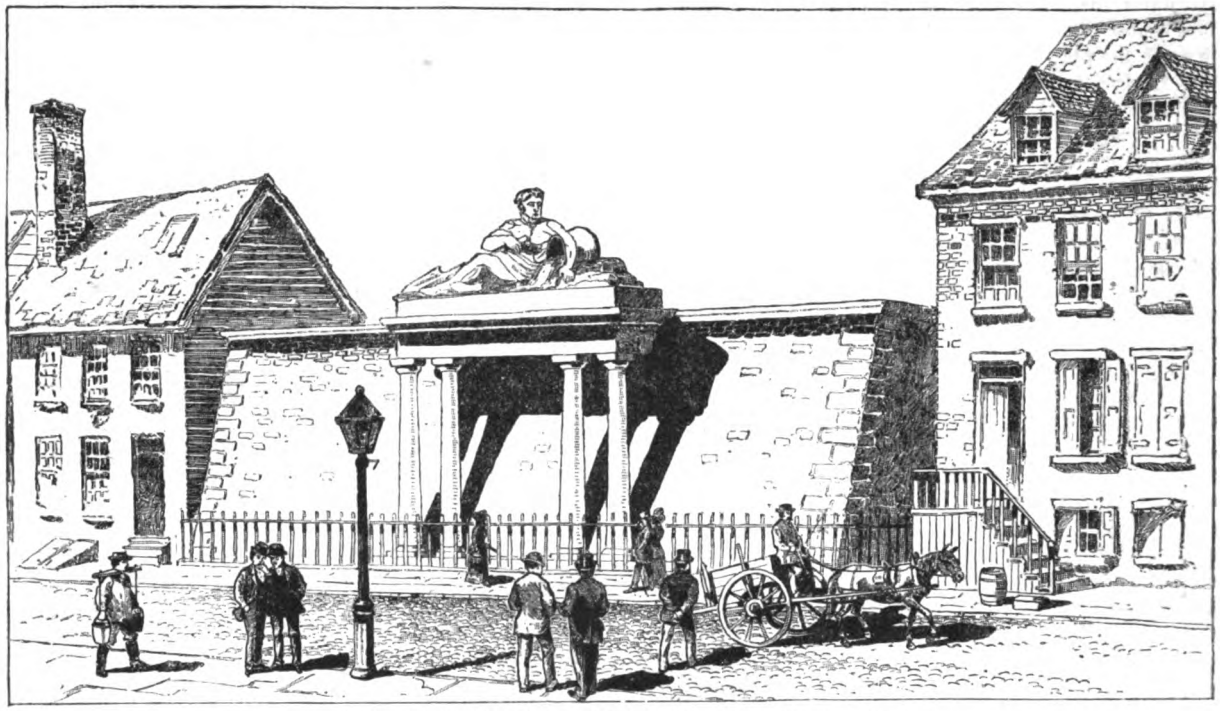
The participants in the excursion were landed at the Battery in time to join the city procession, which, having started from that point in the morning, had passed along Greenwich Street and Canal to Broadway, through Broome Street to Bowery, down the Bowery to Pearl Street, and was now entering Broadway at the Battery, on its way to the closing ceremonies at the City Hall. The procession presented a brilliant display in the banners and decorations of the numerous benevolent and mechanic societies; many of the trades — the coopers, hatters, and others—were exhibited in operation on platforms. On the printers' stage, drawn by four horses, were two hand-presses of the latest invention, on which copies of an ode, written for the occasion by Samuel Woodworth, were struck off and distributed to the multitude. The Fire Department, with its glittering engines and implements, made, as usual, a gallant show. "It was probably," says Dr. Charles King, one of the aids of the day, "the most elaborate and most imposing public ceremony ever witnessed in the city. I know," he adds, "that it is common to speak of each celebration in turn as the finest; but I, who have witnessed a great many fine pageants here and elsewhere, have never seen one which, in all its effects and moral considerations, and actual display on land and on water, equaled the Canal Jubilee."*

The day was succeeded by a brilliant illumination of the city in the evening, with the exhibition of various emblematic transparencies, and an unusual display of fireworks from the roof of the City Hall.

The completion of the Erie Canal was an event of the first importance both to the City and State of New York. The next celebration of a great undertaking accomplished, following seventeen years after, belonged peculiarly, though not exclusively, to the city. This was the completion, in 1842, of the Croton Aqueduct, bringing the waters of the river, an affluent of the Hudson beyond Sing Sing, from its far home through the difficult region of Westchester County, rising in strong hills or sinking in deep valleys, across the Harlem River, to be carried onward in its covered channel of solid masonry, and distributed to the streets and houses of New York. The city from the beginning had a bad reputation for the insalubrity of its water. The wells in the earliest time were brackish and unwholesome. It was the complaint, as we have seen, of the traveler Kalm, that the stranger arriving at the place could get no water fit for his horse to drink. Good springs were to be found in the higher parts of the island, just beyond the inhabited portion; but, as population was pushed onward, it carried its deteriorating influence with it, and the sources were corrupted. The problem of securing a plentiful and wholesome supply of water for the citizens in their homes was one which, for a long time, gave employment to the scheming brains of restless speculators and cunning inventors, of practical men and the impracticable. It was probably a benefit in the end that the work constantly projected was so often deferred, so long delayed. When done at last, it was well done, and doubtless all the better for hesitation and failure which had exhausted all minor and less effective projects. New York, in more than one instance, has been the gainer by patient waiting. She has been slow to take upon her the work of many civic improvements, but when she has moved, it has been for great results. There are some things in the management or neglect of her affairs which afford material enough at present for grumbling, but the example of what she has done in suddenly removing old grievances, imparts confidence that what we groan over to-day may be supplanted by some brilliant achievement to-morrow. In this matter of the introduction of the Croton water, how long was it sighed for in vain; how much unavailing newspaper indignation was there expended on behalf of a long-suffering community? It is curious and instructive to note the various attempts made at the solution of the problem, distant and interrupted precursors of the conclusive effort. They not only illustrate the subject, but exhibit something of the actual condition of the city at different times. Projects were listened to at one period as all-sufficient, which at another were quietly dropped for their imbecility. The city had outgrown them.

The first serious effort to supply the inhabitants of New York with pure water was entered upon just before the Revolution, in 1774, when the Common Council of the city, entertaining the proposition of the ingenious Christopher Colles, actually purchased the land and issued paper bills of credit for the purpose of erecting a suitable Reservoir. The site chosen was then beyond the limits of the thickly settled portion of the city, on Broadway, or, as it was then called above the Park, Great George Street, between the present Pearl and White Streets. Pure springs then abounded in that locality. Wells were to be dug and the water pumped up into a Reservoir. An outline of the machinery by which this was to be effected may be seen on the reverse of the

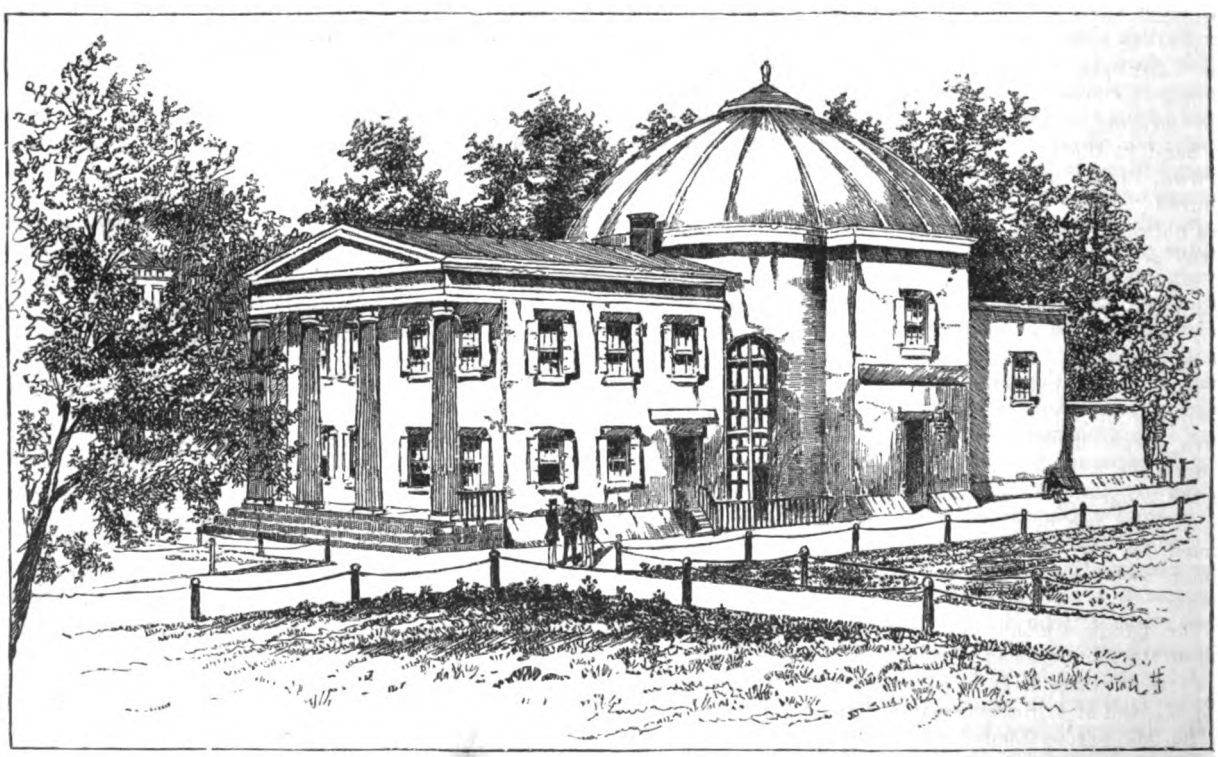
* Lecture before the New York Mechanics' Society, 1857.



RESERVOIR OF MANHATTAN WATER-WORKS, CHAMBERS STREET.

unpaid little treasury-notes of the city, having the imprint of Hugh Gaine, and the promises, in small amounts, of the Corporation of those days, in form and appearance very like the paper Continental money issued so freely a few years afterward. The money, from its minute subdivision, was probably freely circulated, and is still to be met with in the hands of collectors. The Van Cortlandt family were paid for the land; the work went on, and the Reservoir might have been filled with water but for the untoward disturbance of the Revolution. After that was over nothing more was heard of the investment; but the want remained, and new schemes were set afloat to meet it. Private persons began to approach the Corporation with proposals, and that body got so far—and no further—as to assert the principle that the privilege of supplying the city with water should be kept to itself, and not given to individuals.

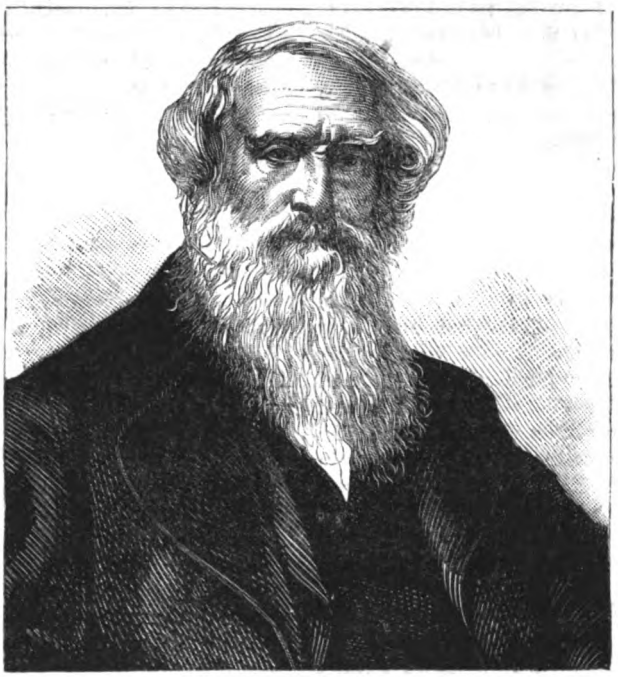
In 1789, Rumsey, of Philadelphia, confident of his



THE ROTUNDA, CITY HALL PARK.

hydraulic inventions, offered to furnish the city with pure water by contract. He was encouraged to bring forward his plan, and did not. Passing over others, in 1795 Samuel Crane, clinging to the old Tea-water Pump, proposed to lead the water from that source about the town. Then came propositions for pipe-laying, and in 1798 a communication of a larger scope than any heretofore made, by Dr. Joseph Brown, suggesting the Bronx River, in Westchester County, as a source of supply. A dam was to be built, from which the water was to be brought by a canal to the Harlem River, carried across the stream in pipes, and pumped up into an elevated Reservoir on New York Island, for distribution to the city. This was a wide leap, for those days, from the Tea-water Pump in Roosevelt Street.

In presenting his scheme, Dr. Brown spoke with authority as a physician, urging upon the citizens the necessity of action for the safety of their lives, as he attributed much of the virulence of the late visitations of yellow fever to the insufficient and impure water in use. The Common Council was moved, called upon the Legislature for power to act on the general subject, and obtained a report from the Canal Engineer, Mr. Watson, which proved favorable to the plan of Dr. Brown.



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

It seems that at this time there was a strong disposition to utilize that natural reservoir, the Collect. The water of this pond had a high reputation for purity ; it was much admired for its coolness ; its great depth promised an adequate supply, and, in comparison with the distant Bronx, it certainly had the advantage of being at hand in the city. Dr. Brown, in his memorial, poured contempt upon the notion of drawing water from "the large, stagnating, filthy pond, commonly called the Collect, which now is, or soon will be, the centre of the city," and consequently the drain and sink of its manifold contaminations ; while the engineer Weston, admitting that "the general bias of opinion was in favor of the scheme," suggested doubts of the continued purity of the water, and questioned the adequacy of the supply. This discussion appears to have disposed of the Collect in this relation. A few years after, this pond, a natural feature of much interest in the geography of the island, was filled up, partly with earth from the neighboring elevation of Bunker's Hill, famed for the fine circular prospect from the summit, which was leveled in the same march of city improvements.

The Bronx scheme was costly for the time, and fell before the more easy and plausible method of financiering advocated by Aaron Burr, of securing the work mainly at the expense of an incorporation created under the name of the Manhattan Company, ostensibly with the primary object of supplying the city with pure water, but in reality with the design of securing perpetual banking privileges. The company was chartered in 1799, and went immediately into operation, but instead of drawing wholesome water from a distance, as was expected, sank a well in Duane Street, with which they supplied a distributing reservoir on their premises, fronting on Chambers Street. The water was thence carried about the city in wooden pipes. The Manhattan Bank flourished—the Manhattan water, loaded with noxious impurities, soon became a byword and offense. The company, with its privileges and promises, long stood in the way of improvement.

The subject, however, continued to be agitated. In 1819 a proposal was made by Robert Macomb to bring to the city the pure waters of Rye Pond, about thirty miles distant, in Westchester County. The Housatonic River was talked of for the purpose, and a charter obtained from Connecticut in 1823 ; in 1825 the New York Waterworks Company was incorporated by the Legislature, and in 1827 the New York Well Company, the water to be procured on the island, on elevated grounds ; all these, and a project partly carried out the next year of sinking artesian wells, ended in nothing. In 1829, at the instance of the Fire Department, a well and reservoir were established, with distributing pipes, in Fourteenth Street, near Broadway. "From this feeble and economical beginning," says Charles King, "sprang our noble Croton Aqueduct ; for, the immense and immediate advantages in cases of fire derived from this reservoir impressed more vividly upon the public mind the far greater advantages that would result from having a river at command."

The Croton River now began to be steadily brought forward as the only proper and sufficient means of supply, though the Bronx and inferior schemes were still talked of. In 1833 and the following year Acts were passed by the Legislature providing for the appointment of Water Commissioners charged with the subject of supplying the city with pure water, with power of employing engineers and making contracts, subject to the approval of the City Corporation, the whole, when matured and the expense estimated, to be submitted to a final determining vote of the people. Under this Act Stephen Allen, William W. Fox, Saul Alley, Charles Dusenberry, and Benjamin M. Brown, were appointed commissioners. The necessary surveys having been made under the direction of Major David B. Douglas, engineer, a report was made in favor of the Croton River as the only full and pure source of supply ; and in April, 1835, the recommendation being approved by the Common Council, the ratification of the measure went before the people of the city, 17,330 voting for it, 5,963 against it. Funds were now raised by the creation of a special water stock, and the work was proceeded with without delay under the direction of J. B. Jervis as chief engineer.

Appraisements were made of the value of land required on the route of the Aqueduct; a dam was constructed at the Croton River, six miles above its mouth; conduits of solid masonry led thence a distance of thirty-two miles to the Harlem River. By a special Act in 1839 the Legislature ordered the construction of the High Bridge at that point; waiting its completion, the water was conveyed across the valley by a temporary pipe; a receiving reservoir was erected on New York Island at Eighty-sixth Street, now the lower reservoir in the Central Park, and a distributing reservoir at Murray Hill, the entire distance being about forty and a half miles. On the 22d of June, 1842, the water was let into the receiving reservoir with appropriate ceremonies; and on the ensuing 4th of July into the distributing reservoir. A grand civic celebration of the completion of the work took place on the 14th of October, 1842. A procession was formed in ten divisions, in which were represented the military; official persons of the State and city; the literary and benevolent societies; the temperance societies, an appropriate feature of the day; the butchers of New York and Brooklyn; the fire department. The route of the procession was from the Battery up Broadway to Union Park, down the Bowery to Grand Street, through Grand Street to East Broadway, thence through Chatham Street to the City Hall Park. As the front reached the eastern gate of the park, at the end of the circuit, the rear was passing the western, up Broadway. It was thus about seven miles long. The closing ceremonies took place in front of the City Hall, where addresses were delivered by Samuel Stevens, President of the Board of Water Commissioners, and J. L. Lawrence, President of the Croton Aqueduct Board, followed by the singing of an ode composed for the occasion by George P. Morris. Thus, in five years, between 1837 and 1842, with an expenditure of twelve millions of dollars, a work of inestimable importance, the discussion of which had agitated the city for the better part of a century in abortive schemes and unfulfilled expectations, was quietly and thoroughly accomplished, leaving its gigantic development in the future, commensurate with the increasing requirements of the city, a simple matter of routine.

A commercial city, with its eager pursuit of material interests, would not, at a first glance, appear favorable to the cultivation of art; but, as it is more closely regarded, influences begin to appear which, in the end, prove its best encouragement and support. The energies required in the mercantile life generate other and higher forms of mental activity; accumulated wealth provides at once the means and incentive of art production, which enters largely into the commodities of advanced trade; luxury requires new resources of enjoyment beyond the supply of the mere necessities of life; the ideal is ever best sustained in healthy development by contact with the actual. These considerations explain the growth of art, in its various forms, in contact with wealth and material civilization. So the fine arts wait upon the metropolis, and crown the edifice which commerce has built.

New York, compared with the great cities of the Old World, is still in her infancy, yet we find her honorably connected with the history of art in America. The early painters of the country, in whatever colony they were born and nurtured, set up at one time or other their studios in this city. Benjamin West, the nursing father of the race, passed here nearly a year, at the age of twenty, painting the portraits of many leading citizens at double the prices he had hitherto obtained, and when he left to sail for Italy to achieve his noble position in England, it was by the liberality of his last sitter, a New York merchant named Kelly, that he was cheered on his way by a munificent gift of fifty guineas. Among the portraits which he painted in the city were those of Bishop Provoost, still owned by Trinity Church, and of Gerardus Duyckinck and his wife, of the Rapelje family, a famous belle in her way. The latter were full-lengths. Copley, the contemporary of West, who, like him, left the country at an early age to rise rapidly to eminence in Europe, resided for some time in New York, "painting for the rich and fashionable" at his studio in Broadway. His portrait, painted about 1773, of the Rev. John Ogilvie, of Trinity Parish, remains an excellent specimen of his style. He also painted in crayons in the city at this time.

Malbone, the graceful miniature-painter, who lighted up the countenances of his sitters with the refinement of his own gentle nature, found a generous support for his art in his visit to this city in 1797, at the age of twenty. Stuart, among the foremost portrait-painters of all time, after he had established his reputation in London, on his return to America opened a studio in Stone Street, where, Dunlap tells us, "it appeared to him as if he had never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed to the canvas." Among his chief New York portraits are those of John Jay, General Gates, Egbert Benson, General Clarkson and John R. Murray. Trumbull was much at New York, in the exercise of his art, painting Washington in the city in 1790, and others, and in his later days presiding, somewhat narrowly, it was thought, over the waning Academy of the Fine Arts. Vanderlyn, a native of the State, born in 1776, at Kingston, Ulster County, came to New York in his boyhood, and acquired a taste for his profession as a painter in the employ of a Mr. Barrow, an importer of engravings and dealer in prints. He was taught drawing in the school kept in the city by Archibald Robertson, an emigrant from Scotland, the painter of a miniature Washington, and, setting up a studio, was patronized by Aaron Burr, who assisted him in going abroad. On his return to New York, he was much engaged in furthering the fine-art interest of the city, where, about 1817, he opened an exhibition of panoramic paintings in the building known as the Rotunda, erected by him, with the pecuniary aid of his friends, in the City Hall Park. Here he exhibited, besides his "Panorama of Versailles" and others, his wellknown painting of "Ariadne," and "Marius amid the Ruins of Carthage," for the latter of which he had received the Napoleon gold medal in Paris. John Wesley Jarvis, born in England, the nephew of the great Church reformer whose name he bore, was brought in his childhood to Philadelphia, and early in life established himself as a portrait-painter in New York. Here he made his way upward in the profession, at first in partnership with Joseph Wood, drawing profiles on glass, achieving popularity among the citizens by his rare social talents, and, in the war of 1812, securing permanence of fame by his numerous portraits of the military and naval heroes of the period, painted by order of the Corporation, for the Gallery at the City Hall.

With Cooke, the actor, and Gilbert Stuart, Jarvis has left a fund of personal anecdote, preserved on the pages of Dunlap. He was a most agreeable companion; his stories were excellent, and in more than one instance furnished material for the entertainments of Charles Mathews; but his pleasant experiences were, as is often the case, allied to a careless, improvident disposition, which somewhat clouded his professional career. His

pupil, Henry Inman, carried his art much higher, his best portraits ranking him with the masters of the American school in grace, refinement and power of expression. He was a native of the State, and early came to reside in the City of New York, where his best artistic years were spent, and where his life was closed in 1846. His contemporary, Huntington, his rival in versatility, fifteen years younger, belongs entirely to the City of New York by both residence and his eminently distinguished professional career. Refined, tender, imaginative in art, he represents the noblest moral elements of the profession in his presidency of the National Academy of Design, to which he was called as the successor of Durant in 1862. The latter, like his distinguished predecessor in the office, Morse, achieved reputation in two distinct departments, either of which would secure his permanent fame: as an engraver of the highest excellence, his numerous portraits of the eminent men of the country, his "Musidora" and "Ariadne," after Vanderlyn's painting, and his grand historical composition after Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence" ranking him with the foremost artists of this or of any country, while in his later career as a painter he has transferred to his canvas, with a grace peculiarly his own—the reflection of a truly generous nature—the most delicate and subtle beauties of the American landscape. Nor are his merits as a portrait-painter to be forgotten. Morse belongs to Massachusetts by birth, but to New York by long residence and the achievement here of his position in the scientific world, which has somewhat thrown into the shade his early career as a painter, when he was associated as a pupil with the fathers of the art, West and Copley, and as a fellow-student in bonds of ardent friendsip with Allston and Leslie. His art career in New York is identified with the history of the National Academy of Design, of which he was first president, and of which he may be said to have been the founder. Elliott, too, younger than Inman, like him born in the interior of the State, his successor as the chief American portrait-painter of his day, identified by the pursuit of his profession in the city with its social history, has passed away at the height of his fame, leaving an abiding impression of his strength and genius. These, the living and the dead, are historic names in the art records of the country, and are all identified with the City of New York. We might enumerate other contemporary artists of enviable fame, but our business here is mainly with the past.

We have spoken of eminent painters. There is another department of art, chiefly employed in rendering their works familiar to the public. It has a language, too, of its own, and its productions, freely multiplied, often survive the originals. This is engraving. Here also New York may challenge something of a position. Cornelius Tiebout, a native of the city, was one of the earliest American copperplate engravers. He was led to the profession by his apprenticeship to a silversmith in the city, who employed him in engraving. After being engaged on various miscellaneous works for the booksellers in New York, he visited London in 1796, and improved greatly under the instruction of the eminent engraver Heath. On his return he executed some excellent portraits. Dunlap speaks of a head of John Jay. Another of much merit was a plate of full quarto size, an excellent engraving of Stuart's fine head of General Gates. He also executed a portrait of Bishop White after Stuart. Tiebout's office, as we learn from his handsomely engraved card with a flourish of Cupids, was at 28 Gold Street. Benjamin Tanner, whose name appears on old engravings, was his pupil. Tiebout subsequently went to Philadelphia, where he had a prosperous career in his profession till he engaged in an unsuccessful trading speculation, on the failure of which he removed to Kentucky, where he died.

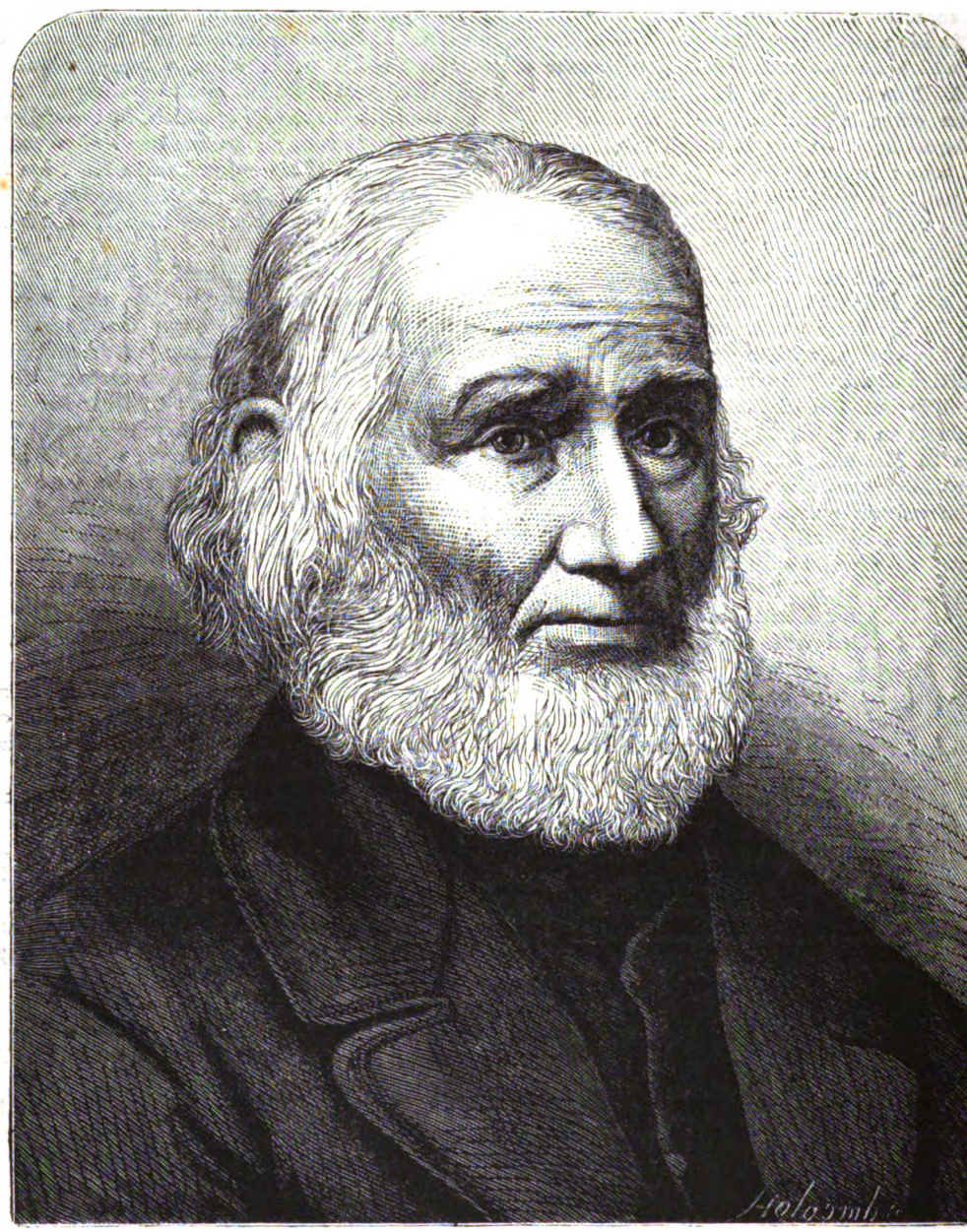
In 1793, there was an eccentric but very versatile follower of the arts in New York, John Roberts, a native of Dumfries, Scotland, and friend of Robert Burns, musician, mathematician, mechanician and engraver. There was then in the city an excellent miniature-painter, Benjamin Trott, who had copied Stuart's portrait of Washington. Roberts undertook to engrave this, and had completed his work, when a hasty misunderstanding with his friend Trott led him to destroy it. A few proofs had been taken off, one of which, in the collection of the late Dr. Anderson, shows the hand of a finished artist. Dunlap speaks of his engraving, in 1797, the frontispiece for Longworth's edition of "Telemachus," the plates of which were the work of another New York engraver, Thomas Clarke.

Rollinson, Scoles, Gimbrede, Forman, and the elder Maverick, were early copperplate engravers, employed by the booksellers in the city. Good specimens of the works of these artists are rare; but something more than has yet been attempted might be accomplished to rescue their memory from oblivion. Of their successors in our own time it is less necessary here to speak. The younger Maverick, master of a clear, open style, devoted himself to bank-note engraving, which has since absorbed so much of talent, and it is at the present day, in the hands of Smillie and others, the peculiar department of American art.

In this province, of those who have passed away, Danforth, one of the founders of the National Academy, who died in this city in 1862, will long be remembered for his admirable engravings of the works of Leslie, which rank him with the best of the English school. At a later date, Burt, Halpin and Marshall occupy the foremost place in the prosecution of one of the most difficult branches of the art, portrait-engraving.

In the history of wood-engraving, an art now of universal diffusion, there is one name which should not be forgotten in the annals of the City of New York—Alexander Anderson, the father of the profession in America, who died at the advanced age of ninety-five. His father, a native of Scotland, carried on in New York the business of a printer, having, in 1773, in partnership with Samuel F. Parker, been engaged in an attempt to revive *Parker's New York Gazette*, and subsequently, at an office of his own, issued the *Constitutional Gazette*, a journal published twice a week, from July, 1775, till the end of August, 1776, and devoted to the popular cause. The printer's son, Alexander, was born in the City of New York, April 21st, 1775. He was therefore in his infancy when his father, the rebel printer, as he was called, was compelled to flee upon the arrival of the British. As he was leaving the island for a place of refuge in Connecticut, his wagons were seized for the use of the patriot garrison at Fort Washington, and his books and papers converted into cartridges. Young Anderson's first associations were those of rural life on the shores of the Sound at Greenwich; but he also derived some impressions of art, to which he was peculiarly susceptible, from the rude, grotesque woodcuts which were then printed in books, and something of a higher character from the prints of Hogarth. Returning to New York at the departure of the British, he entered upon a course of school education, receiving instruction in Latin and Greek, while he gratified his own boyish instinct in

carving and drawing. An attempt at engraving followed upon bits of copper rolled out from pennies in the mill of a friendly silversmith. His first graver was the back spring of a pocket-knife, ground to a point. He engraved some small ships for the advertisements in th newspapers. At fourteen he was set to learn the profession of a physician with Dr. Joseph Young, then a practitioner of note in the city, with whom he continued five years, which was then not easily to be procured in New York. At the age of twenty, in 1795, he was placed in charge of Bellevue Hospital, as resident physician, by the Health Committee, during the yellow fever season of that year. In 1796 he took his medical degree at Columbia College, producing an inaugural dissertation of merit on Chronic Mania, which was printed. In the yellow fever season of 1798 he lost within a few weeks wife, child, brother, father



DR. ALEXANDER ANDERSON, FIRST WOOD-ENGRAVER IN NEW YORK.

compounding and administering drugs. All the while he was contributing to his support by his practice of engraving, finding employment from Durell, the bookseller, and soon being called upon for the miscellaneous work of various kinds which was in request in the city.

A sight of Bewick's illustrations at this time led to his perfecting himself in wood-engraving, his first work in this line being a reproduction of the series of cuts, by John Bewick, of the "Looking-glass for the Mind," which he began on type-metal, and continued on boxwood, and mother. Being thus left alone in the world, he visited his uncle, Dr. Alexander Anderson, King's Botanist at St. Vincent's, in the West Indies. Soon returning to New York, he became exclusively engaged in his profession as a wood-engraver, which he pursued, counting from the beginning, for three-quarters of a century. For many years he executed pretty much all the work done for the booksellers and others in the city, and for many outside of it. His wood-cuts are consequently to be numbered by thousands. Many of his designs were ori-

MALVINA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ROLAND BAUDUIN.

ginal; all were drawn by himself upon the block, transfers not being then in use. His style was that of Bewick, with strong, simple effects of light and dark. The range of his work included every variety of book-illustration, from the Bible and Shakespeare, in numerous series, through the whole range of the British classics to primers, spelling-books, etc. Had encouragement been afforded him, he would probably have published much from his own designs, for he was a good draughtsman, and had that kind of moral invention which lends such an interest to the emblematic vignettes of his master, Bewick. This taste was shown in his extreme old age, when in his retirement, no longer employed by the booksellers, he executed various designs, adapted or original, all instinct with feeling and beauty. In his personal character he was a man of temperance, purity and honesty, of great moral worth, happy in the unintermitted exercise of the art which he loved, and which he had made his own by his unassisted efforts.

So long had Anderson the entire business of the city in wood-engraving, that when Adams began work in New York, in 1825, he found here but three engravers practicing their art, Anderson and his two pupils, Morgan and Lansing. In a particular direction Adams carried wood-engraving to its highest refinement. Some of his choicest works were executed for the New York *Mirror*, after the designs of the painter Chapman, of whose delicate handling he was an admirable interpreter; but he is best known by his extensive series of engravings for the folio Bible, which generally bears his name, published by Harper & Brothers.

While the artists whom we have mentioned have made a name for themselves, by force of their native genius, the art interests in the city have been maintained by several associations. The first of these in point of time, the "New York Academy of Fine Arts," was projected in 1802, and chartered as the "American Academy of Arts" in 1808, when Robert R. Livingston became its president. He obtained for it, while Ambassador in Paris, a valuable set of casts from the antique, the gift of Napoleon, which for a long while constituted its only possessions. But little use appears to have been made of them, the institution lying dormant for a number of years, till it was revived in 1816, under the presidency of De Witt Clinton, who delivered a learned public address in its behalf. Dr. Hosack was also one of its constant benefactors. Its first exhibition of paintings was held that year in the building then recently occupied as an Almshouse, on the site of the present new City Hall. Clinton was succeeded in the presidency by Colonel Trumbull, who appears to have adopted anything but a conciliatory course toward his brother-artists in the city, who were strangely neglected in the management of the institution. This was a cardinal defect in the policy of its stockholders. There was a lack of prudence in its business affairs, it fell into neglect, and its inefficiency resulted in the formation of a society of artists, a simple "Drawing Association" for study and social intercourse, which speedily developed, in 1828, into the chartered association, the present "National Academy of Design."

The master-spirit of this enterprise was Professor Morse, who was chosen its first president, and held the office without intermission for eighteen years, when he was succeeded by A. B. Durand, whose term of office was nearly as long. Morse then occupied the chair for a single year, when he was called away by his public and scientific engagements, and was succeeded by Huntington, under whose presidency the Academy, established in a permanent edifice of its own, has entered upon a new career of popular favor and usefulness. The "Historic Annals" of the institution have been given to the public in a volume prepared by one of its most faithful members, Thomas C. Cummings, and the record is a highly honorable one in the maintenance of an interest which could only be sustained by the utmost disinterestedness and prudence. Fortunately, New York possessed in her artists a body of men not only of great worth in the various branches of their profession, but of singleness of aim and high moral character. Under the guidance of such men as Morse, Cole, Durand, Weir, Inman, Ingham, Gray, Huntington, Darley and others—the list would include the whole body of Academicians—the institution has always commanded the respect of the public. This was handsomely shown, in 1863, in the subscription for the erection of the noble building now occupied by the Academy.

Among those who took part in the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone was the poet Bryant, who had been identified with the welfare of the Academy from its origin, having, in 1828, furthered its infant fortunes by the delivery before its members of a course of lectures on the "Mythology of the Ancients." The superior organization of the Academy necessarily threw into the shade its ineffective predecessor, the old American Academy, which soon ceased to exist. It is not to be forgotten, however, that it was for many years the only upholder of art interests in New York, and that it was for a time liberally sustained by many public-spirited citizens. Among the treasures in its possession was a noble full-length portrait of Benjamin West, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for which several thousand dollars was collected in a liberal subscription, that it might be presented to the Academy.

In the breaking up of the institution, this interesting work passed to the Gallery at Hartford. Subsidiary to the National Academy in promoting the sale of works of American artists was the American Art Union, engrafted on another art institution, the Apollo Association, in 1839. The main feature was the purchase of works of art to be distributed by lot to its subscribers, and so efficient was its management, that it attained an annual income, by five-dollar subscriptions from all parts of the country for several years, of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, which was expended upon the works of many of the best artists, numerous paintings of merit, medals, statuettes, etc. The mode of distribution being pronounced by a legal decision at variance with the laws of the State, it closed its career in 1851.

THE WIFE OF LEON-LE-DUC.

"THERE! I can't go any further. Ease me down here by the bank. I can crawl to the water and drink. All's up with me; so go your ways, Leander-le-Doux, and leave me to die—alone. Go your ways, and tell Minette—she'll be easy comforted by you. Did you think I was blind, or a fool, Leander-le-Doux? Go your ways, I say, and leave me to die here in the wilderness."

"Not yet, Leon-le-Duc—not yet!" said Leander, slowly, as, leaning upon his rifle, he stood looking down at the stalwart figure of his friend, stretched upon the crisp brown grass clothing the river-bank.

And as he looked he thought:

"Yes, he'll die. I see it in his face, and I will marry Minette. But leave him here——"

"Well, why don't you say something, or do something? What are you staring at?" demanded the sick

man, impatiently, raising his heavy eyes to the face of the young hunter.

"I was thinking what was best to be done, Leon-le-Duc. Don't you believe you'll be better to-morrow or next day? We've got provisions enough for four days, and maybe I'll scare up some game, though it ain't likely in these barrens."

"No. You can't do me any good by stopping, and it's just possible you might do some by going. Push along to Nolleton and get the doctor, if he'll come; or maybe some of the fellows will come out and carry me in. As you go past my house, stop and tell Minette how it is with me, and if she's a mind to come back with you and the doctor, why, fetch her. Just to say good-by, you know; you needn't grudge so much, seeing as she's my own wife, married by a parson."

He paused, and feebly wiped the cold dews from his forehead.

Leander-le-Doux glanced at him uneasily, then looking away, muttered:

"She's your own wife, of course. No one ever said she wasn't."

"No, but some one has wished she wasn't, and made her wish so, too, Leander-le-Doux," retorted the sick man, sharply; and the young hunter remained silent, though a dark flush mounted to his sunburned cheek, and his eyes sought the ground.

"Well, well; leave me my share of the bread and meat, load my rifle and lay it beside me, and then go your ways, Leander-le-Doux. I bear no hard feelings, nor I don't grudge you happiness when I'm under ground. Go now, and leave me."

Almost without a word, the younger man obeyed. Unslinging the pack from his back, he opened it, and divided the dried beef and hard biscuit it contained into two portions, examined his whisky-flask, and finding it nearly empty, laid it untouched beside the portion of food intended for the sick man, unrolled his own blanket, and spread it over the trembling limbs of the prostrate giant, and finally fetched a canteen of water from the river, and set it beside him.

Then he took up Leon-le-Duc's invincible rifle, carefully examined the charge and the cap, saw that the bullet-pouch and powder-flask lay ready, and covered the whole with their oilskin case. Then he reslung his pack, resumed his own rifle, and stooping over the sick man, held out a brown, broad hand.

"I am going now, Leon-le-Duc. Can I do anything more for you?"

"No; except to be good to Minette. She's such a—— There, there! don't stand staring at me. Go along with you. Go your ways."

He turned impatiently upon his grassy bed, and with only a muttered "Good-by," Leander-le-Doux slowly went his way.

Very soon the sick man turned to watch him. The sun was setting, and his level rays, shooting between the straight, naked trunks of the pine forest, lighted its sombre depths, and revealed the far reaches of its arcades until they seemed almost interminable.

One of the fires frequent in this region had swept through the tract some months previously, destroying every vestige of underbrush, and charring the pine-boles to blackness, while overhead the dense foliage made a screen of impenetrable gloom.

No bird sung, or cricket chirped, or squirrel chattered, beneath the gloomy shade; no flower bloomed, or tender green thing smiled; all was stern, dark, desolate—a temple not of life, but death and mystery.

Leon-le-Duc, lying beside the sullen waters, watched the tall figure of the young hunter, the handsome and stalwart fellow, whose mates had given him, half in malice, half in admiration, this *sobriquet* of *le doux*, as expressive of his attractions and success in love—watched him slowly threading his way through the dark forest to the light and pleasure and comfort that lay beyond. Yes, to his own cabin, where Minette, his own wife, awaited his coming; and as he thought of the meeting and of his own helpless condition, Leon-le-Duc, the swarthy giant, trembled and groaned like a suffering woman,

Then, when the tall figure had at last quite disappeared; when not even the flash of the last sunbeams upon the polished barrel of his rifle could be distinguished; when the sombre shades fell like a mantle from the crests to the feet of the scattered pines; when no sound was audible in earth or heaven but the rush of the turbid river, and the ominous whisper of the night-wind in the tree-tops—then at last this man, who had laughed at danger, scoffed at pain, derided loneliness, and never asked or cared for sympathy of man or God—then, all at a blow, the sense of his utter desolation came upon him, and a horror inconceivable took possession of him.

"All alone!" muttered he, carefully raising himself, and peering about with his wide black eyes, half fearfully, half hopefully, as if the sight even of a foe, even of a wild beast, would be welcome in exchange for this utter solitude.

But not even beast or bird, or any moving thing, relieved the desolation crushing down upon him, and, with a groan, the lonely man sank back upon his pillow.

"All alone! to die here all alone!" whispered he again. "And he with Minette! Oh, Minette, only three years ago, and you'd have followed me through fire and water, and now it's only cold looks and colder words! Well, I shall die here, and she can marry him before my grave is covered in, if she likes; but all alone, all alone!"

Then the night came down, black, silent and awful, lighted by neither moon nor stars, and with no voice but the rush of the sullen river, and the mournful cry of distant night-birds.

It passed, and the long day followed, with its pitiless sun scorching the sick man's fevered blood; its horrible stillness and hopeless inaction.

When the sun set for the second time, Leon-le-Duc, who had not prayed since he was a child at his mother's knee, feebly murmured:

"Oh, God, don't let me live till morning, for I can't stand it any longer!"

Then came the long procession of the hours—hours like days to that lonely man, who, after one brief slumber, found himself unable to close his eyes again, but lay staring into the black forest, and up at the illimitable sky, straining his ear to catch the faint and dubious sounds that now and again floated past upon the night-wind, yet never spoke to him with familiar comfort.

He dared not speak, although he longed so for even the sound of his own voice; he dared not move hand or foot, for he dreaded to arouse the horror that seemed brooding over that vast and silent solitude.

More helpless than an infant, more terror-stricken than a woman, he, Leon-le-Duc, the strongest, bravest, mightiest hunter of that Western region, lay all alone waiting for his death.

The dense blackness of the night changed at last to a cold gray, and faint, uncertain lights shot through the sky, and made darkness visible beneath the canopy of the

THE WIFE OF LEON-LE-DUC.—"SHE SNATCHED AT THE RIFLE LYING AT HER HUSBAND'S SIDE, AIMED IT FULL LENGTH AT THE GLARING EYEBALLS, AND FIRED." . . . . . "'DEAD! IS LEON-LE-DUC DEAD?' ASKED MINETTE, IN A LOW VOICE."

pine forest. Then he heard a movement in the dense thicket at his head, a thicket of deciduous trees fringing the hem of the evergreen forest.

He tried to move and look in that direction, but the stiff limbs and rigid muscles refused to obey the impulse. The movement, slow, stealthy and ominous, increased, drew nearer, was close at hand, then paused, uncertainly, and was followed by a stillness that seemed to hum and buzz in the sick man's ears.

With a mighty effort he turned his head, and, with slow horror gathering in his eyes, fixed them upon the bushes close behind him.

They parted, and the savage head of a monstrous wolf appeared, snarling and gnashing his white teeth, not yet daring to spring, but quivering all over with savage fury.

From the wolf, Leon-le-Duc looked toward his rifle. It lay beneath its oilskin cover not more than three feet from his hand; but that hand, so powerful once, had not now the strength to raise a feather.

"Oh, God!" groaned the helpless man, "I asked to die, but not this way. Good-by, Minette."

* * * * * *

Leander-le-Doux, steadily making his way through the forest, mile after mile, until, far in the night, he paused to rest for a few hours, rising with the earliest morning to resume his journey, found that journey even more wearisome than he had feared, by reason of the heavy heart he carried.

"We didn't think it would be like this three years ago, when I first saw Minette," said he; and then memory

went back to the day when he, wandering in search of adventure, without ties of home or kindred, without fortune or estate, except in his wonderful rifle and his own strong arms, had chanced upon the cabin in the woods, within which Leon-le-Duc had just brought his bride, that Leon-le-Duc himself had proposed they three should make one family, at least until Leander should take to himself a wife, and build a cabin beside his own.

But this Leander had found himself in no haste to do, while Minette's bright eyes, and Minette's sweet voice,

PEASANT CHILDREN.— FROM THE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH.

Minette, the prettiest girl of the Canadian border. He remembered the hospitable welcome of the hunter, the sweet, shy smiles of the young wife, and his own content in finding himself beneath the roof. Then he remembered how, as days and weeks rolled on, the ties of mutual liking and mutual interest became so strong, were his morning greeting and his nightly dream, while her home was his, and her kind offices always at his command.

There had been no wrongdoing, for Leon-le-Duc was his friend and host, and among the border men the sense of honor is as imperative and as keen as among the

chevaliers of the most remote period; but as the months and years went on, and Minette, no longer gay and tuneful, crept silently about her house, or sat dreaming away her leisure in sad reverie—as she grew cold and silent toward her husband, and shy and conscious in her demeanor to her guest, both men read her heart even more truly than she herself knew it, and both pondered the knowledge deeply and silently.

And now the crisis had come. Now Leon-le-Duc lay dying, or so near it, that, if help was delayed but for a day, his case was hopeless; and then—who could blame the comrade who was hastening for assistance, but had the ill fortune to return with it too late? And as the evil thought slowly stamped itself on his mind, Leander-le-Doux stopped and wiped the sudden moisture from his forehead, and looked about him, as if even in that solitude some eye must be ready to read the guilty shame upon his brow.

At midday he reached the cabin, and, crossing the little clearing with noiseless feet, looked in at the open door.

Beside the hearth sat Minette, the firelight flickering over the braids of her nut-brown hair, and in the depths of her hazel eyes, as she sat idly staring at the blaze, her work lying forgotten upon her lap. She was very pale, and the dark rings beneath her eyes told of watching and weeping, of broken rest and unquiet heart.

As Leander's shadow fell upon the floor, she started and looked up, a torrent of blood rushing over her face and neck, and a glad light quenching the tears in her great eyes. She rose directly, and came to meet him.

"Leander-le-Doux! You here so soon!" exclaimed she, hiding her real delight under an appearance of surprise.

"Yes, Minette."

And, holding both her hands, the hunter stooped, and kissed her lips.

"I told you never to do that again," frowned Minette, blushing more than ever, and turning away her happy face.

"I know it, Minette; but I could not help it. Oh, Minette, the time is coming when I may kiss you as often as I like. God forgive me, but how can I be sorry!"

"Sorry for what? What are you talking about Leander-le-Doux? What has happened?" asked Minette, pale enough now.

"Nothing—Leon—Minette, do not look at me so!"

"Speak, then! What has happened to Leon? You have killed him!"

"Minette! do you think of me like that? He is dead, but it was sickness, and not I, that killed him. It was the hand of God."

"Dead! Is Leon-le-Duc dead?" asked Minette in a low voice, and pressing her hand upon her throbbing temples.

"Dead or dying. He could not live many hours as I saw him last," faltered Leander.

"And you left him dying?"

"He told me to. I came to get help—a doctor, or men to bring him into the settlement."

"Then, why don't you go? What are you staying here for? It is six miles to Nolleton, and no horse to help you over it. Start quick, for God's sake!"

"But, Minette, think a little. He is dying, and he said so himself. He said, too, that I—that you—that when he was gone, you could marry me, and he wouldn't grudge us our happiness. Minette, say that you love me, for I know you do."

"And if I do, what then?" asked the young woman, quickly.

"A few hours from now will do as well to start for Nolleton, and if Leon-le-Duc is dead when we get back to him, then you will be my wife; he said so himself, and I know that you love me," stammered the poor young man.

But Minette interrupted him:

"And you have planned out all this, Leander-le-Doux! You have left the man that befriended you, and trusted you, and never said a hard word, even when he saw how matters were going betwixt you and me—you have left him out in the wilderness to die all alone, and by inches, while you slunk home to make love to his wife! And you think I'll stop here, kissing and courting with you this afternoon, so that he shall be sure and be dead by the time you reach him with the help he sent you for? Leander-le-Doux, I wish the kiss you took just now had been poison, and blistered your lips! Anyway, it is the last you'll ever get from me."

"It isn't the first, then, nor they haven't all been on one side," said Leander, sullenly.

"That's true, and more's the shame to me that it is true," retorted Minette, coolly. "But now, once for all, I tell you, I never will have another word of love to say to you. You have just showed out what you are, and spoiled your own chance, whatever happens to Leon or me. Now tell me, are you going to Nolleton, or am I? for one of us is, and mighty quick, too!"

"I'm going," muttered Leander, turning toward the door.

"Stop, first, and tell me where you left my man. I'm going to him," commanded Minette; and Leander turned to look wistfully at her.

"I left him just where Stony Creek falls into Jones's Run, beyond the great pine tract; but, Minette, you can't go alone. Get yourself ready, and I'll be back from Nolleton just as soon as I can, with a horse for you. It's thirty miles from here, if it's a step. Wait for me, that's a good girl; and, Minette, if you could forget, or at least forgive, what I said just now——"

"There, there, go along, Leander-le-Doux. After Leon is safe we'll talk of forgiving and forgetting."

And Minette, turning away from the handsome, pleading face of the man she had loved so well, began to make preparations for leaving the house. But there was relenting in her voice, and Leander called out:

"Good-by, Minette. Be ready when we get back, and—God bless you, girl."

She made no answer, but, as he went, stole softly to the door, and looked after him, until his figure was buried in the forest lying between the cabin and the settlement. Then she turned away with a long sigh, murmuring:

"Good-by, Leander-le-Doux; good-by for good and all. I have been wrong, but I haven't been wicked, and we have got to part while I can say that."

Then she hastily finished her preparations, put up a basket of such simple restoratives as she had at hand, left her house, and closing the door, wrote upon it with a bit of charcoal: "Gone to Leon-le-Duc."

"I've only to follow up the run, and I shall come to him sure," murmured she to herself, striking into the forest in the direction of the river.

And with no better guide than this for her thirty miles' walk through a desolate wilderness, Minette set forth to seek her husband, perhaps with some idea of expiation for her almost infidelity urging her to the danger and fatigue she so willfully undertook.

* * * * * *

"Oh, God!" muttered Leon-le-Duc. "I asked to die but not this way. Good-by, Minette."

At sound of the human voice the wolf drew back a little, although his green, glaring eyeballs and cruel fangs remained clearly visible through the leaves that concealed his gaunt body. Noticing this effect, the sick man raised himself slightly, and shouted twice or thrice with all his strength. Uttering a sullen howl, the wolf drew back for a moment, but presently a stealthy rustling at another point of the thicket told that he was again approaching.

"Have it your own way; I won't try any longer," muttered Leon-le-Duc, desperately, and fell back with closed eyes and clasped hands, trying to remember some words of prayer before he died.

The stealthy rustling increased, and the head of the monster again cautiously emerged from the bushes. Its prey lay motionless before it, and, with a low growl, the wolf crept forward step by step, until his whole lean length stood revealed, and his eagerly-protruded jaws were working and slavering within half a dozen feet of the defenseless man.

Another step, and another, and the fetid breath of the creature played upon his cheek, the click of his gnashing teeth sounded close upon his ear—the moment had come. Some remnant of the respect that even the most savage brute instinctively feels for man alone restrained the creature from his final spring, when Leon-le-Duc, despairing of the prayer, opened his eyes and moaned aloud:

"Minette, darling!—oh, Minette!"

"Leon!"

She burst through the bushes in the very track of the wolf, and bounded toward her husband, answering to his call as if it had been a magic summons.

Then she saw the grisly creature who stood over him, and did not fly at her approach, but only snarled and growled defiance at this new foe, which instinct told him was less formidable than the other whom he had already dared.

The woman shrieked, sprang back, hesitated, trembled, and then rushing forward, with the desperate courage of a coward driven to bay, she snatched at the rifle lying at her husband's side, aimed it full at the glaring eyeballs, and fired. With a wild cry of astonishment, rage, terror and pain, the wolf leaped high in air, dropped, spun dizzily round, and fell dead, his quivering limbs touching those of Leon-le-Duc, who, raised upon one elbow, lay staring at the apparition of his wife, as if he must doubt his own eyes, in spite of the proof she had already given of her positive presence.

Flinging down the rifle, Minette rushed upon him, crying, laughing and kissing him all in a breath.

"Oh, Leon! how lucky that I came just that minute! And didn't I shoot him nice, and I always so afraid to fire a gun, though you taught me so carefully? Poor, poor Leon. You are dreadfully sick, dear, aren't you?"

"Why, Minette, how came you here? And where are the men, and Leander-le-Doux?" asked Leon, all bewilderment.

"They are coming dear. Leander stopped at the shanty and told me, and then went on to Nolleton, and I started right off for you."

"But how did you find me, and did you travel all night, poor child?"

"Yes. I came up the run, you know, and I suppose it took a little longer to go round the bends than if I had come straight through the woods; but then I couldn't do that, because I didn't know the way, and I couldn't wait. Then, when I came near I heard you holler, I suppose at the wolf, and so I set out and ran as fast as I could; and then I heard you call my name, and so I rushed through the bushes, and—here I am."

But through all her hurry and demonstrativeness, Leon-le-Duc saw that something was working in his pretty Minette's heart more than she had yet spoken, and taking her hand in his, he said:

"Stop, Minette, and tell me something before we go any further. Had you rather be wife to me or to Leander-le-Duc? Speak the truth, woman!"

"I do. I had rather be yours, if you will forgive me, and love me as you did once, Leon," said Minette, her clear brown eyes full on his.

"I do, child; I do forgive and love you," said Leon, closing his heavy eyes.

When the doctor and the men arrived, a few minutes later, they found him thus—asleep upon Minette's bosom; and very tenderly and carefully they placed both upon the litter they had brought, and took them home.

Leander-le-Doux walked beside it to the door of the cabin, and then he paused.

"Good-by, friends," said he, briefly; "I'm going West."

And toward the setting sun he turned his steps, and was seen no more for ever in that region.

ITALIAN BANDITS.

BRIGANDAGE seems to be the inalienable heritage of Greece, Italy and Spain—the three downward extremities of Europe and civilization. From piracy having been so rife in the Mediterranean, we might suppose the breezes of that sea to be somewhat overcharged with the spirit of liberty; but we should perhaps be more correct if we concluded that the radiance of southern suns enfeebles and demoralizes human nature.

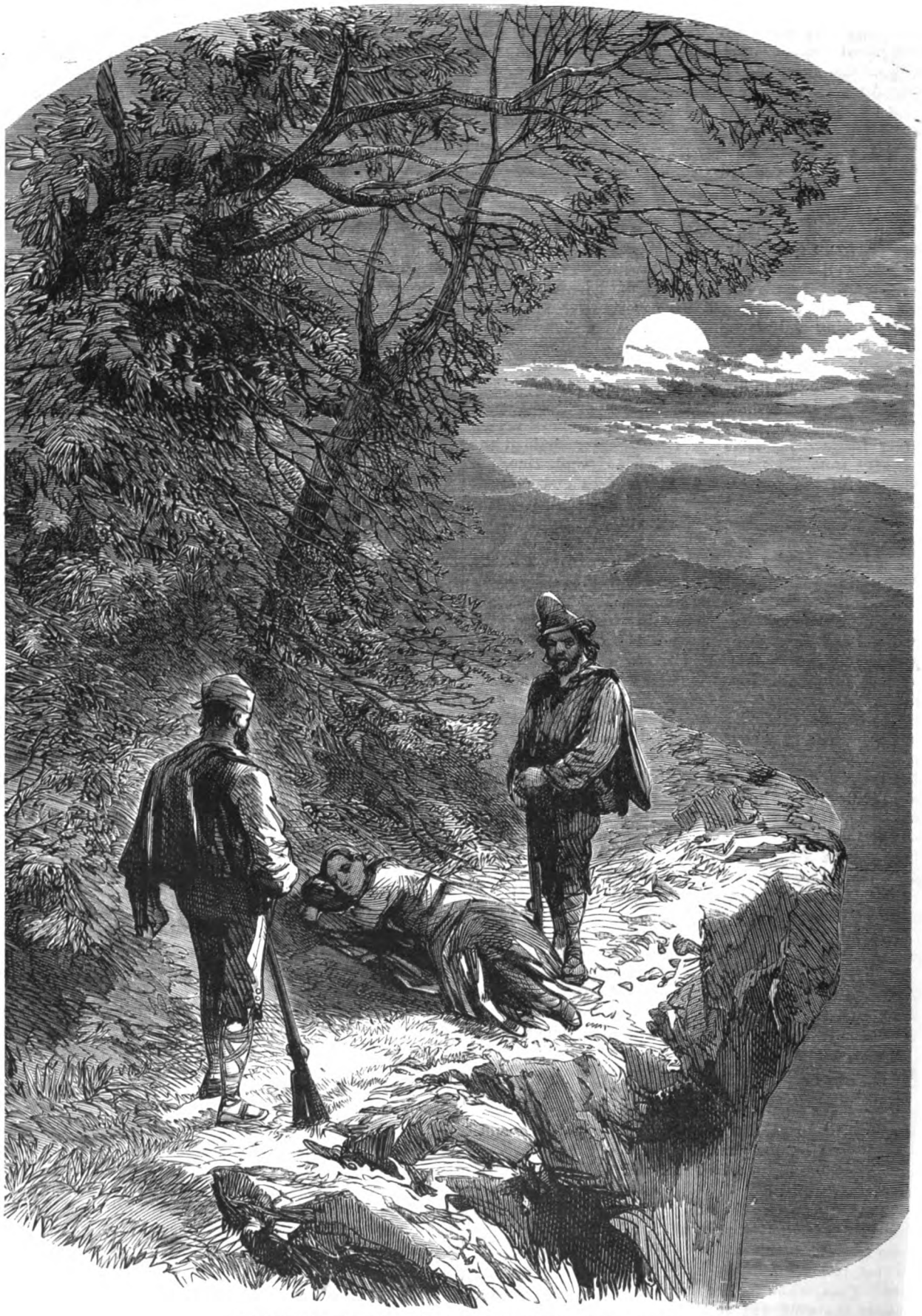
The lands are spellbound, a sweet languor pervades the air, congenial rather to indolence and pleasure than to healthy and honest industry. The Celtic race, moreover, was never fond of toil, and, if a living must be made, would prefer to obtain it by some wild romantic enterprise than to undergo the drudgery of everyday work.

Add to such considerations that these countries are crossed by chains of mountains, offering natural advantages for concealment, and the existence of brigandage is easily intelligible. But, granting every inclination and facility for lawless adventure, it is necessary to its success that it should possess the sympathy of the population. If the people generally were unwilling to shelter the offenders, crime would be kept within due bounds; but where there is no just indignation against it, life and property will never be secure.

Under such circumstances the violator of the laws assumes an entirely different character from that he bears in a settled country. He is a sort of national representative and champion of liberty; he only robs and murders the rich, and has, perhaps, as many nice points of honor as a professed duellist.

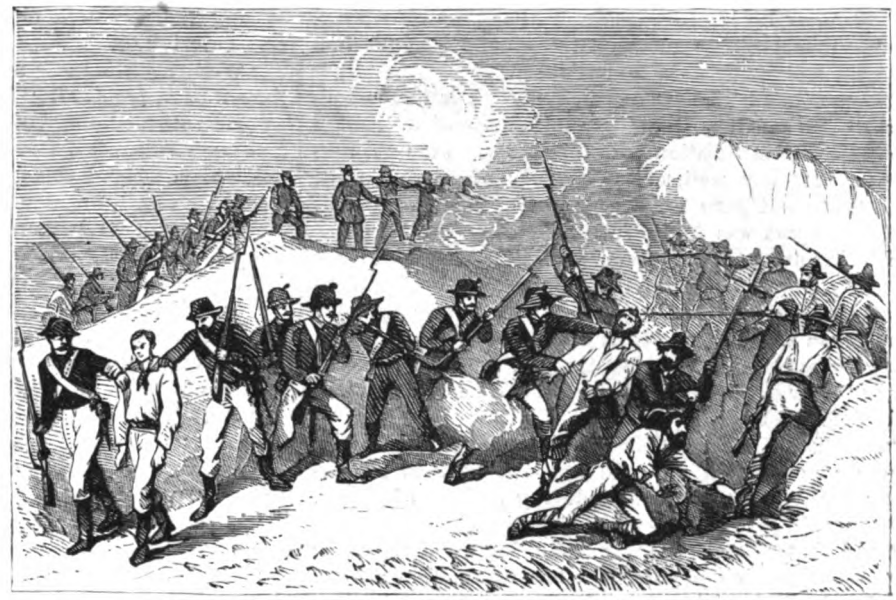
It is not long since the highwayman was regarded as a hero even in England, as a glorious successor of Robin Hood and of the merry men who lived under the greenwood tree. The laws were then arbitrary and distasteful, the people were uncivilized, and young men of good family often took to the road even in that sober Saxon land.

Brigandage has, therefore, various aspects and forms, corresponding to the characters and positions of those who practice it, from the courteous chief to the vulgar



ITALIAN BANDITS.—WATCHING A PRISONER DETAINED FOR RANSOM.

footpad. Many of these men, to do them justice, have had great temptations to crime. In Italy, for instance, the laws were, until lately, immoderately severe in their penalties against any who resisted the officers of justice; and sometimes when a young man was called out as a conscript on the eve of his marriage, or the aged father of a family was about to be carried off to prison for a small debt, much sympathy would be awakened in the village, and some young men, of more courage than reflection, would offer resistance to the police. From that moment their fate was sealed; nothing remained for them but death or the gallows.



ITALIAN BANDITS SURPRISED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS.

Under these circumstances they had little choice but *andare in campagna*—to betake themselves to the mountains, where they became *bandits* (outlaws), and avenged themselves by rendering the neighboring roads unsafe for travelers.

A Sicilian lady told me lately, to my surprise, that she had never seen a bandit—they kept mostly to a few localities—but she admitted that none of her family ever ventured far from the house without an armed escort. She took that favorable view of brigandage which is held in the island.

"There is nothing extraordinary in it," she said; "the Government keep up a large army; every man has to serve seven years, and, as they dislike soldiering, they run away. They cannot then obtain employment, and they become bandits. What would you have? They must live. Well, they are not so bad as the Irish."

Some of the brigands, and especially some of their chiefs, are, or have been, clever and romantic fellows. They are fond of gay costumes, can sing good songs, and relish good jokes, principally such as are of a practical kind. A Piedmontese gentleman once gave me several instances of their indulging their humorous fancies, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

Two Italian counts (Pietro F—— and Giuseppe C——) had been chamois-hunting in the Alps, some fifty miles from Turin. As is usual on such expeditions, they had lived some days in the mountains, sometimes sleeping in cottages, sometimes under temporary shelter prepared by their guides. In a few days, after enjoying a very satisfactory amount of sport and discomfort, they retraced their steps, and stopped on the way back at a small albergo at the foot of the mountains. Here they paid off the guides, and remained to await their carriage, which was to convey them in the cool of the evening to Turin.

"BEFORE THE MAN COULD SEE HIM, HE RUSHED OUT AND SEIZED HIM BY THE THROAT, DEMANDING THAT HE SHOULD RESTORE HIM HIS WATCH."

Meanwhile, they ordered dinner, and entered the principal room, which was empty, or at least occupied by only one individual, who was sitting at a small table sipping some wine. His costume resembled that of the peasantry, but was of finer material, and from his superior mien and finely-cut features, the counts supposed him to be some enthusiastic sportsman, who had adopted the country

dress for convenience. Their conjectures seemed corroborated by his lithe athletic figure, which seemed unaccustomed either to toil or ease, and bespoke him "robust and hardy as a mountaineer."

The counts felt that he was a man of their own mind, and on his making some casual observation, readily entered into conversation with him. They were not mistaken; he knew well every crevice and gorge in the mountains, and gave them sage advice as to where the the best sport was to be found.

Evening drew on, but the conversation was so pleasant that they lingered still, and the stars shone bright in the firmament before they rose to leave. Their sporting friend then asked them which direction they intended to take, recommending the road through the open country, as the upper one was said, though he did not believe it, to be infested by banditti.

"Banditti!" exclaimed Giuseppe; "we care little for them; we only wish we could meet a few. I have something here," he continued, producing a brace of pistols, "that would give them a warm reception."

"And I, too," added Pietro, showing another brace; "I have something pretty here; not to mention a little Catalan knife, which might do good service at close quarters."

"You are brave men," replied their companion, "and will teach the fellows a lesson whenever you meet them."

"I should like to send a ball through that rascal Marco," added Giuseppe.

"Ah, Marco! Yes; but perhaps he is not so bad as you think him."

"He had better not come near me, that is all I have to say," replied Pietro.

The stranger now took out his watch, and observed that it was growing late. He was fatigued, and wished to retire, so he wished the counts "good-night" and "*Buono viaggio.*"

It was a moonless but a cloudless night, and in that southern climate the starlight made the roads and fields visible, though it covered them here and there with checkered and uncertain shadows. Marco—for it was none other—on leaving the travelers, walked along the upper road they were to take, with an amused expression of countenance, from which those who knew him would have concluded that he was bent upon some merry mischief,

About a mile from the inn he met a peasant returning home, and, stopping him, ordered him to stand in a certain position on the edge of a neighboring vineyard, and to hold a vine-stake—which he pulled up out of the ground—to his shoulder like a gun. Having made this arrangement, he concealed himself behind some trees, and just as the counts' carriage was driving past, rushed out and seized the horses' heads, vociferating:

"Halt, halt! Stop, in the name of Marco!"

The horses offered little opposition to the order, and as for the coachman, he nearly fell off the box with terror. The counts, however, hastily got out their pistols, and one of them took a deliberate aim at Marco's head.

"If you fire, you are dead men!" cried Marco. "My band are in the vineyard, and ready to open upon you. You can see them," he continued, pointing to the man with the vine-stake. "They are only waiting my word."

"I certainly *do* see some one," said Giuseppe, looking in the direction indicated.

"So do I," replied Pietro. "He has a large company, I have been told. What can two men do against fifty or sixty? We shall only lose our lives for nothing."

"What do you want of us?" asked Giuseppe, as, observing their change of tone, Marco approached the carriage window.

"Well, my friends," replied the bandit, whose voice they now recognized, "I shall not treat you as badly as you intended to treat me. You are brave men and true sportsmen, but I must have all the arms in your possession. Hand them out quickly, or it may be the worse for you."

After very little deliberation, the counts' guns and pistols were delivered up.

"And that little Catalan knife!" demanded Marco.

"Give it up at once, Pietro," said Giuseppe, nervously. "Give it up, man! We shall be shot."

The demand was immediately, though reluctantly, complied with by his companion.

"You have another pistol somewhere," continued Marco. "Come, out with it!"

"I have *not*," returned Pietro. "Giuseppe, give up the other pistol."

"I have given up everything, as you well know," answered Giuseppe. "If there is another, *you* have it!"

"I! What do you mean by that? It is false. You want to keep back things, and to get me shot as having them. You're a dishonest, lying——"

"Well, signors," interposed Marco, observing their alarm and recriminations, "I will relieve you by telling you that I think you have been as good as your words. You have delivered up everything, and may now proceed on your way. You said you would teach Marco a lesson. I hope that he has taught you one of many, and that in future you will allude to him with greater respect."

The counts returned to Turin dejected and disgraced. They had no opportunity afterward of making use of the sporting gentleman's information about the mountain game, as the Government, in indignation at their pusillanimity, revoked their licenses for carrying firearms.

Brigands are largely indebted for their immunity and success to the landlords of small country inns, who, in the course of their business, hear of all the movements in the neighborhood. In some cases mine host is merely actuated by fear, but in others he is a willing instrument, and even a principal. Toward the end of the last century one of the Dukes of Hamilton escaped in a most providential manner from the hands of one of these worthies.

He was making the "grand tour," according to the fashion of the times, well armed and accompanied by his servant. One night their carriage broke down in a somewhat unaccountable manner near a small roadside inn among the Apennines. They were compelled to stop there for the night, and after supper he and his man retired to their respective bedrooms. The duke's apartment was spacious, but had nothing remarkable in its appearance; and, being tired, he was about to undress hastily, when he observed that his large dog, his constant and faithful companion by day and night, was sniffing and looking about the floor in a very uneasy and dissatisfied manner. His attention was aroused, and watching the dog, he looked under the bed, and there perceived something that looked like a trap-door. Having made such a discovery, he thought it would be better to stay awake, and sat up in a chair instead of going to bed, placing his pistols conveniently beside him. Sleep, however, overcame him, and he was awakened in the middle of the night by the growling of his dog. Opening his eyes, he saw a light coming from under the bed, and a man's head beginning to appear. He seized and cocked his pistols, calling out that he would shoot the first man

that entered. Upon this the trap-door immediately closed. The duke remained on guard until daybreak, when he summoned the landlord to give an account of what had occurred. The man no sooner appeared than the dog sprang upon him, and it was with difficulty that they prevented his suffering summary punishment for his treachery. Inquiries were forthwith instituted, and it was found that many travelers had mysteriously disappeared in that fatal hostelry. This story has the more interest at the present time as several portraits of this, the eighth duke, remain among the fading glories of Hamilton Palace.

It will be refreshing to turn from such a dark episode to another which has more of the comic than of the tragic character, but in which the lord of the spigot again plays a part.

A celebrated Italian physician, who, not satisfied with the legitimate game of his profession, was a keen sportsman and an unerring shot, met at an albergo near Milan a man not very dissimilar from the signor with whom the Torinese counts became so inauspiciously acquainted. A conversation sprang up, in which bandits and their proceedings were discussed; and the doctor, alluding with some natural pride to the precision of his aim, said he much desired that one of them would cross his path. Armed with his trusty gun and pistols, he walked at large, and should like to see the man who would dare to molest him. Evening drew on, and his new acquaintance—a noted brigand, and a bold, whimsical fellow—left the inn first by about half an hour. Proceeding in the direction the doctor was to take, he broke off a branch from a chestnut-tree, and fixing it into the middle of the road, suspended from its top a small lantern he carried with him. Presently the doctor was heard approaching, with his firm, military step. On coming to a turn in the road he suddenly perceived the light, and halting, called out to know "Who comes there?"

No answer was, of course, returned. The doctor drew himself up. A breeze agitated the chestnut-branch, and the lantern moved.

"If you advance another step you are a dead man!" cried the doctor.

The wind, however, took no notice of the threat, and the lantern continued to swing.

"If you don't answer I shall fire!" shouted the doctor, and suiting the action to the word, he raised his gun, took aim, and——

"*Basta!*" said a voice close to his ear, and he found himself pinioned by an iron grasp from behind. "You must not waste your powder," said the brigand, "because I want it; and I also require your trusty gun and pistols. And now," he continued, relieving him of the articles in question, "you need not be alarmed, for I do not intend to shoot you; but I shall take away your arms and ammunition, as you do not seem to me to make good use of them."

But the gay and fanciful bandits of this type are now becoming scarce; a lower kind are more common, and the hero of story is not the sort of man generally encountered on the highway.

A charming lady once told me that she was greatly disappointed on her wedding-tour in Italy at not seeing a bandit; she was constantly looking out for one.

"But, my dear," observed her husband, "be consoled; you have probably met with many. You would not know one if you saw him."

"Oh, yes, I should," she persisted; "he would be a tall, handsome, romantic-looking fellow, with a velvet coat and feathers in his hat."

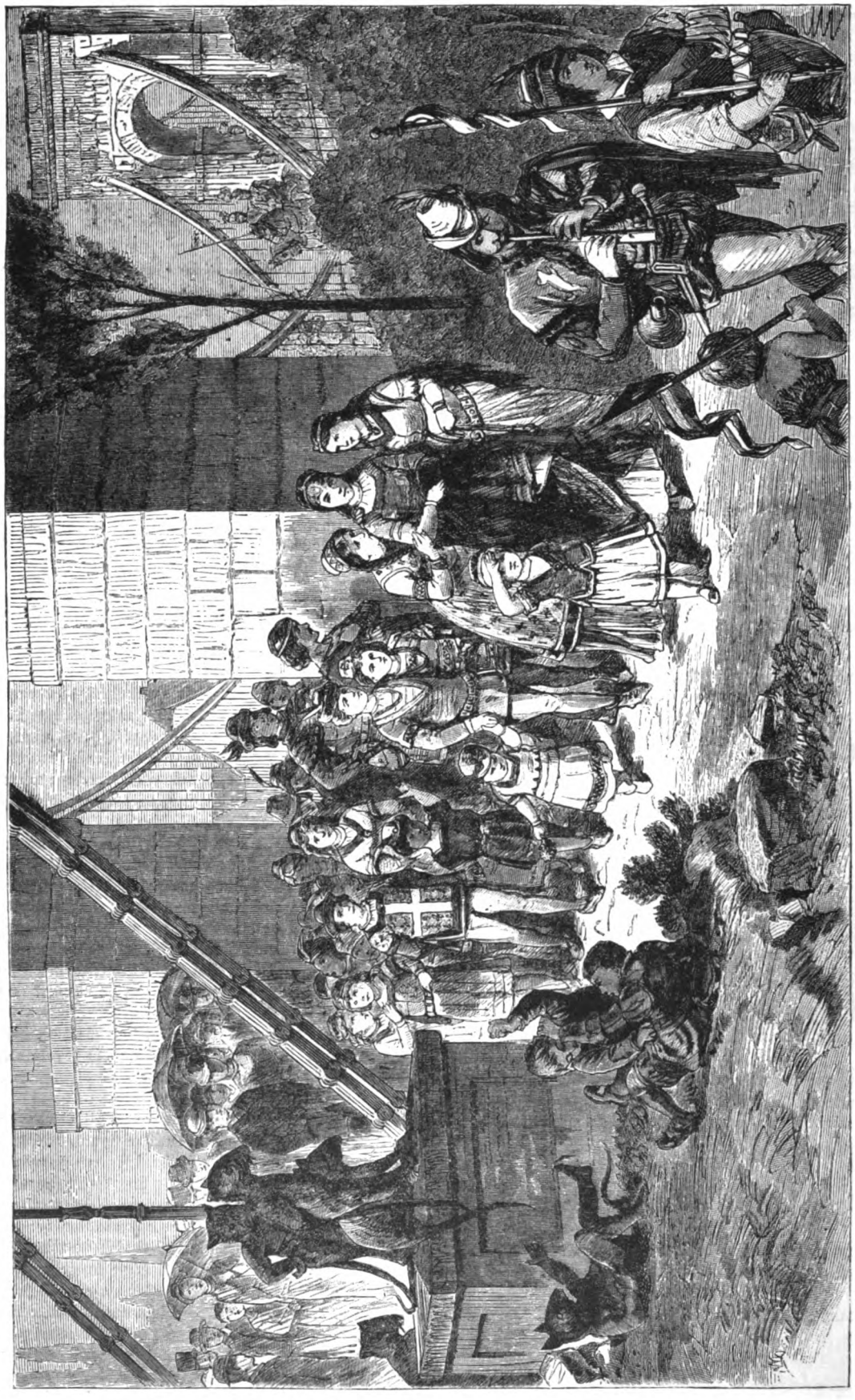
Before they left the south the fair lady's illusion was sadly dispelled; for they did meet a bandit in charge of a policeman, and a more ragged, dirty, unpoetical man she never beheld.

The States of the Church were more infected with brigandage than almost any other part of Italy. It is said that even Cardinal Antonelli's grandfather made his livelihood in this unpleasant manner. The Sacred City itself was, until lately, notoriously unsafe. I remember having heard of a remarkable misfortune which befell a celebrated antiquary, who, in spite of the warnings of his friends and the frequent reports of robberies, persisted in wandering about unattended in the less frequented parts of Rome. One night he determined to pay a visit to the Colosseum, to behold it, like Melrose Abbey, "by the pale moonlight"; and certainly he was well repaid by gazing on that stupendous monument of imperial power, when the spectral beams seemed to repeople it with the multitudes of the past, and he almost fancied that he could hear the shouting of the populace and the roaring of the wild beasts. Where were now those eager faces, those excited voices? Silent and still! The acacia waves where great Cæsar sat; the cross stands where gladiators fought!

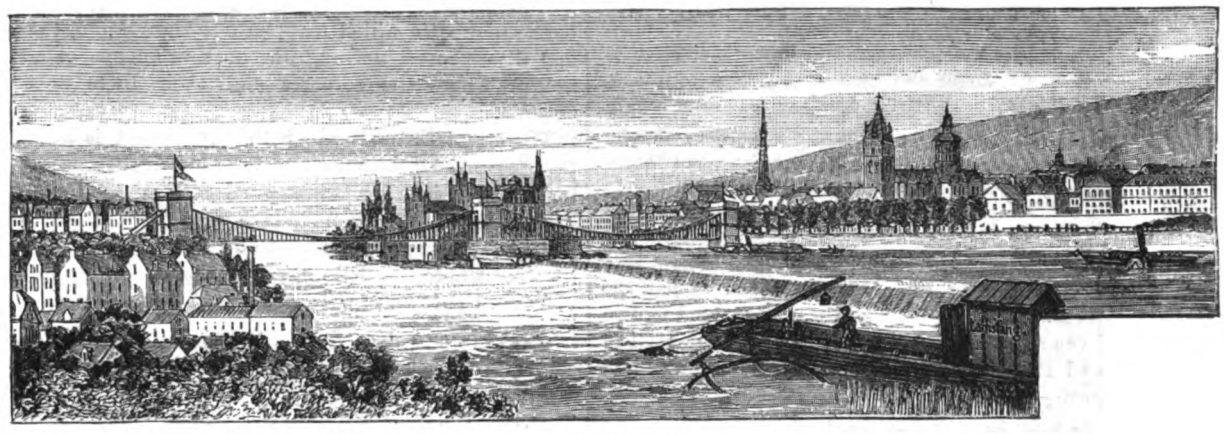
Such and kindred thoughts occupied the mind of the student, when he suddenly felt himself rudely jostled by a dark figure muffled up in a long cloak. The person passed quickly away on to the other side; but the shock had completely dispelled our antiquary's visions of the past, and recalled him to the vulgarity of the present. He did not like the rough treatment he had received, and remembering the accounts he had heard of robberies happening in this neighborhood, he immediately put his hand into his pocket to feel for his watch. It was gone! He now became thoroughly awakened and considerably disconcerted. Where had the thief escaped to? On looking round carefully he espied the man standing under the shadow of one of the small shrines then in the arena. Keeping his eye well on him, he stole round on the other side of the shrine, and before the man could see him, rushed out, seized him by the throat, demanding, in the best broken Italian he could command, that he should restore him the watch. The delinquent was evidently taken off his guard; and the antiquary, who was more powerful than most of his fraternity, receiving no answer, uttered several imprecations, put his hand into the man's pocket and took out the watch. He then felt satisfied, and let him go, after dealing him a good punch in the ribs, and telling him he should be thankful to get off so easily.

Our friend returned home rather elated with his success, and congratulated himself on his presence of mind, but inwardly resolving to be more circumspect in his future explorations.

After recounting his adventure to his family he retired, being fatigued, a little earlier than usual. Before getting into bed he proceeded, as usual, to wind up his watch. What was the matter with the key? It did not fit. He now looked carefully at the watch. No wonder he could not wind it; although somewhat similar, it was not his. He looked around, and there beheld, on the mantelpiece, his old English companion, ticking away as merrily as if nothing had occurred! The alarming truth now flashed upon him—he had not taken his watch out, and had purloined that of some other person! He resolved to make his mistake known by an advertisement in the morning. But before dawn he was awakened—or rather startled, for he could not sleep—by a tremendous knocking at the front door. Looking out, he saw half a dozen armed



THE PIPER CARRYING OFF THE CHILDREN.



VIEW OF HAMELN.

men in the Papal uniform, and soon heard that they had come to take him into custody for robbing a priest in the Colosseum. The police were admitted, and he explained the mistake and offered the watch ; but they shook their heads, said that several robberies had been committed lately, and that he had been observed loitering in a suspicious manner in unfrequented localities. They refused to leave the house without him, and he began to think of stories he had heard about Italian prisons and tortures. Fortunately, however, he was personally known to the British Consul, and by means of the intercession and explanations of that official, this affair, which at one time wore a serious aspect, was brought to a satisfactory termination.

THE TAIL OF THE PROCESSION.

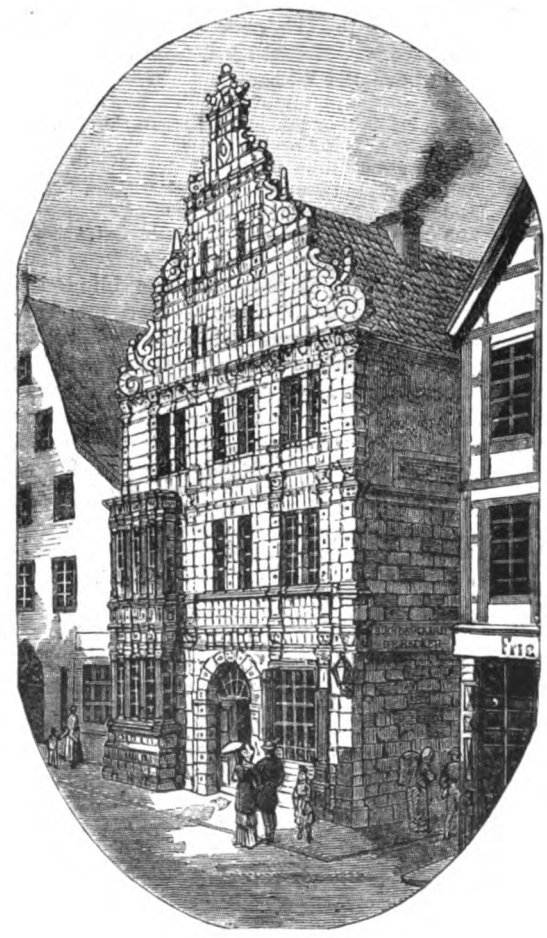
THE PIED PIPER CELEBRATION AT HAMELN.

THE legend of the Piper of Hameln is told as follows : Hameln town was infested with rats in the year 1284. In their houses the people had no peace from them ; rats disturbed them by night and worried them by day—

" They fought the dogs, and kill'd the cats,
And bit the babies in their cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And lick'd the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoil'd the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

One day there came a man into the town, most quaintly attired in parti-colored suit. Bunting, the man was called, after his dress. None knew whence he came, or who he was. He announced himself to be a rat-catcher, and offered, for a certain sum of money, to rid the place of the vermin. The townsmen agreed to his proposal, and promised him the sum demanded. Thereupon the man drew forth a pipe and piped.

" And ere three shrill notes the pipe utter'd,
You heard as if an army mutter'd ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling,
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling :
And out of the town the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,



THE RAT-PIPER'S HOUSE.

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Follow'd the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perish'd."

No sooner were the townsfolk released from their torment than they repented of their bargain, and, on the plea that the rat-destroyer was a sorcerer, they refused to pay the stipulated remuneration. At this the piper waxed wroth, and vowed vengeance. On the 26th of June, the feast of SS. John and Paul, the mysterious piper reappeared in Hameln town—

"Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And, ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave to the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard where barley is scattering,
Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping, skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

The piper led the way down the street, the children all following, whilst the Hameln people stood aghast, not knowing what step to take, or what would be the result of this weird piping. He led them from the town toward a hill rising above the Weser—

"When, lo! as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal open'd wide,
As if a cavern were suddenly hollow'd;
And the piper advanced, and the children follow'd;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast."

No! not all. Two remained; the one blind, and the other dumb. The dumb child pointed out the spot where the children had vanished, and the blind boy related his sensations when he heard the piper play. In other accounts, the lad was lame, and he alone was left; and in after years he was sad. And thus he accounted for his settled melancholy—

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gush'd, and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
And sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopp'd, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more."

The number of children that perished was 130. Fathers and mothers rushed to the east gate, but when they came to the mountain called Koppenberg, into which the train had disappeared, nothing was observable except a small hollow, where the sorcerer and their little ones had entered.

The street through which the piper went is called the Bungen-Strasse, because no music, no drum (Bunge) may be played in it. If a bridal procession passes through it, the music must cease until it is out of it. It is not long since two moss-grown crosses on the Koppenberg marked the spot where the little ones vanished. On the wall of a house in the town is written, in gold characters—

"Anno 1284 am dage Johannis et Pauli war der 26. Junii derch einen piper mit allerlei farve bekledet gewesen 130 kinder verledet binnen Hameln gebon to Calvarie, bi den Koppen verloren."

On the Rathhaus was sculptured, in memory of the event—

"Im Jahr, 1283 na Christi geburt
Tho Hamel worden uthgevert
hundert und dreiszig kinder dasülvest geborn
durch einen piper under den Köppen verlorn."

And on the new gate—

"Centum ter denos cum magus ab urbe puellos
Duxerat ante annos CCLXXII. condita porta fuit."

For long, so profound was the impression produced by the event, the town dated its public documents from this calamity.

This year the town of Hameln resolved to celebrate the day. On the 28th of June the whole place was bright with sunshine, and with wreaths, garlands and transparencies. The rats, of course, entered into the decoration on all sides. Everything was done to give brilliancy to the six-hundredth anniversary of the event which has been commemorated in the legend. Our views will carry the reader away to the old town on the Weser, amid the rich fields and orchards, during the quaint celebration.

PROLONGING LIFE.

THE possibility of prolonging human life has undoubtedly, from the most ancient times, afforded a fascinating and extensive field alike for the visionary and the deepest thinkers. Plans for prolonging existence have ever been amongst the principal allurements held forth by empirics and impostors; and by thus imposing upon the credulity of the public, many notorious charlatans have acquired rich harvests of ill-gotten gold. Men of science have throughout all ages devoted their attention to the subject, as one deserving of the most profound investigation. And their researches have been attended with more or less benefit to posterity. We find that Bacon himself attached so much importance to the matter that he prosecuted inquiry in that direction with the utmost assiduity. Although it would be almost impossible to review all the schemes advanced, yet a review of the most notable theories advocated for prolongation of life is certainly deserving of attention. At the same time, an elucidation of their fallacies, as occasion may arise, is of no small moment, in order to ascertain with greater certainty their true value. It is indeed interesting to observe the various and often opposite means advocated by enthusiasts for attaining the same end.

Even as far back as the Egyptian, Greek and Roman periods, we find the idea of prolonging life prevalent. The Egyptians bestowed considerable attention to the attainment of longevity, and they believed that life could

be prolonged through the efficacy of sudorifics and emetics constantly used. Instead of saying, "How do you do?" as an ordinary salutation, they inquired of each other, "How do you perspire?" In those days, it was a general custom to take at least two emetics during each month. Hippocrates and his disciples recommended moderation in diet, friction and well-timed exercise, which was certainly a step in the right direction.

It was during the darkness of the Middle Ages, ripe with fanaticism and superstition, that the most absurd ideas of witchcraft, horoscopes, chiromancy, and empirical panaceas for the prolongation of life first became disseminated. The philosopher's stone and elixir of life were then vaunted by the alchemists. Foremost among the prolongers of life we find Paracelsus, an alchemist of great renown, and a man of considerable attainments. He claimed to have discovered the elixir of life. So great was his influence, that even the learned Erasmus did not disdain to consult him. Patients and pupils flocked around him from every quarter of Europe. Notwithstanding his famous "stone of immortality," he died at the age of fifty. His vaunted elixir was a kind of sulphur similar to compound sulphuric ether. Nevertheless, to the researches of Paracelsus we are indebted for our primary knowledge of mercury, which he was the first to use as a medicine.

About this epoch, one Leonard Thurneysser attained world-wide celebrity as an astrologer and nativity-caster. He was a physician, printer, bookseller, and horoscopist all in one. He professed that, by the aid of astrology, he could not only predict future events, but likewise prolonged life. He published yearly an astrological calendar, describing the nature of the forthcoming year and its chief events. His calendar and other quackeries enabled him to amass the sum of one thousand florins. He declared that every man lay under the influence of a certain star, by which his destiny was ruled. On ascertaining from what planet a person's misfortunes or sickness proceeded, he advised his patient to remove his residence within the control of a more propitious luminary. In short, to escape from the influence of a malignant to a more friendly satellite was the basis of his theory.

Marsilius Ficinus, in his "Treatise on the Prolongation of Life," recommended all prudent persons to consult an astrologer every seven years, thereby to avoid any danger which might threaten them. During the year 1470, an individual named Pansa dedicated to the Council of Leipsic a book entitled "The Prolongation of Life," in which he most strongly urges all persons desirous of longevity to be on their guard every seven years, because Saturn, a hostile planet, ruled at these periods. According to the teachings of astrology, metals were believed to be in intimate connection with the planets. Thus no doubt it was that amulets and talismans originated, as reputed agents for prolonging life. The disciples of this creed had amulets and talismans cast of the proper metals, and under the influence of certain constellations, in order to protect themselves from the evil influence of adverse planets. These absurd conceits were at a later period revived by Cagliostro, of whom we shall have more to say presently. It would indeed appear that the more mysterious and ridiculous the conceptions of fanatics and imposters were, the greater was their success.

The example of the renowned Cornaro affords a brilliant instance of the superiority of an abstemious life to the foolish doctrines put forth at that period. Up to forty years of age he was excessively intemperate both in eating and drinking, so that his health suffered considerably. He then resolved to submit himself to a strictly temperate regimen, and for the remaining sixty years of his life, which almost reached one hundred years, he continued the observance of his rules, with the result given. Although life might be prolonged by exercising greater moderation in eating and drinking than is generally adopted, yet, nevertheless, few persons could safely follow so strict a dietary.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIII. of France, who was bled forty-seven times during the last ten months of existence, a contrary method came into fashion. Transfusion was for a time relied upon as a means for invigorating and prolonging life. The operation was performed by aid of a small pipe conveying blood from the artery of one person to another. In Paris, Drs. Dennis and Riva were enabled to cure a young man who had previously been treated in vain for lethargy. Further experiments not being so satisfactory, this device as a prolonger of life became discarded.

Francis Bacon held somewhat unique ideas regarding the possible prolongation of existence. He regarded life as a flame continually being consumed by the surrounding atmosphere, and he thence concluded that by retarding vital waste and renewing the bodily powers from time to time, life might be lengthened. With the object of preventing undue external vital waste, he advised cold bathing, followed by friction. Tranquility of mind, cooling food, with the use of opiates, he advocated as the most suitable measures for lessening internal consumption. Furthermore, he proposed to renovate life periodically, first by a spare diet combined with cathartics; subsequently, through choice of a refreshing and succulent diet. With some degree of modification, there seems to be much wisdom in his views, excepting as regards the use of opiates, which are decidedly of a prejudicial nature.

Numerous charlatans have appeared, and still appear at intervals, loud in their asseverations of having discovered the veritable elixir of life—gold, tinctures, and many other nostrums with which they mendaciously promise to prolong life. The most notorious of these empirics was the Count de St. Germain, who with barefaced effrontery protested that he had already existed for centuries by aid of his "Tea of Long Life," which he declared would rejuvenate mankind. On close examination his miraculous philter was ascertained to consist of a simple infusion of sandal-wood, fennel and senna leaves.

A great stir was created in 1785 by the occult pretensions of a fanatical physician in France named Mesmer. He vaunted the possession of extraordinary magnetic power, which enabled him forthwith, by its agency, to remove every disease and prolong life. At the king's desire, a commission was instituted to report upon this phenomenon, in which Dr. Franklin took a leading part. The only practical result of this inquiry was the discovery of animal electricity. At one time, Mesmer refused three hundred and forty thousand livres for his secret. After Dr. Franklin's investigations, Mesmer lapsed into obscurity.

Last, but not least in the foremost rank of impostors, was Joseph Balsamo, *alias* Count de Cagliostro. This charlatan appeared just before the first French Revolution. During his remarkable career, Cagliostro made more than one fortune, which he subsequently lost, and died in prison in 1795. The distinguished Cardinal de Rohan was one of his chief dupes. Like St. Germain, Balsamo boasted that he had discovered the elixir of life

and throughout Europe, found persons of all degrees eager to possess his panacea. This elixir was a very powerful stomachic, possessed of great stimulating properties, tending to augment vital sensations. It is a fixed law of nature that everything which increases the vital forces tends to abridge their duration. Concentrated and potent stimulants, which are usually the active principle of most elixirs, although for the time increasing physical strength, are in truth very prejudicial to longevity.

We will now pass on to examine other theories more worthy of attention, before we proceed to establish what at present appears to be the most certain means for promoting longevity. The plan of "hardening"—based upon a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer—obtained at one time numerous followers. When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of every organ, combined with free circulation, it naturally follows that rigidity must be unfriendly to longevity. Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were advocated by the "hardening school." Like most enthusiasts, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial. Later on, a theory well suited to the idle and luxurious gained many adherents, namely, to retard bodily waste by a trance-like sleep. One enthusiast, Maupertius, went so far as to propound the possibility of completely suspending vital activity. Even Dr. Franklin, having observed the restoration of apparently dead flies by exposure to warmth, was struck with the feasibility of promoting long life by the agency of immobility. The misconception of this theory, from a physiological point of view, is at once self-evident, as want of exercise is simply poisonous to health. Upon a constant metamorphosis of the tissues, physical well-being must depend to a great extent. A destructive plethora would most certainly be induced by attempting "vital suspension."

That celebrated set of mystical philosophers, the Rosicrucians—famous for their profound acquaintance with natural phenomena, and the higher branches of physical, chemical and medical science—considered that human existence might be protracted far beyond its supposed limits. They professed to regard old age by means of certain medicaments, whose action upon the system should curb the progress of natural decay. The means by which they professed to check senile decrepitude were, like other mysteries of their fraternity, never revealed. The celebrated English Rosicrucian, Dr. Fludd, whose writings became famous, is said to have lived a century.

STUDY IN A RESTAURANT.

LUNCHEON WITH YOUR SISTER, AND LUNCHEON WITH SOME ONE ELSE'S SISTER.

The principal disadvantage of the various plans which have been set forth for promoting longevity appears to be that they are all deficient in this important respect—that they only regard *one subject, and neglect the rest.* However beneficial any theory may prove, it must be materially inadequate in fulfilling its purpose, should numerous other matters of the greatest importance bearing upon human economy be ignored. Hufeland, in his luminous work, "The Art of Prolonging Life," is of opinion that the real art of longevity consists in cultivating those agents which protract existence, and by avoiding all circumstances tending to shorten its duration. This is undoubtedly the most reasonable method for obtaining

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.—"'MARRIED!' HER WHITE LIPS FORM THE WORD WITHOUT UTTERING IT. SHE HAS TURNED SO PALE AND FAINT THAT BERNARD HURRIES TOWARD HER."

the end in view. Moderation in all things (avoiding as far as possible every morbific condition), and open-air exercise are far more reliable means of prolonging life than any of the elixirs and panaceas ever advocated. Finally, health and longevity can only be attained by an intimate acquaintance with and obedience to those natural laws which govern our physical economy.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

One cold November afternoon two beautiful young women stood side-by-side at Schaus's window, looking interestedly at a painting that had just been placed on view. The one was a tall and magnificently-formed brunette, with rich dark hair, a proud, impassioned face, and eager dark eyes that seemed to hide a settled sadness under all their flashing brilliancy. The other was a slender, exquisite blonde, with dim gold hair in soft, natural waves above her wonderful gray-blue eyes. Both these young women were unmistakably stamped with Beauty's royal ensignia. The brunette was dressed in silk and velvet and fine laces—the blonde, in poor, threadbare, and almost insufficient clothing, but with that desperate effort at neatness and fitness that youth, however burdened and oppressed, must make.

For some minutes they stood together, almost touching each other, in their absorbed contemplation of the picture—"Fair Rosamond," by Bernard Lesca.

To the girl in the shabby clothes it was a *picture*, simply—to be enjoyed for a moment and passed by. But to the other, whose heart beat fast under her silken bodice, it was a wonder, a dream, a romance.

His work—the work of the man to whom she had given, silently and hopelessly, all the intense love of her ardent nature.

Bernard Lesca, the struggling young artist, who was only beginning to meet praise and recognition, had won, without seeking it, the passionate devotion of Helen Garland—a belle and beauty, and the only child of a millionaire. They had met almost daily during the three months while he was engaged in painting her portrait, and when the work was ended it came upon Helen like a shock, the knowledge that her heart had gone beyond her own keeping.

Of Bernard's feelings toward her, beyond mere courtesy, she could guess nothing. Poor, proud and sensitive, he was not the man to wear his heart on his sleeve, for the frivolous crowd to gape at—nor even for his beautiful patroness to examine at will. And so Helen, with all her wealth and power and loveliness, could only dream and hope and suffer in secret, like the humblest of maidens to whom love, unbidden, finds its way.

"Please, ma'am, help a poor child. Give a poor child a penny, please, ma'am."

The pitiful, monotonous voice, the little dirty outstretched hand, the shivering, ragged little form, scarcely attracted a glance from Miss Garland. She had never known the meaning of cold or hunger or wretchedness in any physical sense through all her happy life. How

could she understand the pathos of this appeal? But the girl beside her turned quickly to the child with a kindly, compassionate look, and opening her poor shabby pocketbook, took from her scanty treasure a few coins, which she dropped into the child's hand, with a smile that thrice sweetened the giving. Then, with a parting glance at "Fair Rosamond," she moved away from the window and went lightly along the busy street, facing the sharp Autumn wind that fluttered her thin garments as she walked.

Miss Garland, watching her with strange intentness, felt the tears suddenly fill her eyes—this little simple act of charity had touched her strangely. Before she knew her own intent, she was following the slender figure through the hurrying crowd. By degrees it became plain to her what she meant to do, and a smile lighted her face, and her step grew firmer.

The way chosen by her unconscious guide proved to be a long one. Through Broadway to Bleecker Street, through Bleecker to the Bowery, through the Bowery to a cross-street that seemed to have no name—a terrible place for this dainty, beautiful creature to venture through, but she said to herself, shuddering, "I can't turn back. Wherever she goes, I know I, too, can go with safety. I am not afraid while I can keep her in sight."

And while Miss Garland goes scudding through these down-town muddy streets—a wonder to the passers-by—her carriage is waiting her order at Delmonico's, and the impatient coachman stamps up and down the pavement, a prey to indignation and suspense.

At length the swift, lithe figure which Miss Garland's eyes cling to steadfastly slackens pace at a miserable doorway, that seems trying to shrink out of sight between a liquor-store and a rag-shop. The door is open, and Miss Garland's heart beats fast as the girl turns into the hallway, but she follows her determinedly, and says, in her soft, rich voice:

"Wait, please—wait a moment."

And the two stand face to face, looking at each other by the light of the dim lamp that burns in the lower end of the hall.

"Excuse me." Miss Garland is breathless from excitement and fatigue, but she speaks with a gentle earnestness. "I have followed you because I wished to speak to you. I saw you give money to the poor child. I thought it was so beautiful, and—and it would make me very happy if you would let me give you—if you would let me help you. I have so much, and you have taught me a lesson——"

Her pocketbook is open, and she is trying to force some banknotes into the hand of the girl, who draws back with amazement, and a little pride in her face.

"Oh, no; indeed no!" she says, quickly. "I am not so poor as that! I thank you just the same; but I can't take it. No—no!"

"Do not refuse," Miss Garland pleads, impetuously. "I have followed you all this way. I know it made you happy to give to the little child, and it would be such a happiness if you would let me do something for you. The cold weather is coming, and you will need warm clothes."

But still the girl shrinks away, and repeats, firmly—but now her eyes are full of tears:

"Oh, thank you—thank you a thousand times! but, indeed, I can take nothing. I am very poor, as you see: but surely you can understand that I may be proud, too."

"You deprive me of a pleasure, and I think you are unkind to do so," Miss Garland answers; and her own dark eyes are moist. She is but little used to plead in vain. "I cannot see what place pride has between us. Well, I will not insist, but I hope you are not too proud to accept my card," placing it in her hand with a bright, sudden smile, "and come and see me. Will you promise? I wish particularly to talk with you—and soon. Will you come to-morrow? And will you tell me now your name?"

"My name is Frances Day."

* * * * * *

A week later there came to Bernard Lesca's studio a lovely girl, in a shabby bonnet, who presented to him a little sealed and scented note. He smiled as he looked at the handsome writing. Tearing it open, he read these lines:

"DEAR MR. LESCA: I have found, by chance, this beautiful young woman, Frances Day—the bearer—whose face, I think, will charm you. It occurred to me that she might meet your ideal for the 'Madonna' face in your 'Alms at the Beautiful Gate.' You have so often deplored the scarcity of good models, that I have taken the liberty of sending her. In any case, dear Mr. Lesca, you must paint her blonde loveliness into some sort of a picture for me, and allow me the pleasure of paying for her sittings. The truth is, she is very poor, and very proud, and will not allow me to help her, so I take this means of befriending her, and you will not betray me, I know. With good wishes, your friend,

"HELEN GARLAND."

"Good heart and true," murmured Bernard Lesca, and a softened light came over his grave, dark face. He attributed Helen's act to simple heart-warm charity. He could not read between the lines her eager thought: "Now, I shall see him often. I shall be free to come and go while this picture is in progress; there will be no more long days and weeks of separation. I can be near him once again, and see and hear him."

All this motive was sealed from Bernard's eyes, and he saw only the sweet compassion of woman to woman. He thrust the letter into his breast, and turned to his fair visitor with an eager, admiring scrutiny.

"Miss Garland has told you that I wished to engage a model?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall be delighted if you can come to me, and as soon as possible. Is your time otherwise engaged, or could you spare me two afternoons each week?" And he named such liberal terms of payment that the wistful face brightened into lovely bloom and color.

"Oh, yes, sir; any day you like to name." The sapphire blue eyes, to which joy had lent lustre, almost dazzled him with their light as she raised them thankfully to his own. "I have been working so very, very hard for such a little money, I don't know how to understand being paid so well for doing nothing at all."

"Such beauty as yours is not every day to be found," says Bernard, lightly. "I call myself very fortunate that you have come my way, thanks to Miss Garland. Well, shall we arrange for Wednesday, then? I shall expect you at one o'clock. You must be prompt, please"—with a little sudden business-like air. "I am a hard taskmaster in regard to time."

"Oh, I will be prompt," a glad thrill in her voice; "it seems almost too good to believe that I *am* coming."

On Wednesday, true to her word, Miss Day appears, a good ten minutes ahead of time. She looks so radiantly lovely, in her poor black dress and faded blue vail, that Mr. Lesca is almost startled as he admits her; but he poses her, nevertheless, in a matter-of-fact fashion, and is soon absorbed and busy.

Presently Miss Garland arrives, in a wonderful costume of ruby plush, with a soft white plume sweeping

round her velvet black hair, and caressing the crowded braids at the back of her stately head. She is elated and gracious—charmed with the model's attitude—with her sunbright head and clear perfection of profile.

The model, in her severe, simple, Madonna drapery of white cashmere, with her hair knotted plainly back, makes a strange contrast to this nineteenth-century elaboration of attire, the color and rustle and "frou-frou" of modern elegance.

Between the two Mr. Lesca sits and paints with a calm, observant face, quietly thoughtful of the poor girl and gravely tolerant of the rich one.

As the sitting progresses Miss Garland never fails to be present. Through storm and sunshine her carriage brings her to the door that is the gate of her earthly paradise.

More than all the rest of her life, thrice told, are those few brief hours of each week passed in the dim, dusty, crowded studio, and in the presence of Bernard Lesca.

She is so gentle, so soft and tender. Happy as a pleased child, she looks through his folios of finished sketches, or watches him quietly as he works. Her soul seems to unfold itself gladly, yet reverently, in the sunshine of his smile and friendly welcoming eyes. But a day comes at last that brings a little blurred and hurried note instead of Helen.

"My father has been very, very ill, dear Mr. Lesca," she writes to him, with a trembling hand—"a serious attack of lung trouble. We sail for Florida to-day. I cannot even see you a moment to say good-by, but you will not forget your friend, I know. We hope to return in April next, and meanwhile I shall expect to hear from you often, and will write at length as soon as we arrive at Magnolia. Kind regards and farewell to Miss Day. I am so sorry I could not see you, and I hope you will be sorry, too, and miss me a great deal. Don't forget to report progress of our picture. With a heart full of good wishes, your friend, HELEN."

Bernard reads these lines with surprise and friendly regret. He receives them for what they seem—a gracious parting salutation, full of condescension and kindness. He does not dream that in reality they convey the passionate, almost heartbroken farewell of a proud and lovely woman.

When he reads them aloud in all innocence to Miss Day, a burning flush spreads over her face and neck. Then, as Bernard looks at her, he feels his own color rise. A curious restraint falls on each. They seem to realize, for the first time, that they are alone together, and already begin to miss Helen.

* * * * * *

The short, bright, busy Winter days passed quickly by; and with the first soft airs of Spring, Miss Garland came back to the city of her heart.

Her father had regained his health; the season at Magnolia had been a delightful one, and all things had conspired to make her life full and pleasant; but the old hunger and longing would not let her rest.

When Bernard's letters came, she was joyous and elated. The rest of the time she spent in waiting for them.

They were pleasant, kind and genial—nothing more; but it is strange on what poor and insufficient food love—especially woman's love—can feed itself, and live.

So back to the city came Helen Garland, with the flush of health on her cheeks and the light of an ardent hope in her glorious dark eyes.

The first morning after her arrival, a "spirit in her feet" led her swiftly and safely to the door of Bernard Lesca's studio.

This time her carriage was left behind—it seemed such delight to walk through the old familiar streets once more, with the sun shining in her face, and the wind blowing lightly by.

Through the heavy, frowning porch, along the wide hall and up the endless stairway she hurries, with a quick-beating heart, and taps lightly at the well-known door. Then his voice calls to her, and she enters.

"Miss Garland."

"Bernard!"

It is the first time she has ever named him thus familiarly, and his eyes express a pleased recognition of the fact. He presses both her hands in his own warmly.

"Well, this is a delightful surprise. I had not hoped to see you so soon. How well you look. You came by the steamer yesterday, I suppose?"

The sunlight is very bright in the studio this lovely morning. She sees him very plainly—he has never looked so handsome nor so happy. Her thirsty eyes drink from his as she says, eagerly:

Are you glad to see me—really glad? Oh, the time seemed so long! Bernard, I am so happy, happy! I can scarcely believe I am with you once again!"

They are standing close together; her proud, tender face is raised toward him, and tears are crowding her thick, dark lashes.

She makes a little gentle movement, and lays her beautiful hand on his shoulder. He starts back instantly.

"What is this?" he asks, in a low voice of intense surprise. For a moment or two Helen does not answer; and then she says, softly and unsteadily, in a voice scarcely audible through tears:

"Forgive me. You must know—do you not, that I love you? It has been such a long time. I waited for you to speak—but my wealth has stood between us. Yes, I know. But, Bernard, if that were all—and if you love me——"

"Oh, hush, hush!" quickly he interrupts her. "For God's sake say no more! I meant to tell you, but you did not give me time. I am married! I was married a month ago!"

"Married!"

Her white lips form the word without uttering it. She has turned so pale and faint that Bernard hurries toward her, and seats her gently in a little cushioned chair. Her hands lie clasped in her lap. She looks up at him piteously, and says, in a broken whisper:

"Is it true? Must I believe it?"

"It is true, Miss Garland."

"Well, that is all. I *will* believe it; and I wish you happiness, with all my heart, Bernard! You see," smiling sadly, "I call you Bernard, but you do not call me Helen. You will never call me Helen *now*."

"Surely I may call you Helen. You will let me always be your friend?"

"Oh, no; dear, no," she answers, simply. "I loved you too well for that. We can never be friends! So, it is all over—my long, sweet, troubled dream! But tell me of your wife. Are you happy? Do you love her?"—what anguish hid beneath those coaxing tones! "And whom did you marry, Bernard? Tell me at least her name."

And Bernard, turning a little away from the dark, despairing, beautiful eyes, answers softly:

"Indeed I am happy, Helen; and I love my wife dearly. I have married Frances Day!"

"Oh!"

She bites her lip to force back the bitter cry; and the

blood rushes to her face and brow. There is a long minute of silence—her face slowly pales again, and she says at length, in a strained, curious voice, unlike her own:

"How strange it seems that I should give her to you—that I should find her, follow her through the streets and bring her here—for *this!* I think if I had never known her, perhaps—you would have loved me! No; do not speak!"

She interrupts him hastily.

"Whatever you say will break my heart. There is no help—no hope? Only, Bernard," her voice changing to sorrowful entreaty, "promise me that you will not tell her—that you will keep my wretched secret from all the world—but most of all, from *her*. Will you promise, Bernard?"

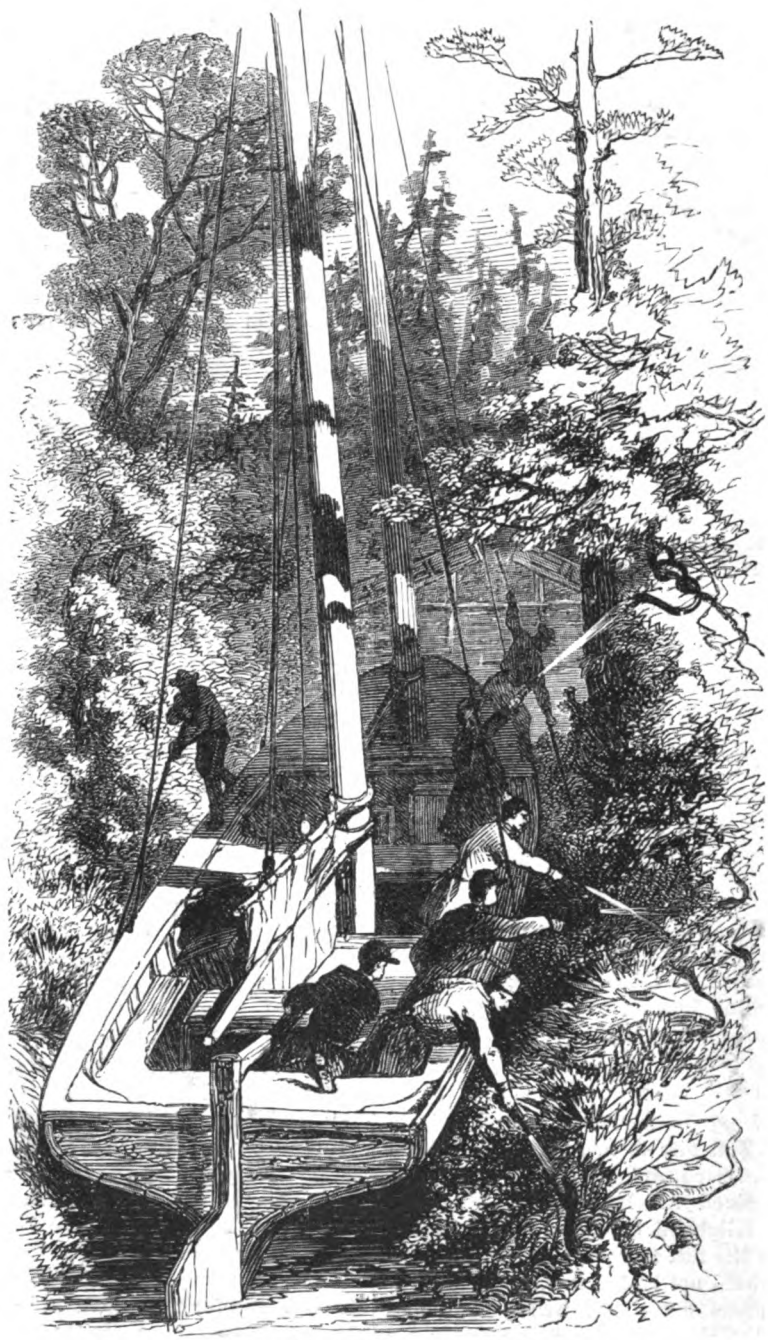
"Most truly and faithfully; but there is no need of any promise, Helen. Do you not know that I would die rather than betray such confidence as yours?"

"I know; forgive me," she answers quickly. "You were always so good—so noble. Forget, if you can, my weakness and folly. I, too, will try to forget."

She rises to her feet with something of the old stateliness, and offers him her hand in farewell. Without another word, and with a little parting smile, sadder than any tears, she is gone.

* * *

Society, ever on the alert for a little wonder and gossip, is quite astonished by the change one Winter in Florida has produced in Helen Garland. Since she has returned to New York, society declares her life is little better than a nun's. She goes absolutely nowhere, except to church, and is seen by no one. Society forgets to add, that the sorrowful and the afflicted see her very often, and the prayers of the little children call her blessed.



SHOOTING MOCCASINS IN A SWAMP CANAL.

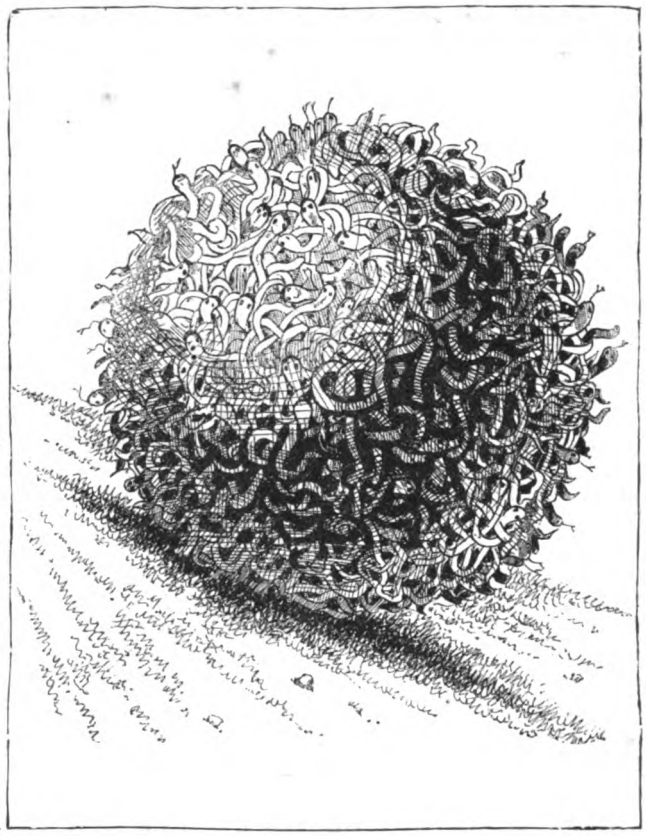
OUR COMMON SNAKES.

By C. F. Holder.

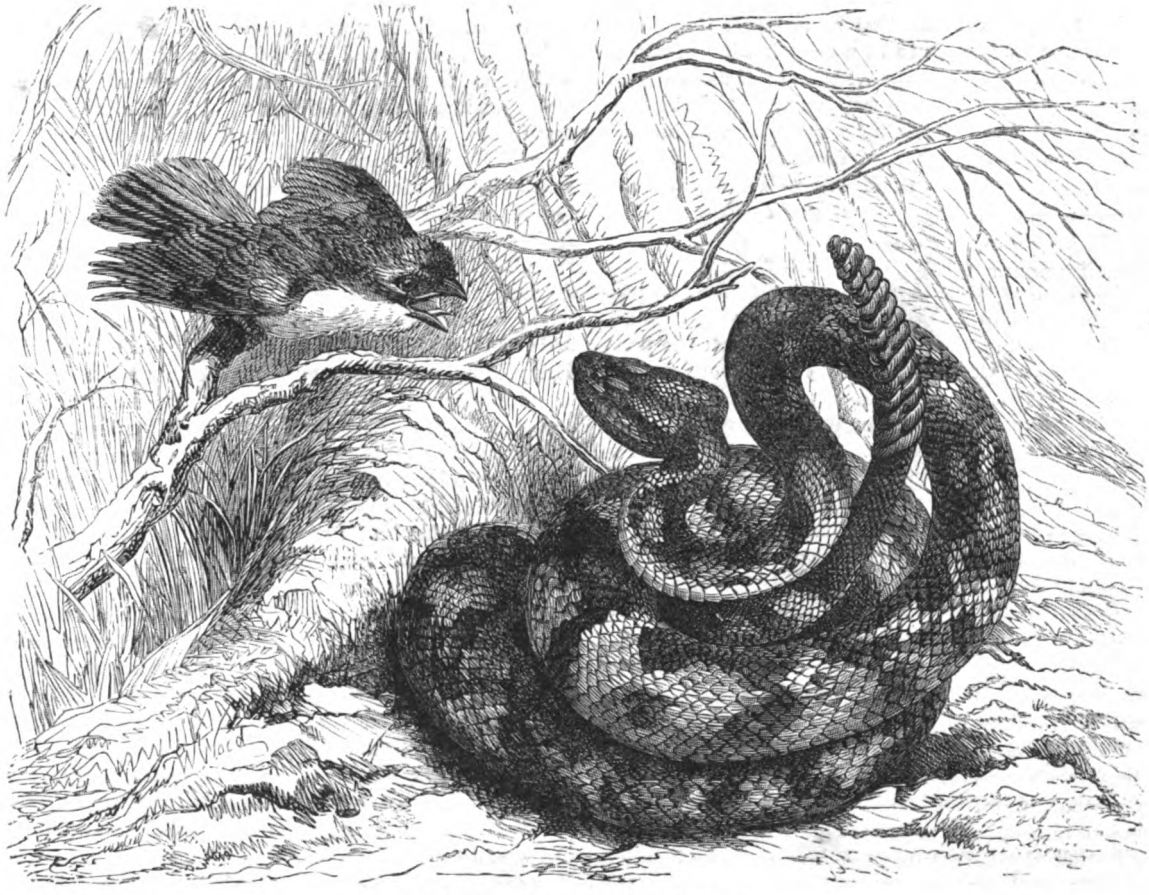
Perhaps no class of animals so widely distributed and so common in everyday life are so little known and understood as the snakes. This is not because the science of herpetology has been neglected or overlooked, as the scientific institutions of the various cities of the country are replete with fine collections of most of the reptiles and exhaustive works upon their habits and customs. Yet, notwithstanding this, the snake still forms the subject of ever-recurring tales, fabulous in the extreme, that seem handed down from generation to generation with a faithfulness that would do credit to the New Mexico Indians who preserve their records in this way. Curiously enough, many of these strange stories are current among those who, from the nature of their life, would be expected to be well and accurately posted upon the habits of the animals. Thus many farmers and horticulturists can be found that religiously believe that the milk-snake (*Ophiobolus clericus*) deprives cows and milk-giving animals of their supply. An intelligent farmer, sane on other subjects, informed the writer that for a long time his cows failed to give a proper supply of milk, and it was a great mystery until, one morning before milking he saw a milk-snake *between two of the cows*, and killed it on the spot, after that having no trouble. This man could not be convinced of his mistake, although he acknowledged that it was impossible that so small a snake could have held a half-pint of milk, even if forced into its body.

In a Western paper devoted to sporting matters there appeared recently a long article on the habits of snakes.

THE HOOP SNAKE, ACCORDING TO POPULAR STORIES.



A BALL OF SNAKES.



A RATTLESNAKE CHARMING A BIRD.

It contained a statement, often seen and believed by many, that a certain snake of the South (the whip-snake) seizes its tail—which has a sting (?)—in its mouth, and rolls away in the form of a wheel, stopping suddenly and striking the enemy with the sting. Such stories are current by the score, and perhaps denial only strengthens belief.

We have in America, north of Mexico, about one hundred and thirty species of snakes, nearly all having a wide geographical distribution. They constitute the first order (*Ophidia*) of the reptiles, and having long cylindrical bodies, are footless, without a shoulder-girdle, and covered with a coat of scales which shed simultaneously at times in the Summer months. They are formed from the epidermis, and generally overlap each other as in the fishes; but in other cases, as the *Acrochordus*, etc., they do not, and are tubercular. The eyes of snakes have no lids in the strict sense of the term, being covered permanently by a delicate film, or membrane, that takes the place of the lid, thus explaining the strong stare that all snakes have, and that is so disagreeable to many; so it may be said that the snake cannot shut its eyes.

When we examine the skeleton, we see that it is arranged to allow the greatest amount of freedom of movement and flexibility. The pieces of bone (vertebræ) that go to make up the long tapering backbone number over four hundred in some species, are hollow in front and convex behind, literally working on a ball-and-socket plan, each one, excepting the first or atlas, bearing a pair of ribs, one on each side.

The processes of the vertebræ are provided with what are called articular facets, that lock into or grasp each other, thus strengthening and giving a greater degree of flexibility to the backbone. In the head, however, we see the most remarkable modification, that enables the snake to prey upon animals that seem larger than itself. The jawbones would seem to be a combination of elastic springs having no gauge to their tension; thus the quadrate bones that connect the lower jaw with the skull are movable, allowing the enormous gape that all who have seen a snake swallow its prey are familiar with. Besides this, the bones of the jaw itself and palate are more or less movable, also tending to assist greatly in the distension of the throat.

As the snakes do not tear or mutilate their prey, their teeth are not set in sockets, and are merely for two purposes: first, to poison and stupefy the prey; and second, to prevent its escape, acting as hooks by which the body is hauled over the victim. These holding-teeth are developed on the palatine, maxillary, pterygoid and mandibular bones, and in some cases on the premaxillaries. Their action is most remarkable. We have seen that the bones of the lower jaw were not fastened closely to each other, so in swallowing prey the teeth on one side are advanced, securing a hold, then on the other side, and so on, until the victim is hauled into the snake's throat overhand, as if so many hooks were alternately pulling at it.

The poisonous snakes, as the rattlesnakes, have two long, sharp fangs, that are modifications of the maxillary teeth referred to above; each appearing as if flattened out like a knife-blade and bent up, forming a hollow tube, or groove, open at both ends. The upper portion of the hollow fang is fastened to a bone in the cheek which moves with ease, so that when not in use the fangs can be folded back—packed away, so to speak—until needed.

Undoubtedly all animals, even man, have in their saliva a deadly poison, though in the latter it is extremely diluted, and of use only in assisting the digestion of our food. In the poisonous snakes, however, we find it accumulated in sacks that are modifications of the salivary gland, and placed on each side of the upper jaw. A delicate canal extends from the poison-gland under the eye forward to the edge of the jaw, and there opens into the fang above the tube of the tooth; and if we examine here, we shall find rudimentary fangs, all ready to grow out if the large one is lost. To use the poison, the snake has merely to strike its prey, the muscles of the jaw being so arranged that, as soon as the fang enters the flesh of the victim, certain muscles press upon the glands, squeeze the poison through the little canal down through the hollow fang, and the work is done.

In their actions snakes are most graceful. The gliding motion is effected by the movements of the large or ventral scales, that are successively pushed forward, the hinder edges resting on the ground and forming a support. These scales, fulcra, or pushers, are fastened to the ribs by muscles, and by holding a snake the swelling movement can readily be felt.

The internal anatomy of snakes is interesting on many accounts, but perhaps the most striking feature is the want of symmetry in the organs that in many animals are generally paired; thus the lung proper is single, long and large, while the other is extremely small and rudimentary.

The young of snakes are produced in three ways, though two are nearly identical. Some are oviparous, or lay eggs that are generally connected and deposited under moist vegetation, where they are hatched by the heat generated. The most remarkable egg-laying snake is the Natrixtorquata, of Europe, where the embryo develops before the egg is laid, the young only being hatched two months after it is deposited.

A few snakes, as the vipers, are viviparous; that is, bring forth their young alive. Such is, according to Schneck, the spotted spreading adder, in a female of which he found eighty-seven young, six inches long, Other snakes are ovoviviparous, the snake retaining the egg in the body until the young are hatched.

In color the snakes vary much, but are generally adapted to their surroundings, the green snakes being found in green grass and vegetation, while the gray snakes frequent rocky districts, where they are alike protected. The skin is shed in one piece at various seasons of the year, being forced off in some cases by the snake forming a ring with its tail and squeezing the rest of the body through it, or by wriggling through the bushes. The poisonous snakes may always be recognized by their broad, flattened heads, and generally short and thick bodies. They also, as a rule, possess a vertical keel running along the centre of each scute. The non-poisonous snakes have long bodies, with the head small, no distinct neck, and the scute not keeled.

Probably the best known of our common poisonous snakes are the rattlesnakes, that with the moccasins and copperheads form the dangerous family *Crotalidæ*, distinguished by the large ugly head and the absence of teeth in the upper jaw excepting the long fangs, and the pit in the head. They are all viviparous; that is, the egg is retained in the female until it is hatched, the young then being expelled alive.

What is called the Northern rattlesnake, or *Crotalus horridus*, has probably the widest geographical range, being found in nearly every State in the Union, from the borders of the Gulf of Mexico to Northern New England, and west to the Rocky Mountains. It has a most forbidding appearance, and never could be mistaken when once seen, having an enormous head, triangular in shape, and

large, brilliant eyes, with a fiery iris. Between the eye and the nostril is a deep pit, that is peculiar to this family of snakes. The general color is ash, with bands and patches of reddish-brown and gray, the abdomen being a reddish-straw color, dotted with black. They attain a length of about four feet.

As the name indicates, they have a rattle that is a horny appendage to the tail, formed of separate button-like objects, that rattle together when the tail is vibrated. This often warns human beings, and perhaps arouses a curiosity in other animals that proves fatal. The popular belief that a rattle is added every year is not borne

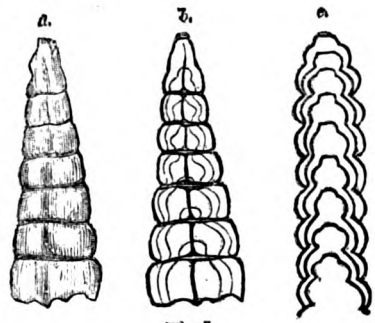


Fig. 1.

a. Tail of a Mexican rattlesnake. *b*. Substance of semi-transparent horn; thin and very perfect: natural size, and showing at the apex the smaller links developed while the snake was young, and gradually increasing with age. *c*. The same held against the light, showing how the interior links interlock.

out by facts. In a specimen observed by the eminent herpetologist, Dr. Holbrook, two rattles appeared within a year, and Dr. Buchannan's specimens attained four in that period. Mr. Peale, the naturalist, kept one of these snakes fourteen years. When he obtained it it possessed eleven rattles, and though it lost several every year, new ones took their place, and at its death it retained the original number, although, during the fourteen years of

Fig. 2.

d. A very much worn rattle from a small Oregon rattlesnake, pulled apart, in order to display the form of the links. *Exact size*. *e*. One single-link detached from a rattle. *f*. A section of one link.

confinement in the Philadelphia Museum, it had increased four inches in length. So it will be seen that it is impossible to determine the age of these animals by this means. The number of rattles ever attained is also uncertain; the greatest number observed by Dr. Holbrook was twenty-one, all of which were perfect; but a

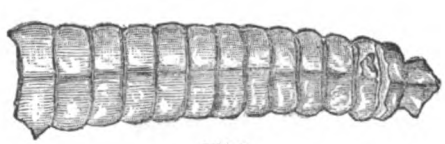


Fig. 3.

The rattle of a Mexican rattlesnake. *Exact size.*

writer in the *Columbian Magazine*, in 1786, recorded a specimen that had forty-four.

The rattlesnake is mild and peaceful if unprovoked, and never has been known to follow a human being for purposes of attack. A friend of the writer, an army officer, was sitting on a stump in Florida with his hands upon his knees, looking down upon the ground, when a large rattlesnake, not, however, of this species, slowly crawled between his legs, and moved away. The officer had the nerve to remain perfectly quiet, which was necessary, he said, there not being a drop of whisky within two hundred miles.

They prey upon small animals, as rats, squirrels and rabbits, and can always be safely approached when stretched out, only striking when they are coiled. They are not climbers, rarely, if ever, being found in trees, and their alleged powers of fascination are purely mythical, this lying merely in the horror their presence inspires in the lower animals as well as in man. Paralyzed by fear, the victim is often incapable of flight, and stupidly awaits its fate. This I think will explain all the so-called cases of fascination, and the reader can well apply it to familiar examples by recalling instances where men, women and children have been attacked by animals, and rooted to the spot, as it were, by fear and surprise. Men have been so horrified and confused at an approaching train, that they have stood until tossed from the track, yet, in entering the plea for damages, the plaintiff's lawyer never claims that the injured party was fascinated by the engine.

These dangerous snakes are extremely common in New York State, and especially in the mountainous and secluded parts of Pennsylvania. On the shores of Lake Champlain they are also very abundant, and some years ago two men, in three days, destroyed over eleven hundred rattlesnakes on the sides of Tongue Mountain, in Bolton Township, N. Y.

One of the vagaries of fashion is to have cardcases, bags, belts, pocketbooks, etc., of the rich skins of these animals. Their oil is also quite valuable, as well as the living snakes themselves for museums. So an extensive business is now carried on, and many men are engaged as professional rattlesnake-hunters.

Especially in Sullivan and Ulster Counties is this curious business followed; and, according to a gentleman living in Middletown, very snug sums are made every year in the sale of rattlesnake oil, which is believed to possess wonderful curative powers by a large proportion of the inhabitants of not only those but of adjoining counties. Many snakes are killed during the Summer season, but the grand gathering of the crop is in the Fall, when they have returned to their dens and wintering places. These retreats are well known to the snake-hunters, and they choose sunny days in October and November for raiding them. On such days the reptiles crawl out of their dens in the rocks, and huddle together by the score, different varieties frequently being found massed together. The snakes are dull and sluggish at that time of the year, and come out to bask in the sun. The hunters arm themselves with the old-fashioned flails, and when they come upon a pile of snakes, proceed at once to thrash the life out of them, but few escaping.

The rattlesnakes are assorted from the other species and carried home, where the oil is tried out as lard is from pork. No treatment of the oil is necessary. It is bottled up, and is ready for the market. As high as one dollar an ounce has been paid for it by believers in its value as a liniment for rheumatism and all kindred ills.

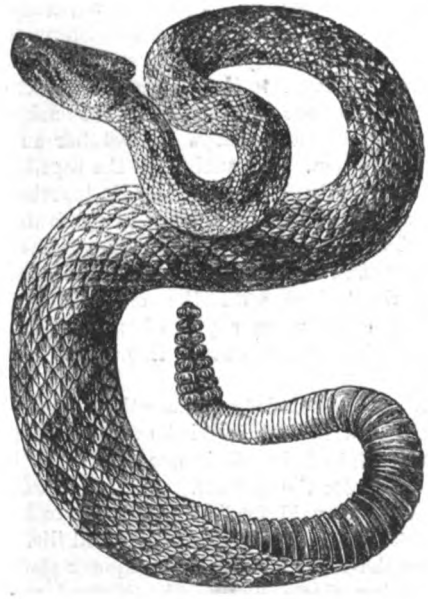
In the Winter months these snakes enter upon a state of hibernation, burying themselves in the ground, entwined or singly, coming out in early Spring.

Perhaps no subject connected with snakes has attracted so much attention as the vexed one as to their care for their young. A snake would scarcely be expected to show much maternal affection, but such is the case, and in a most remarkable manner—in fact, taking their young in their mouths if alarmed. I am indebted to Prof. G. Brown Goode, Curator of the Smithsonian Institute, for some interesting evidence that he has accumulated on this question. The belief that rattlesnakes thus protect their young is an old one, though often doubted, but it may now be considered settled that such is the fact.

CHARMING A SNAKE.

Dr. Edward Palmer, a well-known traveler and collector, states that, when in Paraguay with the *Waterwitch* expedition, he saw seven young rattlesnakes (*Candisona terrifica*) run into their parent's mouth. After it was killed they all ran out. These snakes, parent and brood, are preserved in the National Museum, Washington.

Palisot de Beauvois, an eminent French naturalist, Member of the Institute and Councilor of the University of Paris, thus details an observation made near the close of the last century: "When making my first excursion into the Cherokee country, I happened, while botanizing, to see a rattlesnake in my path. I approached as softly as possible; but, just as I was about to strike, imagine my surprise to see it, after sounding its rattle, open a very large mouth, and receive into it five little serpents, each about the size of a goose-quill. Astonished at this singular spectacle, I retired some distance and hid behind a tree. After some minutes the animal, believing itself out of danger, again opened its mouth, and allowed the little ones to escape. I advanced; the little ones retreated to their stronghold, and the mother, carrying her precious treasure, disappeared among the underbrush, where I was not able to find her."

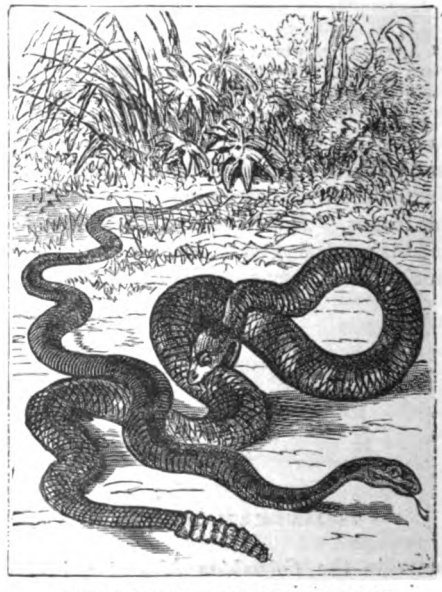


THE RATTLESNAKE.

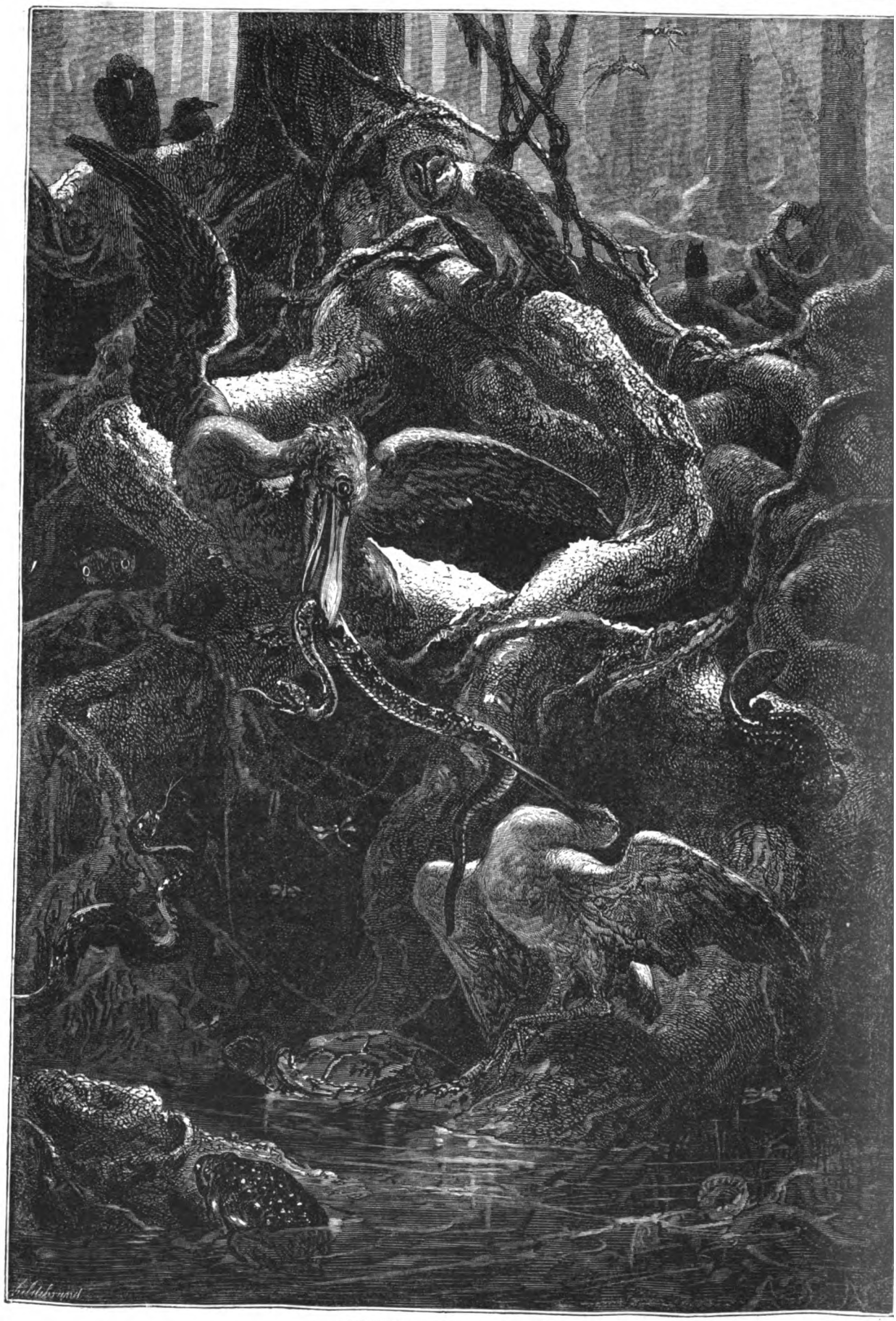
We have the opinion of Dr. Jeffries Wyman, Professor Gill, and other physiologists, that there is no reason why the young snakes may not live for a time within the parent. It would be very difficult to smother a reptile, even in such close quarters; and lizards, toads and snakes have often been rescued, unharmed, after a sojourn in a snake's stomach. It is a well-known fact that living tissues are acted upon very feebly by the gastric juice.

In all, Professor Goode has the testimony of nine careful observers, who have seen the mother snake, by a signal, call her brood into her mouth. Examples of this are very common among fish, and would certainly not appear more wonderful in snakes.

Among



FIGHT BETWEEN A BLACK SNAKE AND A RATTLESNAKE.



DWELLERS IN A FLORIDA SWAMP.

other rattlesnakes, the diamond attains a length of eight feet, and is strictly a Southern species, only found on the Atlantic south of the Carolinas. In the same locality is found the ground rattlesnake, about thirteen inches long. Others are the red, Mitchell's, horned, "side-winder" tiger, St. Lucas, banded, Arizona, spotted, scutulated, confluent, and the black-tail rattlesnakes, all of the genus *Crotalus*. In the genus *Caudisona* are found the Mexican ground, the Southern ground, the Sonora ground, and the black rattlesnakes—a ferocious array. The bite of nearly all of these is extremely dangerous, though in the smaller it is not necessarily fatal. Almost all animals succumb to them, and man, if proper remedies are not at hand. It is a general belief that the hog is exempt; but this is at least not the rule, and where these reptiles are common, these animals are often killed by them.

Almost every locality has its seer with a remedy for snake-bites; whisky, however, is generally the most successful. This was well shown in New York City in 1883, where a showman was bitten by a large rattlesnake, and recovered by being kept under the influence of large doses of whisky. Being a temperance man, he asserted that he suffered more from the liquor than he did from the bite.

It is stated that De Lacerda, of the French Academy of Sciences, has established the fact that *permanganate* of potash is the best antidote to the poison of snakes. The experiments were exhaustive, and deemed satisfactory. The scientist injected the active venom of a deadly snake, diluted with distilled water, into the cellular tissue and veins of a dog, and found that the antidote stopped the manifestations of venom injuries. The experiments were made in the presence of the Emperor of Brazil and a large company of scientists, and the fortunate experimenter has been decorated by the Emperor for his valuable discovery.

Certain rules should be observed in case of snake-bite, and perhaps will not be out of place if recorded here. Generally the wound determines the character of the snake; thus, if the marks left by the teeth are arranged in two lines of punctured wound, there is no need of anxiety, as the snake is not poisonous; but if the wounds are two punctures, remedies should be immediately applied, as in nine cases out of ten the animal is venomous. The following is the treatment to be adopted: First, if the wound is on the arm or leg, two ligatures should be made above it as tightly as possible, thus preventing the absorption of the poison; second, the wounds should be immediately opened to the depth of the puncture, so that the blood may readily flow, and for this purpose apply hot water, if at hand; third, the wound should be sucked immediately, either by the patient or some one else, or cupping-glasses, if at hand, applied; fourth, wash the wound with ammonia, and rub the vicinity with it; cauterize with a red-hot iron or sulphuric acid, butter of antimony, or nitrate of silver—all these are good if used immediately; fifth, take large doses of ammonia; one, two or three wineglasses, of the eau-de-luce; if this cannot be had, take from one to six glasses of brandy or whisky at short intervals, or sufficient to bridge over the prostration, as for this it is that whisky is used—it is not in itself an antidote; sixth, mad-stones, or charms, etc., are only to be used in case the patient wishes to die.

The poisons of all snakes have certain characteristics in common. In the fresh state, according to Drs. Weir, Mitchell and Reichert, of Philadelphia, the venoms are in the form of a slightly turbid yellowish fluid, varying more or less in degree of viscidity, odorless, and invariably of acid reaction. In their dried state they are soluble in water at ordinary temperatures, save for a slight cloudiness, which but slowly settles. Thus dried they resemble ordinary egg-albumen, and when prepared in small quantities in a porcelain capsule, innumerable radiating lines of fracture occur, which break the mass, the long, needle-like pieces closely resembling acicular crystals; indeed, the resemblance is so striking that the uninitiated are frequently deceived as to the true physical condition of the venom.

In describing the external symptoms produced by the different crude venoms, Mitchell and Reichert observe that such symptoms do not differ radically, except in degree. From all alike there is produced some primary heart-disturbance, temporarily lowered blood-pressure, fatal enfeeblement of the respiratory centres, local effusion of blood, with lessening or loss of its power to clot, and, when the animal subjected to the venom survives some hours or a day, noticable breaking down of the capillaries, and tending to putrescence and gangrene. Of the different poisons, cobra venom is the most intense in its poisoning power, that of the copperhead next, then the venoms of the moccasin and the rattlesnake. In the course of their researches these investigators have been led to consider that the serpent venom does not contain an alkaloid, as had been surmised by other inquirers, but that it is in every case made up of three distinct proteid bodies, of which two are soluble in distilled water and one is not. The first of these proteids they declare to be a peptone—*peptic venom;* the second, a globulin resembling paraglobulin—*globulin venom;* the third resembling albumen—*albumen venom*. Respecting the active properties of these particular parts, the following is deduced from the experiments related: The peptone venom, which remains uncoagulated by boiling, which will dialyze, and which responds to all the characteristic tests by which its place in the family of proteids is determined, is poisonous, but is far from possessing all the poisonous characters of the compound venomous fluid from which it is derived, being slower in its action, and producing local effects which are œdematous in character and ultimately putrefactive. The venom globulin, on the other hand, is a poison of such virulence that one-twentieth of a grain of it is sufficient to kill a strong pigeon in the course of two hours, and to give rise, within a few minutes after injection, to enormous infiltration of blood into the neighboring tissue. But this venom has no effect on the blood-pressure, in which it differs from the venom peptone, under which that pressure is reduced. The albumen venom is doubtfully poisonous, and, on the whole, the full action of the natural or crude venom, as it is produced by the serpent, may be considered as represented by the two distinctive parts, called by the authors peptone venom and globulin venom.

The juggling of the Hindoo fakirs with the deadly cobra is familiar to all, and it is now known that it is done at times without resort to trickery; but it is not generally known that similar experiments have been tried with the rattlesnake in this country.

Chateaubriand says: "One day, when we had stopped in a plain on the banks of the River Genedie, a rattlesnake entered our camp. We had a Canadian amongst us who played on the flute; wishing to amuse us, he approached the animal with this new kind of weapon. At the approach of his enemy, the splendid reptile at once coiled itself up spirally, flattened its head, puffed out its cheeks, and showed its envenomed fangs, while its

forked tongue moved rapidly, and its eyes burned like redhot coals; its body became inflated with rage, rose and fell like a pair of bellows; its dilated skin bristled with scales; and its tail, which produced a sinister sound, oscillated with lightning rapidity. The Canadian now began to play upon his flute. The snake made a movement expressive of surprise, gradually drew its head backward, closed its inflamed mouth, and, as the musical sounds struck it, the eyes lost their sharpness, the vibration of its tail relaxed, and the noise which it made became weaker and weaker, and finally died away altogether; the coiled-up line became less perpendicular, the coils of the charmed snake opened, and in their turn rested in wider concentric circles on the ground. The scales of the skin were also lowered, and immediately recovered their wonted brilliancy; and, turning its head slowly toward the musician, it remained immovable in an attitude of pleased attention. At this moment the Canadian walked away a few steps, drawing low and monotonous tones from his flute; the reptile lowered his neck, opened a way among the fine grass with its head, and crawled in the steps of the musician who thus fascinated him, stopping when he stopped and following him when he began to move away. The snake was thus conducted from our camp, in the midst of a throng of spectators—as many redskins as Europeans—who could scarcely believe their eyes."

Of all the poisonous snakes of this country, the copperhead (*Ancistrodon contortrix*) is the most dreaded. It is also known as the cotton-mouth, moccasin and red-eye in the South. It is common from the Catskill region to the Gulf States. It attains a length of two feet; is of a hazel hue, the head having a bright coppery lustre. The copperhead conceals itself in shady spots in meadows of high grass, feeding upon small animals, and rarely attacking large animals unless stepped on; in this way horses are sometimes killed by them. The mother copperhead has also been observed to take its young in its mouth when danger threatened them.

The water-moccasin (*Ancistrodon piscivorus*), from its pugnacious disposition, is perhaps more dreaded than any of our poisonous snakes. While the rattlesnake will slink away from danger, the moccasin will attack man or brute with savage ferocity, and thus is treated with respect by the negroes of the South. It is found from the neighborhood of the Pedee River to the Gulf States, and to some extent in the Mississippi Valley; while another species—the *Ancistrodon piscivorus pugnax*—is found in Texas, and called the Texas moccasin.

But the stronghold of the moccasin is in the vast swamp of Southern Florida, where the members of a recent expedition state that they exist in enormous numbers, having to be pushed aside as they advanced, and crawling into the boats and canoes at night. They are essentially water-snakes, chasing fishes and small reptiles in the streams of the rice-plantations. They may be recognized by the dark-brown colors on the upper portion of the head, and the yellowish line extending from the snout to or over the nostril. They rarely attain a length of over twenty inches, and are short in proportion.

In Tennessee one specimen of a moccasin—*A. atrofuscus*—commonly called highland moccasin, was found in 1833, and has never been seen since, so it would appear that there are three species of these reptiles. The latter is now in great demand by naturalists.

The moccasins show the same curious care for their young already mentioned. A few years age a gentleman, directing some hands at work on the lawn of Dr. Phares, of Woodville, Miss., heard a low, blowing noise, and on looking saw a large water-moccasin, and a large number of young hurrying to her head and disappearing so rapidly that he first thought they ran under her. He soon discovered that they went into her slightly opened mouth, which was held close to the ground till they had all entered. She then attempted to escape, but was cut in two with a hoe. A large number of young, eight or ten inches long, were taken from her.

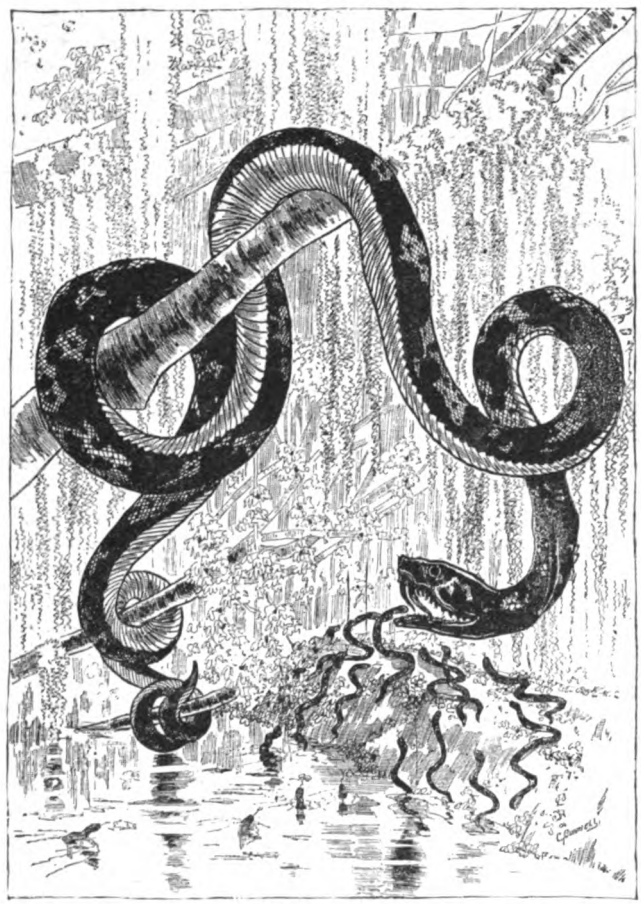
A gentleman in Georgetown, S. C., writes: "I had for several days noticed a very large moccasin coiled around the limb of a small tree near the pond. I concluded to capture it, and accordingly procured a large rabbit and placed it some way up from the pond, to tole her away from the water. She soon came down and disappeared under a large log; when next seen she was near the bait, having traced it along the log on its opposite side. When she had nearly swallowed the bait we made an advance; quickly disgorging it, she gave a shrill, whistling noise, and five young snakes ran from under the log and ran down the throat of the old one. We cut off her head and found the five young, which made efforts to get away."

One of the most beautiful snakes found in the United States, venomous, but not necessarily fatal in its bite, is the bead-snake (*Elaps*). It has permanently erect poison-fangs, but is extremely mild in its disposition. The coloring of the harlequin, as it is sometimes called, is exceedingly rich, the principal color being red, with seventeen broad black rings, each bordered with yellow. It ranges from Virginia to Arkansas, four other species being known in Florida and Texas. In South America they are extremely dangerous. They are generally found under ground, often being hoed up by the hands working at sweet potatoes.

One of the commonest of the non-poisonous snakes is the striped or common garter-snake (*Eutœnia sirtalis*), ten species of which are known in the United States. In early Spring they are almost the first of the reptiles to roll out of their holes, where they have been hiding in balls or clusters. The writer has seen them in New York before the snow was fairly away. Though easily aroused, and striking quickly, their bite is little more than a scratch. In the Spring they are always hungry, and I have seen one chase a toad for fifty feet over a gravelly road, finally catching it. I captured the snake, and fed it with three adult toads within two hours. If the victim was seized by the head his fate was soon determined, for when a hind leg was caught, the other, for a while, seemed to offer an obstacle, and called to mind the story that once went the rounds of the papers, to the effect that a toad, seeing itself about to be swallowed, seized a stick and held it crosswise in its mouth, thus averting the danger.

The garter-snake is remarkably prolific, and in the Spring their numbers about pools are sometimes astonishing. It has been suggested that they are both viviparous, as well as ovoviviparous, from the fact that seventy-eight young have been taken from a single female, some being found free and others in sacks. With a brood of forty or fifty young, the striped snake would seem to have a difficult time in protecting its offspring by taking them in her mouth. They have this habit, however, as is well shown by some of the reports received by Professor Goode.

A writer from Chesterfield, N. H., says: "I saw a striped snake on the hillside, and noticed something moving about her head, and counted twenty little snakes, from one and a half to two inches long. I made a move,



WATER-SNAKE RECEIVING ITS YOUNG IN ITS MOUTH.

and the old one opened her mouth, and they went in out of sight. I stepped back and waited, and in a few moments they began to come out. Then I made for the old snake, and killed her, and forced out several."

Another gentleman writes: "Some years ago I came across a garter-snake *(Eutœnia saurita)* with some young ones near her. Soon as she perceived me she hissed, and the young ones jumped down her throat, and she glided beneath a stone heap. Another time I caught a snake of the same species, but, as I thought, of immense size, which I took home and put in a cage. On going to look at her some short time afterward, I discovered a great number of young ones (about thirty, if I remember rightly), and whilst I was still looking at the sudden increase, two more crept out of the old one's mouth, and finally, after a little while, a third one did likewise."

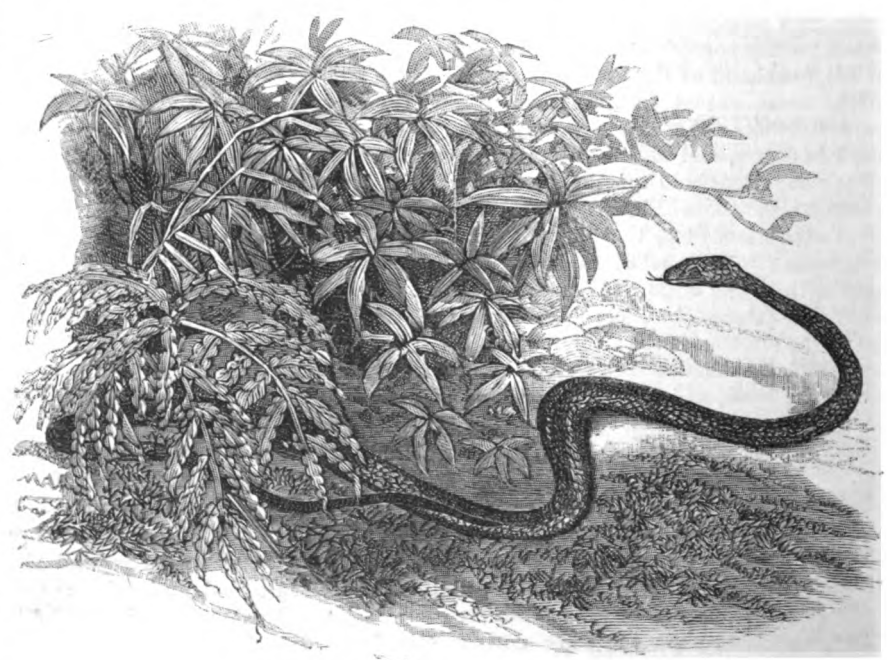
The black snake *(Bascanion constrictor)*, that is a match for the rattlesnake, often squeezing it to death, is a familiar form, and widely distributed. A party of hunters recently observed in Pennsylvania a black ball, two feet in diameter, rolling slowly down a hill, and found, on examination, that it was composed of hundreds of these reptiles. In appearance they are very attractive, from a decorative point of view, being of a steel-blue uniform color, with a rich tessellated arrangement of scales. In their natures they are wild, untamable, powerful and active foes, often engaging in encounters with other snakes, especially the rattlesnakes, quickly killing and forcing them to disgorge their prey. In their movements they are so rapid, that they are often called the racer.

In the breeding season they are bold, often going out of their way to attack passers-by, and have been known to chase an intruder for some distance. According to Holbrook, they will even descend from a tree to attack the one who is teasing them.

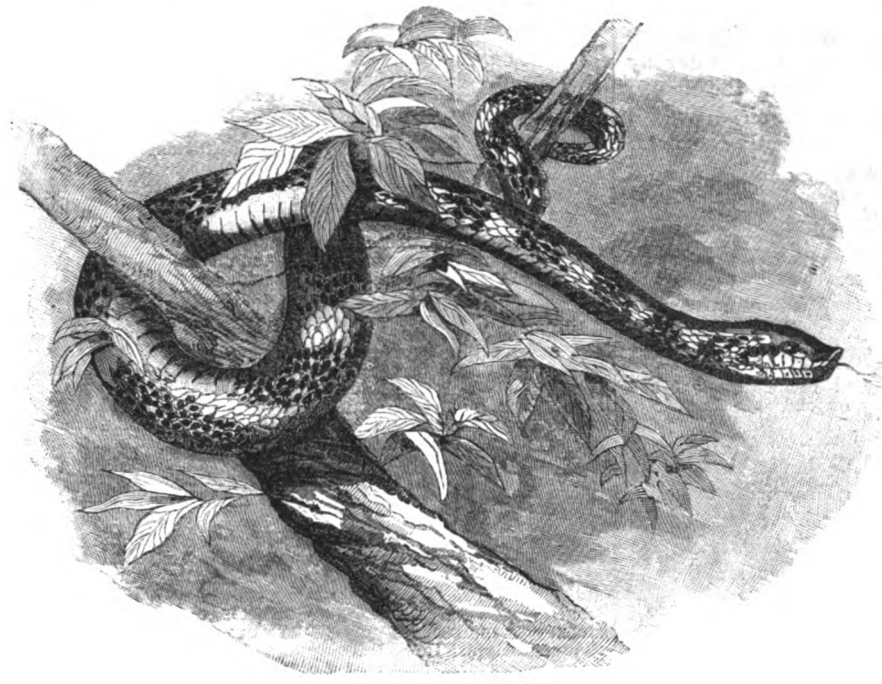
The black snake is the one that most frequently appears in the local press in the guise of a charmer, and as we have previously suggested, this power, so often imputed, is merely imaginary. The reptile preys upon birds in their nests, penetrating thickets in search of them; and often the cat-bird and the red-winged blackbird are seen acting strangely, crying and fluttering before the reptile in fear and rage, while thus *charmed*, frequently falling a victim in their attempt to protect their young. At such times, the cries of distress of the old bird have called a number of birds of different genera, who assemble to join forces against the common enemy, finally forcing it to retreat.

Like other snakes mentioned, the black snake is said to protect its young by taking them in its mouth. The Rev. Chauncey L. Loomis, M. D., of Middletown, Conn., saw the Alleghany black snake open its mouth, and seven young pass down its throat, upon which the mother darted swiftly away.

In speaking of this interesting phase of snake life, Professor Goode says, referring to the testimony on various genera: "The total number of testimonies in my possession is one hundred and twenty. Sixty-seven wit-



THE COACH-WHIP SNAKE.



THE HOG-NOSE SNAKE.

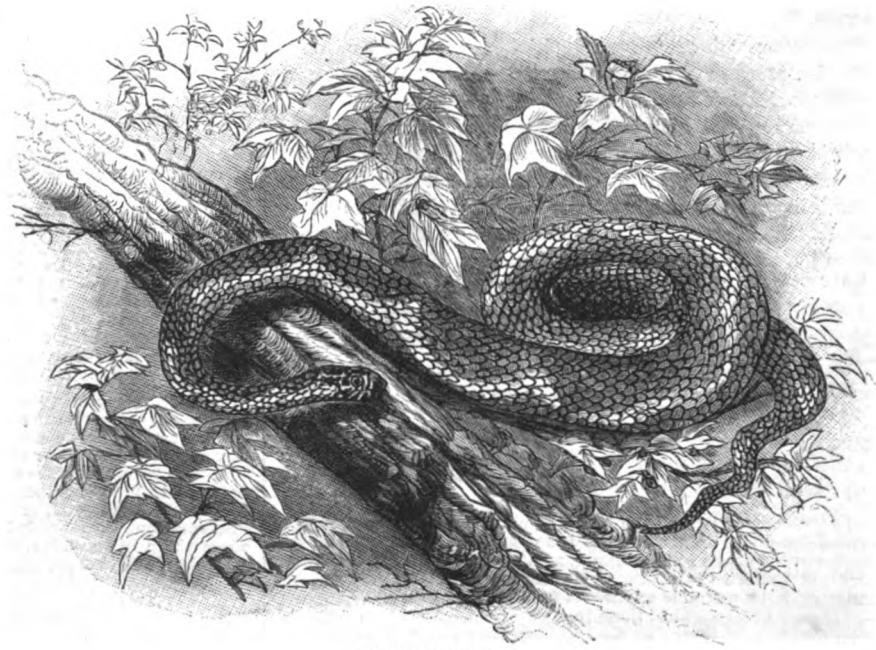
nesses saw the young snakes enter the parent's mouth; twenty-two of these heard the young warned by a whistle, or hiss, or click, or sound of the rattles; five were considerate enough to wait and see them reappear when danger seemed over, one seeing the act repeated on several days. These saw young snakes coming out of a large one's mouth, and not having seen them enter, were naturally much astonished. Five struck the parent, and saw the young rush from its mouth; eighteen saw the young shaken out by dogs, or running from the mouth of the dead parent. Thirty-six of those who saw the young enter the parent's mouth, found them living within its body. Only twenty of the sixty-seven allowed the poor affectionate parent to escape. Thirty-three who did not see the young enter found them living within the parent's body. Testimony of this character concerning the ovoviviparous species is, however, to say the least, dubious."

The coachwhip-snake *(Masticophis)*, a long, slender form, of the Southern and Gulf States, from its attenuation and rapid movements, has been vested with remarkable powers by the credulous. The Indians formerly asserted that it had the power of cutting its antagonist in twain by its whip-like motions; others thought that it formed itself in a wheel by holding its tail in its mouth and rolling away. Many of these curious fables are still believed in the South.

An interesting fact concerning the common milk-snake *(Ophiobolus triangulum)* has been shown by Professor C. F. Brackett, of Princeton, illustrating how, immediately after birth, the young make use of their instinctive faculty. He says: "A workman who was mowing in my father's hayfield came upon a moist, moss-grown knoll, and his scythe cleft off a portion of the thick moss and sphagnum, and revealed several (at least a dozen, I should say) small soft bodies, which he declared to be snakes' eggs. I, at that time, having no knowledge of such matters, was incredulous, and proceeded to tear one of them open, when, to my surprise, there appeared a small, perfectly-formed milk-adder, which immediately assumed a pugnacious attitude, and brandished its tongue as defiantly as an old snake would have done. Other eggs were torn open with like results. Soon the old snake appeared, and after endeavoring apparently to encourage the young family thus suddenly initiated into the world, it put its mouth down to the ground, and every one that had been liberated from the egg voluntarily and hastily disappeared within the abdomen of the old one. Last of all, I put the point of a pitchfork through the old snake, and fulfilled the Scriptural injunction of bruising its head, when, with a pocketknife, I opened the abdomen, and found the young ones still active."

The hog-nose snake, or blowing adder *(Heterodon platyrhinos)*, common in the Eastern States, is, notwithstanding its disagreeable aspect, perfectly harmless.

Among the most attractive forms are the green snakes. The *Teptophis æstivus*, common in the South, is of a brilliant green color, and a perfect mimic of a vine, and



THE CORN SNAKE.

would rarely be taken for a living creature when lying amid the branches of a tree. They have a habit of coiling in birds' nests, often surprising the egg-hunter by bounding away. Allied species, further to the South, have been seen to leap twenty feet into the air, falling to the ground and escaping. They are perfectly harmless, and, like the common green snake of the North, can be handled with impunity; are easily tamed, feeding from the hand. A lady once appeared in public with three such pets—one about her neck as a necklace, the others clasped about her wrists as bracelets.

The water-snake *(Nerodia sipedon)* is an extremely common form in the Eastern United States; and an allied form, known as the red-bellied water-snake, is common in Michigan, while several other species are well known in various localities. They are inoffensive creatures, and prey upon small animals. In Ohio they are quite common, and a farmer of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, says that, seeing a large one on Deer Creek, he procured a large pole for the purpose of killing her. One stroke slightly wounded her, and she immediately made for the water. After she had swam about her length, she wheeled, placing her under jaw just out of the edge of the water, then opening her mouth to the fullest extent. Some dozen young snakes, three to four inches long, then seemed to run, or rather swim, down her throat, after which she clumsily turned in search of a hiding-place. He opened her, and found about twenty living young snakes, two or three seven or eight inches long. This shows them to have the same peculiar habit noticed in so many others.

The water-snakes are generally found about water-courses, often hanging in the branches of trees over streams, into which they rapidly drop. Dr. Bell, the English naturalist, tamed a European species of this genus. His pet would distinguish him among a crowd, and crawl to him, passing into his sleeve, where it curled up for a nap. Every morning it came to the doctor's table for its share of milk. For strangers it had an aversion, flying and hissing at them when touched.

Among other snakes more or less known in the South is the king-snake (*Ophiobolus gelulus*), also called thunder-snake. They are richly mottled, and in Georgia attain a length of four feet. They are known to prey upon other snakes.

The coon, pine, fox and chicken snakes are other varieties more or less familiar, that space will not allow more than mere reference to.

In tracing the history of the snakes, we find that the earliest occurs, not in the Garden of Eden, but in the Eocene Tertiary period, and their fossil remains are found in various parts of the country. At this early time, millions of or thousands of years ago (the reader can make his own estimate), several species of a great water-snake *(Titanophis)*, at least eighteen feet in length, lived on the New Jersey coast. Remains of others, allied to the existing boa-constrictor, have been found in the Eocene lake deposits of the West; so, comparatively speaking, the snakes are of modern origin.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

In a recent article on the breeding and growth of oysters, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll points out the following facts in respect to the service of the shells to the animal, as a means of defense. Nature does not require the oyster to go abroad in pursuit of food, but undertakes, by a simple apparatus for inducing currents of water, that it shall be brought to them in a never-ceasing supply, without other exertion on their part than to open their mouths and sleepily let the nutritious streams course their way into and out of the digestive cavity of the body, where an automatic action of the stomach abstracts the food and rejects the superfluous water. With this fixed location and method of subsistence, oysters manifestly would have no occasion or opportunity to make use of weapons, either for active offense or for resistance. Nevertheless, Nature does not choose to leave them exposed to their foes in a fleshy mass, protected, if at all, only by stinging or bitter qualities which might make them noxious to the taste, such as are possessed by the unharmed hydroids and actinians. The only alternative, apparently, is to give them a stout armor. This is the service which the heavy shells perform in oyster-life. That it is only partly effectual, a short acquaintance with the subject suffices to show—a fact that seems to argue strongly against the validity of the view—that this matter was arranged with precision from the beginning, and must necessarily be the most perfect that could be devised. Protected by these shells, anchored immovably, the adult oyster sets at defiance the great majority of enemies which it would have good reason to fear were it naked. Its egg-stage and embryonic career were beset with perils which it had no means to guard against, and escaped wholly by chance. During its young life it was at risk of being eaten by a large number of creeping things and swimming things, against whose predatory teeth its then new tests were an insufficient safeguard. But now, in adult age, with feet well planted, muscles strong to hold its doors closed against intrusion, and a triple-plated, rough-coated shield of limestone over its head, the foes able to prevail against it are reduced from a whole sea full to a small catalogue of carnivorous fishes, mollusks, crabs and starfishes—the last most destructive of all.

Some highly interesting information has been brought to light by Mr. Horatio Hale concerning the Tutelo Indians, a tribe now extinct, who partly dwelt in Virginia, on the Upper Roanoke River, at the time of the settlement of Jamestown. Mr. Hale concludes, from his researches, that this tribe belonged to the great Dakota stock, now represented only by the Sioux and other tribes beyond the Mississippi. He believes, from a study of their language, that this tribe was the parent stock of the Dakota race, which probably long ago migrated across the Alleghanies, forced westward by incursions from both the Iroquois and Algonquin tribes living in the north. This remnant, the Tuteloes, were left behind, and after a time their language came to be the French or Latin of this part of the world, since it was universally understood by all the Indians living in Virginia. The Tuteloes were constantly at war with the Senecas and other Iroquois tribes, and finally were nearly annihilated, when they went to live in Carolina, with more powerful tribes, who might help them. After the great peace arranged among the Indians by Governor Spotswood, in 1722, the Tuteloes followed the Tuscaroras northwest and united with the Six Nations. Their settlements were near Ithaca, where, in 1779, their town was destroyed by Sullivan's expedition. Following this disaster, they fled with many others to Canada, and were given lands on Grand River. But the cholera epidemics of 1832 and 1848 swept the remnant of the tribe nearly away, and in 1871 the last full-blooded Tutelo died, in the person of old Nikowha. From him Mr. Hale obtained a list of words and many particulars, which are not only interesting in themselves, but of the highest relative value in clearing up the history of our primitive races.

The automatic records made by horographs in various parts of the world show that immediately following the great Javan volcanic eruptions of last year a succession of atmospheric gravity waves, propelled by the explosions, traveled round and round the globe. Four distinct transits are well ascertained, traces of a fifth, and indications of even a sixth wave appear. These waves, starting in all directions from Krakatoa, are only recorded east and west, since no instruments exist in northern and southern regions. From thirty-four to thirty-six hours were occupied by each wave in making the circumference of the globe; but variations in velocity, according to the great circle traversed, and according to direction, are observed. Thus the records show that the wave which followed the equator went more rapidly than that which passed across Europe—a fact supposed to be due to the greater heat of the atmosphere and the excess of water overland. Another interesting fact of late information concerning these extremely remarkable volcanic disturbances, is the distance to which the sounds produced were audible. Word comes from competent witnesses, who heard the report of the series of violent explosions which constituted the eruption, in Ceylon, Burmah, Manila, New Guinea, and on the west coast of Australia. Later writers in *Nature* assert that the detonations, sounding like distress-guns at sea, were plainly heard at Diego Garcia (Longitude 72 degress 35 minutes east of Greenwich, latitude 7 degrees 20 minutes south), and at Rodriguez. The former of these localities is 2,200 miles, and the latter nearly 3,000 miles, from Krakatoa; but the distance is unbrokenly across the waters of the Indian Ocean.

The geographical results of the Greely Arctic expedition most valuable to students are said to be the details in regard to the form of the western part of Grinnell Land, and the physical features of that area, together with the discovery of abundant game and evidences of recent Eskimo occupation in its northern part. The additions to the shore-line of Northern Greenland, made chiefly by Lieutenant Lockwood, are also of high interest, and confirms (if confirmation were needed) the deductions from data given by observation of the tides, that Greenland was an island, which was made by Bussels some time ago.

The remarkable investigations and results carried out by Bastian, Koch, Pasteur, and others, in the microscopic study of the bacteric germs supposed to originate the infectious or "zymotic" diseases, have produced a popular impression that the matter is

fairly well settled. But conservative authorities assure us that "the number of diseases in regard to which a positive affirmation can be made that they are caused by a micro-organism, and by a specific micro-organism, is still very small, and neither cholera nor typhoid fever can as yet be included in that number." Cholera belongs only to that class in regard to which there is a strong probability that they result "from a specific germ, propagating amid favorable surroundings, and finding entrance to the system of the victim under favorable circumstances."

SOMETHING LIKE AN EYE.—One of the wonders of the insect world is their marvelous eye-power. It is difficult, for instance, to strike a fly with the hand, because it has, figuratively speaking, got eyes at the back of its head, its four thousand eye-lenses enabling it to see all round. Each one of these eyes is a perfect one in itself. It has its own corner and its own lens. Some anatomists suppose that these eyes only form a single picture to the insect; but if they each act separately, as there appear good grounds to suppose, the vision of the human hand descending upon the fly in an aggressive manner must be telegraphed to its brain as a most monstrous picture of cruel fists. The common white (or cabbage) butterfly of suburban back gardens, is even more largely gifted with eyes than the fly. It has seventeen thousand eye-lenses—the same number as the dragon-fly. Beetles are still better provided, twenty-five thousand eye-lenses being the number allotted to them. "To creatures thus endowed with microscopic vision, a cloud of sandy dust must appear like an avalanche of massive rock fragments, and everything else proportionately monstrous."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

AT a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the ticket, a notice was posted over the door: "No gentleman admitted unless he comes hisself."

"How DO you like it?" asked a yachtsman of a young lady, as the boat went up and down in the trough of the waves. "Oh—I—I—it's too awfully swell!" was the distressed reply.

"IS IT possible, miss, that you know not the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

A PRINTER in Australia, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says: "A boy from the country preferred!"

"TOMMY," said a fond father to his little boy, who had received a linen-mounted book of pictures as a present, "what are you crying for?" "Because I can't tear my picture-book, papa," was the ingenuous reply.

NICE ARTICLE TO FIT.—A young man who took his affianced to hear Nilsson warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's *répertoire*. "Very much, indeed. I think it fits her beautifully!" was the surprising reply.

THE MIND-CURE DOCTRESS—"A person is never ill. If you think you are ill, you will feel ill; but you are not." *Patient*—"And if you think I pay you, you get the money; but then you don't? Oh, yes, I understand! It is very simple—delightfully simple."

A MAN who has just produced a book of poems met Gilhooly lately, and this was the conversation they had: "Did you read my book?" "Oh, yes, I read it!" "How did you like it?" "My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure!"

"EVERYTHING has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery-red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It's a lighthouse," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite, on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

"A LAWYER, TOO."—A few days since a well-known lawyer, when about to start on a railway journey, after taking his seat, found, on looking over his change, that the clerk had given him a dollar too much. He accordingly returned, and informing the clerk of his mistake, handed back the money. For a moment the clerk stood speechless; then, recovering himself, exclaimed: "Please stand still one moment, sir, and let me look at you—and a lawyer, too!"

MEDICINE AND RHYME.—Dr. Jenner, having discontinued his professional attentions to a patient on account of her improved condition, sent a couple of ducks to the mother of the convalescent lady, accompanying the present with the following note:

> "I've dispatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter
> To say that Miss Lucy is very much better;
> A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
> And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks."

The lady addressed returned thanks with this:

> "Yes, 'twas polite, truly, my very good friend,
> Thus a couple of quacks to your patient to send;
> Since there's nothing so likely as 'quacks,' it is plain,
> To make work for the regular doctor again."

"WHAT is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can you not pull them up?" "I am afraid not." "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

"ARE your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy-looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply; "it is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble."

RATHER SEVERE.—An empty coxcomb, having engrossed the attention of a company for some time with himself and his petty ailings, observed to a noted physician, who sat near him, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," said the doctor; "you always go out without anything in it."

"I FEEL I am growing old," says the lady, mincingly, to her guests, "for really I am beginning to lose my hair." (Of course she has bushels of it, and it is black as a raven's wing.) "Then, ma," exclaims her little child, with the innocent frankness of infancy, "why don't you lock up the drawer when you put it away at night?"

AT a recent marriage the bride was requested to sign her name in the register at the sacristy. Excitement caused her fingers to tremble; she took the pen, signed, and made an enormous ink-blot. "Must I do it over again?" she blushingly asked her husband. "No, that will do; but——" "Oh, don't scold me; I will pay more attention the next time!"

A LADY'S WANT.—"I want a Henry Two Eyes hat," said she. The assistant, altogether at fault, replied, "If you will excuse me a moment I will see if we have it in stock," and went away to see if anybody could tell her the shape nearest to a Henry Two Eyes hat. It was as good as a Christmas riddle, and wanted as much puzzling over as a society-paper acrostic; but at last they made out that what was required was a Henry II.

IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.—*She*—"Isn't it lovely? I never did hear such delicious music. So tender, so plaintive, so refined, so soul-possessing!" *He*—"I am delighted to know that you are such a music-lover; but this is nothing to what you will hear when they have got through tuning their instruments." She wishes she had not begun her ecstasies quite so soon; but, poor thing, how was she to know that this wasn't a fugue, or a sonata, or gavotte, or something or other?

"PUTS" AND "CALLS."—"My dear," said a young wife to her husband, who had been rather badly bitten in Wall Street at the time of the recent failures there, what is the meaning of the words 'puts' and 'calls' which I see in the newspapers so often?" "It means," he replied, with quite an unnecessary display of savageness, as his wife thought, "that when some idiot puts his money into the hands of a broker to speculate with for him and then calls for it again, he doesn't get it."

THE DIM FUTURE.—She hadn't made up her mind about it, and they were widely, oh, so widely separated—in the parlor from each other, maybe as much as three feet. There was a pensive silence, fringed with doubt, between them. She was engaged in deep meditation with herself, and was looking at nothing on the floor when he said: "Matilda, why not give me an answer to my proposal?" "Why, I was just thinking how you will look when you get old," she thoughtfully replied.

MR. CLEWDROP was slowly walking down the street, when he saw one of his friends wildly striding toward him. "What is your hurry?" asked Mr. C., catching him by the coat. "Don't stop me!" yelled the other, struggling to get free; "turn me loose!" "Anything wrong?" gasped Clewdrop. "No, no! but let me go." "What are you rushing for?" "Oh, hang it, I'm walking for a match!" "If that's all," smiled Clewdrop, feeling in his vest-pocket, "I can give you one without you walking yourself to death for a match."

STOUT ATTACK.—At a Queen's birthday-ball, in India, Lord Dalhousie, states General Sir O. Cavenagh, happened to accost a portly and somewhat sanctified officer high on the staff, who was not given to ball-going, except as a matter of duty. Asking him what he thought of the gay scene before them, the worthy colonel replied that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit. "Yes," said Lord Dalhousie, pointing first to the glittering Star of the Bath upon the colonel's breast, "here is the vanity, and"—then lower down, where apparently there had been considerable difficulty in getting the buckle of the swordbelt to meet—"there is the vexation of spirit."

SELF-DELUSION.—A stalwart and imposing Senator from a Western State was walking up and down the Senate-chamber behind the chairs. His hands met at the small of his back, and one of them held the other. His step was stately, and his head leaned forward a trifle. On his face was the far-away, abstracted expression which is usually interpreted to mean that the owner of it is in deep thought. On a sofa in the corner of the Senate-chamber sat a Senator from another Western State, talking to a friend. Pointing to the Senator who was pacing back and forth, in full view of the galleries, the sitting Senator said to his friend, "There's a man who is laboring under a very strange hallucination." "What is it?" inquired the startled friend. "Why, he thinks he's thinking!"

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THE DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

THE DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.

By Lisle Lester.

When the author of "Jack Shepard" racked his brains for material out of which to form the most graphic situations of the play, and manipulated the climaxes of the plot to cause the hair of the "Gallery Gods" actually to stand up, in astonishment, he would have scorned a prophesy of the modern playwriter's plot and quiet intensity of action. Victor Hugo and the Dumas commenced the revolution in dramatic art, from high, noisy tragedy to more realistic phases. Probably the spirit of French antagonism to the classicists infused its influence upon these authors of romantic drama; it flavored all other classes of literature, and doubtless that of the stage. About 1830 Victor Hugo boldly attacked the old-style literature in stage art, and inaugurated what was called a new school, *la Jeune France*. This raised a combat, that lasted with fervor many years. "Marion Delorme" was the initial dramatic firebrand from Hugo's pen, after Louis Philippe's accession, that stirred up French enthusiasm to its highest pitch. Although his following work was suspended from public representation by the Ministry, his fame and popularity as an author did not abate. Raised to the Legion of Honor, made a Peer of France, and Member of the Assembly, his influence upon the drama and its coherents was incalculable, as it was valuable.

Like Dumas the Elder, his dramatic composition was limited, compared to the amount of his romances and other writings. Doubtless the political disturbances of the times had some influence in directing his labor to such novels and verse as were suggested by the agitating conditions of the country. Everything he wrote was a magazine of explosive material that cost him dearly. "Les Misérables" contained enough theatric germ for more than one powerful drama; while the social issues he so ably handled would have enlarged the field of that reform in stage lore he was so much the author of.

Talents of special character are occasionally hereditary, and the Dumas were writers and dramatists back to the grandfather of the latest. In 1829 "Henri III.," from the pen of Alexander Dumas, made its *début*, and created a *furore* before the French public. Dumas liked a *furore*--it was significant to him of success. He realized 30,000 francs from its production within the space of a few months. As a drama, it was crude in construction, but it bristled with new ideas, and shook the standard of old-time plays into atoms. It was a work of romance, teeming with the spirit of Romancists and their inflammatory dispositions. From the notable enthusiasm that heralded this innovation grew the French taste for so-called romantic drama, that has rapidly consummated, in some cases degenerated, into the several schools of French authorship, far, indeed, from the styles of 1800 to 1820. To the facile pen of Dumas is due the birthright of the "Count of Monte Cristo," and the "Three Guardsmen." The plays founded on these romantic novels were no less strange and remarkable in attraction; they will reappear upon the stage in every coming decade; every generation will be treated to their representation, no matter how old they may grow, so imperishable is true genius.

Dumas the Younger inherited his father's taste and zeal in literature, with a more pronounced gift for the stage. To his creation is assigned that most famous work, "La Dame aux Camélias," whereon was built the opera of "La Traviata," set to music by Verdi. While uneven as a whole, it proved a miraculous success, even if it gave little of honor to the literature of the nation, in the sense of purity and example. Young Dumas pushed to the front ranks of French favoritism, holding his position so securely, that few attempted or aspired to rival his claims. As late as 1860, that artist in the French theatres who was not a personal acquaintance of Dumas was a curiosity, if not a "nobody." Socially a cheery, magnetic influence, that drew talent to him whether it would or not—and in the exclusive circle of Bohemia not only a warm-hearted friend, just critic, but also an adviser.

The brilliant literary career of Dumas did not obscure a fellow-talent, that quite like the dramatist of to-day suffered numerous defeats before attaining recognition. Augustin Eugene Scribe launched from law to comedy-writing at the age of twenty. Perhaps it is not surprising his dramatic weakling, "Les Dervis," was a failure. Many of his following efforts made just mark enough to be hissed. Most American authors would have utilized that reception as so much advertising, and condoled themselves as beneficiaries to that extent at best. Not so the Frenchman. Indignant and discouraged, he lost hope for a while; with the help of Poirson he produced "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale," and made a success, as well as some money. Finally Poirson, just at the right time, built a theatre, and gave his friend Scribe the opportunity he needed to carve his way to wealth and fame. He wrote exclusively for production in that theatre, and within ten years had presented one hundred plays, none of them as bad as half the plays running to-day in French theatres. No other author collaborated so much with others, and with better results.

The world-known drama, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," was brought out in 1849; this proved one of the notable pieces that contained the material for the scope and power of a good artist. It has been the test part for many. Sarah Bernhardt does some of her finest work in that title *rôle*. Librettos and operas were also produced in wonderful rapidity from Scribe's pen. He amassed a fortune, and a catalogue of his works filled thirty-six columns of *La France Littéraire;* his plays alone numbered three hundred and fifty.

In 1854, the first production from the bright, cultivated mind of Victorien Sardou was heralded, and met a fatal rebuff. The author was but a boy, but rich in glowing, sparkling promise at twenty-two years of age. His boyhood was a stranger to ease and mental advantages, and his juvenile years were "nearest of kin" to poverty. Ambition and hope he had to an overflowing degree, and they led him to an education by the hardest industry. When his first effort lay dead before him, he filed away the remains, and plunged more determinedly than ever into his writing, benefiting without despair from his disastrous experience, and utilizing the defeat to his best advantage—in a small way a hero.

About this time he met Mademoiselle de Brécourt, a prominent talented artist. The acquaintance bloomed into love, and they were married, only for love's sake, in 1858. This relation, and the influence of this charming lady, acted like a powerful stimulant to his labors. She appreciated his talents, weighed their capacity, sympathized with his ideas, and fully believed in him and his ability to succeed. The belief in us of the one we best love is about the only true impetus to perfect success. Sardou has said, in a private letter to friend: "I never

should have been anybody without the daily presence of my wife to guide my work.

Making the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Dejazet, she became his friend and champion, and shared the devoted enthusiasm of his wife over his promise as a dramatic author. Mademoiselle Dejazet did something besides lavishing platitudes upon Sardou. She had what few Frenchwomen are credited with—a well-balanced head for practical business; she not only admired the young author's talents, but she knew how to utilize her admiration to his benefit. The first thing she did was to produce, at her own theatre, one of his plays. It was successful enough to warrant the production of another; that, too, was successful; then Victorien Sardou was before the world.

Upon the production of "Nos Intimes," in 1861, he secured a genuine recognition and acknowledgment. He was talked of, written about, admired, discussed, and criticised. From that period everything he wrote gained an opening, and nothing failed of fair success and financial returns, so "successful is success." Among the best of Sardou's plays stand "Les Premières Armes de Figaro," "Don Quichotte," "Pietre," "Fernande," "Les Vieux Garçons," "The Danicheffs," and "Daniel Rochat." Up to 1874 he had written and produced over twenty plays, and secured a fortune. "Daniel Rochat" stands out like a brilliant headlight from all his previous efforts, and has aroused more dignified criticism and discussion than any play written within the last sixty years, one of its new and attractive phrases being a question of religious liberty and marital obligations, entirely out of the order of things. The play is so different and superior to anything he or any one else has produced bearing upon similar topics, there is no comparison to be established. The lady in this country who created the representative *rôle* of *Lea Henderson* (Miss Sara Jewett) has expressed a very lucid and finely detailed opinion of M. Sardou's work in this play. She said: "I am at ease in demonstrating the consistency of Sardou's *Lea*. To me he seems a master in motive and dramatic construction, and if my sentiment and feeling did not agree with his, I should differ with greatest deference. I am too radical to agree with the belief of *Lea*, in "Daniel Rochat," but she agrees so perfectly with herself as a character, I cannot think of changing the result of the play. It is painful, but inevitable. The interest of the play is in the development of the two characters; the woman's belief is a sentiment of her nature lived into conviction; the man's atheism, an experience verified by living; it answers his requirements, and agrees with his study and observation. Why should her influence contradict his honest determination? His mind would surely assert itself against her, and, knowing this, she felt her failure. I cannot imagine an influence strong enough to change the character of either, and the infinite dignity of the separation expressed perfectly a love that life made impossible."

This able opinion by the artist who created the representation of one of the leading *rôles* for the American public, verifies the eminent depth of thought and well-balanced construction Sardou arrived at in this composition.

The "Danicheffs" met with high favor also, and had a long run at the Union Square Theatre. In this play the author dealt more with the interest of a plot than delineating a principle or deducting a theory. "Divorçons" and "Odette" followed "Rochat," meeting with their meed of triumph. "Rochat" had made a place in the American mind that no other French author ever created. "Divorçons" was no comparison, for it was quite the opposite, being sunny, bright, reckless and rollicking. It possessed a pungency and sparkle that gratified the theatre-going appetite immensely. The absence of vulgarity in Sardou's writings is more to his credit than be can said of the majority of his brother-dramatists. The coarse, offensive indelicacy that so long corrupted and degraded, and does still, the French drama, does not appear in his works. He is eminently entitled to high honor for this difference, and for protecting it with his popularity. Above the age in many things, he has launched upon French literature a new class of dramatic ideas and ideals, capable of reflecting credit upon the nation's school of letters and art.

Tragedy—tragedy that routed the crickets from the old proscenium crevices and shook the cobwebs from long-unused flies—stubbornly kept its foothold upon the English stage to a much later period than in France. The merry, bright phases of modern life, that the younger writers endeavored to sandwich into their plays, made slow but steady progress with the equally stubborn British public. In John Oxenford's career we are reminded what a large majority of dramatists first essayed the legal profession before turning their wits and genius to the stage. Oxenford possessed a jolly nature; probably the dry forms and methodical study of law grew stale to his keen, active temperament, for the hour he turned his attention to play-literature the good-humor of his nature seemed to find its proper outlet. "Twice Killed" and "Porter's Knot" were full of the new magnetic spirit of the then dramatic escape from long, heavy, tedious plays. Being engaged upon the London press as a theatrical critic, he naturally aided and represented the innovating tenor of authorship that seemed bound to fill the theatres with bursts of mirth and gay applause. Real life offered to Oxenford a rich field for new creations in dramatic art; the public sentiment was very gradually inclining to the frolic of the stage, rather than clinging to the sombre weightiness of the old tragédies.

The great impetus to English taste at this time was given by Charles Reade. Leaving his law-briefs, he dashed into stage-literature; to what eminent results all the world knows. "Masks and Faces," or "Peg Woffington," dramatized, established the author's repute, and emphasized his popularity. Sparkling with comedy in nature, and mirth in heart, he threw a brightness into all of his composition, either romance or drama, that was a feature creditable only to his name. With Tom Taylor, another prince of good fellows, he produced a volume of plays, but his stories will afford a richer field for the future dramatist. When the insatiable public clamor for semi-tragedy and practical society-life and adventure combined, the material, like veins of pure gold, will be found in Reade's novels. "Put Yourself in his Place" is a drama, merely needing the proper stage costume. "Very Hard Cash" contains elements, if rightly adapted, that would eclipse half the dramas that are written.

T. W. Robertson's plays were also among the first in the field after old-fashioned tragedy had been "laid upon the shelf." Mr. Robertson was indeed "to the manner born," naturally cast from the the dramatist's mold. His whole family, "kith and kin," were theatrical people—actors, writers, managers and painters of scenery; his father, an actor, author and manager. His adaptation of "David Garrick" gave him his first honors; it was made doubly popular in being acted by Mr. Sothern. "Caste" was one of the most popular of Mr. Robertson's works, and is yet a reliable piece to fall back upon in any dramatic emergency. "School," "M. P." and "Society"

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

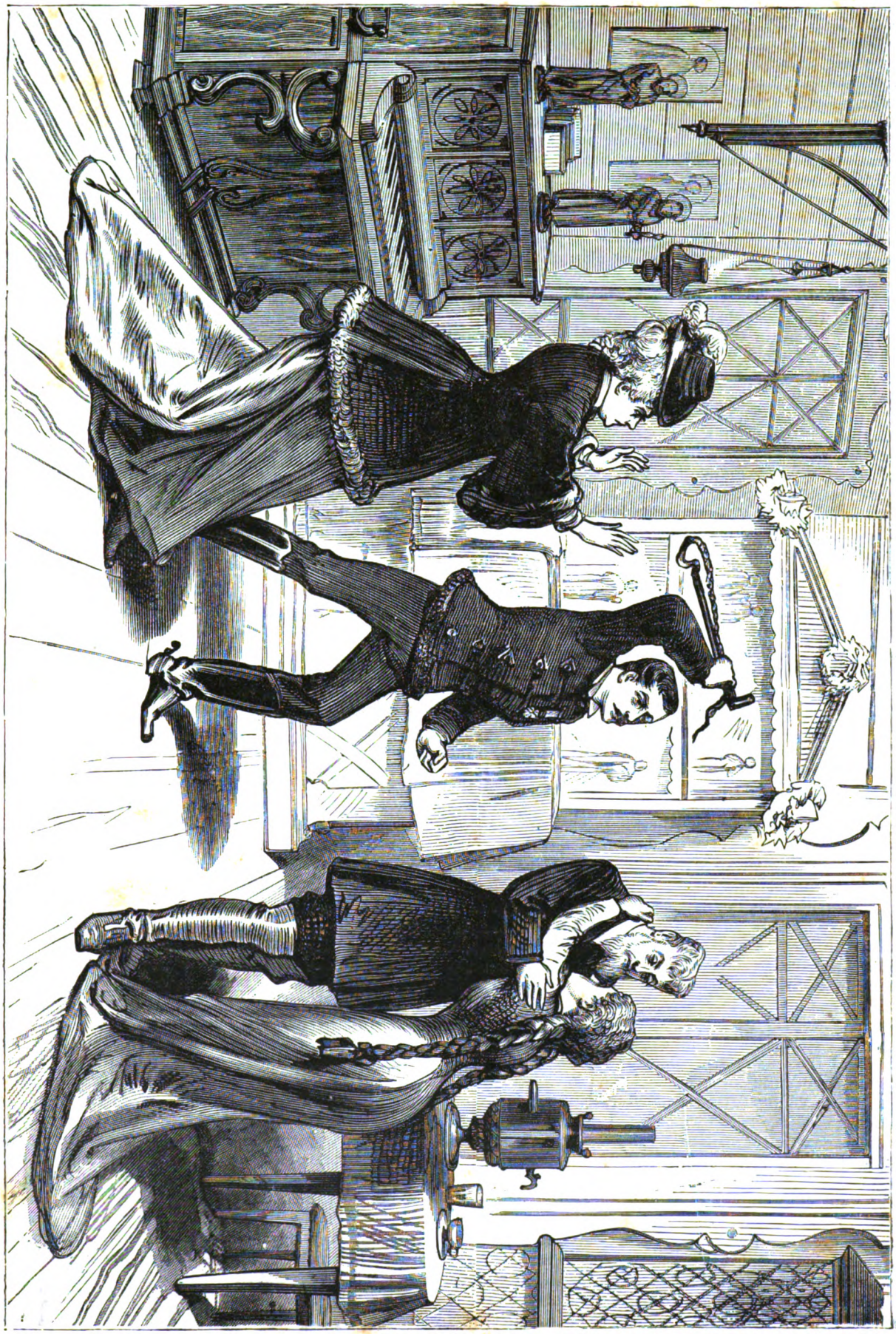
were popular fixtures, both at home and abroad; in local usage, "they came to stay." As an author he was industrious, quick in perception, happy in ideals, and easy in construction. The sparkle of his comedy captivated and refreshed the public, who had grown to desire amusement as well as astonishment in theatrical productions. "Pure and simple," too, in all his work, he may be honored for adding to dramatic literature some of its most valued gems.

Dion Boucicault is of French parentage, but was born in Dublin, and educated in England for a civil engineer. He commenced play-writing in 1841, bringing out first "London Assurance" at the Covent Garden, making an unmistakable hit. This fine comedy to-day is an attraction whenever properly produced. Mr. Boucicault wrote rapidly, plotted magically, and had a quick method of adaptation which has, without cause, earned him the accusation of a "plagiarist." "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "Love and Money," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Octoroon," "Colleen Bawn," "Arrah na Pogue," "Foul Play," "The Rapparee," "The Shaughraun," and an almost endless list of others, present a remarkable series of dramatic work, but do not include one-third of his writings. They show, however, the marked versatility of the author. With the help of Charles Reade, he is credited with writing the version of "Rip Van Winkle," played so many years by Joseph Jefferson. He has made several tours of the United States, and managed various theatres in England and the United States, acting and writing more or less at the same time.

Possessing one of those nervous temperaments and elastic constitutions, Mr. Boucicault has been enabled to perform the work three ordinary men could scarcely have accomplished in their lifetime. He has given to literature some of the best phases of Irish character, its pungent wit, and native readiness — characterizations that, like the shamrock, will live for ever, and stir the masses to sympathy, mirth, and pity, as only the realism of the stage has power to do.

Of John Brougham, who, within a few years, was delighting New York theatre-goers, and now rests in Greenwood, his memory wears a triple crown as author, artist, and actor. Educated for the medical profession, which he soon abandoned, he became a professor of drawing, drifting steadily all the time toward the stage he was destined to honor and adorn. He came to the United States in 1842, and at various periods managed several theatres. Returning to England, he remained about ten years actively engaged in his profession, acting and writing without intermission. Upon his final return to this country, he concluded to make it a permanent home. Mr. Brougham was the author of some of the best standard comedies. His dramatizations were signal successes—"David Copperfield" and "Dombey and Son" being the best. His "star piece" was "Romance in Reality"; but he liked best to act in "Playing with Fire." His works cover extravaganzas, burlesques and farces. His generosity was proverbial. Some years ago, in a generous mood, because he felt he had enough for himself and to spare, he parted with the copyright property in all of his dramatic productions. Others profited thereby indeed, while the author, when he needed aid, never received a penny therefrom. True to human nature, the spirit of selfishness arose, and laughed the veteran actor and author in the face, and permitted him to feed upon the crusts of poverty as best he might. He was threescore-and-seven when he made his final tour through this country as a star. The *répertoire* of pieces to be produced on that trip were "Goodby, Sweetheart," a dramatization of Rhoda Broughton's

VICTOR HUGO.



SCENE FROM SARDOU'S PLAY, "THE DANICHEFFS."

novel, "Playing with Fire," "The Serious Family," and others. At Auburn Mr. Brougham was taken ill, when, unable to finish the act, he requested his manager, who was an actor, to go on and finish it, so that the audience should not be disappointed, and, suffering immeasurably, he was carried to a chair in the wings, where he sat and prompted the rest of the performance. In the life of Mr. Brougham there was a surplus of romance; some future brother of the stage may play that rewritten drama.

To graphic yet modern heroism and natural portrayals, Tom Taylor bequeathed many a valuable play; he rose to standard authorship at the very outset of his work. A Cambridge man and member of the Bar, he gathered in his graver studies some realities that took color in "The Ticket-of-leave Man," and developed some of the imperishable traits found in the characters of "Our American Cousin." "Still Waters Run Deep" was one of Taylor's most popular and best paying plays. It was an English favorite and an American popularity for a decade.

In such dramas, the representation of intense, strong, and peculiar character, made a demand for special actors; in other words, actors gifted for success in special lines of acting. "*Bob Brierly*" was well played by many a good actor, but it was only a few who achieved anything like popularity in the part. One of the few is Laurence Barrett. The same is true of the character of *Sam Willoughby*, in the same play. Many a young artist obtained her "first chance" in that famous boy *rôle*. The "Unequal Match" was the stepping-stone of an opportunity for Mrs. Langtry. In the one hundred plays written by Tom Taylor, not one fell below the standard in merit and success. Rich in mental capacity, his stage-work gained an evergreen vitality.

Bernard's "Irish Attorney," "Dumb Belle," and "Middy Ashore," added a choice variety to the literature of the stage. Bernard was born in Boston, of English parents; his father was a comedian, and at one time manager of a Boston theatre; he was also a prominent club-man, who filled the office of secretary to the "Beefsteak Club" about ten years. His son, William Bayle, was much more successful in dramatic composition, and edited his father's "Recollections of the Stage" with greater ability than he had exercised in the original edition.

W. S. Gilbert, both a lawyer and a militiaman, seemed to possess too much humor and musical taste to be content with life as a Royal Highlander and the staid round of military duties. While in active service he wrote and contributed to *Punch*, *Fun*, and various London journals. He became a valuable contributor, and aided greatly in winning popularity for the journals that printed his papers. His healthful fund of good-humor toned up the spirit of the readers—they enjoyed him as they would a picnic or an outing. T. W. Robertson gave his hand to the rising young author, and advised him to write for the stage. The advice was accepted, and Gilbert dashed into his new line of work with the jolly zeal so characteristic of the man. An old actor who, since that period, has had the pleasure of Gilbert's confidence and advice, says: "Young Gilbert often spoke of his enthusiasm, while writing his first piece for the stage. He said recently, everything seemed possible to him, and his ideas marched double-quick to the work, like a newly-equipped regiment out on parade." This play was called "Little Duck and Great Quack," and was written in a week; it was a burlesque on the "Elixir of Love." It was first seen at St. James's Theatre, in 1866, scoring but a fair triumph. Then followed in quick succession some of his best works. "The Palace of Truth," "Sweethearts," "Trial by Jury," and the "Princess," were undeniably his representative pieces, until about six years ago. Forming a very happy co-partnership with Mr. Arthur Sullivan, they created a *furore* in all theatrical circles that was generously welcomed in that nectar of operettas, "H. M. S. Pinafore." This trifle of pleasantry was destined to surprise even the sanguine authors. It enlisted the enthusiasm of the whole theatre-going public in England, France and the United States. The quaint little *Buttercup* and her song, *Sir Joseph*, and the *Captain*, were characters to be taken into the public hospitality and loved at once. Little *Hebe*, *Josephine*, and the much-belabored "tar" who sang "I'm an Englishman," were established favorites from one country to another. The magic nonsense of the melodiously attuned dialogue, together with the dash and prettiness of the absurd characters, the orchestral effects, the dances, costumes, and the rich, harmless, glowing, versified and rhythmic satire, hit the great world's heart and nature with merry favor. "Hey, the merry maiden and the tar," and other extracts from the songs, warbled upon the public tongue, in full sympathy with the players and the piece.

"Daniel Druce" held the stage in a marvelous run of success at the Haymarket. The tableau so graphically represented in the illustration was one of the most effective situations ever put upon the modern stage. "Engaged" made popular favor in New York, with Agnes Booth and James Lewis in the leading *rôles;* it gave the opportunities both of these artists needed to perfect their own artistic powers. "Patience"—another comic opera of note—"Iolanthe," and "Pirates of Penzance," were all great successes, and gave glowing color to the play-authors' fame and names. Probably "Bab Ballads" reflect as much lasting honor upon Mr. Gilbert as anything he has written or added to the literature of the stage.

The field for American play-writers at home did not induce any decided effort until within the past fifteen years. Young in all things, the United States had no "centuries back in the history of the stage" for our dramatic ambition to fly to for inspiration or example. Like all things American, an idea is no sooner born than it competes, with challenging fist, the rest of the world. To-day American dramatists are counted, not in couples, but by the score.

Mr. Bartley Campbell did not appear in life until half the dramatists written of had nearly completed their labors. At a very early age he began the study of the law; from the tedious practice reports and legal statutes he turned with a relish to Bohemian life, and was soon acting as dramatic critic on the Pittsburgh *Leader*. His first dramatic composition was a sensational drama, "Through Fire," which was presented to the public in 1871; following that, a work called "Peril"; and its successor, the third play, was "Fate"—a rather disastrous combination of titles. Miss Carlotta Leclercq purchased "Fate," and played it with good success for some years in the provinces of England. "Risks" was the fourth production, originally written for a very well-known and popular comedian, John Dillon, who, liking the part immensely, made an emphatic reality of the principal character, it being a clever portraiture of a bustling, stirring insurance agent, well-known in Chicago. After "Risks," Mr. Campbell produced in rapid succession: "The Virginian," "On the Rhine," "Grana Uale," "The Big Bonanza," "A Heroine in Rags," "The Vigilantes," "How Women Love," "Clio," "Fairfax," "My Partner,"

"The Galley Slave," "The White Slave," "Geraldine," and "Siberia." "The Virginian" was written in 1873, and ran three weeks at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, when the author took it to England, producing it at the St. James Theatre, in London, where it met with high favor for over a month, with Mrs. John Wood in the cast. "The Big Bonanza" was an adaptation of "Ultimo," and proved a bonanza indeed; in a month's run at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco it netted a profit of $16,000.

"My Partner" was another fine bonanza to the author; it was the thirteenth play written by Mr. Campbell, and was one of the "Union Square successes," outside of the Union Square's own company, in 1879. The superstition of the number thirteen was a very prolific one in dollars and cents to the author.

"The Galley Slave," after its initial run in Philadelphia, was produced in New York, keeping the stage for sixty performances, and filling one of the largest theatres to standing-room at each performance. It was then transferred to Niblo's, where its success was continued to immense audiences and great popular favor.

Mr. Campbell worked hard and long for recognition. The American manager was afraid of American plays—a dramatist could not live on "hope deferred" any longer than any one else—but he kept pace, with unrelenting poverty and disheartening circumstances, until his talents were no longer to be kept "under a bushel" or "behind the scenes." No other dramatist of the day is making so much money by the labors of his pen as Bartley Campbell. He has earned his prosperity fairly, by years of toil and patient endurance. Personally, Mr. Campbell is tall, considerably above six feet, slender, with a remarkable resemblance to Artemus Ward. After his first arrival in London, this resemblance was so striking, he was often called "Artemus Campbell," and he was immediately admitted to the Savage Club, solely on account of this resemblance to the departed humorist. Mr. Campbell has a decided poetic temperament, and gives to print, occasionally, some rare gems in verse. The character of his dramatic writing is pure, instructive, and mingled with sensation enough to challenge the interest of lovers of sensation; his constructive ability is far above the general sensational modern play-writer. His plots are famous for imagery and historic mettle, and his great success has led the enterprise of American authors to compete with him in startling but purely legitimate effects.

The most recent success from Mr. Campbell's pen is a play entitled "Separation." The plot is ingeniously formed, presenting the disagreement of a man, with strong prejudices, and his wife, of strong character and "a woman of ambition," who sings in an amateur performance of "Dio Giovanni" against her husband's will. This act of the wife culminates in a separation from her husband, and after the natural periods of suffering and mutual misery, the author graciously reunites them in lasting peace—a lesson that might be beneficial in more ways than one upon the discordant elements of society.

Successful plays of the old, old school did not present so great a scope for an actor's power of characterization as for a general performance of the whole cast itself. The revolution that Sardou, Reade, Robertson, and others, created, was partially to invest the interpreter with more liberty of creation, until to-day, when a new play is cast, the question arises, "Who can be found to interpret this *rôle?* This idea is prominent with American dramatists: to make one or more individual parts so pronounced, it will require the ablest actor to interpret them.

Fred Marsden has made a noteworthy addition to the list of home plays, and is still producing. "Zara," a bright, piquant comedy, written for Annie Pixley, is one of his best efforts. Ready with his conceptions, brimming over with pungent good-nature, quick in perception, with a dignified respect for the feelings and prejudices of those for whom he writes, his work must in a great degree contain the flavor of these virtues, to the ultimate popularity of both author and work. Like A. C. Gunther, Mr. Marsden is one of the youngest of native dramatists; both gentlemen have the zeal and ambition to honorably win their way to future eminence.

Joaquin Miller, "the Sierra Poet," although not a play-writer, is, nevertheless, a dramatic poet, gifted with the ideality and talent to be one of the most acceptable of dramatists, if he would. His work, "The Danites," did not afford the scope for his best creative abilities, but through its scenic pictures of frontier experiences is traced the quality of dramatic art, which probably has no rival in the literary circles of this country. "The Danites" has been a financial success both in the United States and England. A border-life picture, yet clothed in the author's imagery, possesses something truer to refined nature than ruffianly characters, with bowie-knives, scalps, and wolfish visages.

The refining ideality so manfully utilized in Mr. Miller's dramatic writing is most desirable in the literature of the stage. He should write more, and the world would be the better for it, while the drama would hold within itself the antidote for its own shortcomings.

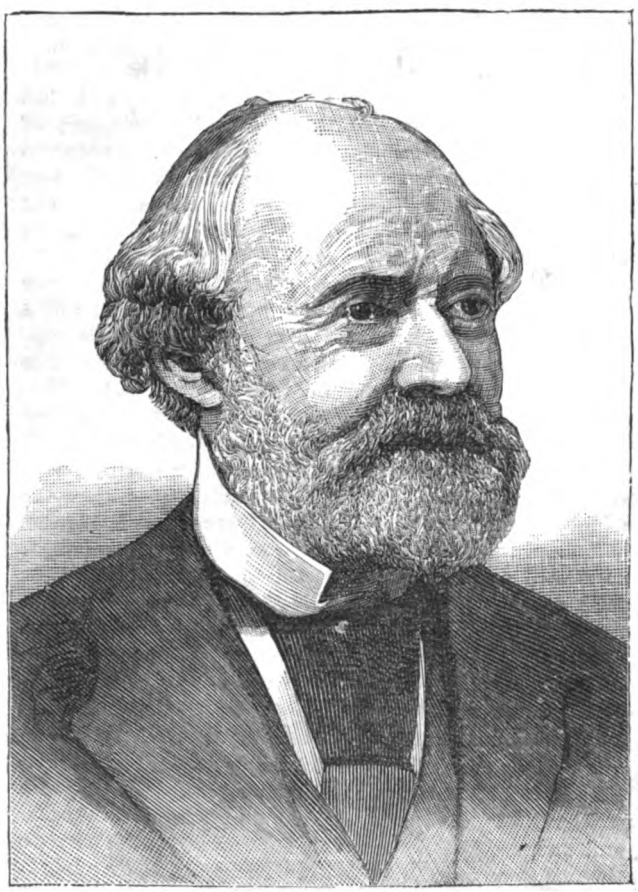
The play that diverted the affections of the American theatre-goer from the French drama was the "Banker's Daughter," by Bronson Howard. A society drama of the highest excellence, it captivated the public, and drew its attention to the material that exists in abundance in American society for modern dramas. This "Union Square success," as the long-run plays at that popular theatre were called, became the offspring of social patronage in a very exceptional way. The same people filled the boxes and orchestra seats night after night. An instance is known where two ladies purchased the same seats for every matinée performance during its entire run. The cast was a notable one, including the favorites of the stock company, which was the best ever organized in the United States. The play itself was a vivid reflection of society—that part of it that is supposed to hold sacred its homes and their shrines. "The Banker's Daughter" reflected that part of fashionable life that does not generally get further from home than behind its silken draperies and shutters of influence. It was a chapter of life culled from circles controlled by wealth, whose hearts, however discounted, may know the keenest agony; whose bitterest tears may fall upon softest plush, and roseate light reveal the saddest faces. It is still a popular play; it will not wear out, at least for a century. In that belief and prophecy the author may find the highest award of appreciation.

Some startling and very memorable successes in dramatic composition have been made by various American authors, whose time and labors have been so divided among other duties, they have not produced more than one or two eminent dramas. Augustin Daly's "Under the Gaslight" was a world-wide success. Mr. Daly has written and adapted a number of plays of great merit and success, but devotes the major part of his time to the management of his theatre. In spectacle he was signally a genius.

Anna Dickinson wrote the "Crown of Thorns," a very

TOM TAYLOR.

JOHN OXENFORD.



CHARLES READE.

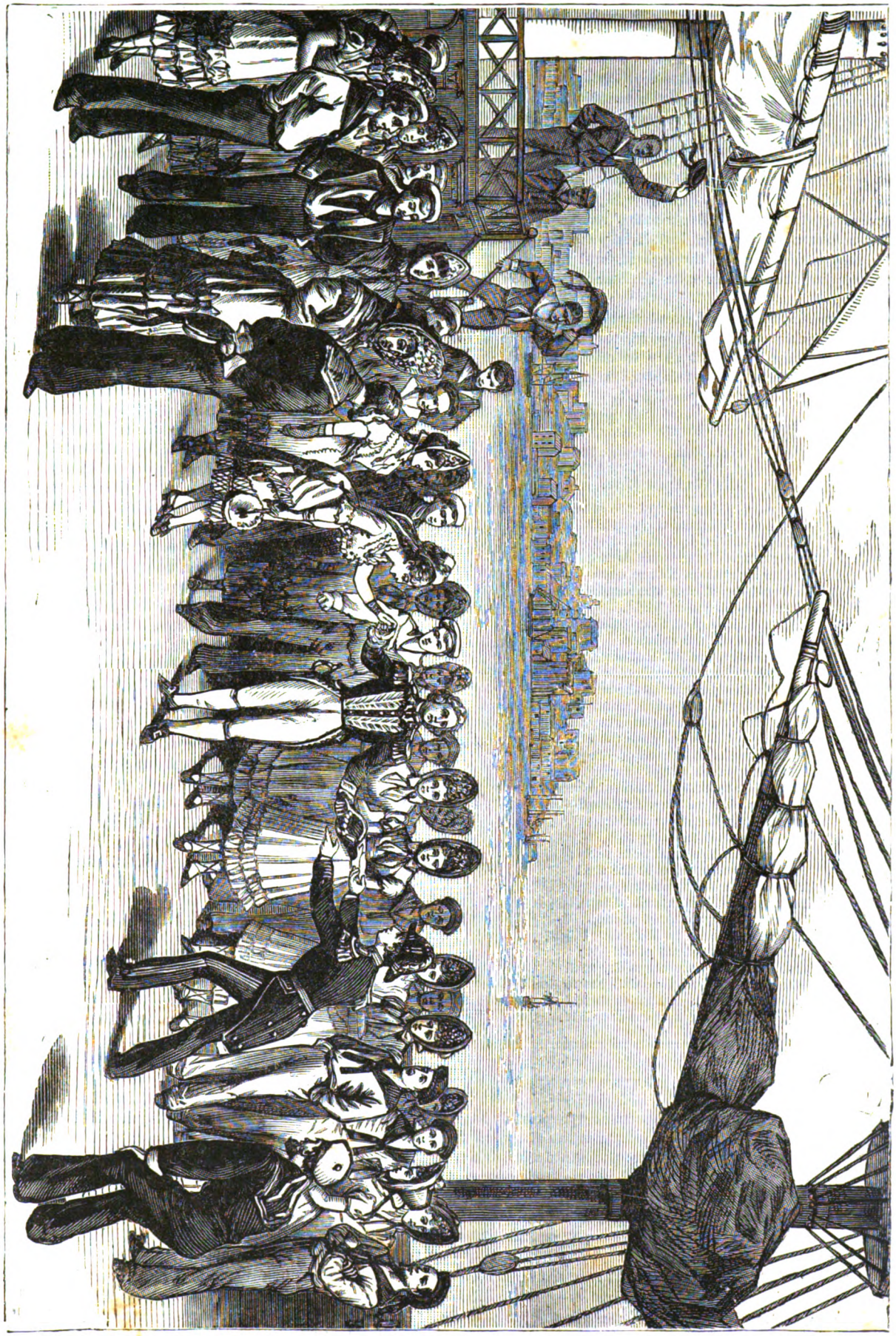
strong, meritorious play, that needed an artistic interpreter to make it a success.

Celia Logan, of the old family of Logan actors, recently produced one of the best plays ever seen upon the New York stage, originally copyrighted, "An American

T. W. ROBERTSON.

Marriage," but for some local idea of the manager, the name was changed to "That Man."

Steele Mackaye, the originator and founder of the Madison Square Theatre, is one of the few who have written much, and whose measure of reward is yet to



SCENE FROM GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S "PINAFORE."

crown his work. He is a most scholarly and conscientious writer, in full sympathy with all human sensibilities, and a learned journalist. He will add some valuable work to the literature of the American stage.

Among other writers who have gained popularity by dramatic compositions must be mentioned Mr. Charles Gayler, who won no mean success by his "Fritz," and sustained his reputation by other dramas.

David Belasco, a promising young writer, modestly begged public recognition in a charming bit of rural life entitled, "May Blossoms," which has had an unprecedented success of five months' representation. The play is not a strong one, but it is pure and fresh, with childhood beaming all through it, and domesticity appealing to the gentler side of humanity through the entire plot.

We live in an age of great possibilities. What the next ten years will develop in the literature of the American stage, it is not easy to calculate, but to the eager enterprise of such talent as is already known we believe "all things are possible."

ODE TO MUSIC.

By William Reid.

And thou, O daughter of the spheres,
Whose soul vibrates through all the years,
Ethereal Music! nymph divine!
The rapture of the world is thine!
And every passion Nature owns—
In breathing Morn's Memnonian tones,
Or in the orisons of Night,
When meteors shed their baleful light
And echoes of the solitude
Reverberate from hill and wood;
Or when thy aërial harmonies
Swell in the murmur of the seas,
Or sound with awe when, thunder-riven,
Storm-clouds obscure the orbs of heaven,
And wintry blasts convulse the air
'Midst shrieks of havoc and despair;
Or in the pæans of the year
When Nature smiles with vital cheer,
In all its changes thou art heard—
In gurgling stream or warbling bird,
In every sound, in every sigh,
The symphonies breathe in reply;
But chiefly thou attun'st the soul
To ecstasy's divine control,
In songs of triumph and of love,
Or solemn dirges heard above,
Of hopes eclipsed in life's dull blight,
And winged emotions of delight;
And thus the Muse obeys thy spell
O'er themes where love delights to dwell
Before its dream of bliss is fled
And memory weeps above the dead.

FIND THE WOMAN.

It is Sunday, and so the discourse appropriately begins with chapter and verse. The former is the story, so well known to us all, of the Eastern potentate who, when a male culprit was brought before him, no matter for what offense, always first gave, according to his French biographer, the order, "Cherchez la femme!" and these few words form the text of the following over-true story.

* * * * * *

It was a sultry Summer night, at one of our American seashore resorts, and all the brilliant company collected there was scattered around the verandas and upon the beach, very few choosing to remain in the lighted ballroom, which, nevertheless, added its contribution to the charm of the scene by the pulsing tide of melody which, drifting through the open windows, rolled languidly down the black reaches of the night, until, far out at sea, it lost itself in ocean's eternal solitude.

The music and the darkness, the subtle breath of the south wind sighing like a human whisper, the faint, pungent odor of the sea, all wrought together to wake in even the idlest heart among those Summer loiterers the feelings which ordinarily lie so deep that their very possessors forget their existence, while the world scarcely suspects it. So, say the wild legends of the North, the great Kraken rises from his unfathomed depths, and lies for a brief space upon the ocean's surface, basking in the moonlight, and anon sinks, leaving only wonder, terror, and the weight of a great mystery in the minds of those so luckless as to behold him.

In a remote corner of the veranda, leaning lightly against a pillar whose white background defined the misty black draperies enveloping her luxurious figure, stood a woman, who might have been an incarnation of the night, for all around her floated the same sense of mystery, of vague delights, of grand emotions, half concealed beneath an unnatural calm, of an intensest physical life throbbing beneath the odorous darkness.

Standing there silent and motionless as the pillar against which she leaned, one would have said that this woman was buried in a mood of the profoundest calm, and that, whatever emotions she might be capable of at another moment, now, at least, she was at rest.

And yet, looking more closely, one might have found a great drop of crimson blood trickling down the lady's white finger, followed by another and another, and still, half unconsciously, half with a strange delight, that luxurious, pain-hating woman pressed the sharp diamond deeper and deeper into the soft white flesh, and never moved a muscle to show the suffering she endured.

Quick, ringing footsteps, and the tall figure of a man turned the corner of the house, and came toward her, paused, and peering into the darkness, said, softly:

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes."

"I have kept you waiting, I am afraid."

"Not quite an hour. Pray, don't apologize."

"I really beg your pardon, but I could not get away——"

"From whom?"

"What do you mean, Clara? Is this another of your foolish jealousies?"

"My *foolish* jealousies! Are they generally groundless, Mr. Bellingham?"

"Mr. Bellingham! Yes, that is the way you generally begin. Let me warn you, Clara, that your method is becoming monotonous. You had better devote some hours of to-morrow to inventing a new one; you have used this a little too long."

"How droll that men in a certain class consider it cowardly to strike a woman, and yet will lash her with sarcasms that sting more than any whip!" remarked Clara, thrusting the facet of her diamond into the stiffening wound upon her finger.

Mr. Bellingham answered with an impatient gesture, and offered his arm.

"I believe we are to take a walk upon the beach," said he.

"It was your invitation, if I remember," returned the lady, placing her hand lightly within the arm.

"An invitation given at your suggestion," muttered Mr. Bellingham.

Mrs. Wesleigh did not reply until she and her companion stood upon the firm gray sand left bare by the retreating tide. Then she said:

"Has it come to this, Wythe? Do you taunt me with making opportunities of meeting you?"

"I did not mean to taunt you," replied Bellingham, sullenly.

But still he looked away from the dark eyes so anxiously upraised to his, nor offered the slightest return to the caressing form swaying toward his own.

One moment, and Clara Wesleigh stood as coldly upright as her companion, and placing a little breadth of sand between them, asked:

"What does your behavior within these last few days mean, Wythe? One would say you were trying to quarrel with me."

"Nonsense, Clara. Of course, I do not wish to quarrel, but on the contrary, I hope we shall become better friends in the future than we have been in the past. As for anything more——"

He stopped, and began to grind his boot-heel into the sand with an air of perplexity.

Mrs. Wesleigh watched him in bitterest silence. At length he resumed, in a lower voice:

"We have always known, Clara, that our—our feelings cannot come to anything—any satisfactory result."

"I thought we had agreed that I should try to induce Mr. Wesleigh to consent to a divorce," said Mr. Wesleigh's wife, in a constrained voice.

Mr. Bellingham frowned, and struck his heel yet deeper into the sand.

"The divorce court is such a sink of filth and infamy," muttered he.

"It was for your sake that I was willing to brave it," replied Mrs. Wesleigh, in a stifled voice.

"I know it, Clara, I know it; but, after all, ought I to allow you to make so terrible a sacrifice for me?"

"And when it was made, ought you to allow yourself to make the answering sacrifice of replacing the name I should have lost with your own?" asked the lady, in a voice whose sarcasm was almost lost in anguish.

Bellingham did not at once reply, and the beautiful face upturned to his in the moonlight grew from pale to white, from white to livid, as the woman who had counted her womanhood as nothing, while she might lay it at her lover's feet, waited for the doom she felt approaching.

"I am sorry that you feel so bitterly toward me, Clara," said Bellingham, at last; and as he spoke his gloomy eyes sought the sands at her feet, and never rose to meet her own, so full of anguish. "I feel that I have not behaved as I should have toward you, knowing, as I did, that you were still married, although separated from Mr. Wesleigh; but how could I resist——?"

"Oh, Wythe, stop there! Stop, before you kill me with shame and humiliation! How could you resist? That is to say, that I was the tempter—that I wooed you so urgently that you could not say me nay. Man, if you will stab me to the heart I will bless you with my dying breath, and kiss the hand that puts me out of misery! but, oh, for the sake of our dear, dead happiness, never taunt me with loving you too well!"

Down upon her knees now, all her proud beauty, her state, her haughty bearing, trailed in the dust at his feet; and, with trembling hands, she clasped about his knees in bitter, bitter pleading.

Wythe Bellingham was not a heartless man, nor even a very cruel man, although he was firmly determined to triumph, if need be, over this woman's heart and soul, to escape from the position in which she and Fate had placed him. But, for all this, he stooped, and raising the writhing form in his arms, pressed his lips lightly upon the white cheek, as he said:

"There, there, dear—calm yourself! I never meant to hurt you so. It was not you who tempted me, or I you; it was our joint misfortune and error, and we will mutually repent and help each other back to the right path. We have been so cautious that the world has never yet linked our names, and no one is the wiser for our—our secret."

"No, you will be perfectly safe, Mr. Bellingham," interposed Mrs. Wesleigh, in a voice whose quiet scorn pierced like a lance through all the self-delusions in which the man had wrapped himself.

"*I* shall be safe! And do not you think I care for your reputation even more than my own?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I do not; and even if you cared for it ever so tenderly, there are matters which to me are more than reputation."

"No woman should say that."

"Ah, well! why prolong this? Say that I am unwomanly, say that our relations are incorrect, say that your conscience has suddenly resumed its office—what then? What do you wish, or what do you propose?"

"That we should sacrifice our own pleasure to the good of society, and retreat from our present dangerous position to the safer ground of friendship," replied Bellingham, promptly.

"And that you should marry Eva Gore," added Clara, in a voice as cold as ice.

"I have said nothing of the sort; I have——"

"I will spare you the shame of equivocation. What you have said suggests all that you leave unsaid, and nothing more is needed. Good-night, and good-by, Mr. Bellingham."

"Wait! Let me accompany you to the house, Clara. We part friends, do we not?"

"Why not? I will come to your wedding, and smile with the gayest. When will it be?"

"I have said already that I am not thinking of marriage?"

"True; I forgot. How chill the night-air strikes!"

And drawing her draperies closely about her, Mrs. Wesleigh passed rapidly up the path, and only paused at the point close beside the house, where some steps led to the side-entrance nearest to her apartments. A group of dense evergreens masked these steps, and, standing in their shadow, she silently pointed up to the windows of the house.

Bellingham looked, and saw the slender figure and pure sweet face of a young girl, who, half undressed, stood looking up at the moon, whose white light, falling about her like a vail, seemed to add the last touch to a picture of delicate and unsullied maidenhood.

"It is Eva Gore. I leave you to her," whispered Clara, in a suffocating voice.

And gliding past her lover, and up the steps, she disappeared, leaving Bellingham to stand in mute adoration of his fair divinity until, all unconscious of observation, she knelt, and, bowing her head upon her folded hands, she offered to Heaven, in the presence of the awful beauty of sky and sea, the silent prayer of a pure and single heart.

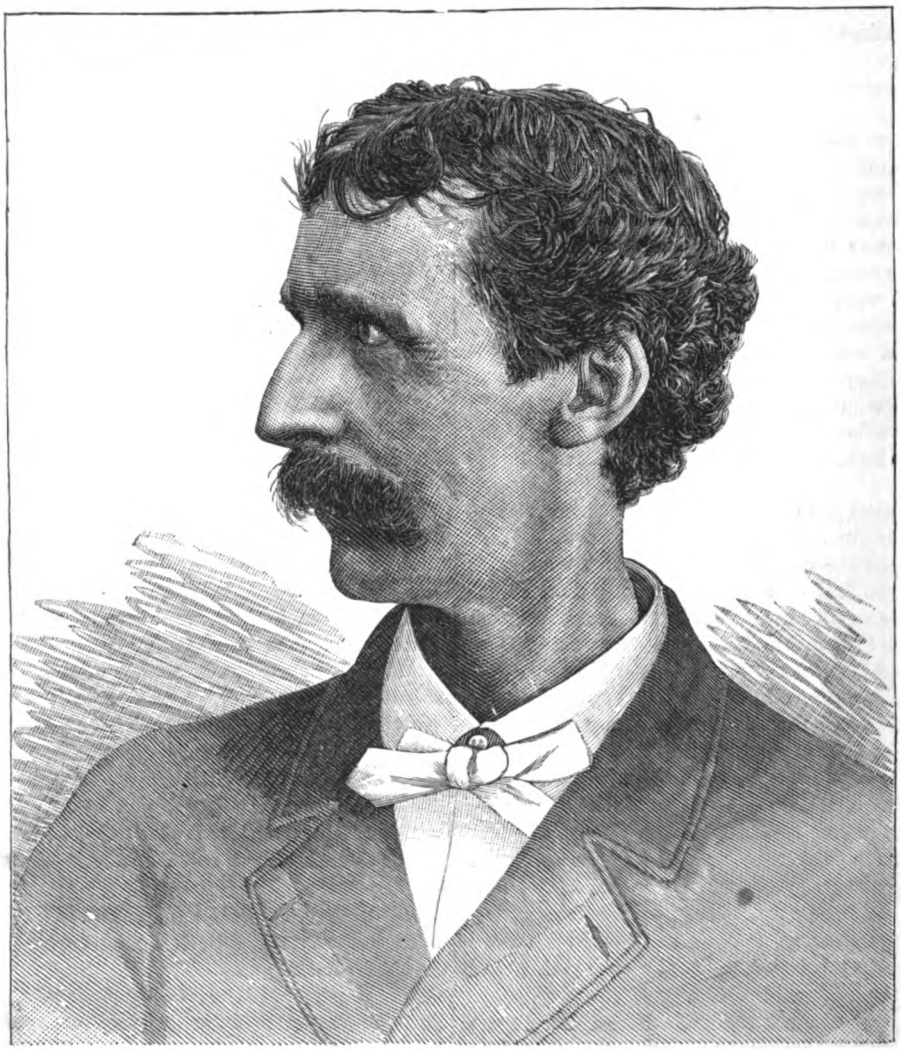
A few moments later, Bellingham re-entered the house, and the draperies were dropped across the young girl's window, leaving the scene to solitude at midnight; then, as if this were what she waited for, a stately black-clad

DION BOUCICAULT.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

figure stole from the midst of a clump of shrubbery where she had hidden, and with swift and noiseless footsteps she passed along the path toward the seashore.

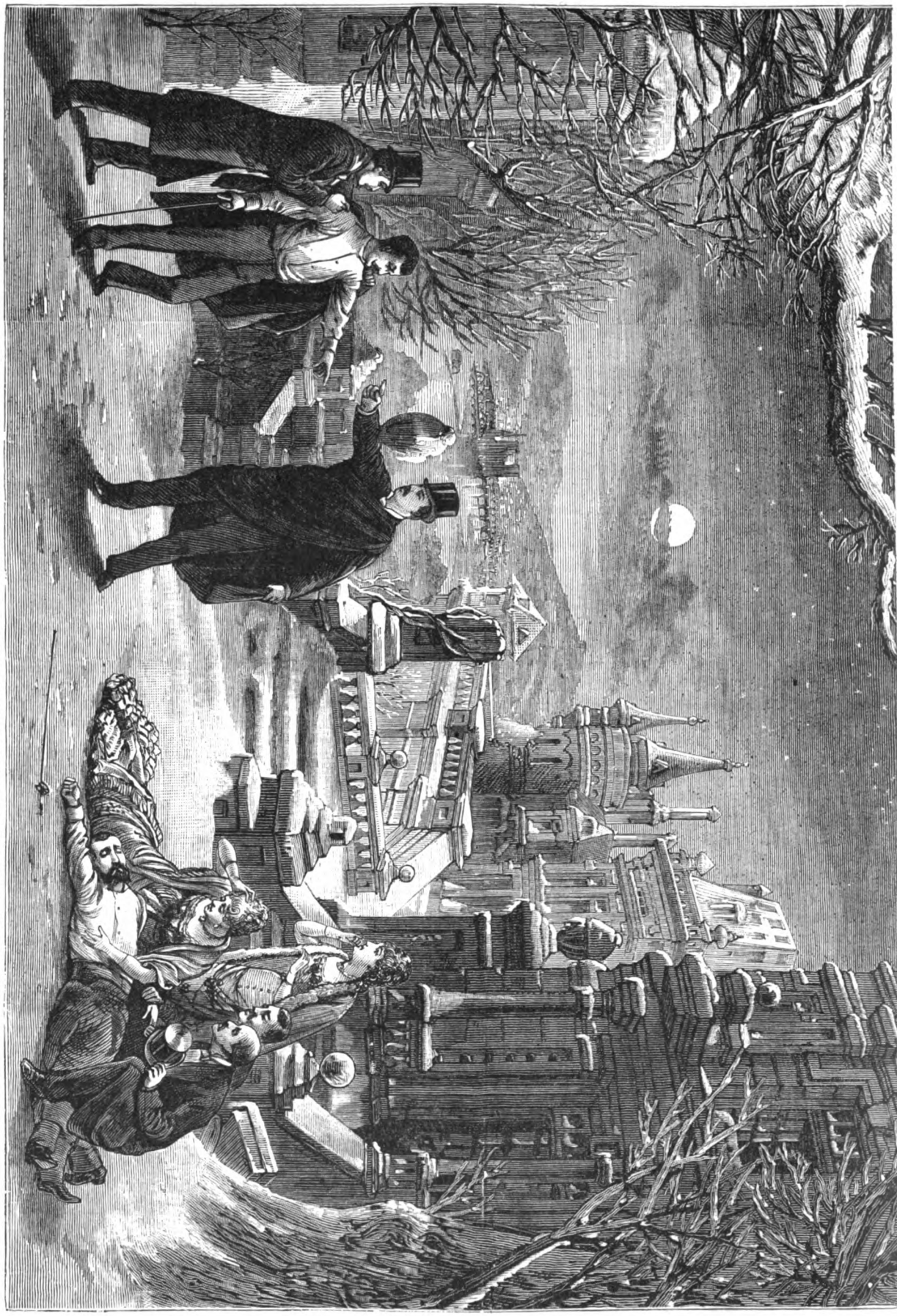
Arrived at the point where she had stood with Bellingham, Clara Wesleigh paused and looked round her for a moment, with the furtive glance of a fugitive, although, poor soul, the very desolation that was driving her on was itself a guarantee against interruption. No one was in sight, however, and, drawing her dress about her with woman's instinctive nicety, she passed down across the beach and out upon a long, low ledge of rocks, projecting so far out to seaward as to be completely covered at high tide.



BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

"Dead low water now. I have an hour or two to think over matters before——"

And with a smile more terrible than any show of grief, the desperate woman seated herself, and, leaning her chin upon her hand, fixed her eyes



THE DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.—SCENE FROM BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAY, "THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER."—SEE PAGE 642.

upon the distant horizon, and waited. An hour went by, and she had not stirred; the Summer night hung over her as calmly, gloriously bright as when Eva Gore had raised her gentle face and pure heart toward the sky; the soft air breathed balmily as an infant's whisper upon the bent head and pallid face of that lonely watcher by the sea, and even the waters smiled and sparkled in the moonlight as they rose around her. Yes, rose, inch by inch, wave by wave, until, from just touching the hem of her dainty robe, they now swept across her feet, and rose, line by line, inch by inch, a little higher at every wave.

Still she sat motionless, her chin upon the hand whose beauty and whose sparkling gems she had so loved and petted, but now had quite forgotten; for still her wild, haggard eyes gazed at the far horizon line, while between them and it rose memories long forgotten, but never destroyed—memories of childhood, of girlhood, of innocent, simple days, so long past now that they seemed to belong to another life—of the mother whose counsels and warnings, unheeded at the time they were spoken, rose now as if from the grave with all the solemn force of prophecies fulfilled, and the sentence of doom replacing exhortations to repentance.

"Too late! Too late!" moaned the unhappy woman, hiding her face in both her hands, and the creeping, lapping waters seemed to whisper like an echo:

"Too late! Too late!"

As if the moan had been a summons, a dark figure at this moment detached itself from the low copse that had sheltered it, and moved swiftly and noiselessly down the beach and out upon the rocks, until it stood close behind that of the crouching woman, and gently touched her head.

"Clara!"

With a sudden start, she raised her haggard face, and met the keen, cold glance of that bent toward her.

"You here! Go and leave me, Mr. Wesleigh, if you please. I wish to be alone."

"And for what purpose? What are you doing here?"

"Waiting to die! Do not try to interfere; it will be useless; and, indeed, why should you wish to?"

"Why, indeed?" replied the new-comer, calmly, and seating himself beside her as he spoke. "Our lives, either jointly or separately, have not been so blissful that we should much care to keep them. You are quite right, Clara."

"Then, go and leave, unless you wish, by way of revenge, to watch me in my last struggles."

"I have no desire for revenge, and I do not expect to be able to watch your last struggles, as my own will no doubt give me ample employment."

"What do you mean? Do you dare to jest at such a moment?"

"Heaven forbid! No, Clara, I do not jest; nor do I exult at this end of the miserable career that you have pursued for the last three years; but with your own life you have wrecked mine, and since you have decided to end yours, let mine go too. I will escort you out of this world, and into the next, as I have many a time taken you to the opera or a ball, where you went that you might meet your favorite of the hour; and I went because you had robbed me of all capacity for the quiet pleasures of my bachelorhood, and had given me nothing in exchange."

"But, good heavens! do you mean that you will sit here and drown without an effort, Mark Wesleigh?" exclaimed his wife, rousing herself with a sudden effort, and turning to stare in his face with incredulous horror.

"Exactly that, my dear! barring, of course, such muscular contortions and convulsions as I cannot resist. Drowning is a very unbecoming death."

To this somewhat flippant remark Mrs. Wesleigh offered no reply except a contemptuous gesture, as she once more turned toward the sea. The waves, still rising, broke now across her knees, and momentarily threatened to carry her away. Suddenly she turned her head, and asked, almost angrily:

"Will you go away, and leave me to myself? I am in earnest, and this farce is in the worst possible taste."

"It is no farce, but a tragedy—and in the fifth act," muttered Wesleigh, as a great wave dashed over him.

"Go, man! go! Save yourself! Why should you die?"

"Why should you?"

"I must—I must! But, oh, God! let me not murder another with myself!"

"Clara, will you for once be advised by me—by the one man who, of all your lovers, is willing to die with you?"

"What do you mean? Ugh! but this is very terrible!"

"Death is terrible when it comes from God's own hand; but when one rushes upon it in defiance of His law——"

"But, oh, Mark! I cannot, cannot live!"

"Let us talk of it, but not here. Come with me—a few steps, at least, and if I cannot persuade you—if you still insist, after hearing me, I swear that I will not in any manner control your movements. Nay, more, you shall die, if you choose, and I will die with you! Come!"

He threw his arms about her as he spoke, and she, with a convulsive sob of physical terror and anguish, yielded to the embrace, and suffered him to withdraw her to a place of safety.

"And now, tell me why you wish to die? What has happened?" asked Mark Wesleigh, after Clara had revived sufficiently to answer him.

"Why do I wish to die? Because the man I have loved better than my own honor has deserted and despises me. Is that enough? Now, let me go."

And with a sudden effort she sprang to her feet, and would have rushed once more toward the rocks; but Wesleigh detained her, saying, coldly:

"Wait! I knew nearly as much as that. The man is Wythe Bellingham, is it not?"

"Good heavens! Can you speak his name? Yes."

"And he has deserted you?"

"Yes."

"And you amiably intend to remove yourself from his path, leaving him at perfect liberty to woo another woman?"

"He already wooes her," muttered Clara, shuddering, and sinking nervously back to a seat beside her husband, whose white face and glassy eyes glared upon her through the darkness.

"And is not revenge sweeter than death, Clara?"

"Revenge! I had not thought of that," replied she, slowly, and losing in a moment the desperate haste of her mood.

"Think of it now. I will plan it—I will carry it out; for I, too, owe this man a debt, and I will pay for both of us."

"But—you, no doubt, wish for revenge on me also?" said Clara, in the same musing manner of her last utterance.

"On you? No, Clara! It is the weakness of my whole life, and it triumphs even now. Come back to

me—forsake the world which has so cruelly forsaken you, and I will devote the remainder of my life and my fortune to compensating you for what you have this night suffered! Clara, promise me to love me a little—to try, at least, to love me and allow me to love you, and I forgive all—forget all, but that you are the one woman whom I love, and must love for ever."

An hour later Mrs. Wesleigh quietly returned to the house, and gained her own chamber unobserved, while her husband as quietly returned to the obscure lodging he had occupied for a day or two unknown to any one.

For the next two days Clara was confined to her room with a feverish cold, and Mr. Bellingham, blessing his good fortune, pursued his acquaintance with Miss Gore so rapidly as to be already hovering on the verge of a proposal, when he received a penciled line from Mrs. Wesleigh:

"I am going away. Our conversation the other night has given me my death-blow, and I go to hide myself until the end. I would see you once more—for the last time. Tell me when and where after to-night, for I cannot yet leave my room, and do not wish to see you in this house."

An hour later she received the following reply:

"I will meet you upon the beach where we last met, at nine o'clock to-morrow evening. You had better keep your room until then, to avoid suspicion. W. BELLINGHAM."

Mrs. Wesleigh smiled an ugly smile, as she read these lines and carefully laid the note aside, and began certain preparations, as if for a journey.

Soon after dark she muffled herself in a dark cloak, drew the hood over her face, and crept softly from the house.

Once out of the grounds, she walked rapidly on for something over a mile, when she paused at an angle of the road, and uttered a low cry.

The figure of a man at once arose from his seat beneath a guide-post, and came forward, saying:

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes; I have the note, signed by him, appointing an interview, and enjoining secrecy.'

"Excellent. The place?"

"The spot where you found me three nights ago."

"Good! Now, listen, while I tell you my exact plan, and the part you are to play."

"Walk back with me toward the house while we talk. It is so dark and lonely."

In the darkness a smile passed across Mark Wesleigh's white lips. Was this woman, whom he so long had loved in vain, learning at last to lean upon him, to cling to him, to see in him the barrier between her and the desolation that should have been her lot?

But, without muttering a word of all he felt, he offered his arm, and the two walked slowly back along the lonely road, talking earnestly, although almost in whispers, as they went.

The next day was one of the loveliest of the Summer, and Mr. Bellingham easily persuaded Miss Gore to drive with him to a little picnic, planned by the inmates of the house, in a grove at some miles' distance.

Returning in the late twilight, he softly spoke the words that all day long had burned upon his lips and melted in his every glance.

The young girl listened with a shy delight that heightened every charm, and answered in one soft whisper, worth more, just then, in Wythe Bellingham's ears than the plaudits of a world.

"Mine, my own darling, now and for ever!" whispered he, folding his arm about her swaying form, and gently kissing the maiden lips never profaned by man's before.

The glow had not yet faded from either face, nor the conscious droop of Eva's figure given place to its usual modest dignity, when the light-wagon drove ound the approach to the house, and passed beneath the shuttered window from which a dark face and pair of glaring eyes looked down upon them.

"You little fool! Make the most of him, for you shall never sit beside him so again—never, never!" muttered Clara Wesleigh, between her clinched teeth.

And at the same moment Bellingham, lifting his betrothed from the carriage, whispered:

"We will drive to Blossom Woods again to-morrow, darling, will we not?"

Night came—dark, close and breathless as the nights that in a tropical climate foretell an earthquake. Punctual to his appointment, although inwardly raging at the folly and crime that had forced him into making and keeping it, Wythe Bellingham excused himself to his fair *fiancée*, and strode gloomily down the path toward the beach.

Clara, wrapped from head to foot in a black mantle that merged inextricably in the blackness of the night, stood waiting for him upon the spot where they had last met, and without waiting for him to speak, addressed him, eagerly:

"Come this way with me. I am afraid that we are watched here—I even fear that Mr. Wesleigh is lurking in the neighborhood. Come!"

"But why prolong this interview in any case?" began Bellingham, following her mechanically as he spoke.

Clara made no reply, but walked rapidly forward.

"Clara, I will follow you no further! Stop here, and tell me what you fear—what you mean! Do you hear me?"

And Bellingham paused so resolutely as to prove that what he said he meant, and that he was to be led, blindfolded at least, no longer.

"Wythe, you will not desert me now! Have you not vowed, over and over again, that at the worst you would defend me—would stand by me in the face of the whole world if need be? Will you break your oath?"

"Again, what do you mean?"

"Just this: Mark Wesleigh arrived at this place not three hours since; he has been tampering with the servants, both mine and yours—my woman told me. He is furious, and has determined to expose us publicly to-morrow morning, before the whole house—do you understand? And nothing would stop him if he once began, I assure you. He is terrible—terrible! And, oh, Wythe, I have only you to look to for protection now!"

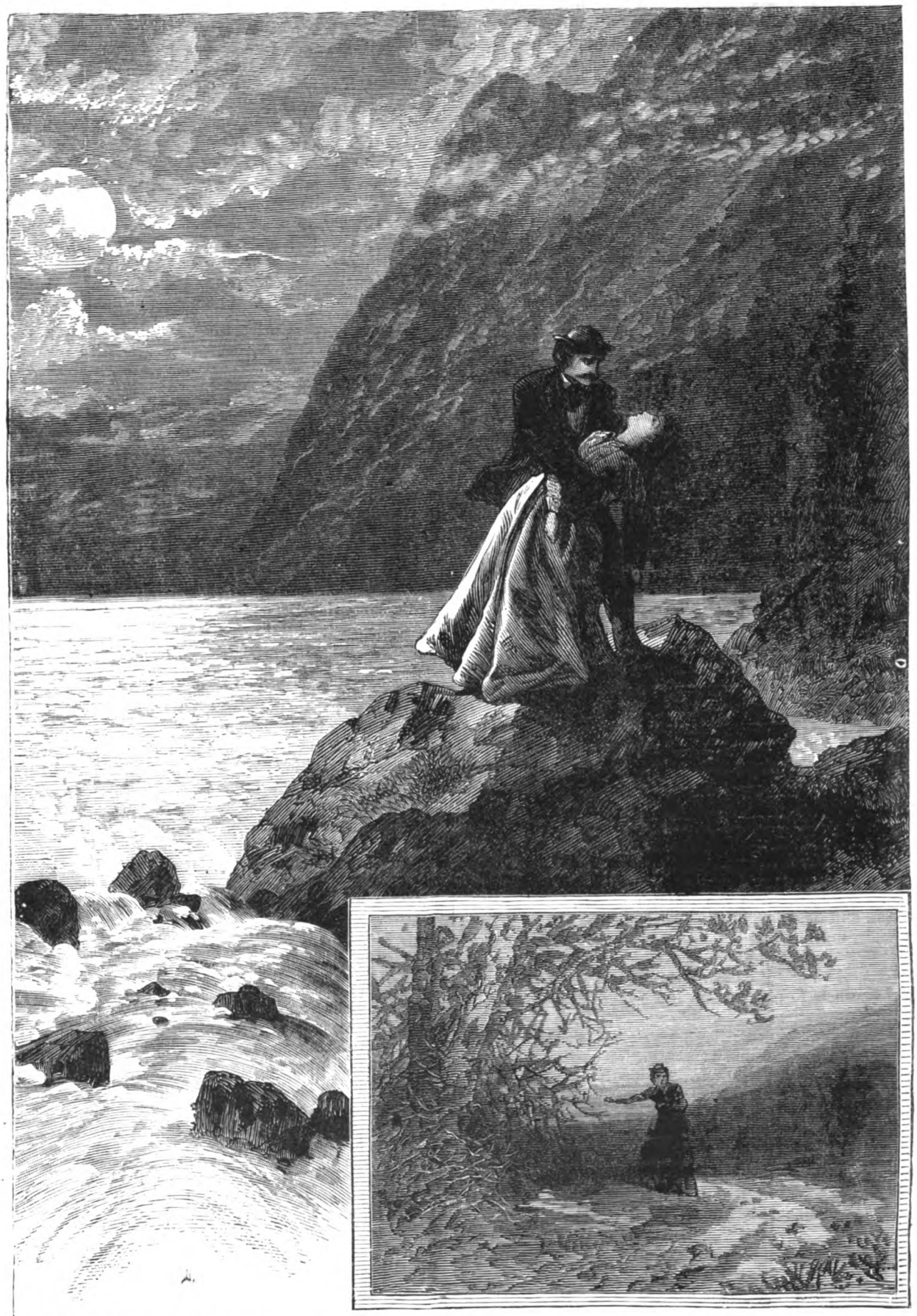
She threw herself sobbing into his arms, but he flung her off in horror, grinding an oath and an epithet between his teeth that sent the blood in a torrent even to Clara Wesleigh's practiced face. But still she held her part.

"Oh, Wythe, Wythe! you have broken my heart; but do not leave me to die at your very feet! Save me, save me, for it is you who brought me to this strait!"

"And I will help you out of it if I can, although it is something more than my life that you demand of me in fulfillment of a rash promise," replied Bellingham, with sombre coldness. "What do you require?" he added, as the wretched woman sobbed and clung to him without speaking.

"I must fly from this place to-night. I have ordered your man to drive the little wagon down to the cross-roads, telling him that I would explain all to you. I

SCENE FROM "DANIEL DRUCE."—SEE PAGE 642.



FIND THE WOMAN.—"HE THREW HIS ARMS AROUND HER AND DREW HER TO A PLACE OF SAFETY. . . . . CLARA STOOD WAITING FOR HIM UPON THE SPOT WHERE THEY HAD LAST MET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

suppose he is waiting now, and you will take me to Greene in time to catch the morning-train. I will go to New York, and seek refuge among my own people. It is better, too, for you to be there when Mr. Wesleigh overtakes you. It will be easier to confront him there than here, with all these eager eyes upon you; and there is no possibility now of avoiding open exposure. You may as well, and better, come with me, and prepare to meet it bravely."

"Exposure here, in Eva Gore's presence!" groaned Bellingham.

And Clara smiled, for already the bitterness of death was working in the heart that had proved false to her.

"Yes, and he will take special pains to let her be of his audience. I have it. Tell your man to go at once to the house where Mr. Wesleigh is in hiding, and tell him of our escape. He will pursue us at once, you may be sure, and the scandal here will be averted; he will pursue us without the loss of a moment, and, perhaps, some compromise may be effected. Eva Gore may never hear of it at all. You can arrange all that."

"As you will. I am in the toils, and no struggle would avail to set me free. You have ruined me, Clara—ruined me, body and soul, and I swear that, if I lose Eva Gore, I will strive as hard to excel in wickedness as I had resolved to try for virtue. Come on!"

A few moments of sharp walking, and the pair reached the cross-roads, where stood Bellingham's equipage and sorely puzzled groom.

"All right, James," said his master, cutting short a stammered apology. "Go to Brown's, where you will find Mr. Wesleigh. Give him my compliments, and say that I shall be at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York; then take the coach to Greene, where you will find the wagon, which you are to drive home by easy stages. But there is one thing for you to remember, my man, and you know that I mean what I say."

"Yes, sir," murmured the groom, submissively.

"Well, then, take care that you do not mention anything that has occurred to-night, or speak this lady's name to man, woman, or child, before you see me again. You understand?"

"Quite, sir. I'll be careful, sir."

"You had better. Give me the reins."

And with a sudden plunge the spirited horse shot off, carrying the strangely assorted pair into the darkness and the night, while the English groom, looking after them, and listening to the light whirl of the retreating wheels, muttered:

"If this ain't the queerest start ever I see! Just as he got all right with the other one, too! Well, all I've got to do is to obey orders, if I break owners; so, here goes."

The next evening Bellingham, sitting gloomily idle all alone in his own room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was presented with a card; and, tossing it upon the table, briefly replied:

"Show the gentleman up!"

The servant retreated, and presently returned, ushering in the square-shouldered and dignified figure that had appeared so suddenly upon the beach where Clara Wesleigh had set herself to die.

Mr. Bellingham rose, and bowed ceremoniously, saying:

"I expected you, Mr. Wesleigh."

"Indeed. Where is my wife?"

"I do not know. She left me at the station, and I have not seen nor heard from her since. We neither intend nor desire to meet again, but I do not offer that as an excuse. I am ready to answer for the past in any manner you may suggest."

"The satisfaction of a gentleman, I suppose!" sneered Wesleigh. "Well, no, sir; I don't intend to fight a duel with you, if that is what you mean. That sort of thing has become simply absurd. I have already taken my satisfaction, and in my own way. Mrs. Wesleigh, upon arriving in New York, went directly to my sister's house, as I had advised her to do; and I have seen her this evening. We sail to-morrow upon a prolonged tour; and you are quite correct in saying that you and my wife are not likely to meet again. Meantime, I have dispatched a note to my old friend Thomas Gore, of which the following is a copy."

As he spoke, he laid a paper upon the table, and Bellingham snatched it up. It ran thus:

"DEAR GEORGE: Mr. Wythe Bellingham, just betrothed to your daughter Eva, as I understand, has been for some months the lover of my wife, and went to Shell Cove for the purpose of enjoying her society. During a quarrel between them, he offered himself to Miss Gore; but afterward, repenting of his fickleness, became reconciled to Mrs. Wesleigh, and eloped with her on Wednesday evening last, driving in his own wagon to Greene, as the people at the stables can testify; and traveling thence to New York with her, at which place I overtook and separated them. I inclose a note from Bellingham to my wife, making the appointment for their elopement. I have forgiven Mrs. Wesleigh's share in this adventure, being persuaded that she only yielded to the arts of a practiced libertine, and sincerely repents her errors. I give you this account from a painful sense of duty, that you may be warned in time against a man whom no virtuous woman can meet without contamination."

Clinching this letter in his hand, Bellingham raised his white and haggard face to the impassive eyes so steadily reading it, and muttered, hoarsely:

"You have ruined me!"

"With Eva Gore—yes."

"With her, with the world, with myself. That letter shuts the door to all decent society for me. Well, there are other circles where I shall be welcome. You have sent me to perdition!"

"Only thrown up a barricade behind you. You were already on the road when you went down to that place to meet another man's wife. And now, Mr. Bellingham, I believe there is nothing more to be said between us, not even good-by, since that is a benediction."

And, with a stately bow, Mr. Mark Wesleigh strode from the room, while Bellingham, too crushed and humilated to reply, sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

* * * * *

What more is to be said? It is but an episode—and what is life but a succession of episodes? Mr. and Mrs. Wesleigh have been five years abroad; and Wythe Bellingham is a man about town with the worst possible reputation, and by no means upon the visiting-list of Mrs. Marcus Upton, *née* Eva Gore.

AMONG the Kasia Hills, in the eastern part of Bengal, the men are said to be the inferiors, even in the eye of the law. Property descends only through women. The latter have the supreme command, and everywhere assert themselves as the superiors of their husbands, who are represented by travelers as little better than domestic drudges, who mind the baby and go the errands and perform other little duties of the kind, while the wives attend to the more serious affairs of daily life. The girls of a family are held in high esteem.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

ITS TOWNS, ANTIQUITIES AND OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph.D.

In making the voyage across the Atlantic, in the Summer season, many steamers now keep south of the Banks of Newfoundland, partly to sail clear of the fishing-smacks, and to avoid the fogs, and partly to give a wide berth to possible icebergs, which, at this season of the year, are uncomfortable objects to meet on the wide ocean. Having circumnavigated these dangers, the vessels take a northerly course, and when they have reached the 49th parallel, continue on it a couple of days until they think it time to aim for the neighborhood of the Scilly Islands. If, instead of changing the course to the north, the ships were to continue on the 49th parallel, they would soon run upon the sharp rocks which bristle up around the Channel Islands, and would find themselves at Jersey. Sometimes sailing-vessels, driven by stress of weather out of their course, come disagreeably near to these reefs, and history abounds in the story of melancholy shipwrecks which have here taken place. It may be well to remind the reader that the archipelago of the Channel Islands, chiefly belonging to England, though lying very near to the coast of France, includes four large islands: Alderney (about 60 miles from England); Guernsey (70 miles); Sark (70 miles); and Jersey (90 miles); several smaller islands, which are, nevertheless, inhabited; and numerous desolate rocks, either lying singly or collected together in groups. Of the four large islands, Jersey is foremost in size and population; Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, rank in the order in which we have named them.

The Romans could not avoid seeing these islands on their way to Cornwall, and there are evidences of their having visited some of them, and Latin authors mention *Cæsaria* (Jersey), *Sarnia* (Guernsey), and *Aurica* (Alderney), the latter being still called by the French Aurigny, from its ancient name; but the earliest historical accounts appear to date from the sixth century, when Sampson, Bishop of St. David's, received from Childebert, King of France, the Abbacy of Dol, in Brittany, with the Lordship of Jersey, Guernsey, and the other islands. It is usually held that Christianity was introduced into the islands, A. D. 556, by Bishop Sampson, and the political history begins early in the tenth century, when the famous Norseman, Rollo, Duke of Normandy, annexed the entire group to his dominion.

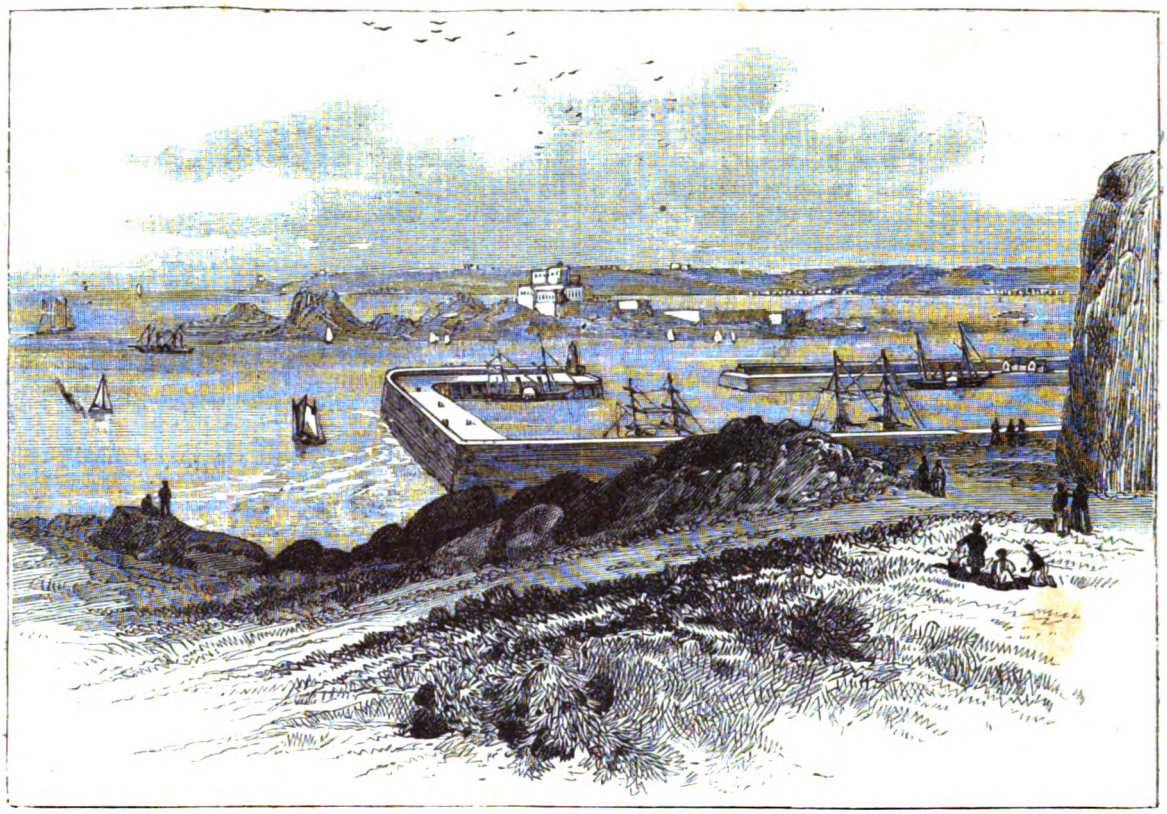
After the conquest of England by William the Conqueror, the islands went to the English Crown, and with the exception of a brief interval, they have since continued to form a part of the British Empire, and are, in fact, the sole existing memorial of the ancient possessions formerly held by England on the Continent. It was during the reign of Henry I. that the ship *La Blanche Nef*, which carried Prince William, the heir to the throne, was wrecked, in 1121. Prince William lost his life, and it is said of the royal father that "he never smiled again." It is remarkable that when King John lost his French possessions these islands were not seized at the same time, and they doubtless would have been if their importance had been properly appreciated. Afterward, when the grave mistake was discovered, the French undertook to obtain them by force, but were always repulsed. The last attempt of this kind was in 1781, since which time the English rule has remained undisputed. It was during the repulse of an invasion in 1779 that the victory was embittered by the loss of Major Pierson, whose heroic death forms the subject of a well-known picture by Copley, and whose memory is perpetuated by a bronze tablet inserted in the wall of a house on the market-place of St. Helier's, near the spot where he fell. Strong fortifications have lately been erected for the defense of the principal towns and military points on the islands, but Nature has provided much more valuable security from invasion in the vast number of hidden rocks which encircle the bays and harbors, like the coral atolls of Florida, and render approach, even in calm weather, very difficult, and in a storm wholly impossible.

Jersey, being the largest and most important of the islands, must first claim our attention. The government of this island is certainly unique. Although they are under the protectorate of England, they are practically the most independent population to be anywhere found on the globe. The share played by the English Government in the affairs of this island is about as small and trifling as it could well be, and it is greatly to the credit of the inhabitants that they have not abused the implicit trust placed in them by the superior power.

Jersey has its own Lieutenant-governor, Bailiff, Dean (the ecclesiastical superior), States Assembly and Royal Court. The States Assembly (the Legislature) comprises the Lieutenant-governor, *ex-officio;* the Bailiff (or judge, who presides); the twelve Jurats of the Royal Court; the Rectors of the twelve Parishes; the Constables of the twelve Parishes; and fourteen elected Deputies, one from each Parish, and two extra from the City of St. Helier; the Crown being represented by the Attorney-general, the Solicitor-general, and the Viscount or Sheriff, who have seats, but no votes. The whole legislative power, subject to the paramount authority of the Imperial Parliament, is vested in the fifty-two members, above designated, of the States Assembly. The proceedings of this body have, up to a recent period, been conducted exclusively in French, but at the present time any member can address the Assembly in English, and it will not be long before the English language will supersede the French altogether. In addition to the States Assembly, there is a Royal Court, which exercises judicial functions, and there is a Petty Debts Court, for the recovery of debts under ten pounds.

The Lieutenant-governor of Jersey is appointed by the Queen, and must be a military man who has reached the rank of colonel. His function appears to be to look after the defenses of the island, and to occupy himself with the comfort of the regiments stationed there. He wisely refrains from interfering in the civil government of the place, so that the position is much of a sinecure, and a very pleasant one to hold, as there is a fine official residence and a handsome salary, and everything to make life comfortable and agreeable.

The office of Bailiff is really of more importance and responsibility. The name was originally adopted from France, where it signified a person invested with extensive judicial prerogatives, and who was judge over one of the Bailliages into which the different provinces were divided. The office was rendered distinct from that of the Governor in the reign of Edward I., in the year 1301,

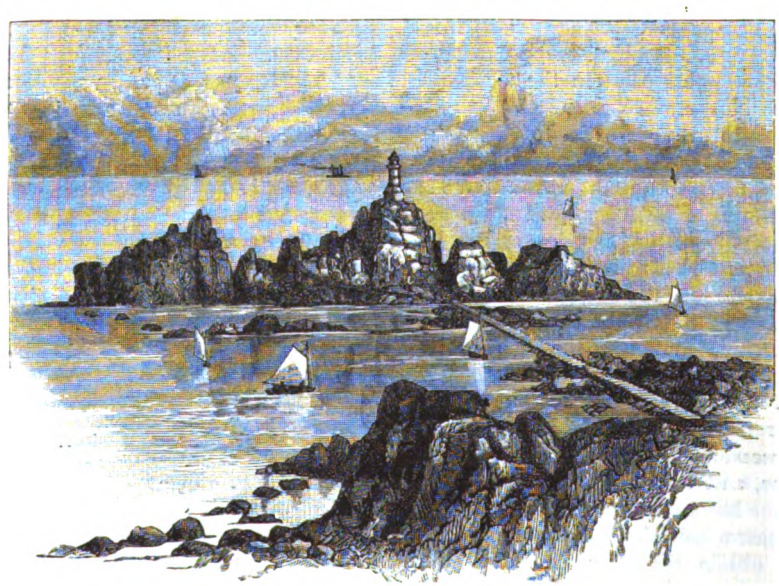


PANORAMA OF JERSEY.

though it remained in the gift of the Crown until the reign of Henry VII.

The Jurats were first established by the Constitution of King John. There is one Jurat for each of the twelve Parishes into which Jersey is divided, but as the City of St. Helier, the chief port of entry, contains half the population of the island, it has been allowed to elect two extra Jurats, to equalize the representation. The Jurats are chosen for life by the votes of all those who contribute to the parochial rates, and they constitute, with the Bailiff, or President, the magistracy of the island. The position of head of a family (*chef de famille*) was formerly required to qualify a person as a voter, but the law now is, that all persons whose names are inscribed on the rate-list of a parish, and have been domiciled there for a year and a day, are entitled to vote in all general elections. The elections were formerly held on Sunday and the votes were tendered in the porches of the parish churches, but the English regard for Sunday has driven out this French custom, and the elections are now held on a Tuesday. In addition to the life Jurats, there are Constables and Deputies elected for three years, who are eligible for a second term.

The principal business of the States Assembly is to provide funds for carrying out public works; to decide means for raising the revenue, of which they have the administration. They have also the privilege of enacting, *pro tem.*, such laws as they may consider expedient, but their acts are only valid for three years, unless sanctioned by the Queen in Council. The States, however, are frequently in the habit of renewing them on their own authority, at the expiration of the prescribed terms. The Bailiff, or President, has a temporary veto, subject to an appeal to the Queen in Council. We have here an ideal government, which, if one were to sketch it from his imagination, would be pronounced to be utopian. It is a



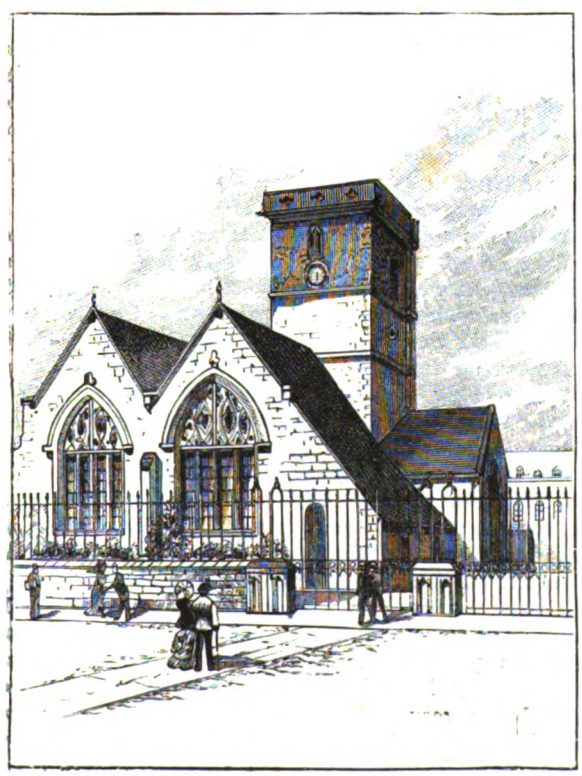
CARBIERE ROCKS, JERSEY.

republic with limited suffrage, and with certain reservations which not a few would be glad to recognize in the Constitution of the United States. The English notion of free trade prevails here to its fullest extent. There are no imports, no tariffs, no customs officers, and the only exception to absolute free trade of which I could obtain any knowledge was in the importation of cattle. No foreign cattle are permitted to enter the island, excepting for slaughtering purposes, and this provision is made necessary, as the breed of native cattle is very valuable and characteristic, and might easily be destroyed by injudicious crossing.

The local taxes are made as light as possible, and as the inhabitants are at liberty to buy in the cheapest markets of the world, the expenses of living in Jersey have been very low. This cheapness has enticed many officers on half pay, and persons of limited income, to the island, so that there is a little overcrowding, and they have scared away the economy they came to seek. Still, education is cheap, provisions are abundant and reasonable, house-rent is moderate, and clothing excessively low; so that, compared with other parts of the world, Jersey continues to offer a pleasant asylum for persons of limited means.

The language of the Island of Jersey is a near approach to the Norman French spoken by the rough warriors who followed the banner of William the Conqueror. Of course, it has undergone great modifications during the last eight hundred years, but it is claimed to be a better representative of the ancient French than can be found on the Continent. In Black's "Guide to Jersey," a specimen is given of the Jersey *patois*, which will be interesting to the French scholar:

"Daeux trais rimmes à la memouaithe de Maistre Wace, un vier Prêtre Gerriais qui m'passe bain près du cœu, quoi qu'il yiait bétost huit chents ans que le pouor' bouanhomme erpose paisibliement souos la blièste. J'ai bain des fais paslait à mes ammins à l'endrait d'esl've: un monuesment à s'nhonneu, mais chest comme si j'm'capuchais la teste contre la pathé, il ont poeux de desmouaizir quicq'herpins; Eh! mon Gui il en laissont driéthe ieux d'ches fréluques, nou n'les mettra pou à lus servir d'ouothilli quand nou les pliache'cha dans lues derniéthe grande naithe casaque, et que non l'z' envietha à s'er'poser dans l'bian grand Gardin à noutr' ammin le Ministre Fillieu."



ST. HELIER'S CHURCH, JERSEY.

PIER-HEAD, ST. HELIER'S, JERSEY.

In modern French this would run as follows:

"Deux ou trois rimes à la mémoire de Maistre Wace, un vieux Prêtre qui me passe bien près du cœur, quoi qu'il y'ait bientôt huit cents ans que le pauvre bonhomme repose paisiblement sous le gazon. J'ai bien des fois parlé à mes amis au sujet d'élever un monument à son honneur, mais c'est comme si je me cognais la tête contre un mur, ils ont peur de dépenser quelques sous—et, mon Dieu, ils en laisseront derrière eux de ces fréluques, on ne les mettra point à bien servir do'reiller, quand nous les placerons dans leur dernier grand habit noir (cercueil), et qu'on les enverra se reposer dans le beau grand jardin (le cimetière) de notre ami le Révérend Filleul (le recteur de la Paroisse)."

As English is taught in the schools, and the children have the notion that it is more aristocratic and refined to speak English, the difficulty in keeping up the French is yearly becoming greater, and at the same rate of extirpation it will not take long to drive the French language out of the island, excepting in the families of the cultivated and wealthy, who will have to acquire it from private masters. At St. Helier's, in Jersey, the town-crier, who went about the streets to announce a sale of furniture at auction, recited his story first in English and then repeated it all in French; and as the latter was in the *patois* of the country, it could scarcely have been understood by any one who was not to the manner born. The children on the streets almost invariably talked and conducted their games in English; and it was only in two or three instances during our stay on the island that we encountered some elderly persons who could not understand

English, and they comprehended pure French as well as their own *patois*. It results, practically, that nearly every farmer and native of Jersey speaks fluently three languages—English, French, and Jersey *patois*. The gentleman who accompanied us about the island constantly used those three tongues. It would be a pity to have this linguistic accomplishment broken up, and the intelligent natives much regret it, but they look upon it as inevitable, chiefly owing to the silly notion on the part of the children that the proper thing to do is to speak and act English, and despise everything French. It will not take many generations of such children to extirpate all traces of French as a universal language on the island.

The union of Church and State is strongly marked in Jersey, although the number of dissenters, as they are called, is large, and they have numerous churches. The rectors of the twelve parishes into which the island is divided must, by law, be natives of Jersey. This limits the selection to a very small constituency, and cannot always insure the ablest talent for the sacred office. The twelve rectors are *ex-officio* members of the States Assembly, and are thus clothed with judicial powers. The dean is at the head of the ecclesiastical court, and he, in turn, looks to the Bishop of Winchester, in England, as his superior. The constituting of the Channel Islands into a separate see, the seat of which should be at St. Helier's, has been frequently mooted of late years, and the Bishop of Winchester is said to have recommended the measure as likely to be productive of great advantage to these islands. The services in all of the churches is conducted in the morning in French and in the afternoon in English, the rector being always familiar with both languages. It is somewhat remarkable that eight of the twelve parish churches in Jersey were built and consecrated in the twelfth century, and the newest of all was built in 1341. The oldest church, that of St. Brelade's, was constructed, May 27th, 1111. None of the churches are remarkable for architectural beauty, but being generally covered with ivy and possessed of ancient stained windows and peculiar Norman towers, they have a charm which is often wanting in more magnificent structures. We visited many of them, and were always rewarded for the trouble. The situation of St. Brelade's Church, the most ancient in the island, is highly picturesque. It stands on one side of a beautiful bay, on the edge of the water, which at high tide washes the wall of the burying-ground, and is almost completely covered with ivy. In the yard is a magnificent old oak, the holly growing to the size of a tree, and an unusually fine specimen of the araucaria, which is much affected on the islands, and appears to flourish well. Close by was a chapel, much older than the church, dating back to the introduction of Christianity on the island, but, strange to say, now converted into a lunch-room. The town church of St. Helier's is built in the early pointed Gothic style, and dates from 1341. It has been lately completely renovated and adorned with remarkably fine painted glass, some of which we saw on exhibition in Paris in 1867. It also contains a fine monument, by Bacon, of Major Pierson, previously mentioned as having been killed in the Market Place while defending the city from a French invasion.

Before proceeding to give an account of our personal adventures and wanderings on the island, it may be well to record such statistics and information as will acquaint the reader with the position of the island, and with its size and population. Jersey is within fifteen miles of the coast of France, and there is every geological evidence for believing that it was at one time connected with the mainland. Its extreme length is about eleven miles, and its breadth from five to six, and it has a superficies of about 30,000 acres, 20,000 of which are under cultivation. It is not, therefore, so large as many cattle-farms or ranches in Texas and Colorado. The distance from Southampton to Jersey is 130 miles; from Weymouth, 85; from London, 320; from Granville, France, 32; and St. Malo, France, 42. With all of these places there is direct steam communication.

The population of the island was, at the last census (in 1871), 56,627 persons; St. Helier's, the principal town, alone containing 30,756, a considerable proportion of whom are English residents. There are 7,000 more females on the island than males, which is partly accounted for from the fact that a large proportion of the natives are seafaring men, and are not registered. Jersey enjoys a very advantageous position for commerce, as it is intermediate between the coasts of France and England, and is not saddled with any tariff or customs regulations.

At certain seasons, fine mackerel, turbot, red and gray mullet, John Dory, bream, bass, skate, silver whiting, lobsters, prawns, crabs, oysters, etc., abound, and the conger-eel is very abundant. The eel makes a delicious soup, and when dried, salted, and toasted, is used as a common relish for the breakfast and tea table. Not many years ago the island could boast of an extensive oyster trade, and £40,000 per annum were realized by the sale; the yield is said to be reviving under new regulations and better knowledge of culture. There are fine granite quarries on the island, and considerable china clay is exported to the Staffordshire potteries. The rock is generally porphyritic granite, green-stone (diorite), and metamorphic slate; there are no stratified rocks, everything being altered and metamorphosed. This kind of rock invariably yields a rich soil, and promises pure water, and when the climate favors, as it does here, even in the most exposed situations and where the soil is but superficial, vegetation is luxuriant. Too much cannot be said for the climate of Jersey.

According to observations which have been kept for many years, the temperature is remarkably equable, the variations being neither very sudden nor very violent. Night frosts rarely occur earlier than December, and snow is extremely rare; in some years it does not fall at all, and on these rarely for more than four or five days. In nine years, according to Dr. Hoskins, there occurred but fifty days when the thermometer was at thirty-two degrees, or below it. Under these advantageous circumstances it can well be believed that many plants grow in the open air which are generally only met with in greenhouses or in the tropics. The evergreen oak and the elm have an individual character, and preserve their foliage a long time. Many shrubs which in the Northern States of the Union are only known in hothouse plants or Summer sproslings, here grow to the size of trees, and are sometimes used as substitutes for the hawthorn in hedges. The magnolia grandiflora, the myrtle, rose, and geranium, attain large size, and there are numerous delicate flowers blooming in the open air, which are usually only met with in Italy.

Fig-trees, pear-trees, and grapevines, flourish ordinarily; but the apples, for some reason, never equal the American production. Ferns adorn every nook and corner—every leafy lane and woody bank; many of these being very curious and beautiful varieties, although there are by no means as many species as are met with in Massachusetts, the peculiarity here being that they grow in the open air, on banks, or hedges, without the protection of shade, and to great size.

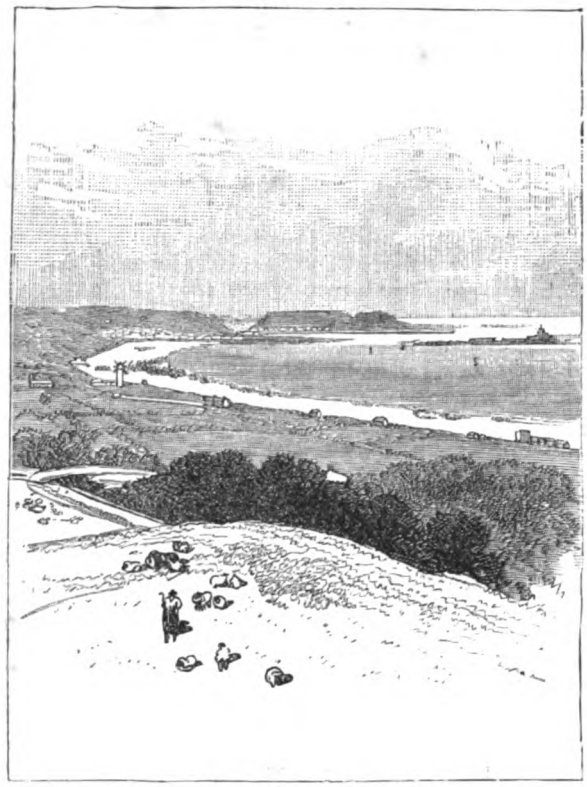
Large quantities of grapes, Chaumontelle pears, and wall-fruit of every description, are annually exported from Jersey. The comparative mildness of the Winter, and the genial nature of the Spring, combine to hasten the growth of choice vegetables, such as potatoes, asparagus, sea-kale, peas, etc. The early exportation of the Jersey potato into the English market is a large source of profit to the Jersey farmer, the sales sometimes reaching £200,000 ($1,000,000) per annum. According to a report issued by the Royal Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Jersey, the yield six years ago was, in one instance, six tons per acre, and was sold for $125 per ton, representing a total return of $750 per acre! During some seasons the potato-rot has manifested itself, and the yield has been much less. The crops of wheat, barley, rye, and oats, which we saw in driving through the island, were something wonderful to behold, and recalled the best days of Western New York. Seventy-seven bushels of wheat per acre have been raised on a few farms in Jersey. The meadows afford an ample supply of fodder, and the lucerne-grass can be cut four times and fed off a fifth. The mangel, parsnip, and carrot, are extensively cultivated; but no attention is paid to the sugar-beet.

The Island of Jersey is divided into twelve parishes, and these again into *vingtaines*, from their having contained only twenty houses at the time of their original foundation. Each parish has communication with the sea, which possibly arose from a singular privilege formerly existing in the island, namely: from each of the parish churches, which in ancient times were sanctuaries for those who, after the commission of a capital offense, took refuge there, a path one foot in width ran in a direct line to the sea, and had the same power of protection from arrest as the church itself. The Reformation destroyed this power to shield criminals from justice, and the paths were seized by the Crown and granted away by Charles II. It is also probable that direct access to the sea for obtaining vraic, and for fishing purposes, was deemed essential by each parish. The line of coast is irregularly broken up by numerous sandy bays, some of which are remarkably picturesque, and afford excellent facilities for bathing. St. Aubin's is the most important one, as the two principal towns of St. Helier's and St. Aubin's are situated on the eastern and western sides of it. The hills around this bay are remarkably fertile, and are studded with farms, gardens, villas and wood, and present a most cheerful and beautiful prospect. It is a favorite resort for Summer bathing, particularly as from the long stretch of sandy beach the residents can walk directly from their own houses to the bath, and are thus saved the trouble of bathing-machines. It is a great place for children, who appear to spend half their time paddling in the water, or in digging in the sand on the beach.

The general face of the country throughout the island is, with few exceptions, remarkable for richness of cultivation, and is diversified with wood and continual undulations of ground, hills and valleys constantly succeeding one another. The soil is in almost every part very productive, sometimes sandy and gravelly on the higher grounds, but in the valleys and lower lands always rich and deep. Cottages, often thatched and picturesque in appearance, single and in groups, are thickly scattered over the island, and a vegetable and flower-garden is generally attached to each. They were formerly built in a solid and substantial manner, of rough stone, and almost invariably thatched, but the difficulty of making repairs in the thatched roofs has led to the introduction of tiles and slates, and it will not be long before the thatch will disappear. As can be inferred from our account of land tenure, the inhabitants are generally the proprietors, and are seldom absolutely poor. The condition of peasant and the peculiar costumes of that class are fast disappearing, and the proprietors assume the dress and manners of farmers. Water is everywhere plentiful; small streams run through the valleys which intersect the country, irrigating the meadows and turning the wheels of numerous flour-mills. The farm inclosures are small, varying in size from half an acre to two or three acres, which they rarely exceed. They are usually formed by large banks of earth, often above six or eight feet high, partly faced with rough, uncemented stonework, and planted on top with hedges and trees, which frequently overhang the road, and even, close over many of the smaller lanes. The improvement in agriculture, with increased price of land, is in many places leading to the substitution of walls for the earthworks, as the latter occupy much greater space and require constant attention. Every one must be struck, while driving over the island, with the great waste of land entailed by the hedges, and although the present arrangement gives a rare beauty to the country, the practical wants of the community will be apt to prevail in the end, and ugly stone walls will have to take the place of the lovely hedges.

Plantations of timber or underwood are rare, except on the side of steep hills, where the soil is shallow; the level and best ground is too valuable, and brings too quick a profit to be generally used for that purpose. Good meadow-land in the neighborhood of St. Helier's, and even at some distance from it, often lets at the rate of fifty or sixty dollars an acre, and thriving orchards frequently let for twenty-five dollars an acre. The island is peculiarly favorable to the growth of the apple-tree, and the orchards occupy a very large proportion of the cultivated land—many estates almost wholly consisting of them. They are a great source of profit to the farmer, who is sure of a ready sale of any quantity of fruit or cider he may have to dispose of. Cider is the chief beverage drunk by the field-hands, and is generally given to them in unlimited quantity. When it is bottled it is remarkably fine.

The principal town is called St. Helier's after a pious recluse who was murdered in one of the early incursions of the Normans. The situation of this city is decidedly picturesque. A range of hills rises up behind it, covered with hanging-gardens, beautiful flower-beds, rare trees and shrubs and handsome houses, from many of which there are to be had fine views across the harbor and far out to sea. The drainage is perfect, and there is an ample supply of the best spring water. The streets are, however, generally very narrow and very crooked, so that one could have suspected the original inhabitants of having taken the octopus, or devil-fish, as the model for laying out the town. It is dangerous to meet a vehicle in some of the streets, and the widest are little better than lanes. All are remarkably well paved with the granite and diorite of the island. The expense of paving and repairing the streets is defrayed by the interest of the money paid by the British Government for some land formerly belonging to the city. There are no very remarkable buildings in the city. The Court House, or Cohue, is a large building on the Square, in which the various law-courts are held, and the Legislature holds its sessions. In one of the rooms is a fine portrait of General Conway, formerly Governor of the island, by Gainsborough, and a copy of the celebrated picture of the death of Major



ST. AUBIN'S BAY, JERSEY.

Pierson, by Copley, the original of which was sold for $8,000 on the death of Lord Lyndhurst. The copy is by Mr. Holyoke, and is remarkably fine. The markets are large and commodious, and on Saturdays present a very animated appearance. There are separate compartments for the sale of cattle, foreign provisions, vegetables, fish, poultry, butter, fruit, etc., and as many of the women wear the old Norman caps and display their wares in an artistic fashion, the scene is particularly attractive to a stranger. The fruit was very tempting, though by no means cheap, and the vegetables were of the best varieties belonging to the season. There was one cow on sale, for which the modest price of $150 was asked, and a farm-horse was sold at auction for $100.

The churches in St. Helier's are none of them remarkable, if we except St. Peter's, which has little else than its great age to commend it. There are eight Episcopal churches in St. Helier's, and seventeen chapels and churches of other denominations, among them only two Roman Catholic. The Wesleyans are growing more and more in numbers and influence every year, and as they are not limited to natives of Jersey in the selection of their pastors, they are wise enough to call very able men, who, being superior to the rectors of the Established Church, draw large congregations, and thus entice many from the Episcopal form. The natives complain of this, and there is talk of breaking up the old limitation in the choice of Episcopal clergymen.

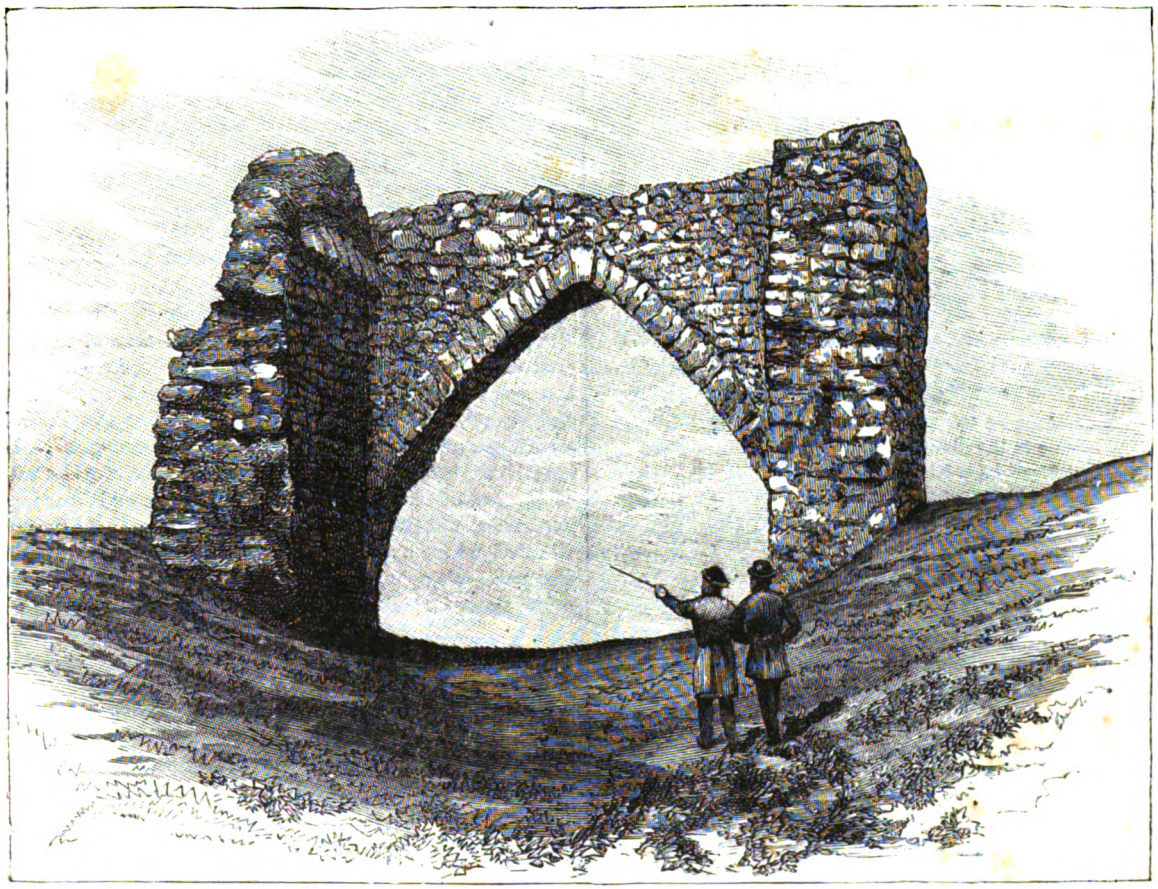
The Prison at St. Helier's—to pass from prevention to punishment, from Church to jail—speaks well for the humanity of the people. It is a handsome building, faced with granite. An arcade, 120 feet in length, supports the front and gives it a light appearance. The cells for criminals are clean and airy, and heated in Winter by means of hot-water pipes. The first story of the building is occupied by the debtors, who have very spacious and comfortable quarters adjoining a handsome garden laid out in parterres, in which they are allowed free exercise. Such quarters as these would soon be taken possession of by tramps if imprisonment for debt were in vogue in America, unless a little work were to be prescribed to keep the prisoners in good health and to enable them to pay for their board. Adjoining the Prison stands the General Hospital, a magnificent structure, erected in 1862, on the destruction of the former building by fire. It was formally inaugurated on the 10th of March, 1863, and formed an interesting episode in the public rejoicings held in Jersey in honor of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The cost was only $65,000, and there is accommodation for 500 patients. There are numerous charitable and religious institutions existing in St. Helier's, but they are conducted on the same desultory plan to be found everywhere, and need systematic organizations. There is a large school for poor children, where, in addition to the elements of education, instruction is given in several useful trades. Victoria College has a high reputation, and is much patronized by the *élite* of Jersey. It is an educational institution of the nature of the collegiate schools recently founded in many parts of England, where classical and scientific instruction are combined. The building is handsome and remarkably well placed, being on an eminence overlooking the town and harbor. It is surrounded with public walks and terraces, and provided with tempting benches where young and old can come to enjoy the charming view.

FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE AT SARK.

The academic shades are here made unusually attractive and lovely. The principal of the college is a clergyman of the Church of England, who is assisted by a staff of eleven professors. The cabinets of natural history are scarcely up to the requirements of the day, but efforts are being made to remedy this defect. The Island of Jersey is a great museum, where every form of life can be studied in the most convenient manner; botany, geology, mineralogy, and every variety of sea-fauna, are here developed and displayed to perfection. It is rather remarkable that some great naturalist has not sprung up from amid such surroundings. It would have been a wonderful field of research for such a man as Thomas Edward of Banff.

The private residences on the heights of St. Helier, all this, and go back to a period more remote than the first invasion of the Normans, in 837.

In looking over the list of the names and addresses of the resident gentry of the Island of Jersey, it is interesting to see how many families there are whose ancestry have played an important part in the wars and conflicts which have raged here and on the Continent during the last thousand years. We meet with the names of De Carteret, De Gruchy, De la Haye, De Ste.-Croix, Le Breton, Le Cornu, Le Gallais, and many others through the Directory. These people go so provokingly far back with their genealogical tables, that the most ambitious American, who can only date from the Pilgrim Fathers, is quite put to shame. We noticed in the Directory the name of Millais, the artist, who is a native of Jersey, and



RUINS OF GROSNEZ CASTLE, JERSEY.

with their massive walls, fine shade-trees, luxuriant hedges and well-kept flower-gardens, are thoroughly English in all of their appointments, and lead one to forget that the inhabitants are some of them direct descendants of a race who emigrated to the island even before the time of William the Conqueror. Their names are French, and they all speak French, but in every other particular they have assumed the manners, customs, and distinct features, of the English.

From the time of William the Conqueror, with the single exception of a short space during which Robert, son of William the Conqueror, held Normandy as a separate dukedom, the Island of Jersey has been attached to the British dominions. The people of Jersey are quite alive to this latter fact, and when the families of England put forth the proud claim that their ancestors "came over with the Conqueror," they show that they ante-date whose father was a chemist and well-known man of science on the island.

The town of St. Helier's is protected by a fortress of considerable size and strength, called Fort Regent. It is a modern structure, built on a hard, porphyritic rock, rising 150 feet above the level of the sea, overhanging the harbor, and commanding a fine view across St. Aubin's Bay. Fifty-six thousand dollars were paid by the British Government to the city for the hill on which it stands, the interest on which goes to keep the streets of the town in repair. The fortress cost the Government $5,000,000, and is very impregnable, even with modern artillery. There is a well in the court cut through the solid rock to the depth of 232 feet, yielding an abundant supply of pure water.

Elizabeth Castle, an old and now useless fortress, built on the rocks to the west of the harbor of St. Helier's, is

detached at high water, but connected with the main land at low tide by a causeway about a mile in length. It may not be valuable for defense, but its antique appearance and quaint architecture constitute it a most interesting object for the decoration of the harbor. There was some trouble in raising funds to build this castle, and in 1577 the churches were plundered not only of relics belonging to the old worship, but all the bells, excepting one for each church, were carried away; these objects were put on board a ship, to be sold in France, but the vessel was wrecked, as the historian says, "in just judgment for the sacrilegious spoliation of the churches."

There are telegraphic cables connecting Jersey with Normandy and England, so that messages can be sent to any part of the world. The cost of an ordinary message to England is twenty-five cents.

TO MARY.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

MARY, the gods have heard my prayers,
For thou art growing old;
Yet still thou would'st be beautiful,
And sport with look so bold;
Still wantonly, with harsh discordant song,
Thou temptest lagging Cupid, lingering long.

But he delights to ever bask
In Elsie's dimpled cheek,
That winsome girl with 'witching smile,
So coy, so fair, so meek;
But wind-like passes in his headlong flight
Gaunt oaks, disfigured by unsightly blight.

Thou donnest locks the dead have doffed;
False is thy every tooth;
Thou apest by the gaudy dye
The glowing gloom of youth:
Yea, still thou longest to be young, though now
Time carves his furrows 'thwart thy dainty brow.

Not borrowed plumes, not ermines dear
Nor gems from Golcond's mine,
Not rustling silks, nor weird headgear,
Not juice of luscious vine,
Can summon back the long-departed days,
Which, aye, are lost in Time's eternal maze.

Ah! where is gone thy loveliness?
Thy graces, are they dead?
Heart-melting voice, soul-stirring look,
Oh! whither have they fled?
What now hast thou of her, who all the day
Breathed love, and stole me from myself away?

Thy excellence was next to Jane's,
But Fate laid fair Jane low;
That Fate doles out to thee the days
Of antiquated crow;
That jovial youths may gather round and see
The end of all thy silly vanity.

JOHN T. COLLIER.

THE EXPULSION OF PAGANISM FROM SWEDEN.

IF the reader should ever happen to visit Lagga, a parish in the southwest of Sweden, the people will point out to him an enormously large stone which a giant once threw at a church, and in which the marks of his strong fingers are still discernible. It was, Afzelius says, a common practice with giants in Sweden to hurl stones at the churches, but they never hit them. Moreover, the sound of the church-bell was very hateful to them. Near Lagga is a mountain celebrated as the former domicile of a giant, who lived there until the time of the Reformation, when the church of the place was provided with bells. One morning the dejected giant addressed a peasant from Lagga, whose name was Jacob, and who happened to be at the foot of the mountain.

"Jacob!" said the giant, in a subdued tone of voice, "come in, Jacob, and eat of my stew!"

But Jacob, alarmed at the kind invitation, replied, rather hesitatingly: "Sir, if you have more stew than you can consume, you had better keep the rest for to-morrow."

Upon this sensible advice the dejected giant complained: "I cannot stay here even till to-morrow! I am compelled to leave this place because of the constant bell-ringing, which is quite insupportable!"

Whereupon Jacob, getting a little courage, asked him: "And when do you intend to come back again?"

The dejected giant, hearing himself thus questioned, ejaculated, whiningly: "Come back again? Oh! certainly not, until the mount has become the bottom of the sea, and the sea itself arable and fertile land; if this should ever happen, then I may perhaps come back again."

GREEK IN A GULCH.

TWO STRANGELY CONTRASTED NEIGHBORS IN A FAR WESTERN WILDERNESS.

IN 1870 I was exploring the western portion of Shasta County, Cal., near a mountain town named Igo, supported by a few mines, and slowly sinking into decay, but now, as I hear, becoming a famous place for fruit-raising and vineyards. North and west from Igo the land is a sepulchre of buried hopes and blasted energies and ruined lives, for in every gulch, on every flat, are the wrecks of the era of placer mining. There is one town, prominent on the State maps of 1860—a town named Muletown, situated where a stage road crossed a creek—whose gravel was particularly rich. It threatened to become a metropolis once, but now the visitor finds a few posts, a few scattered timbers, a broken wheelbarrow on the bank, a "*baranca*," or "gully," half full of empty oyster and fruit cans—that is all there is of Muletown.

In one of these tortuous gulches, northwest from Igo, I found a hillside garden, a vineyard loaded with Mission and Muscat grapes, for it was the month of September, and a white-haired pioneer for a guide and genial philosopher.

"How long have you been here, Old Dick?"

"Twenty years an' more, young feller. Came from York State, outen the Genessee region, stopped in Injeany and in Misssoury, an' came here over Beckwourth's trail. An' I hain't never been furder South. Hain't seen nothin' 'cept Shasta. Hain't been ter Sacraimento nor Frisco, nor anywhere. Never will, young feller; it's a fact. Old Dick will stay jest here, an' mine out his little placer lead, an' live on quail an' venison an' trout an' grapes."

I thought the hale old man, sinewy, straight as a ramrod, rosy-cheeked as a June-apple, had some advantages after all.

"But you are entirely without neighbors here; the nearest cabin is two miles away, is it not?"

"Ya-a-s; all 'cept Old Oxford, down in the Gulch, an' I don't call him much cump'ny. But you can't understand, young feller, 'less you're made so—'tain't eddication as does it. You can't possibly realize how happy, reely happy, a man's life is all by himself this way. I washes out sumat like a hundred dollars of dust from the

flat each year, an' the exercise is good for me, an' the money keeps me in sugar an' coffee an' tobacco, an' sich like. Then I looks at everything, clur down ter ants an' beetles, and diskivers quantities of things. Then I reads the news an' reflects on the foolishness of your cities, an' then I studies Oxford. I guess, young feller, you better see Oxford afore ye go."

It was easy to get the story out of Old Dick. When the mines were in their prime, a rather young man, evidently English, had come to that place, taken up a claim, built a cabin, and drawn himself into a shell of absolute silence and isolation. He never spoke to any one, only nodded in reply to their greetings. When there were three hundred miners on the Gulch not one of them knew his name, and a large number of epithets, such as "Mumm" and "Old Dum-itt," were applied to him by facetious and erudite miners. But one day his cabin caught fire, and was hastily pulled to pieces by the assembled crowd, in order to rescue his goods. Numbers of heavy boxes had been brought on horseback over the rough mountain trails, and great had been the curiosity concerning their contents. The fire revealed this: a couple of hundred volumes of costly books, in languages that were entirely unknown to any of the miners present, were rescued from the flames and piled up on the rocks.

"What is this printin'?" asked one, bolder than the others, of the quiet recluse.

"That is Greek, and this is Hebrew, and this Syriac, and this is Arabic," was the reply. And he thanked them for their services, and built another hut, and resumed his old mode of life. But one of the miners, peering into the curious volume, saw on the fly-leaf of several a "book-mark," though he always described it as if it was a mediæval illumination, so gorgeous the scrollwork seemed to his uneducated eyes. And under the book-mark were initials and the words "Oxford, England." And that is why he was called "Old Oxford" from that day onward.

He had seemed to age fast; unhappiness and silence girt him round about like a garment. Old Dick said that he could not be more than fifty, while Dick himself was seventy-six, and that yet the latter was much the best equipped for ten years more of life's struggle.

We walked over the low ridge, pine-clad and rocky, the brown grass crisp under our tread; we proceeded more than three-quarters of a mile, to the head of a wild and steep ravine. Here, a hundred feet below the crest of the hill, and in a very picturesque spot, was a pointed cabin of logs and stone slabs, and we found the recluse "at home"—on his doorstep, in fact.

"Well, Oxford," said my guide, "this young feller wants ter see you."

A simple but not unkindly nod was the only reply. I talked with him a few minutes, and told him of my botanical and geological exploration in the region, and of my interest in all that pertained to the pioneers and the romantic past of the gold era. No reply, except an intelligent nod, and a look of further inquiry.

"Do you enjoy your life here?" I asked.

An emphatic nod.

"Don't you ever think it would be pleasant to see what men are doing in the world—their railroads, canals and marvelous enterprises?"

An equally emphatic shake of the head was the only reply.

"Well, would you be so kind as to let me see a few of your books, that my friend has told me of?"

He rose, went into the cabin, shut the door behind him, and soon reappeared with three volumes. The first was an Aldine Virgil of 1501; the second, a seventeenth century edition of "The Birds" of Aristophanes; the third, a manuscript in characters which were entirely unfamiliar to me. Beautiful letters, written in the loveliest of ink, with flowing capitals and illuminated borders.

"It is Oriental," I said, but where its birthplace was I know not, except that it lies about the great Himalayan axis."

He smiled, and spoke in tremulous, reverential tones, as one should to whom speech is so rare and sacred that he uses it scarcely five times in twenty years.

"It is Thibetan, and written by the priests of the college at Lassa—by the Theosophists," he said, and then he arose quietly and took up the well-worn books and the manuscript, and carried them back. He came to the door again, bowed to us once more, and re-entered his cabin.

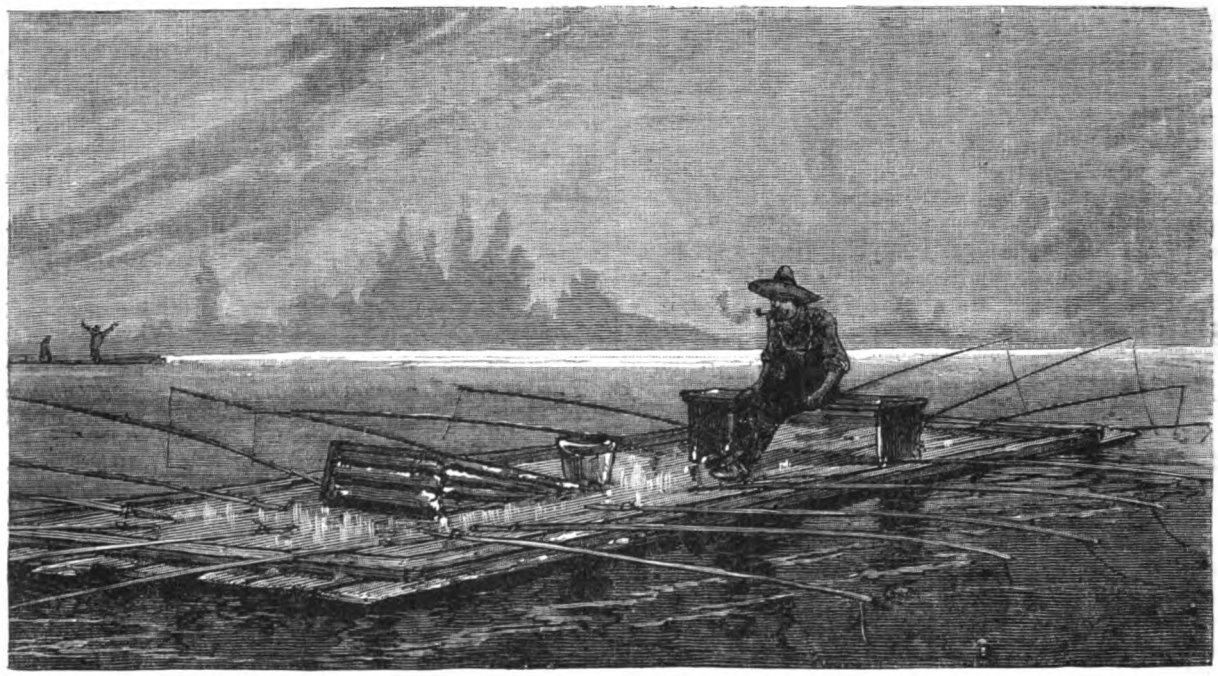
"That means good-by," said my guide. "You're lucky to get him to speak a word to you. He never spoke to me but once. Then, when we were sittin' down on that rock in the gulch, he says to me: 'You're goin' to be sick. Go home and take care of yourself.' An' blame ef I didn't get took down with fever that very night."

UNCLE JAKE AND BLACK LAKE PICKEREL.

THE mountains of Sullivan County, New York, are studded with many charming natural lakes. They are from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and all are in the midst of picturesque, wild and romantic scenery. These lakes are literally immense springs of the purest water, and are famous haunts of pickerel, black bass and other game-fish. The surroundings of some of them are almost as primitive as when the red men had their homes in the Sullivan wilderness. Their isolation has made them popular with the lovers of the wild in nature, and rendered possible the preservation of their primitive character. Wild game in abundance roam the forests surrounding the lakes, the red deer and the black bear still lingering there on the very suburbs of civilization.

One of the most isolated as well as most beautiful of these lakes is one with the local appellation of Black Lake. This rather awe-inspiring name was probably given to it because of the great depth and dark color of its water. The lake is in the township of Bethel, the nearest railroad station being Cochecton, on the Erie Railway. One of the great attractions of Black Lake is the excellent pickerel-fishing to be found there. In a miserable cabin on the shore of the lake lives an old fisherman, hunter and guide, familiarly known as Uncle Jake. The visitor will generally find this well-known character arrayed in a dilapidated wool hat, hickory shirt and pantaloons, and one suspender. He has a wife and a house full of sons and daughters of all sizes. A hickory dress and sun-bonnet comprise the wardrobe of Mrs. Uncle Jake, while the scions of the Uncle Jake stock—especially the younger ones—disport themselves about the cabin, dressed with a view to economy in the use of clothing that is frequently startling. But Uncle Jake knows all about pickerel-fishing, and his fund of reminiscences of the sport in olden times is large; as to its authenticity, the visitor may be left to form his own conclusions from its character.

A peculiarity of Uncle Jake and his family is their taciturnity and snappishness toward visiting sportsmen



A PICKEREL-RAFT ON BLACK LAKE.

until the capacity and nature of the latter's commissary department are made manifest.

"Uncle Jake allus sizes a party up by the heft o' their jug," said a philosopher of the Sullivan County backwoods, who was once asked for some information regarding the old fisherman; and the saying has passed into a proverb around the Black Lake country.

If the supplies of a party are all satisfactory, however, Uncle Jake and his family are profuse in their welcome, and garrulous to a degree. They have palates that are sensitive to the contact of products of the still, no matter in what shape the product comes.

Recently a party visited the lake. They had chosen to drive thirty miles over the mountains to reach it. They rode all night, and, to cheer the loneliness of the journey, carried a small demijohn.

As the ride back was to be equally lonely, they saved a goodly portion of the small demijohn's contents to cheer their return trip. For safe-keeping, they left it at Uncle's Jake's cabin while they went out on the lake, with the old man as their guide.

They returned to the cabin late in the day. Mrs. Uncle Jake reclined on a bench outside the door. Her sunbonnet was cocked on her head in a comical way. By her side was a son "laying off" with the manner of a nabob. Other members of the family were about the premises in various degrees of hilarity.

On the ground lay the small demijohn, empty. Mrs. Uncle Jake and her flock had been making merry. Uncle Jake was much grieved.

"Ye've drinked all their whisky up, hev ye?" he howled. "Yes, by Juniper! Drinked it all, like a passel o' onmannerly galoots that ye be, and ain't left me a goldarn drop!"

A DEMORALIZED FAMILY.

The favorite way of fishing for pickerel adopted by the natives of the Black Lake region is the use of the float, or raft.

A small raft is built of hemlock slabs or plank. It is strongly made, and will sustain the burden of several men, although one man usually monopolizes a float. From all sides of the raft, lines attached to "fish-poles," the hooks being baited with live minnows, are thrown out. Sometimes twenty poles will be "set" on one float.

The bait is kept at the proper depth by means of a "bobber," which is a light piece of wood, to which the line is fastened, and which floats on the surface. The bobber also indicates to the fisherman when he has a bite, for the moment the pickerel takes the bait, the bobber disappears beneath the water. Several of the bobbers may disappear at nearly the same time; then the fisherman has his hands full in handling the poles, so that he may save all the fish that have taken his hooks.

Seated on his raft, the angler is moved about the lake by the wind or the motion of the water. With a number of the floats dotting the surface of the lake, the scene is a picturesque one, and if the pickerel are feeding well, is one that would be exciting even to the most experienced sportsman.

A couple of sportsmen gave Uncle Jake and his family a little unusual excitement at the lake one day this season. They had brought with them a cartridge filled with giant powder, intending to test the destructiveness of that ex-

plosive when discharged in fishing-waters. The quantity of powder used was small. The cartridge was tied to a stone in order that it might sink. A long fuse was attached to the cartridge. The most venturesome of the two visitors lighted the fuse, and held the improvised bomb in his hand until the powder in the fuse began to "fizz." He then threw it into the lake. It had scarcely disappeared before it exploded. A column of water was thrown sixty feet in the air, and the surface of the lake was covered with dead fish of all sizes.

"They seems to be a good many pickerel hangin' out in this pond yit," said Uncle Jake, "but they ain't sich an all-fired passel on 'em as they was thirty year ago, though. I'm gummed ef they wa'n't so many pickerel in th' pond then that when it'd freeze up in the Winter, the fish couldn't git out o' the way o' the ice, and it'd jest shet down on thousands on 'em; all we had to do when we wanted pickerel was to chop a hunk o' ice out'n the pond, take it hum and knock it to pieces. We'd allus find from ten to a dozen pickerel froze up in every squar yard o' pond-water the frost had its work in on. An' ravenish! Jewhillikin cats! Why, I'm durned ef I ain't afeered to tell you half them pickerel us'ty eat, for fear you'd think I were a-lyin' to you. They'd tackle anything. We'd didn't mind it so much to have them yank our ducks and geese under the water by the dozen every day or so, but when they got to carryin' our cows off, I'm gashed ef I didn't begin to think it were time suthin' were did! You see, our cows us'ty wade inter the pond on hot days to chaw their cuds and cool off. One day a lot o' pickerel took it inter their heads to surround two o' the best cows we had, and drag 'em out inter the pond and chaw 'em up. So we had to watch our stock to keep 'em away from the pond.

"We had an old hoss we called Whitey. One day we missed him. We hunted the woods for two weeks for him, but couldn't find him. I s'picioned that a feller livin' over on the Sackett road had stole him and run him inter Pennsylvany, an' we was a-gittin' evidence t'gether to put the constable on him. But one day I ketched a big picker'l in the pond that had a hoss-shoe in his innards, 'bout half-*die*gested, and then I know'd whar old Whitey had gone. The cussed old fool had went to the pond to drink, and the picker'l had gobbled him. Picker'l is allus hungry, durn 'em! Why, a picker'l that's healthy 'll eat anything that comes in his way, even his children and his children's children to the tenth generation. I hope to go dry for a week if I didn't see a five-pounder oncet as had managed to git his own tail in his mouth, an' he were jest a-takin' of hisself in about three inches ev'ry gulp. I don't think he tumbled on to what he was act'ally doin' till he'd absorbed all of hisself up to the gills, and then, all of a suddint, he thought what a cussed fool he'd ben makin' o' hisself, an' he quit chawin', an' looked 'round as sheepish as if he'd ben ketched robbin' a crow's nest.

THROWING A TORPEDO.

"He see me a-lookin' at him an' laughin', an' he were so durned shamed o' hisself that his gills turned redder'n a pine-knot fire, an' he steered all they was left of him inter the weeds an' hid. Two days arterw'd I was rowin' 'cross th' pond with a spoon-hook trollin' behind the boat. I got a ter'ble strike, an' arter a long fight landed my fish. Now, mebbe you won't believe it, but it's a dead fact—an' I could prove it by Deacon Plumb ef he hadn't moved to Illynoise—I had ketched that very picker'l as had eat hisself up. Lestways, I ketched all they was left o' him, which was his head. He knowed me in a minute, an' he felt so durn mean that he jest butted hisself three times agin the side o' th' boat an' killed hisself—act'ally committed suicide.

"Picker'l is durn sensitive, as well as voraycious and tenaycious, and any one as takes pains to obsarve their habits an' customs, as I've did all my life, kin get material for any 'mount o' interestin' an' instructive anecdotes 'bout 'em without stretching any p'ints to make a yarn sound good. I hate a liar."

AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

Years ago the pleasure of a visit to Black Lake was, in a measure, destroyed for timid people by the not infrequent appearance of rattlesnakes in its vicinity. But they are seldom seen now. The two sportsmen who tried the giant-powder experiment came with Uncle Jake upon one during their stay. It was coiled up in a rocky place. The man who had dared to hold in his hand a bomb until it was within two seconds of exploding fled in terror from the presence of a reptile which one slight blow from a switch would have killed.

THE HAUNTED VOICE.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE HIGH-HALL GARDEN.

A WHITE figure cautiously emerges from the oaken doors and moves across the piazza, goes silently down the massive marble steps, and then, upon the polished sea-gravel, pauses and looks toward the windows of the house. Light, perfumed and golden, and the music of the Dunstedt Gallop, "*Zur Attaque*," pour through them and make way into the outer darkness.

The figure is a woman. As she stands, her eyes glistening under the silver stars, her finger, like Psyche's uplifted, and her robe trailing behind her, white as the milky turban of night stretched across the velvet sky above, she is a statue, and forms the last point of a triangle begun by the sculptured Hemeresios and Aristophon in front.

With a start, like one who wakes suddenly out of disturbed sleep, she sets on again, and presently fades into the shrubbery. The path she takes uncoils toward a lake, and coming after a moment upon the dark waters, a man springs abruptly out of the shore-shadow and stands at her side.

"Beatrice!" he whispers, seizing her marble fingers and pressing them to his lips.

"Rupert, I have not failed," she answers, in a low, rich voice, the voice to troll voluptuous Tuscan, the weird voice to madden the souls of those who listen.

"No, no, dearest! You love me, and you could not fail. Ah, Beatrice," he cries, in ecstasy, "a moment like this is Paradise. To have you alone with me one little hour is better than all I dream of heaven!"

"Is it true? Make the most of this chance then, Rupert, since to-night you see me for the last time."

He raises his eyes, and looks half-smiling into hers. His face, however, grows deadly white, and the corners of his mouth quiver strangely. Gradually the smile deepens into a silly, vacant laugh, and as he tries to speak his body sways drunkenly from side to side.

"Merry Beatrice!" he exclaims; "your name permits you to make smarting jests, sweet one."

"Alas! I do not jest, Rupert," she returns, carelessly. "I have spoken true. We part to-night for ever. The coming month will make me the wife of the English Lord Arthur Fitzalan."

"It—it is a lie!" he hisses, between his teeth, springing back from her. "Nobody can make you marry any one but me, Beatrice. Only *I* love you—love you, darling; only *I* would barter life and soul for you, my queen! Mercy, mercy, Beatrice!" he falters, dropping upon his knee, and holding up his beseeching hands. "Think what it is to love as I love! Pity me—give me only one little drop of pity! I have seen the torture that comes from rejected love. My brother suffered it all before my eyes. I have shown you his picture—his dark, stern, fiendlike face—and have told you how it was once joyous and bright as mine. Yet, though a woman's perfidy so changed him, he went away and lived the sorrow down. But, my queen, my love, *I* could not; I should perish. Therefore relent, Beatrice, as you hope Heaven will in the hereafter relent toward you!"

His appeal has all the pathos of the cry that is said to come up from the souls lost for ever in perdition.

"It is useless to spend the little time we have together in this way, Rupert. Lord Arthur Fitzalan has my promise; my family are eager for the match; and, in short, the matter is unalterably arranged. So, if you are wise, you will make the best of it."

He rises very slowly to his feet, and looks at her steadily. A strange light is in his eyes, such as at some time in your life you may have seen upon the face of a person who, about to die, is taking his last lingering look at the cheerful day, the merry sunlight, and the friends about him, ere he passes into the weird region of eternal night.

"Beatrice!" he says, very gently, "with my last breath I curse you! I am not angered now, nor mad; my pulse is as temperate as yours, and makes as healthful music. But let the very circumstance add new horror to my words. May you suffer what I suffer—no more. I go from you for a time, but we shall meet again. And, Beatrice, though you see me not in the intermediate while, I shall yet be always by you. Farewell!"

He leaves her slowly, and makes his way to the brink of the lake. She stands rooted to the spot, observing him. Her hands are clasped together, and her eyes nearly bursting from their sockets.

Another instant and a dark form leaps from the shore and falls, with a hollow thud, into the placid water.

"Rupert!" she cries.

But he is gone.

Good have mercy on the poor suicide! This is a harsh world for some people to live in, masters.

CHAPTER II.

THE ECHO.

LORD ARTHUR FITZALAN had come back, one year after his marriage, to America. There was nothing more certain than that he was tired of his own country, and could find no excitement so agreeable as that to be had in ours. The Lady Beatrice, his wife, was not at all averse to this taste on his part, and readily came with him. Everybody has heard of lives spent in a round of ceaseless dissipation; such was the existence of this noble pair. They created out of the old residence, Monteith Park, upon the model of one left behind in Scotland, naming both after Lord Arthur's younger brother, and had the satisfaction of knowing it was the only place of the kind in America. Here flocked all sorts of people, for who, though we be democratic by nature, could resist the invitation of a title? And the days went madly by.

Two men were sitting in the billiard-room, lounging over some absinthe—Lord Arthur's own.

"What an odd fish that Emelraet is!" said one of them, relighting a thin, delicate-looking cigar. "I watched him out of curiosity, some moments ago, and was more struck with the man than ever. He is so cold and silent, I should be rather afraid to make approach, I think."

"Ah," drawled the other, sipping a spoonful of the green liquor before him, "like Napoleon; grand, gloomy and peculiar—quite a Priuli on the whole, eh?"

"Ya-as! Precisely, Skelton. And I have fancied the Lady Beatrice is this Priuli's Clarisse. What do you think? She shudders every time he draws near, and sinks to the very ground under his strange gray eye. And, by-the-way, it is so odd to find black hair and an olive complexion in company with a gray eye; isn't it?"

"Deucedly queer! Let us drink the rest of this stuff and go down again. I know we're missed already."

When they had swallowed the absinthe and descended, the first person they encountered at the door of the *salon* was Emelraet. He was leaning in a Titanesque attitude

directly under one of my lord's brown Italian paintings—I think an Esau. His face was perfectly abstracted, and in dead repose; but there rested upon it an expression of quaint melancholy—almost regret—yet there, too, lurked about the corners of the full lips implacable resolution. No soul stood by. Several people had incommoded themselves greatly, it was evident, to get apart from this man of secrecy, and, perchance, evil.

Some interminable argument was going on, generally, throughout the room. Conversation progressed in sharp, brisk sentences, which fell from the lips like the dropping shots of sharpshooters. Suddenly Lord Arthur turned around from the mirror, looking rather bored, and cried out, above the din:

"My Beatrice, we must now have that song, love! You know it was promised me three days ago."

"His wife rose from the ottoman very gayly and said:

"True, Arthur; I had forgotten."

She sped quickly to the piano, and sat down unattended. Scarcely had her slender fingers flashed across the keys when Emelraet, rousing himself from his dream, walked slowly toward her, and took up a position by her side. She bent her head, and endeavored to repeat the first few notes of the careless symphony; but her hands involuntarily paused.

"I must at least make myself useful now and then, Lady Beatrice," Emelraet whispered.

She offered no reply, but once more essayed to begin the accompaniment. Never once did she raise her eyes. At the first sharp treble note the buzz in the room was hushed to stillness. Emelraet moved a step aside, and resting his arm upon the piano, fastened his icy gaze upon the singer's quivering lips.

Slowly, tremulously pealed forth those beautiful lines by H. King, the Bishop of Chichester, upon the death of his wife, then just set to music, but now sung wherever music is known:

"Stay for me there. I shall not fail
To meet thee in that narrow vale,
For, hark! my heart, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach—tells thee I come;
But howe'er long my marches be,
I shall at last lie down by thee."

Scarcely was the second stanza commenced ere every person in the room started suddenly and listened with more eager interest than ever. As the air proceeded, some grew visibly pale, and, not daring to breathe a syllable, looked horrified into each other's faces. The ladies trembled and grasped one another's hands.

"Great Heaven!" whispered Lord Arthur, white as marble, "do you not hear another voice beside my wife's?"

It was true, indeed. A weird baritone, vailed, as it were, rising and falling upon every wave of the soprano of Lady Beatrice, and reaching the ear apparently from some strange distance, as the chanting in the Sistine Chapel reaches the ears of the worshiping crowd without, could be distinctly heard.

Of all in the room, Emelraet alone was calm. His unearthly eyes were still fixed upon the lips of the haunted singer. She seemed fascinated by his mercilessly steady glance, and yet continued her strange music.

"I shall at last lie down by thee,"

she sang, her voice dropping sweet and low, the haunting echo following it, and, at the closing word, she fell back in a dead faint. Emelraet caught her in his arms.

"Lord Arthur," he said, quietly, "your wife has the soul of an *artiste*. She would make a perfect *prima donna* for the Grand Opera.

"She shall never sing that song again," said Fitzalan, laving Beatrice's forehead with some water from an adjacent bowl.

Presently she opened her eyes, and glanced at the amazed crowd gathered about her.

"I have quite upset the good meeting!" she laughed, nervously; "have I not? It was so foolish in me to allow myself to be carried away by my own music. Come, Monsieur Emelraet, you must take me into the air."

"Nay; permit me, Beatrice," said Lord Arthur, coming forward.

"Thanks, dear Arthur; but I am convinced I shall sooner recover by placing myself in the care of Monsieur Emelraet."

"And bowing to the still astonished guests, she took the arm of the man of mystery, and they went out of the tall conservatory window and into the night together.

"How long shall this last?" said Beatrice, when she had got some distance from the house.

'Till death!" returned Emelraet, his tone sharp as the thrust of a stiletto.

"You will haunt me to my doom?"

"As sure as heaven, Beatrice! I have told you the story long ago, and you know it full well. I am here to avenge my brother's murder. You took his life, and shall requite me with your own. He left me the mission before that night when you cast him off, and he perished. He now watches us both from the land of shadows. It was he, unseen, who sang with you at the piano a moment ago."

She hid her face in her hands.

"Who ever suffered such torture as mine!" she cried, bitterly.

"You know too well, Beatrice, who suffered all of it, and more."

"And there is no rest out of the grave!" she continued.

Emelraet suddenly drew closer to her.

"Yes, Beatrice, there *is* rest! I can save you."

"Save me!"

"And will! Listen to me; I came here to hunt you down. I hated you as only souls like mine can hate. It was my purpose to drive you to madness—to destruction. But, Beatrice, I have learned to love you!"

She sprang back as if stung.

"I love you better than all in the world. To possess you, I am prepared to prove false to my dead brother—I am prepared to save you from the fate which must be yours."

"You would have me fly with you?"

"Ay, from your husband—from the world! We will go to Italy, where none will ever find us. If you refuse me—and this is the last time I make the offer—beware."

"Pity me, Emelraet."

She sank upon her knees at his feet.

"I can love, but cannot pity. Once he—that dead one—asked for pity, and you gave it not. Speak quickly, Beatrice. We are already waited for in the *salon*. Presently, some one will come to look for us. The time is going swiftly. Will you be mine?"

"Anything—anything!" she cried, wildly, weeping hot tears, "rather than these days of torture—these nights of pain. Save me, Emelraet, and I am yours!"

She threw herself into his arms. He drew her to his bosom, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

Scarcely had he done so when a man stepped out of

the adjacent foliage, and stood, with folded arms, observing them.

It was Lord Arthur Fitzalan.

"I have heard all," he said, calmly.

The wife stood rooted to the spot with terror. Emelraet bowed courteously.

"My lord, the fault is mine. If I must answer for it, consider me at your service."

"There is but the one code to govern these things, Monsieur Emelraet," returned the nobleman. "I presume I shall have the honor of meeting you to-night, at the lake below, within an hour."

"Most certainly; but the honor is mine, my lord."

"Madame, I will accompany you to the *salon*," continued the husband of Beatrice, politely giving her his arm; and all three went into the drawing-room together.

"The Lady Beatrice has quite recovered," said Emelraet, to the company.

"Thanks to the ministrations of Monsieur Emelraet," added Lord Arthur, bowing.

No one present suspected.

CHAPTER III.

THE DUEL.

THE turret-clock was just pealing eleven as two men, one carrying something held together by a white handkerchief, silently met on the shore of the lake. The moon was bright and full, and in the heavens shone unnumbered stars.

A light breeze swept from the bosom of the waters, cooling the perspiration which stood on the brows of both the duelists.

Monsieur Emelraet was as usual calm and collected; Lord Fitzalan only slightly moved, if at all.

"I trust, my lord, you have taken the necessary precautions to prevent intrusion here until this affair is over," said the former.

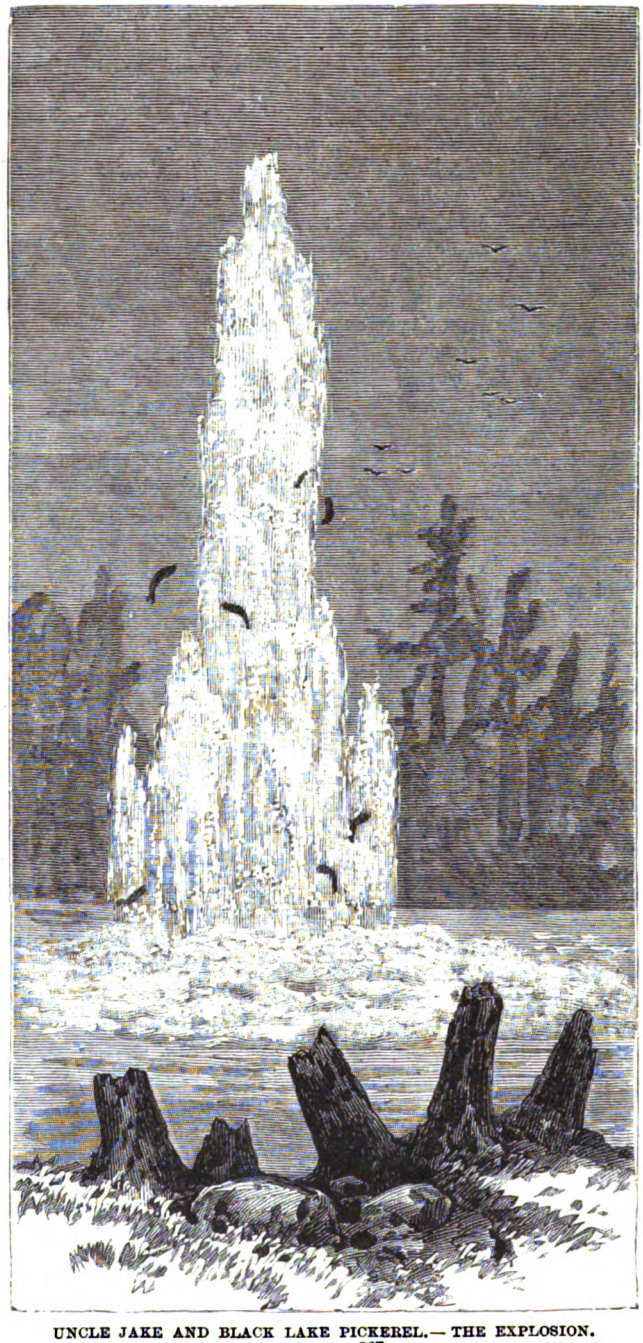
"Be under no alarm," returned Lord Arthur. "It is only necessary for us to be expeditious as possible."

"Then, permit me to offer you the choice of these weapons." Emelraet held forth two swords. His foe selected at hazard.

"They are so nearly alike that it is of little consequence, I suppose, which I take," he said.

Emelraet trifled with his steel an instant, and then threw himself into position. Lord Fitzalan followed.

The two stood but a few yards from the lake, and exactly in the spot where, not two years before, Rupert Dunscombe had been cast off and sent to his death by the Lady Beatrice.



UNCLE JAKE AND BLACK LAKE PICKEREL.—THE EXPLOSION. SEE PAGE 667.

Scarcely had the blades met, cautiously, yet sharply, when a movement was heard in the shrubbery. Both the fencers paused.

"It was nothing," said Lord Arthur.

Once more the weapons crossed. Then the fray began. Both fought carefully, and in all earnestness. The only difference was, that while Fitzalan's eyes danced with excitement, and his limbs trembled palpably, his opponent was cool throughout, and almost business-like.

"You trifle with me," whispered the nobleman, quite out of breath, and growing tired.

Emelraet—or, to give his true name, Talbot Dunscombe—shook his head, bearing too wary an eye to trust himself to further explanation; but, perhaps moved by the reproach, struck out suddenly, and then as suddenly drew back.

The success of the manœuvre was evident; Lord Arthur's forehead had been cut open, and the blood rained down in torrents.

"Shall we rest, my lord?"

"No, no! Come on!"

His tone was one of anger. Quickly they went at it again; but now the sounds of the encounter were no longer low.

Sharply the clash of the steel rang out upon the night, heavily echoed the earth to the swift-beating tread of the combatants, hot and angry came forth their heaving breaths.

Lord Fitzalan gained ground. Wrought up to fury, he drove his foe backward toward the lake. Emelraet, however, was still quite self-possessed, and contented himself simply with parrying.

"This is to the death, my lord?" he asked, nearly breathless.

"To the death!" was the reply.

THE HAUNTED VOICE.—"HE BEHELD BOTH GO OUT INTO THE MOONLIT WATERS, AND AS THEY WENT DOWN TOGETHER, HE HEARD HIS WIFE'S RICH SOPRANO AND THE ECHOING BARITONE—VAILED, WEIRD, MYSTIC, UNEARTHLY—SINGING."

While the weapons yet clanged, while the iron boot-heels yet clattered upon the turf, a white form emerged from the shrubbery, and looked on with starting eyes.

It was the Lady Beatrice. With every step in retreat made by Emelraet she made a step in advance. All three consequently drew closer and closer to the waters.

Fitzalan's passionate onset seemed about to gain the fight. The only danger was that his strength might fail. He seemed, however, not to consider this, for he rained down his blows more furiously than ever.

They stood on the brink. Here, certainly, Emelraet must make a stand, or lose his life. He planted his foot firmly in the grass, and for the first time offered to attack.

Then his policy in reserving his strength until the last moment stood him in good stead. He was enabled not only to ward off every cut of his adversary, but by a skillful trick to slit open the nobleman's left cheek. Lord Arthur could not forbear a cry of pain.

His guard dropped for a second. It was an irreparable misfortune. Emelraet saw the advantage, and raised his little weapon to thrust it forth, when—merciful heaven! the figure of the dead Rupert Dunscombe suddenly appeared between the two combatants.

Emelraet's hand dropped nerveless to his side, and he grew white with horror.

Fitzalan, not yet perceiving the spectre, with a last effort lunged forth his arm, and pierced his opponent's heart through and through.

Emelraet dropped backward into the lake.

"I was false to my trust," he murmured, choking with the blood that poured from his mouth. "I deserve my punishment, brother Rupert." And so saying, he sank, and the waves closed over his ghastly face.

Lord Fitzalan, who had by this time discerned the spectre, fell against a willow.

Standing in this position, haggard and terrified, he beheld the dead Rupert.

Dunscombe beckoned thrice to the Lady Beatrice; he beheld her advance toward him; he beheld both go out into the moonlit waters; and as they went down together, he heard his wife's rich soprano and the echoing baritone—vailed, weird, mystic, unearthly—singing the words:

"Stay for me there. I shall not fail
To meet thee in that narrow vale,
For, hark! my heart, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach—tells thee I come;
But howe'er long my marches be,
I shall at last lie down by thee."

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

It has often occurred to me that national salutations, both by word and by action, might, in most cases at any rate, have a natural history within the limits of investigation; and that their form might be shown or surmised to have been due in some degree, perhaps entirely, to the history, character, geographical position, occupations, or other peculiar circumstances of each particular nation or group of nations, or might at least furnish an interesting parallel to these specialties, while occasionally also the salutation might throw a ray of light upon the conditions of the past. However the matter may stand, the inquiry is, at all events, so far inviting in that it supplies us with all the elements of a speculation which may lead us along some of the pleasant byways skirting the main road of the world's progress.

The materials collected in investigating a subject so fertile exceed the bounds of any reasonable paper, and, in consequence, I am obliged to confine myself to as judicious a selection as I can make of those salutations which appear to me most striking. On the threshold I have to confess that the laudable ambition which at first fired me to strive after a scientific classification has been ignominously frustrated. I have given up in despair the attempt to draw any rational parallels between divisions of salutations and divisions of language, or divisions of race. Semitic, Indo-European, Turanian, Monosyllabic, Agglutinative, Inflectional, furnish but faint lines of correspondence; nor have I drawn more comfort from Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malay. I still think that a partial classification might be made on some basis of the kind I have mentioned, but I am reduced to hope that this will be the reward of efforts other than my own.

The order of treatment has been selected more by instinct than by reason. I can only hope it will not be found injurious to the discussion of the subject.

Naturally we turn to the East for the origin of most of our customs, and I cannot do better, I think, than begin with the salutations of those Eastern nations of whose customs we have the earliest knowledge.

A large, if not the largest, class of salutations can be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals showed itself specially in their salutations. The Hebrew word *barak*, "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming, and bidding adieu, the person spoken to being in each case commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord"; "The Lord be with thee"; "And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before him," are instances which illustrate the usage of the word. They are paralleled by the Arabian, "God grant thee His favors," "May God strengthen your morning," "May your morning be good"; by the Persian, "I make prayers for thy greatness"; and by the Ottoman, "Be under the guard of God," "My prayers are for thee," "Forget me not in thy prayers." And we cannot be surprised that this kind of salutation is found to exist, in some shape or other, among all national greetings. Our religion has come from the East, and some of their religious salutations still survive; as, for example, in the Esthonian "God guide you," the "Adieu" of the French, the "Go with God, Señor," of Spain, and our "God be with ye," corrupted into "Good-by." And here it may be remarked, in passing, that the obviously religious phrases have been preserved by nations in a sense less distinctly religious than the English, while they have been lost or changed among ourselves. Has the closer intimacy of the Continent with Roman Catholicism produced an effect upon outward expression, or is the change due to our greater reverence for sacred names?—a reverence often, of course, merely Pharisaic, but which has led us, as it led the later Hebrews, to shrink from uttering the actual name of the Deity, and either to corrupt it as in "Good-by," or eliminate it as in "Mercy me," "Save you, sir," while the French are much more lavish with their "*Mon Dieu*," and the Germans with their "*Mein Gott.*" If these suggestions will not hold, perhaps we may find a more rational solution in the universal tendency of the West, and especially of the English, toward brevity, which tendency would find illustration in our "Good-day"; in the German, "*Guten Tag*"; in the Swedish, "*God-dag*"; and in the French, "*Bonjour.*"

Under the distinctly religious category come all wishes for good health; and here, again, we find the Easterns retaining the name of God, and the Westerns usually

dropping it. The *Chaire* of the Greeks; the *Salve, Ave, Vale,* of the Romans; the Swedish *Farwol;* the German *Leben Sie wohl;* the Esthonian and Russian *Be well,* and our *Farewell,* are all instances of the repression of the Oriental mention of the Deity.

The religious character of the Easterns is obvious, or obtrusive, likewise in their answers. To the question, "How is your health?" an Arab would reply, "Praise be to God," the tone alone showing whether he was well or ill. "Is it well with thee?" would draw forth the response, "God bless thee and preserve thee." These were the stock answers which it was and is still considered rude to vary—an instance, by-the-way, of punctilio and conservatism truly characteristic of Oriental ceremoniousness and stagnation. This style of answer reminds us of the *Deo gratias,* a salutation of the early Christians, who, carrying out the apostolic injunction, "In all things give thanks," laid themselves open to the ridicule of the heretics, who said it was only an answer. "Thank God, how are you?" is one of the salutations in Arabia at the present time. In Andreas Hofer's district of the Tyrol the people still salute with "Praised be Jesus Christ." Among the poorer classes in Poland the visitor often says, "The Lord be praised," to which the reply is, "World without end. Amen."

The salutation "Be prosperous," "Mayest thou have ease and plenty," has been from the earliest times the commonest of all in the East. We are reminded of the Old Testament age, when prosperity in this world was regarded as the reward of goodness, and as the mark of the favor of God, who blessed "the basket and the store." However much the Western nations value the same prosperity, they have ceased to regard rich men as presumptively favorites of Heaven. Christianity and experience have taught them otherwise, though there is a tendency still among certain more or less religious men of commerce to make Providence invariably responsible for their gains.

Connected with prosperity was peace. This saluation has always been common to Hebrew, Arab and Persian; but I am not aware that it is extant in Europe, save among the un-original Slavs. "Peace be on you" takes us back to those ages when wars, important and insignificant, were chronic among the nations and tribes of whom we are speaking, and when neither person nor property was safe from the enemy and the marauder. Amid such conditions, "peace" was equivalent to the whole heart's desire; with it came prosperity and all other excellent gifts, leisure for cultivating land and body and mind, for fattening the flocks, and multiplying the herds. Hence the complete formula, "Peace be upon you, and the mercy of God and all His blessings," was often concentrated into the single phrase, "Peace be upon you." When Christianity was blending the East and West, their salutations were, to some extent, blended likewise, or transferred bodily from the one to the other. Thus, the Pauline greeting, "Grace and peace," seems to have been a combination of the Eastern "*Peace*" and the Greek "*Grace.*" But the Apostle's "Rejoicing" or "Faring well" was all spiritual, the free gift of God; and the peace was spiritual, too, ensuing upon the same free gift—the peace which passed all understanding, and which dwelt in the heart and mind. The external had become the internal. The ecclesiastical salutation, *Pax vobiscum,* had of course the same Oriental and Christian basis.

Another blessing upon which the Easterns laid great stress was long life. We find the corresponding salutation among the Phœnicians, the Hebrews, the Babylonians, and the Persians, chiefly addressed to chiefs or kings, but apparently also to superiors generally. The Hebrews regarded length of years as a reward for obedience, and premature death as a punishment for some open or secret iniquity. A good man's life ended naturally when he was gathered to his fathers, old and full of days. Thus, long life depended, in Eastern opinion, on the favor of God, and the salutation, clothed in characteristic hyperbole, "Let the king live for ever," had its origin in intercession. So far as this formula was addressed to non-royal personages, it has not been preserved among Western nations, save in Paddy's "Long life to your honor," a salutation furnishing an interesting parallel to certain Oriental characteristics of the Irish nature; among others, that loyalty to ancient families which is a lingering homage to the patriarchal form of government. Even as addressed to royalty, the phrase cannot be said to have been borrowed as a salutation properly so-called; for the Latin *vivat,* the Italian *viva,* the French *vive le Roi,* and the English "Long live the King," are scarcely salutations, although personal communication was their starting-point. In their intercession for long, peaceful life, the passivity of the Oriental is illustrated; the Occidental world, on the other hand, has thrust it aside to make room for salutations more characteristic of industry, hurry and restlessness, and of climates, too, where winds and fogs and snows chill the enjoyment derived from mere existence.

The Oriental code of politeness supplies an example also of their clannishness in religion, their inclusiveness as well as their exclusiveness. No social distinction ever stood in the way of a Moslem greeting one of his own faith, or served as an excuse for not returning a salutation; this neglect was forbidden by Mohammed. But if a Moslem found that he had by ill luck saluted a Jew or Infidel, he instantly recalled the salutation to himself with the words: "Peace be on us, and on all the true worshipers of God," or else, taking advantage of a fortunate similarity of sound in the phrases of blessing and cursing, he changed his *Al-salamo-alaica* into *Al-samo-alaica*—"Death to you," to which the Jew responded, *Alaica,* "The same to you." The Jews refrained from saluting Gentiles and Publicans, their aversion to the latter being both religious and political; for the Publicans, though Jews, were scorned as traitors who had sold themselves to the idolatrous oppressor. Our practice, on the contrary, is to segregate classes rather than religions. In the East, as we learn from the story of Boaz and Ruth, the poor were treated with courtesy, being reminded by forms of speech of their brotherhood before God; and the early Christians, breaking down all barriers, strove to honor all men as men by equality in salutation. The servile demeanor of the poor among ourselves, wherever it obtains, is the result of feudalism, which sided with human nature against a comprehensive Christianity; and we cannot be surprised if the reaction which has now set in against the old servility should seem to threaten religion likewise, when we recall how those who have taught a religion of submission to our betters have striven to mix the spirits of Christianity and feudalism.

The absence of hurry, the leisure of Oriental life, was exemplified in their practice of salutation. Modern life is too short here in the West, business is too pressing, we have scarcely time to do anything well; the Easterns, however, took their time about everything—*ab ovo usque ad mala*—salutations included. Two friends meet after a journey; they join their right hands together, compliment one another upon their safety, describe the mutual

FORMS OF SALUTATION AMONG THE TURKS.

desolation brought to each of them respectively by the absence of the other: "Thou hast made me desolate by thine absence from me"; "May God not make us desolate by thine absence." Then succeed good wishes many times repeated, the position of the hands being changed at each alternation of compliment. Such a portentous business did this become in the East, when performed according to the letter of ritualistic politeness, that a whole set of such salutations occupies twelve ordinary pages. Can we wonder that these various compliments were often omitted in crowded streets, and by persons whose business required haste? So did Elisha urge on his servant, Gehazi, when he was dispatching him to lay his staff on the face of the dead Shunamite child: "If thou meet a man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again." When the seventy, again, were sent forth on their pressing mission, they were ordered to "Salute no man by the way." We have changed all this; it suits neither our more phlegmatic character, nor our busy life, nor the independence which is the outcome of industrial relations between man and man; and the only survivor of such Oriental effusiveness — the friend that holds your hand in his and shakes it in a way that resembles a cross between a minute-gun and a dropping fire—is a source of blushing uneasiness, and is voted an infinite bore.

Fatalism, in a greater or less degree, is, of course, a characteristic of Eastern thought and action, and its presence is most marked in the greetings of those countries which are affected by Mohammedanism. The Arab reveals a strong tinge of fatalism mingled with his religiousness, when he salutes his friend, "If God will, thou *art* well"; "if God will, all the members of thy family enjoy good health"; by his very tense referring to such a prearrangement of all things that the present and future are only the fulfillment of past ordination. The salutations of the West, on the contrary, have, as we should expect, a reference not so much to predestination as to free will; but of these presently.

The climate of the Persian is the background of his salutations, "May God cool your eye," and "May your shadow never grow less," wishes that would sound

A KALMUCK SALUTATION.

AN ESQUIMAU MODE OF SALUTING.

strange indeed among the frosts of Siberia. In these the poetical sense also is revealed, as well as in the common Oriental salutation, "Peace be upon thee," instead of "with" thee; the "upon thee" reminding us of the gentle descent of the dew or of the dove. The hyperbolical and poetical salutations of the Persian stand in direct contrast to those of the grave, proud, laconic Ottoman—hitherto a ruler over conquered races—whose only poetical salutation seems to be, "Thy visits are as rare as fine days."

"May your shadow never grow less," if it be genuine, reminds us of the respect which the Orientals entertained for obesity. In that melting, sweltering climate, none could venture to aspire to imposing proportions unless plenty to eat and little to do enabled him to repair his daily losses. Hence a fat man meant a rich and prosperous man, and a never-decreasing shadow stood sponsor for a never-decreasing opulence. I am grieved to say, however, that, sanctified as this salutation is by the acceptance of some generations, it does not appear to be (so Professor E. H. Palmer declares) a genuine Oriental formula, but only a specimen of the *bogus* school of Oriental apologue common in the last century. The nearest approach to such a salutation, we are assured, is, "May God prolong his shadow"; but this is rare, and is used only of a king, who is often called *Zillah Allah*, "the shadow of God."

The Egyptians take another view of the melting process. The pores in that feverish climate are the loopholes of quotidian, tertian and quartan; and hence some of their salutations take the shape of an anxious inquiry, "How goes the perspiration?" "Do you sweat copiously?"

Before we pass from the verbal salutations of the Orientals (conventionally so called), I may be allowed to notice the practice of saluting after a sneeze. This curious custom is found, or has at some time or other been found, in almost all countries. It existed in Africa among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Strada, in his account of Monomotapa, informs us that when the prince sneezed, all his subjects in the capital were apprised of it, that they might offer up prayers for his safety. The author of the "Conquest of Peru" assures us that the Cacique of Guachoia having sneezed

SALUTATION BY RUSSIAN SERFS

in the presence of the Spaniards, the Indians of his train fell prostrate before him and stretched forth their hands, invoking the sun to enlighten him, to defend him, and to be his constant guard. Sneezing seems to have been regarded among the Greeks and Romans as a good omen generally, but sometimes as a bad one. To Parthenis, who sneezed in the middle of her love-letter to Sarpedon, it supplied the place of an answer. To Penelope the sneeze of Telemachus promised the return of Ulysses. The sneeze of a soldier (Xenophon's *Anabasis*, bk. ii.) encouraged Xenophon to order an advance. Yet there are instances on the other side. "You are struck with astonishment," said Timotheus to the Athenians, who wished to return into harbor with the fleet after he had sneezed, "because among ten thousand there is one man whose brain is moist."

The origin of the custom is given, whether truly or not, by Mohammed, quoting from the Rabbis. He says that sneezing was a sign of death inherited from the first man, till the evil omen was taken away from it by the special intercession of Jacob; from that time the salutation first began as a grateful acknowledgment. Polydorus Virgilius, on the other hand, says that in the time of Gregory the Great there was prevalent in Italy an epidemic distemper which carried off all its victims by sneezing; whereupon the Pontiff ordered prayers to be offered up against it, accompanied by certain signs of the Cross. It is difficult, therefore, to ascertain the veritable origin of the custom, and to decide either where it took its rise, or whether the salutation was an intercession or a congratulation. The salutation assumed various forms: in Arabia, for instance, "Good life," was the phrase; among the Romans we find, "*Sit faustum ac felix*," "*Sit salutiferum*," "*Servet te Deus*," "*Bene vertat Deus*"; in modern Italy they say, "*Felicità*"; in France, "*Dieu vous bénisse*"; in Germany, "*Gesundheit*"; in the Swedish language the equivalent of "God bless you"; and "Bless you" among ourselves; for the custom still obtains in some parts, especially in Scotland, where one sneeze is considered lucky and two unlucky. On the whole, in spite of some contrary evidence, and in spite of Aristotle's tracing it to natural religion because sneezing was connected with the brain, and in spite of the legend that sneezing was the first sign of life betrayed by the man whom Prometheus had created—(a legend, by-the-way, which has a curious parallel in the story of Elisha's miracle, "and the lad sneezed seven times, and opened his eyes")—I am inclined to that solution which finds the origin of the custom in sneezing regarded as a sign of mortality.

It would be quite impossible to discuss in detail the Oriental salutations by gesture. They vary with the dignity of the person saluted, and range from a mere gentle inclination of the body, accompanied by the placing of the right hand across the breast (for a bow only has never been held enough), to the most abject prostration, with a kissing of the ground. Sometimes the hand is put first to the forehead, and then to the breast, as in Turkey, representing (it may be) the homage of the intellect and of the heart, or implying that the head and breast are to be considered as groveling in the dust. Sometimes the hand of the person saluted is kissed upon the back, or on the back and front, and then put to the forehead, as when the servant salutes his master, or the son the father, or the wife the husband. This is no doubt a typical embrace of the sign of power, and more suitable on the part of inferiors than the kissing of the face, which involves an erect position of the body, and implies greater familiarity of contact. Sometimes the hand is laid under the beard of the person saluted, and then the beard is raised to the lips, homage being in this way paid to that part of the man to which veneration has always been attached. Thus Joab took Amasa with the right hand, by the beard, to kiss him; and the custom prevails to this day, after long separation. In Arabia Petræa it is more common to put cheeks together, which reminds us that the Arabs have never really groveled under an oppressive and degrading rule. Kissing was primarily a sign of tender respect and reverence, simulated affection being both respectful and propitiatory; the worshipers of Baal, for example, used to kiss or throw kisses to their god. The salute had its origin no doubt in the desire to taste, and so to realize vividly the person for whom affection was felt, just as (to quote Mr. Spencer's illustration) pigeons bill and coo one another, and the Chittagongs smell one another, and the Esquimaux rub noses, as Kalmucks do after creeping up to each other on their knees, while the Gond people pull the ears of their friends, a mild form of the wholesale embrace by which the delight in the sense of possession, or the desire to possess, was first of all gratified and intensified, and afterward professed for the sake of politeness or propitiation.

There is a curious and, at first sight, inexplicable form of salutation of which I have heard, and which may possibly be explained as the converse of kissing, a desire to give, instead of a desire to take. In some of the South Sea Islands, I am told, they spit on their hands, and then rub the face of the complimented person. This appears to be the nearest approach possible to giving your friend something of yourself, and is paralleled or surpassed by the ancient practice in Carmana, a province of Persia, where the inhabitants, when they wished to show peculiar esteem, used (so Athenæus says) to open a vein and present the blood as it issued for their friends to drink—a form of salutation that, of course, falls likewise within the sphere of those which have sprung from "militancy," and, as in the old Frank presentation of a hair from the beard, symbolically surrender the whole person to the authority of the real or assumed superior. But to return to the notion of respect in kissing. The kissing of the cheek or mouth, which is scarcely any longer with us accounted a token of reverence, was regarded in this light by the ancient Persians. Cyrus is represented in the *Cyropædia* as kissing his grandfather, "because he wished to honor him." The kissing of the hand (as among ourselves), of the foot (still perpetuated ecclesiastically in the salutation of the Papal toe), of the hem of the garment, and even of the footprint, furnished humbler and humbler gradations to those who were, or for the time represented themselves as being, unworthy to kiss a higher part of the body. The "kiss of peace," in the early Church, was a mode of greeting which sprung from the Oriental element, and was no doubt a sign of respect, unity, and brotherhood, at a time when it was natural and important that all the members of a sorely tried community in any particular place should be united together in closest sympathy.

The salutation by gesture is, I take it, the result of the feeling that acts speak louder than words, and the further we retrace our steps toward the time when words were less numerous, and when the machinery of language was less perfectly developed, the more manifold and expressive shall we find such salutations to have been. The mother countries of language, moreover—I speak of such languages as have been really studied—are also those countries in which fewest linguistic changes have been made, and which are least prone to change or progress of any kind. For this reason, among others, such

salutations are much more numerous there than among the progressive countries of the West. The more progress, the more haste and the less ceremony; the more men mix with one another, and the more the facilities for speedy communication are increased, the less necessity is there for men to be continually testifying their respect, or, rather, I should say, the more naturally they cease to do so, especially as industrial relations go hand in hand with progress, and an approximation to equality inevitably follows in their wake.

Perhaps the inclemency of climate also may help to explain how men in the North and West do not spend so much time in standing still to talk and bow; certainly, to take a concrete instance, an Englishman will never, until his winds become less cutting, stand in the street with his hat off, as the Frenchman does, while he is talking to a lady. But however much or however little each of these causes may have respectively contributed to the grand result, there is no doubt that the fastest going nations expend least time and effort in gestural salutations, or, in fact, in any salutations whatever. There is a great gulf fixed between the Semitic prostration, with its multiplex accompaniments, and the English or American nod, in which curt gesture respect has deteriorated into mere recognition; while the shaking of hands, however much foreign matter may be exceptionally imported into it, has ceased to express more than acquaintance and cordiality. As to kissing, it has decreased gradually from East to West. It is said to have been unknown in England, as a greeting between the sexes, until Rowena kissed Vortigern. Only in early wassail times was it a salutation between men and men, as in Continental countries it always has been. As a common salutation between men and women it lasted in England long after it had gone out in France, perhaps because English civilization came later; and it was finally accounted by foreigners an English custom. Erasmus has left behind him a humorous letter in which he tells Faustus that if he (Faustus) had wings to his feet, he would fly to England because of the kissing. But how little store was really set by it in that country may be gathered from a remark in the autobiography of a certain John Mitchell, who, in speaking of the jealousy felt toward him by a Mr. Alexander Dunlop, a Scotch minister curiously, observes that he, John Mitchell, had never *so much as* kissed Mrs. Dunlop's mouth in courtesy for eleven years before the minister's jealousy broke forth. This salutation continued till the reign of William and Mary; from that date it became less prevalent, partly, no doubt, because the restoration of the Stuarts had brought in French modes of politeness, in some degree; but partly also because, as the civilization and refinement of the nation advanced, such signs of familiarity declined. The influence of French gallantry upon Teutonic coarseness, both by inheritance and by contiguity, may account for the disappearance of the kissing of women: the influence of English common sense and manliness upon Continential effusiveness may account for the disappearance of kissing between men.

And now, perhaps, I may be allowed to follow the march of migration from East to West, and take such European salutations as I have not already been led to discuss incidentally.

What, then, shall we say to the old Greek term, "Rejoice, be glad"? Does it not suddenly throw a light upon the national character? "From the cradle to the grave, in the *agora* and in the vineyard, in the torch-lighted *thalamus* or on the battle-field—every moment of the Greek's existence was filled with joy, with joy and grace." The word flashes before us all at once their cloudless sky, their sunlit hills and valleys, their limpid streams, the music of their language, and the harmony of their lives. From their deteriorated descendants the joy and grace have mostly vanished, and the salutation has vanished, too. The substitute, "What dost thou?" if not connected with the prying and over-reaching elements of their modern mercantile reputation, may, perhaps, be traced back to the age when Greece became Achaia, and the *Chaire* became the *Quid agis?* of the conquering Roman. The Romans said *Salve*, *Ave*, *Vale;* and what was their *beau-idéal?* Health, vigor, fitness for quitting themselves like men, readiness for fighting, conquering and governing. *Vale* suggests to us *valor*, in the senses of *value* and *courage*, and tells us how the value of a man was measured according to his valor; and *ave* (connected perhaps with *augeo*), pictures to us the growth of his powers and the aggrandizement of his authority. Somewhat later we find *quid agis?* "What dost thou?"—a hint of his indomitable activity. But in the more degenerate days, when freedom and independence were on the wane, more effeminate salutations came into vogue—such, for instance, as *Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?* "What dost thou, sweetest creature?" a greeting intelligible enough when simpered from the lips of the "gentleman about town," but utterly at variance with the spirit of the sturdy warrior of the republican period. The answer of Horace to the button-holder: *Cupio omnia quæ vis*, "I am your most obedient," certainly breathes an air of later refinement.

In modern Italy the salutations have much increased in number; and here, again, in some cases the harmony between them and the character and circumstances of the several districts is very striking. The Genoese in the Middle Ages used to say, "*Sanità e guadagno*," "*Health and gain.*" Could any phrase have been a more perfect commentary upon their characteristics? But at the present time the brand of long oppression and servility still remains impressed upon the phraseology of the people, and the Neapolitan hails you with, "Increase in holiness," while the Piedmontese salutes you, "I am your slave." With the growth of freedom and commerce, the last few years have done much, I believe, to reduce sycophantic verbiage of address, of dedications and of subscriptions. As to the common *Come sta?*—"How stand you?" it seems to bring before us at once and in brief the *far niente* of the indolent Italian, basking in the sun, eating macaroni, and letting life flit lazily and delightfully away.

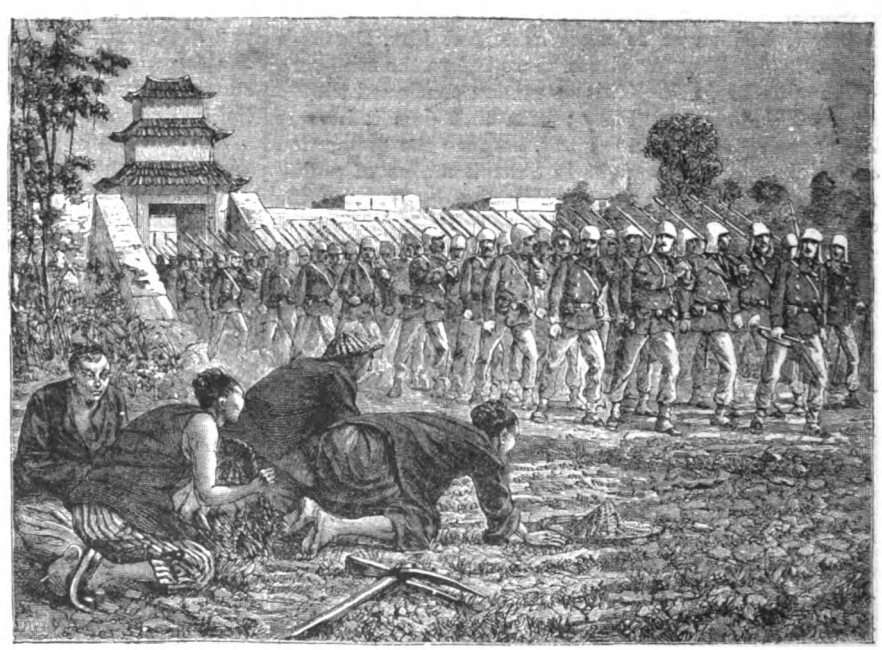
In Spain we approach nearer to the Oriental than in any other country which can strictly be termed European, and consequently we meet with more distinct traces of the East in its salutations. The Divine name is frequently used, and the prayer for long life is not uncommon. In *Vaya con Dios, señor*, "Go with God, señor," we seem to detect Eastern religiousness and Castilian haughtiness combined. The constant use of *Vuestra merced*, "Your mercy," "Your grace," *e. g.*, "I kiss my hands to your grace," exhibits the contrast between the grave, somewhat curt reverence of the Spaniard and the diffusiveness of the Italian. His punctilio also is illustrated by the fact that the *Vuestra merced* is contracted into *Usted*, a proof of its perpetual and wellnigh burdensome use. The peculiar influence of the Roman Catholic religion upon the Spanish mind finds its counterpart in their salutations. For instance, a few years ago it was *de rigueur*, on entering or leaving a house, to say "*Maria purissima!*" to which the reply was made, "*Sin pecado concebida.*"

Comment vous portez-vous? or, "How do you carry

CHINESE FORM OF SALUTATION.

yourself?" Is not this the phrase of a nation that has striven chiefly after outward grace? Unjust as it would be, in the easy and sweeping style which is so common, to fling at the French people the charge of flippancy, superficiality, and incapacity for seriousness, yet I think no one will be found to deny that, in their past history, they have given the impression of caring for show more than for reality, for the theatrical rather than the practical, for the *how* they did a thing rather than *what* the thing was. But now "the time past of their life has sufficed for them," we trust, to prate and vapor about *la gloire*, and to tear one another in pieces for the color of a flag. There is an air of eager triviality, too, about the sound and sense of *Comment ça va-t-il?* "How goes it?" Far more calm and self-contained is the semi-Latin Gascon, when in his *Commo vas?* he saves his breath, and does not skip and hop over an infinity of little words.

I suppose there is some connection between the *Comment ça va-t-il?* and the *Comment vous trouvez-vous?* of the Frenchman, and the *Wie gehts?* and *Wie befinden Sie sich?* of the German. But they conjure up, for the fancy at any rate, different ideas according to the different characteristics of the two nations. If the French somewhat less usual greeting *Comment ça va-t-il?* "How goes it?" unvails to us the abstraction and speculation, the logic, too inexorable for facts, experience, and friction, of the typical Frenchman, how much more may this be said of *Wie gehts?* the habitual familiar greeting of the cloud-inhabiting German? *How goes it?* Not "how go *you?*" but "how goes *it?*" Paul Richter said that to the German nation was reserved the empire of the air. If Socrates brought philosophy down from the clouds, the Germans have in a sense taken it up again. "How goes *it?*" "the great abstraction, that which permeates our lives and shapes our ends," the great omnipresent and omnipotent necessity, the eternal not-ourselves that makes for everything conceivable and inconceivable? And *Wie befinden Sie sich?* too, brings, before us the everlasting investigation of the German spectacle-compelling night-lamp, and explains to us the higher criticism of the Tübingen school, and the rationale of Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer. There is, moreover, a tone of simplicity, familiarity and equality about the bluff hearty *Wie gehts?* which reminds one of the times "when there was not much difference in thought, accent or idiom between the Prince of Saxe-Pumpernickelhausen and his Serene Highness's postilion." Would you expect a more characteristic salutation from the square-shouldered *Mein Herr* as he receives you with open arms in his *Bierbrauerei*, a high-art pipe dangling from his mouth, with a portrait of the Kaiser or Martin Luther upon it, a *Flasche Bier* in front of his capacious ventricle, while as he raises his glass to meet the glass of his *lieber Freund*,



NATIVES OF TONQUIN SALUTING FRENCH TROOPS.

his big-boned physiognomy gleams through the spectacled eyes with a genial sense of brotherhood and fatherland! And as he says good-by to you in the *Kirschwasser Strasse*, and raises his cotton-velvet above his head with a *Leben Sie wohl*, you can take in all at once with eye and ear that there was a time when good living was the *beau-idéal* of German life; the long *sederunts* at their dinner-parties bearing witness that the old paths are not yet altogether forsaken. And when we recall Sir Francis Head's summary of German *cuisine*, "Whatever is not sour is greasy, and whatever is not greasy is sure to be sour," we are not surprised that "we are introduced to the *Speisesaal* with the salutation 'good appetite,' and dismissed from it with the parting prayer for 'good digestion.'"

The Low Dutch greeting, "How fare you?" "How travel you?" is a most suggestive representation of Dutch history and manners. It will not let us forget the naval and commercial commonwealth, "occupying" (as says Motley) "a small portion of Europe, but conquering a wide empire by the private enterprise of trading companies, girdling the earth with its innumerable dependencies in Asia, Africa, America and Australia — exercising sovereignty in Brazil, Guiana, the West Indies, New York, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Hindoostan, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, and New Holland — a commonwealth which was the precursor of the English scheme of empire, and which bequeathed its chief characteristics, resistance to dogmatism and despotism, to the Great Republic of the West." Was it not consistent with the fitness of things that the nation whose ships thus explored the world "from China to Peru" should have the salutation "How travel you?"

AUSTRALIAN SALUTATION.

"But, of all salutations, none perhaps is more characteristic than the Anglo-Saxon "How do you do?" It has been our meeting-word ever since the days of the restless Plantagenet. It contains in itself the essence of productive existence, national and individual—it is the formula of activity; it is the correlative of the *All right! Right away!* of the English railway-guard, and the *Go-ahead!* of the Yankee boiler-burster. It accounts for the British Constitution, Magna Charta, and the Great Rebellion; for the steam-engine and the telegraph; for Trafalgar, Waterloo, Commodore Vanderbilt, and the Grand Pacific Railway; for the *Times*, *Punch*, the New York *Herald*, and even for the *Matrimonial News*. "How are you?" is less active in appearance, and may perhaps represent the opposite side of the English character, the phlegmatic, "let alone" side. On the other hand, it may exhibit the national restlessness in another phase. It has been suggested that it may imply a constant inquiry on your own part before you can answer such a question; a ceaseless reckoning with yourself not only in reference to your present state, but to its connected past and future. The great problem of the whence, why, and whither, may be contained in the three words, "How are you?"

The secularizing tendency of English social life—and I do not here mean to confound secular with atheistic, according to the practice of some good and well-meaning people, but I mean that tendency born of their natural reserve, which inclines them to estimate religious feeling in inverse proportion to religious froth—this tendency, I say, may account partially, as has been before hinted, for the curtailment of certain salutations which originally contained the name of God. Such a secularization of the outward is not necessarily an unmixed good, but it is at any rate less revolting than "God save you," in the mouth of a Falstaff.

Is not the canny and inquisitive Scot betrayed in his peculiar formula, "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" Not content with the knowledge of how you are yourself, he wants to know the condition of all your surroundings. Perhaps inquisitiveness is nowhere developed so fully as in Scotland; especially does Sandy feel that he has a right to all information concerning you, if he is within the sixty-third longitudinal line of relationship. An inquisitiveness is first-cousin to canniness. Sandy *will* know "hoo's a' wi' ye"—your whisky before he will consent to dine with you, as well as your bank balance before he will consent to do business with you.

The Irishman's "Long life to your honor; may you make your bed in glory!" proves by its first member his Oriental kinship more conclusively than all the mythical blarney of his genealogical tables. The second member of the salutation appears to be the offspring of a religion which, with most Irishmen, at all events, is more or less materialistic in its foundation and prospects.

The only remaining European salutations which call for any remark are those of the Slavs; and here our attention is attracted chiefly by the absence of originality. As far as I can ascertain, Russians, Poles, Bulgarians, Servians, *et hoc genus omne*, of whom "we have lately heard so much," cannot boast a single salutation which may fairly be considered their own. "Peace be to you," "The Lord be praised," answered by "World without end. Amen," are all borrowed from the early Christianity of Constantinople. "Be well," "How hast thou thyself?" "How dost thou live on?" are, it need scarcely be said, equally unoriginal. "Art thou gay?" again, is merely an adaptation of the Greek *Chaire*. But is not all this consistent with the history of the race, as a whole? Does not Mr. Carlyle say that the great faculty of the Russian nation is a capacity for submission? Perhaps the faculty is wearing out just now, but the statement is true of the not distant past, whether or not the ancient preamble to petitions be authentic which Mr. Spencer quotes with some reserve: "Do not order our heads to be cut off, O mighty lord, for presuming to address you, but hear us!" The Slavs have not, broadly speaking, shown originality either in government, or in religion, or in industry. Perhaps when the contagious example of surrounding nations has effected them more vitally, their salutations, if never original, may cease to begin with "Your slave," "Your serf," or to degrade the old Greek salutation of *Chaire* into the craven supplication for "pardon."

One word, before leaving Europe, in reference to the practice of shaking hands. Mr. Spencer traces the origin of the custom to the movement which would be likely to occur if each of two persons desired to draw the hand of the other to his lips, and each at the same time endeavored to withdraw his hand, in deprecation of the submissive salutation. This solution, I feel bound to say, appears to me to prove chiefly the difficulty of finding a solution at all. Would it not be better to imagine that the offer and acceptance of a swordless hand indicated peace and brotherhood, the grasp of the hand being a demonstration that it contained no weapon at the time? I have some recollection, though I cannot verify it, that the salute was so regarded at all events among the Norsemen. The shaking could easily be the hearty outcome of the earlier seizing. It is not uncommon in the East to seize the hand, but among Teutonic nations only is it usual to shake hands. Of course, the usage has found its way into other nations, but so contrary is it to their instinct, that, in France, for example, a society has been recently formed to abolish "*le* shake-hands" as a vulgar English innovation. The old French *noblesse*, of whom the Legitimists are perhaps the only true representatives, do not make a practice of shaking hands; neither is the custom so common among the Republicans as among the Bonapartists, who, have always affected English manners. In the "shake-hands" we see, I am inclined to think, brevity and heartiness combined—a characteristic salutation of nations that are energetic, full of business, rather matter-of-fact and cordial without effusiveness.

And now, following the migration from the Euphrates valley eastward, I have to notice one or two salutations from Hindoostan and Ceylon.

From the Mohammedan, the fighting, ruling inhabitants of India comes, it would appear, our "sign-post" military salute: he raises his right hand to his forehead and makes the fingers touch it. This, it may be supposed, is a substitute on the part of a starched and sturdy soldier for a bow or prostration. The salute of the subject, passive Hindoo is different. In the presence of a Brahmin he raises his folded hands to his forehead, touching it with the balls of his thumbs—a much more comprehensive and submissive style of salutation—and utters at the same moment the word "prostration." In South India the inferior prostrates himself with extended arms, crying out, "The eight limbs together!" This is, perhaps, the most comprehensive and dramatic form in which an Oriental expresses his abject lack of independence.

In Ceylon, besides the usual Eastern wishes for good health and long life, both Cingalese and Tamil have a curious substitution for "good-by." It is, "I will go and come." Is this characteristic of the great pleasure which the Easterns find in hospitality and which the departing friend takes for granted? Or does it merely represent the kindred feeling that the guest confers an honor upon the host? This salutation reminds one of the French *au revoir*; though *au revoir* might be considered a slight impertinence if addressed in the Cingalese sense to your host as you leave his house.

The salutation of the Chinese, "Have you eaten your rice?" requires no comment. Their greetings are usually, however, most elaborate, and worthy of that paradise of competitive examination, embodied unnaturalness, and absolute subserviency to the powers that be. Their set phrases and postures are rigorously prescribed by an Academy of Compliments; the exact number of speeches and obeisances being calculated with the strictest accuracy. One gesture is as follows: "The saluting person clasps his hands together, holds them out, shakes them gently, bends forward, and says, 'Chin, chin'"; that is to say, "Please, please," which is equivalent to "Thank you," and also to "Good-by," and is used for both *ave* and *vale*. The national primness comes out in all this elaboration; the national humbleness also appears in the rule—observed likewise in over-governed Japan and Siam—by which they avoid in salutation the first and second pronouns, whether personal or possessive, using at the same time depreciatory terms for themselves and complimentary epithets for the person addressed. Thus the saluter, if he be young, may style himself "the stupid younger brother"; if he be old, "the old stupid," "the old putrescence." A loyal wife calls herself "a mean concubine"; a relative, in saluting his relatives, describes himself as "the tail of relationship." "My house" is "the tattered shed"; "my wife," "the stupid thorn," "the mountain (*i. e.*, the uncultivated) wife"; "my opinion" is "the stupid opinion," "the venturesome saying"; "my son" is "the grass insect." The person saluted is, if respectable, "he beneath whose feet the speaker is," "he who rides in a carriage." A father is "the great old gentleman"; the emperor is "the sire of myriad years." "*Your* father" is "the honorable graybeard," "the honorable severity"; "your mother" is "the good gentleness," "the good hall of longevity"; "your daughter," "the thousand pieces of gold." A minister is "balcony-under," *i. e.*, he under whose gallery we wait. All this abjectness is not unsuited to a country in which a primeval, patriarchal civilization is blended mysteriously with such a primeval, patriarchal barbarism that life is considered of comparatively trivial consequence, "grass insects" are daily dropped over boatsides, and a wholesale decapitation is looked upon as a part of a mandarin's morning programme.

A Tonquin salutation may be seen in the manner in which the natives saluted a French column on the march.

The Japanese, whose verbal salutations have much in common with the Chinese, take off their slippers when they meet—a reminiscence, of course, of holy ground

where mortal worshipers were not worthy to wear their shoes; and a practice most natural in a country where the Mikado is as much a god as a man. The salutation, "Do not hurt me," is another outcome of the despotism which has nowhere been so absolute for so many centuries as in China, Siam and Japan.

The *farrago* of my *libellus* may excusably be concluded with a few fragmentary salutations which I have not fitted in with what has been already written. Certain islanders near the Philippines, I am told, take the foot of him they salute, and with it gently rub the face. This appears to be only a variation of the foot upon the head or neck; but the rubbing is curious. May we remember, in connection with it, "the grinding of the faces of the poor" which we read of in Isaiah? Perhaps, however, the movement is meant to extend over a great area the symbolical expression of submission. In New Guinea leaves of trees are placed on the heads of those who are saluted. This practice, with the converse one, which Mr. Spencer mentions, of the saluters themselves wearing the leaves or branches, may be accounted for as having originally demonstrated the absence of weapons in the hands of those so decorating themselves or others; but why this form of salutation should obtain specially in New Guinea, does not seem easy to explain. In some of the South Sea Islands it is held to be the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over the head of your friend. Obviously this can only be for purposes of grateful cooling, and though the salutation might seem suitable for all hot countries, it is clear, nevertheless, that such a custom could scarcely prevail where clothing was not at the minimum. Has the desire to cool the saluted person anything to do with the salutation of certain African tribes, among whom he who salutes strips the other of his robe and ties it about his own waist? However it may be, this manner of greeting can exist only in savage countries, and where there is no chance of catarrh; but the origin of the custom lies, no doubt, in that of covering the face when in the presence of a superior being. The converse custom, likewise African, as well as Tahitian, of unclothing oneself, can easily be understood as an extreme form of taking off the shoes. Western nations content themselves with removing the hat, temporarily in the street (where the movement frequently degenerates into a mere touch), and permanently when entering a house. Perhaps when the hatless negro takes the comb out of his hair and then replaces it, he is actuated by a similar desire to show respect. On the other hand, in the cracking and snapping of fingers with which the members of certain negro tribes salute one another, we may reasonably discern the tendency to express joy by noise resulting from muscular action, just as the clapping of hands among ourselves is the usual token of approbation. Why the Australians salute other each by sticking out their tongues is not so easily explained, the action being generally regarded as derisive. The salutations of the Moor on horseback, when he meets a stranger, is strongly indicative of the suspiciousness engendered by centuries of almost ceaseless fighting, and reminds us that the Ishmaelitish tinge is strong in his blood. At the top of his speed he makes for the stranger, as if to ride him down; then suddenly pulls up, and fires his pistol over the stranger's head, thus paying him a compliment of recognizing a friend instead of a foe.

The salutations of the Aborigines of America do not exhibit many distinct peculiarities. The brief greeting, "Well," which Mr. Spencer refers to the Dakota Indians, is characteristic of a tribe where "liberty, equality and fraternity" seem to have rendered unnecessary all expressions of propitiation or servility. The "pipe of peace" has its local habitation naturally on a continent where tobacco was grown and smoked for centuries before the venture of Columbus. The sympathetic sighs and yells with which two tribes of North American Indians greet one another, after a deputation of the two eldest of each tribe have advanced to meet each other and to recount their stories of danger and loss, are not so strange a form of salutation when we consider the chronic bloodshed of the warpath and the trail. The "jumping up and down" of the Fuegians may be paralleled in Loango, and is, after all, only an animal and childlike manifestation of delight not at all unnatural in an unreserved and agile savage. The morning salute on the Orinoco, which Mr. Spencer quotes from Humboldt, "How have the musquitoes treated you?" must be allowed to be at least excusable, since the miserable inhabitants of that district, so travelers declare, sleep with their bodies buried three or four inches deep in sand, the head alone protruding, and that covered with a handkerchief.

It is time, however, to bring this gossip to a conclusion, though the end comes rather in obedience to a sense of fitness than from a lack of material. But I fear that I myself may be saluted with an adaptation of Virgil's line:

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri: sat prata biberunt."
(Shut up the sluices, boys: the fields cry Hold! Enough!)

The subject is not one that admits of an eloquent peroration. Speculation in reference to the origin and rationale of salutations is open to the charge of being often fanciful, and occasionally futile; and I may be told that from this charge my paper has not relieved it. But if any of my readers, who take an interest in this subject, will also take the trouble to transfigure my fancies into facts, "what" in my speculation "is dark" may yet by their help be "illumined."

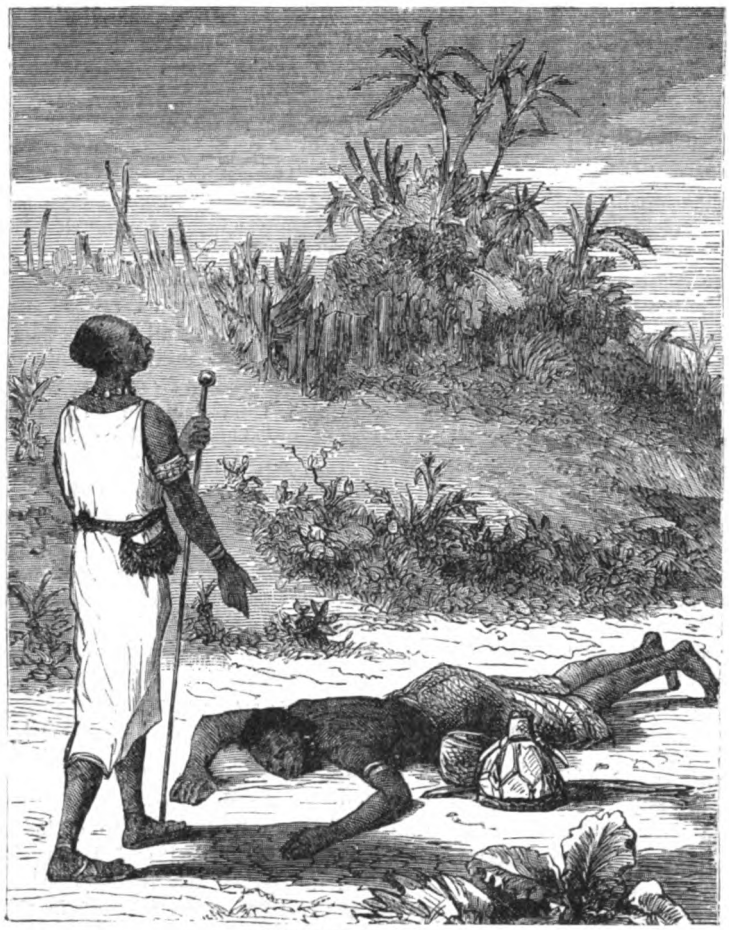
THE HIGHWAYMAN CLAUDE DU VAL, AND HIS DANCE WITH A LADY.

This noted person was born at Domfront, in Normandy. His father was a miller. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and received but an indifferent education. But, although his father was careful to train up his son in the religion of his ancestors, he was himself utterly without religion.

Du Val's parents were exempted from the trouble and expense of rearing their son at the age of thirteen. We first find him at Rouen, the principal city of Normandy, in the character of a stable-boy. Here he fortunately found *retour* horses going to Paris; upon one of these he was permitted to ride, on condition of assisting to dress at night. His expenses were likewise defrayed by some English travelers whom he met upon the road.

Arrived at Paris, he continued at the same inn where the English put up, and by running messages, or performing the meanest offices, subsisted for a while. He continued in this humble station until the restoration of Charles II., when multitudes from the Continent resorted to England. In the character of a footman to a person of quality, Du Val also repaired to England. The universal joy which seized the nation upon that event contaminated the morals of all; riot, dissipation, and every species of profligacy, abounded.

The young French footman entered keenly into these amusements. His funds, however, being soon exhausted,



A SALUTATION IN AFRICA.

he deemed it no great crime for a Frenchman to exact contributions from the English; in other words, to rob on the highway. In a short time he became so great an adept in his new employment that he had the honor of being first named in an advertisement issued for the apprehending of some notorious robbers.

One day Du Val and some others met a knight and his lady traveling along in their coach. Seeing themselves in danger of being attacked, the lady resorted to a flageolet, and commenced playing, which she did very dexterously. Du Val, taking the hint, pulled one out of his pocket, began to play, and in this posture approached the coach.

"Sir," said he to the knight, "your lady performs excellently, and I make no doubt she dances well; will you step out of the coach, and let us have the honor to dance a *courant* with her upon the heath?"

"I dare not deny anything, sir," replied the knight, readily, "to a gentleman of your quality and good behavior; you seem a man of generosity, and your request is perfectly reasonable."

Immediately the footman opened the door, and the knight came out. Du Val leaped lightly off his horse, and handed the lady down. It was surprising to see how gracefully he danced upon the grass; scarcely a dancing-master in London but would have been proud to have shown such agility in a pair of pumps as Du Val evinced in a pair of French riding-boots.

As soon as the dance was over he handed the lady to the coach, but just as the knight was stepping in, "Sir," said he, "you forgot to pay the music." His worship replied that he never forgot such things, and instantly put his hand under the seat of the coach, pulled out one hundred pounds in a bag, which he delivered to Du Val, who received it with a very good grace, and answered: "Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to regret your generosity; this hundred pounds, given so handsomely, is better than ten times the sum taken by force. Your noble behavior has excused you the other three hundred pounds which you have in the coach with you."

One day Du Vall met Roper, master of the hounds to Charles II., who was hunting in Windsor Forest, and, taking the advantage of a thicket, demanded his money, or he would instantly take his life. Roper, without hesitation, instantly gave him his purse,

FORMS OF SALUTATION.—SALUTING ROYALTY.—SEE PAGE 674.

containing at least fifty guineas, in return for which Du Val bound him neck and heels, tied his horse to a tree beside him, and rode across the country.

It was a considerable time before the huntsmen discovered their master. The squire being at length released, made all possible haste to Windsor, unwilling to venture himself into any more thickets for that day, whatever might be the fortune of the hunt.

Entering the town, he was accosted by Sir Stephen Fox, who inquired if he had had any sport.

"Sport!" replied Roper, in a great passion. "Yes, sir. I have had sport enough from a villain who made me pay full dear for it; he bound me neck and heels, contrary to my desire, and then took fifty guineas from me to pay him for his labor, which I much rather he had omitted."

England now became too contracted a sphere for the talents of our adventurer; and in consequence of a proclamation issued for his detection, and his notoriety in the kingdom, Du Val retired to his native country. At Paris he lived in a very extravagant style, and carried on war with rich travelers and fair ladies, and proudly boasted that he was equally successful with both. After some time he left France and crossed over again into England. It is uncertain how long Du Val continued his depredations after his return to England; but we are informed that in a fit of intoxication he was detected at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chandos Street, committed to Newgate, convicted, condemned, and executed at Tyburn, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, in 1669.

THE HIGHWAYMAN CLAUDE DU VAL, AND HIS DANCE WITH A LADY.—SEE PAGE 683.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THE name "Indian Summer" is connected with the Indian wars of the northern and western country, and the expression has continued in general use, notwithstanding its import has been forgotten. There was a time in the pioneer history of the country when the backwoods settler seldom heard the expression without a chill of horror, because it brought to his mind the painful recollection of its original application. Such is the force of associations. The reader of the early annals will remember that during the Indian wars, which kept the border settlements in a state of alarm, they welcomed the Winter season, when, owing to the snow and the severity of the weather, the Indians were unable to make their excursion into the settlements. The onset of Winter was therefore hailed as a jubilee by the early settlers, who throughout the Spring and Summer had been cooped up in their little

log and mud forts, and subjected to all the inconveniences of such a situation.

"At the approach of Winter, therefore," says a good authority, "all the farmers, excepting the owner of the fort, removed to their cabins on their farms, with the joyful feelings of a man who has just been released from prison. All was bustle and hilarity in preparing for Winter, by gathering in the corn, digging, fattening hogs, and repairing the cabins. To our forefathers the gloomy months of Winter were more pleasant than the zephyrs of Spring and the flowers of May. If, however, it happened that after the apparent onset of Winter the weather became warm, the smoky time commenced, and lasted for a considerable number of days. This was the Indian Summer, because it afforded the Indians another opportunity of visiting the settlements with their destructive warfare. The melting of the snow saddened every countenance, and the general warmth of the sun chilled every heart with horror. The apprehension of another visit from the Indians and of being driven back to the detested fort was painful in the highest degree, and the distressing apprehension was frequently realized."

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX," GENTLEMAN.

Look at his pretty face for just one minute,
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes—
His firm-shut hand, the favorite plaything in it—
Then tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight.
Mine was so short a pride!—
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay.
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are.
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies—
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round)—
Continually God's hand the curtain raises
And I can hear his merry voice's sound
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

"A DOLLAR twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy-five. There's your change, Katy O'Brien; run along now. And what do *you* want, Jimmy Daly? Gingersnaps? All out. Merrifield keeps them—two doors below. And what shall I show you, ma'am?"

The brisk, tidy little shopwoman (or girl, rather—she did not look over eighteen) turned with a business-like promptness to the pale, beautiful stranger who had just come in—a lady quite past youth—probably thirty-five or near it, yet very lovely still, or would be at her best.

At present she was pallid and trembling, with dark rings under the deep-blue eyes, which bespoke sleeplessness and sorrow. Feebly, as if not far from fainting, she murmured:

"Only a glass of water, if you have it. I am very dizzy."

The girl hesitated for an instant only. The faucet was in a small side-room, and in times past she had received so many requests for cooling draughts from people with "sharper" and "dead-beat" plainly written on their sly faces, and cash-lifting designs so clearly oozing from the corners of their weasel eyes and depraved mouths, that the very word "water" was enough to set her bristling on the defensive.

Here, however, was no deception. The lady was manifestly ill.

"Sit down, please," said the girl, coming quickly from behind the corner, and drawing forward a low chair.

The lady sank into it as to a blessed relief. The glass of water somewhat restored her ebbing strength, but the pallor remained, and the settled look of hopeless grief lifted not in the least.

She was richly dressed, though without the display of plumes or jewels.

"Stay and rest, ma'am, as long as you like," said the girl, kindly.

The lady bowed her head in mute thanks, and a quiver crossed her delicate lip.

The girl went on with her work, casting up accounts in a quick, methodical way, anon referring to the money-drawer to see whether its contents tallied with her cash balance.

The lady looked languidly around the neat shop, with its shelves of shining glass jars, and its bright showcase filled with boxes of gayly-colored confectionery, cheap toys, and numberless trifles to insnare the hearts and harvest the pennies of the neighborhood gamins.

Her gaze rested with interest on the slim figure of the girl—sparkling-eyed, pretty, with all her promise of life before her, and a sigh escaped her lips.

The girl's smooth brow was slightly knit over a refractory puzzle of dollars and cents, but it soon cleared, and she proceeded, half whispering:

"Seventeen and five are twenty-two, and ten are thirty-two, and three to carry——"

An incursion of three juvenile Danes, very much unwashed and unkempt, to purchase a cent's worth of peanuts and two sticks of lemon candy.

The field being clear, the girl returned to her accounts, when a dull fall startled her. She ran to the lady, who was in a swoon on the floor.

The girl dashed water over her face, loosed her garments, and half drew, half carried, her to a little white bed which stood behind a curtain at the further end of the store.

A small boy came in to spend a providential nickel. Hastily giving him a double amount of candy, the girl said:

"Run, Tommy, to the doctor's office on the corner of Sansom Street, and ask him to come as soon as he can to see a sick lady."

Off flew the boy, and the girl returned to the bedside. She had taken off the lady's rich black velvet hat, and the loosened waves of pale-gold hair fell over the pillow, the purple rings grew darker under the closed eyes, and scarcely a breath fluttered from the colorless lips.

Three minutes or so later, Dr. Sylvester would have

been bowling along the city streets in his swift curricle, and the boy would have gone for another physician. Had he done so this story would have had a far different ending, or would probably not have been written at all.

Dropping the narrative style just at this point, let Dr. Sylvester, for a time, tell the story in his own way, by extracts from a private record in his physician's diary:

Tuesday, March 30th.—New patient. Symptoms cephalic. Serious. Name, Mrs. Delmar. Widow. Residence, 1806 W—— Street. Fainted in a confectioner's shop, and ten minutes after I got her home was raving. Thought at first she had been indulging in some of the terra-albic and arseniated death-dealers from the stock-in-trade, but soon found out my mistake. She recovered sufficiently to give me her name and address, and took her home in a carriage. Residence indicates affluence. James Sylvester's lucky star begins to twinkle higher.

Friday, April 2d.— Brain-fever patient no better. [*Mem.* To try iodide of potassium as recommended in *Flint.*] She must lose her beautiful hair.

Saturday, April 3d.—Slight improvement. Less delirium. Cuticle not so dry. She may pull through.

Wednesday, April 7th.—Ninth day. She *will* pull through. The iodide of potassium has done it. Can't find out whether she has a family physician or not—stupidity of servants. Feel somehow as if I were stealing the case.

Friday, April 9th.—Patient very weak, but bound to pull through. Talked with me rationally to-day, though feebly. As her fever has had a short, acute run, she will convalesce ere long. Her trouble is mental. Husband died a few months ago, but as she did not wear mourning at the time of her attack, I don't know whether or not it was grief at his loss which brought her to her present condition.

Saturday, April 10th.—I must rouse her from her despondency Regret seems the dominant feeling, but for whom or what, I am not Œdipus enough to unravel.

Monday, April 13th.—Sphinx-like still. The ravings of the fever (for, say what you may, fever-ravings are a tolerable index to the true thoughts and emotions) have left one decided impression on my mind: that some one was once deeply wronged both by herself and another, and the name "Roger" escaped her lips many times. [*N. B.* The name on the door-plate is *Wilton* Delmar.] I am not desirous of prying into secrets for mere personal gratification, but if she could bring herself to confide in me professionally, I might take bolder measures for attempting a cure. I use the word "attempting" advisedly. The more the lights of science are thrown upon it, the more bewildering a subject becomes that miracle of poise and peril, the human brain, in the humble opinion of James Sylvester.

Wednesday, April 15th.—I have strong fears of melancholia for my patient. This bracing air, just dashed with Spring, would have a beneficial effect if I could persuade her to try it, in her own luxurious carriage. I think I shall really be obliged to stamp my (professional) foot to-morrow, and give her, in plain terms, the choice between a possible sojourn at Kirkbride's and a pleasant country ride—around Chestnut Hill, for instance, or the beautiful slopes of Bryon Mawr.

Heigho! I am terribly drowsy. Hope there will be no night-calls. That amputation business over at poor Teddy Noonan's has not left me even the nerves of a schoolgirl. How little do the wealthy know of the braveries and battles of the poor! That black-eyed little wife of Noonan's, holding his hand so steadily throughout the operation, free from the quiver of an eyelash, might have sat for the portrait of a Jael or a Judith. How disgustingly obstinate Clayborn was about that second dose of ether! I wanted to punch his head. Wonder what my lady Delmar would think of the inside of Noonan's cabin—for it is little better.

Thursday, April 22d.—Mrs. Delmar rides out daily. Her melancholy lifts a trifle. She insists on my continued visits—says my mere presence helps her! Very flattering! Old Dr. Shelton once told me I was highly magnetic. May the Power that rules the universe save James Sylvester from ever turning the knowledge to a selfish or unhallowed use!

* * * * * *

A sunny highway, fringed by the delicate green of early grass, the spotting gold of butter-cups, the more vivid hue of dandelions, clover-blossoms, snowy and red, and battalions of field-daisies.

Above, pearly tufts of April clouds in the far deep azure, and the faintly songful branches of the roadside trees, not yet fully draped; in the distance the roofs and spires of the beautiful City of Brotherly Love, belted by her two sparkling rivers.

Not so far from the suburbs but that the voices of children shouting at play in the free, fresh, vacant lots—as yet uncaptured by the brick-and-mortar princes—could reach the ear of a listener, and cause his pulse to bound with sympathetic memories of childhood, unless he were pitifully distraught.

Striding fiercely along the road, gashing the tender grass with a stout oaken stick, as if he were rended by unseen demons—an old frayed cloak blowing out behind him, as if he had newly come from a tropical country; his yellow, bony left hand clutching the tarnished neck-button like the throat of an enemy; his thin, gray-streaked hair tossed by the breeze, his eyes deep-set, haggard, despairing—was a gaunt, pallid man, muttering to the sweet air, utterly unheedful of its soft influence—muttering curses. Striding away, away from the busy, bright, beneficent city, looking forward to he knew not what, only to get away, to put swift miles between himself and that fair picture of prosperity and brotherhood. *Brotherhood!* To him the thought was bitterest, cruelest satire!

"Fifteen years!" he groaned. "Fool, fool! And yet she loved me once. No, no! she never loved me! 'Twas herself she worshiped, and the admiration of others but fed her self-idolatry. If I were lying under the stones of the street, her carriage-wheels would rattle and rumble above my head and above my heart, where it lay in ashes of desolation, and not one pulse of hers would leap less lightly, not one smile be lost from her lip, not one gay ripple of talk and laughter die away from her traitorous tongue. Fifteen years! Oh, heaven! to go through long, long months and bear it still! Welcome, Death! The grave will end the weary, maddening struggle! 'Recovering from a severe illness,' the beruffled lackey told me! Ha, ha! So am I recovering—slowly recovering—from the severest illness I have ever had! But the cure will be complete—complete!"

On, on, with fevorous haste, past pretty scattered cottages, where mothers drew in their little children, frightened at his wild looks; past country fields, where the ground was newly plowed for sowing; past trees and bridges, fences and low stone walls; past sleek-sided, large-eyed cattle grazing in small verdant spots.

For fifteen years to toil in the heat of tropic suns, a voluntary exile. To shut himself off systematically from every source of news from home, lest his resolution waver. To have but one thought, one hope, one mad, deluding dream, such as few men or women have faith to indulge, in view of the pitiful shallows and inconstancies of human nature, and to come home to receive for bread a stone, for nourishment a serpent!

This had brought the curses to his lips, the fierce, frantic eagerness to his steps. But fate was swifter than his feet.

A violent spasm of coughing seized him, and he was obliged to lean against a fence-post. Harder and still harder came the paroxysms, then the vivid vital fluid stained the old dingy mantle. Dizzy grew his sight, fainter his hold upon the rails, and he was on the point of sinking to the ground, when swift wheels approached, and one alighted, like the Samaritan of old, to succor the wayside fallen.

* * * * * *

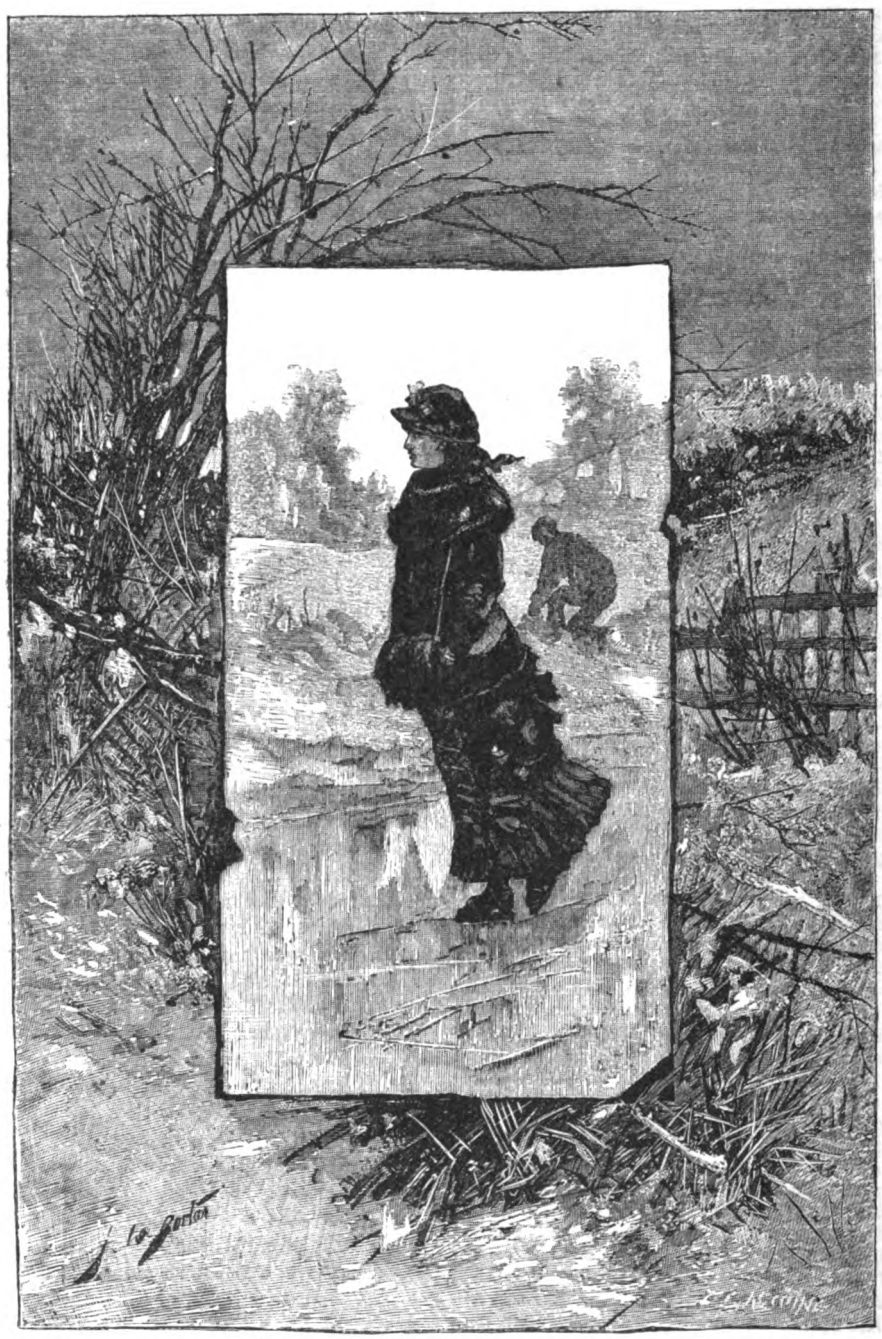
April 30th.—Her despondency gives way occasionally to normal gloams. No confidences as yet, though she now and then drops a

word which indicates probable future disclosures. She is very beautiful—so beautiful that—James Sylvester, you are a fool—a consummate idiot! You need a thorough figurative shaking up. Practice your mental calisthenics, man!

May 2d.—She gains. Her color is returning, and her glorious eyes are less heavy. Her stately head, with its short clustering locks, reminds me of that of a bronze athlete which I once saw at the house of a friend. In health she must be a *perfect* physical type. May it be mine to restore her to that same.

I am fated to have mysterious patients thrown upon my hands in the most unlooked-for manner. A few days ago, while driving home from a hospital convention, I picked up a man in the grasp of the tubercle-fiend—evidently nearing the last stages. Shabbily clad, haggard, unhappy, yet with no lack of funds, he seems to have no kin, no home, no hope of anything this side of the grave or beyond. I have lodged him with a Quakeress on Vine Street, an old friend of my mother's, trusting to the peaceful influences of the house to smooth, in a measure, his last few steps to the dim valley. He gives his name as Dinsmore—has been gold-digging in Australia.

May 5th.—Her elastic vitality is on the rebound. If all mental ghosts were laid, or moral—whichever they be, I know not, though I would stake a considerable sum, if it were mine, on her general rectitude—she would soon glow like the typical Hebe—that much-referred-to and long-suffering young woman. Your average city lady is but a bundle of bones and nerves, tainted from remotest embryonic existence with hysteria and incompetency. The future American population will be eight-tenths Celtic



". . . . as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy."—*Thomson.*

WINTER.

THE ELDER BROTHER.—"ON THE WHITE PILLOW WAS A FACE SO THIN AND GHASTLY. THE EYES WERE CLOSED, THE BONY YELLOW FINGERS LAY SPREAD UPON THE COUNTERPANE."—SEE PAGE 686.

to two-tenths Swede and Teuton, or my deductive powers are sadly at fault.

May 7th.—She gave me a purse this morning to buy necessaries and delicacies for a few poor patients. As her interest in humanity seems to revive, I told her the little story of Noonan's devoted wife. With set features, in a hard, unexpected tone, she said, "Ah, she must have loved him—instead of desp——" She checked herself on the instant, but I am sure the word on her lips was "despising."

May 10th.—On visiting Dinsmore this morning, he made revelation which causes me to question whether the fabled torments of the damned are not a superfluous category—whether this wheeling planet, home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying, may not comprise on its smiling surface worse agonies than those of the conventional hell.

As I sat by his bedside, holding his skinny hand, he fixed his superlatively bright eyes upon me, and said:

"I have been deceiving you. Dinsmore is not my name."

I made no answer, but kept my professional hold on his lank wrist, and he continued:

"I know as well as you that I must die soon. I want death—I crave it—but before it comes, I wish to tell you my story. I think you are the only human being who would care to hear it. I have not yet lost faith in you, or in the good saint under whose roof I lie." He hesitated. "I—I am a *jailbird!* I have been in prison!"

"But you were not guilty," I said, involuntarily.

The thought leaped to my lips by a heavenly impulse. I felt sure of what I said.

He clasped his bony fingers around my own with a tremor of affection.

"Thank you. You are right; I was not guilty. It will ease me to tell you of it—and it can make no difference *now*—to any one."

I encouraged him to go on, and then, broken by intervals of coughing and prostration, followed the recital of as hopeless a history as ever fell upon my ear. Had I the pen of a Hugo, a Dickens, a George Eliot—could I throw around the bald narrative the fadeless garlands that the hand of genius weaves—the story would be worthy of a golden lettering, the subtle power of the page would draw tears from the most indifferent. My duty is plain—imperative. To keep silence were an injustice to both the living and the dying, and who can tell what may be the issue?

* * * * * *

Dr. Sylvester found Mrs. Delmar just returned from her daily ride, and resting in a low chair in the reception-room.

She greeted him quietly—even languidly. Her restoration to health was not so near at hand as Dr. Sylvester flattered himself. The smiles had gone out of this woman's life never to come back. It was cowardly, criminal to take arsenic or paris-green, it was simply vulgar to adopt the opium habit, therefore she lived on, "aweary, aweary, and would that she were dead."

A few courteous professional inquiries, then Dr. Sylvester went straight to the point. It was habitual with him. Professional and social success might have been his in greater measure had he been a subtle flatterer, a sick-room diplomatist, but James Sylvester hated shams and trickeries as he hated a patent window-pad.

"I have a strange story to tell you, Mrs. Delmar. I came with the express purpose of telling it this morning, as I think you are now strong enough to bear the hearing of it."

She glanced quickly and keenly at his face. No. She was not in danger of being called upon to listen to a declaration. There was no love-making in those grave eyes.

With a little sigh of relief she settled herself in an easy-chair, in an attitude of polite attention, but without curiosity. If it were about a charity patient, she could give him another purse. She was always glad to relieve suffering.

"I have heard of a man," he began, "who once loved a beautiful lady."

Mrs. Delmar's lips twitched uneasily. Perhaps it was going to be a declaration, after all.

"They were both young, both strong and hopeful, and she, as I said before, was very beautiful—so lovely that she had been the young man's inspiration from her early girlhood, and he believed her to be as good as she was fair. He had a younger brother, and both were employed in the same mercantile house in this city." Mrs. Delmar slightly started. "From the time they were left orphans, the elder had guarded and cherished the younger, had toiled and planned, had sacrificed and striven for his sake. He believed him incapable of wrong-doing. Next to the lovely girl, he was his idol. Time passed. One day the discovery was made that their employer had been robbed."

Mrs. Delmar started more violently, dropped her scented lace handkerchief, and, receiving it from Dr. Sylvester's hand, wiped her pallid lips.

"The evidence pointed to one of the brothers. The elder confessed the theft."

"He was not guilty! I know *now* that he was not guilty!" cried Mrs. Delmar.

The doctor looked at her in surprise at the peculiar emphasis, then continued:

"The elder brother confessed the theft. The younger was so bright, so winning. He had always been their mother's darling. His future was all before him to repent—retrieve. What could the elder choose but suffer in his stead? Another man, making the same sacrifice, would have simply fled the country. This man's sense of honor was so high that he served a two-years' term of imprisonment."

Mrs. Delmar was weeping bitterly.

"Afterward he made himself a voluntary exile for fifteen years, to make good the stolen money (that his brother's pathway might be left clear), and to build up his own fortunes. He could not trust himself to see the beautiful girl. But he wrote her a letter telling——"

"She never——" broke forth Mrs. Delmar.

But Dr. Sylvester heeded not the interruption.

"He wrote her a letter, telling her of his innocence, telling her all the circumstances, as he considered he had a right to do, because he had such *faith* in her"—Mrs. Delmar gave a little moaning cry—"and felt sure that she would approve his course, and at the same time show leniency to his brother. The possibility that she could for one moment be untrue to him, never entered his great, loyal heart. He intrusted this letter to his brother's care. He had restrained himself from writing it till the term of his imprisonment was ended, lest she should not be so heroic as he, and should inform the authorities of the true state of the case. He solemnly adjured his brother to watch over her, just as in the letter he had entreated her to watch over and pity *him*. The brother promised. The night before the elder sailed, he passed with his brother, as when they were little children. Almost his last act was for his welfare. He sailed to a foreign country to carve out a fortune and to dream of *her*. He purposely shut off all source of hearing from her, lest his resolution might waver, and because he had such faith in her. He checked off the days of the weeks, the months of the years, which must elapse before he he could see her face again. In starlit nights, on the ground of Australian camps, he would say to himself, 'She cannot see these glorious constellations, but the old, old stars that we loved together are shining down on her dear head, night after night, and they will help her to remember me.' When storms swept, and lightning hurtled, and strange sounds came from the bush, he thought, 'Thank Heaven, my darling is safe!' He came back to find she had married his brother—the man whom he had saved from prison."

"She was so young—so easily influenced. Remember, it was fifteen years ago," sobbed Mrs. Delmar.

"He came back, broken in health and energy, to lose almost the last vestige of his faith in humankind. He found her his brother's widow, it is true—the servant who turned him from her door told him that much; but her faithlessness had turned his love to ashes. It could never live again, he said to himself—never, in all the world to come, for he had nearly done with *this*. In the letter which——"

"She never received it! Oh, believe me, she never received it!"—this with piteously streaming eyes and clasped hands. "It was withheld from her. Only within a few months has it come into her possession, in looking over her hus—his brother's papers. He did not dare to destroy it. Still less did he dare to show it to her after he had gained her poor, wavering, contemptible allegiance. *Allegiance!*" She struck her hands together fiercely. "What right have *I* to take such a word upon my lips? If you could send him word—if he could only know that it is the one grief, the one undying sorrow, of her life. If——"

Mrs. Delmar poured forth, in a floodtide, her burning hatred of the fraud that had been practiced upon her; her bitter self-contempt for believing Roger unworthy; her denunciation—such as only an aroused, wronged woman can utter—of him who had so wronged her.

Tossing out her slim, white hands, where gleamed no jewel, not a single thread of gold:

"See," she cried, "would I wear this hateful marriage-ring one single hour after I made the shameful discovery? Never again! Oh, my poor, poor Roger, how could you *fail* to hate me? I should almost despise you if you had not!"

Dr. Sylvester was startled at her vehemence. This was a new state of the case. His diagnosis must be remapped. She was not so heartless, fickle, faithless, after all. How much wrath and pain and despair might have been saved to poor Roger, could he have known, or even guessed, in his unsuspicious heart, that she had been deceived. Even the natural wrath against the deceiver might have been swallowed up in the thought that she was less to blame. Mrs. Delmar went on to say that the finding of the letter had brought on her illness—had dragged her to the verge of madness. How many times she had been on the point of telling him all this! How many trifling things had prevented the disclosure!

"He will be comforted to know the true state of the case," said Dr. Sylvester.

"Can you tell him? Do you know him—himself? Have you seen him?"

She cast forth the words in a shiver of desperation. She had risen to her feet, and was pacing up and down, her weakness all forgot. She stopped before him now, and fixed her burning eyes on his face, as she asked the questions.

"I do know him. I have seen him. I see him every day. He is dying!"

She would have fallen if he had not caught her. "Take me to him! Do not lose a moment! Let me tell him from these very lips that I did not know the truth—that I never even suspected it. Take me before it is too late! Father in heaven, let it not be too late!"

* * * * * *

Friend Hallowell opened the door herself.

"He is quite uneasy again. He has been asking for thee, James," she said, with an inquiring look at Mrs. Delmar's rich dress and mantle.

"This lady is a relative, who has just heard of his illness," explained Dr. Sylvester, briefly, and he led the way to the inner chamber where the sick man lay.

On the white pillow was a face so thin and ghastly that Mrs. Delmar started back momentarily, as if it had been Death's very self.

The eyes were closed, the bony yellow fingers lay spread upon the counterpane, and the lips were murmuring fitfully.

Mrs. Delmar bent her head to listen. The sick man opened his eyes feebly.

"It is I, Roger!—it is I, Erminia. Can you not remember? Is there no trace in me of the gay girl you left so long ago! Speak, Roger! For heaven's sake do not hate me!"

Over the dulling sense swept a thrill of old memories, sweet—of late ones, bitter. The latter triumphed. With a look of scorn and hate he motioned her away.

"Oh, Roger, believe me! I never knew the truth through all these years. I never got the letter, till I found it a few months ago. It was kept from me. Can you not understand why? I was foolish, I was young—easily led. It seemed to me that if you had cared for me you would not have gone, without a word—a look! Do not hate me, Roger! Oh, my love, my lost dear love!"

She had thrown her arms around him, and compelled his glance to hers.

Who shall say what buried dreams stirred again in the long, long gaze of those living and dying eyes! What years of loss and pain rolled away to meet the fast-coming wave of oblivion, leaving, by divinest mercy, only the brief, bright visions of the time when joy and hope were all in all! Ah, who shall say save those who in some solemn hour have given and received such glances?

Fainter grew the light of the hollow eyes, feebler the clasp of the hand, swiftly and more swiftly came the dark wave that closes over all.

* * * * * *

Erminia felt a slight touch on her shoulder, and looked up to meet grave, kind eyes suffused with such tears as true manliness is never ashamed to shed. She broke forth almost rapturously:

"He knew me! He forgave me! He was happy in my coming! Did you not see—he understood! Now I can bear all the rest until we meet again."

Then, as a father or a brother might lead a little child from its dead mother's pillow, Dr. Sylvester led her softly away.

THE GREAT ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

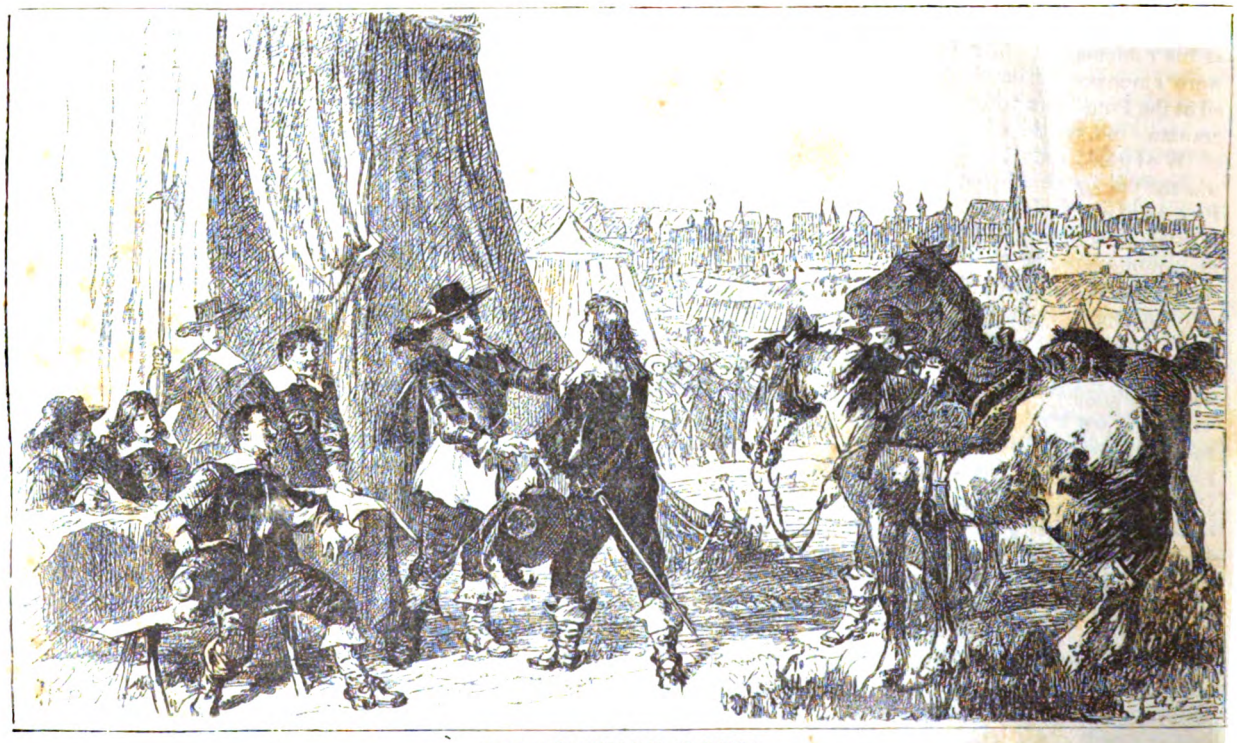
Frederick-William of Hohenzollern, the eleventh Elector of Brandenburg (1640-1688), is known in history as "The Great Elector." He acceded to the Electorship before he had completed his twentieth year, and his rule lacked but two years of half a century. He found his scattered dominions only the shadow of a sovereignty, a mere Protestant appanage of the overmastering Catholic Reich. He raised Brandenburg not only to the foremost place among the German Principalities, but to an acknowledged rank among the Sovereign Powers of Europe. He was a king in all but name, and should be regarded as the real founder of the Prussian Monarchy.

Frederick-William was born February 16th, 1620, [illegible]st

as the smoldering embers of religious strife were bursting out into the Thirty Years' War. Berlin soon became no safe place for the young prince, and while a mere child he was sent to more quiet Küstrin, under the charge of an accomplished and capable tutor, by whom his mental and physical training was carefully conducted. He was twelve years old when Gustavus-Adolphus came over from Sweden to head the Protestants in their struggle against the Catholic Kaiser. The Elector of Brandenburg was forced to join the Protestant League, and the Swedish King built largely upon the growing promise of

FREDERICK-WILLIAM, THE GREAT ELECTOR.

the young Frederick-William, for the furtherance of his far-reaching schemes. He projected a marriage between the Electoral prince and his own daughter, Christina, the heir-presumptive to the Swedish crown. In that event, Sweden on one side of the Baltic, and Brandenburg, Preussen and Pommern on the other, united under one sovereign, would form a mighty Protestant state; and, as a thoughtful French statesman expressed it, "The Brandenburger would be the most powerful prince in Europe." Gustavus fell in the dearly-bought victory of Lutzen, and this great project came to naught. His trampled corpse was



FREDERICK-WILLIAM AT BREDA.

THE SURPRISE OF THE BRIDGE AT RATHENOW.

dragged from under a great heap of slain, and borne to the coast, to be carried back to Sweden. Prominent among those who paid the last honors to the great Swede, as his remains were embarked at the Pomeranian port of Wolgast, was the young Frederick-William, clad in ceremonial mourning.

The half-hearted Elector of Brandenburg soon withdrew from the Protestant League, and joined in the "Peace of Prague." His territories became the scene of warfare between the Swedes and the Imperialists, and were devastated alike by both. But before things had come to the worst, an asylum was found for Frederick-William, who, in his fourteenth year, was sent by his mother to the Netherlands, where her kinsmen, the Princes of Orange, were waging a stubborn warfare with the Spaniards.

THE MARRIAGE OF FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

The four years — from his fourteenth to his eighteenth — which were passed in the Netherlands were the forming period in the life of Frederick-William. We catch

pleasing glimpses of him during these years. Sometimes as a student at the University of Leyden; sometimes at Arnheim, where his kinswoman, the Electress Elizabeth of the Palatinate, daughter of James I. of England, and widow of the Bohemian "Snow-king," had found a refuge after her weary wanderings; sometimes in the camp of Prince Frederick-Henry of Orange; sometimes at the Hague, the centre of political and social life in the Netherlands. He breathed an atmosphere quite unlike that of Germany. Here dwelt a people who, notwithstanding the fierce warfare around them, were in the enjoyment of the fruits of industry and trade; here prevailed a slight degree of religious toleration; here was a proud chivalry who had "looked in the whites of the enemy's eye" upon many a hard-fought battlefield. Under such influences the character of the growing youth ripened, and steeled itself for those high duties which were soon to devolve upon him. But these charming aspects of life had also their perils. The prevailing wealth led to luxury, and tempted to license. The Hague was a scene of wild excess. Some gay debauchees of both sexes once sought to make Frederick-William a partaker in their orgies. He sprang from the table, mounted his horse, rode with hot speed to the camp of the Prince of Orange, who was then laying siege to Breda, and told him why he had fled from the Hague. "Cousin," said the Prince, "this flight of yours shows more heroism than if I had taken Breda. One who, at your age, knows how to conquer himself, will achieve greater things hereafter."

Frederick-William had not been a year in the Netherlands when his father went over to the Imperialists, and struck hands with Kaiser Ferdinand against the Swedes and the German Protestants. In Cleves, where the alliance with the Habsburgs was especially odious, the wish was openly expressed that Frederick-William should marry the fair but light-headed Louise-Hollandine, daughter of the Electress Elizabeth, for whom he had formed a boyish attachment, and be made Staathalter of the Duchy, thus practically superseding his father. The Elector—egged on by Adam von Schwarzenberg, his most trusted counselor, an Austrian Catholic, and secretly in the pay of the Kaiser—was wroth at this proposal. He forbade his son to contract any such alliance; and ordered him to return home at once, since "a longer stay in the Netherlands would be neither useful nor creditable."

When Frederick-William, at eighteen, returned to Brandenburg, he met with a cold reception from his father. He was kept aloof from public affairs, and fell into a state of deep melancholy, or muttered smothered invectives at the mere mention of the name of Schwarzenberg, to whom he not only attributed the miseries of his country, but suspected of a design to make way with him. Once, after dining at Schwarzenberg's, he was seized with a sudden illness, occasioned, as he believed, by poison put into his food. There was no lack of reason for such suspicion, for Frederick-William was the only son of the Elector, and should he die, the heritages of Brandenburg, Preussen and Cleves would pass from the Hohenzollerns, and would probably be absorbed by the Habsburgs. After a while the sorely beset Elector betook himself to Preussen, leaving Schwarzenberg as Staathalter in Brandenburg. There he died, in December, 1640; and Frederick-William acceded to the Electorship. "A heavy and almost unbearable burden of sovereignty," he said, when he received the tidings.

The way before him was no easy one to travel. He had to trim his sails to every breeze; to tack and veer; to row against all currents; and not unfrequently to keep his eyes in one direction while aiming at the direct opposite. In Preussen, he had to anticipate the stubbornness of the Lutheran nobles and burghers on the one hand, and the hostility of the Catholic Poles on the other. In the Rhine provinces and the Marks of Brandenburg, his co-religionists, the Dutch and the Swedes, were at war with him, while no effective aid was to be hoped from the Kaiser. The treasury was empty; there were no troops upon whom he could rely, for they had taken the oath to the Kaiser as well as to the Elector. The commandant of Spandau flatly refused to renew the oath to him, saying that obedience to the Kaiser was his paramount duty. He had at first invited Schwarzenberg to retain the Staathaltership of Brandenburg; but gradually as Frederick-William got the reins into his own hands, the Staathalter found his authority more and more restricted. An open conflict between them seemed imminent, when Schwarzenberg, fortunately for Brandenburg, was cut down by an apoplectic stroke, and one peril was averted. It now remained to get rid of the lawless Imperial soldiery, who, nominally allies, were worse for Brandenburg than even the hostile Swedes. One by one the regiments were either disbanded or sent back to the Kaiser, only a couple of thousand men who could be trusted being retained to garrison the fortresses. Negotiations had been entered upon with the Swedes, resulting in a cessation of hostilities, they, however, still keeping in their hands the greater part of Brandenburg, of which they had got possession. But before long difficulties arose with Denmark, which required the Swedish leaders to concentrate their force in distant Jutland; and toward the end of 1643, a treaty was concluded by which the Elector was left in full possession of all his Brandenburg territories, the Swedes, however, retaining Pommern, as a pledge for the repayment of the costs which they had incurred in the defense of German Protestantism. Frederick-William, having thus got rid of hostile forces at home, set himself at work to bring his dominions into comparatively good condition. Slowly, and by degrees, he found himself able to raise and maintain a well-equipped standing force of more than 20,000 men. The Imperial Court at Vienna had too much on their hands to pay much attention to what was going on in Brandenburg, and when at length they awoke to the situation, they saw that it was "too late to clip the wings of the Brandenburg eagle before he could fly too high."

The old scheme for a marriage between Frederick-William and Christina, now Queen of Sweden, was again broached, but without much eagerness on any side. The Swedish aristocracy, who had ruled almost absolutely during the long minority of Christina, feared that their consequence would be lost should such a man as the Elector of Brandenburg become King of Sweden. The Queen, vain of her new power, declared that she would marry no man to whom she must subject herself, and she was also piqued that the Elector "was not more fiery in his wooing." Even while the matter was pending, Frederick-William had fixed upon another bride in case the Swedish affair should fall through. He would ask for the hand of Louise-Henriette, daughter of his old friend, Prince Frederick-Henry of Orange. He did so. The Prince of Orange was more than satisfied, and the States-general gave their full sanction. The consent of the princess herself was not so easily gained, for her affections had been given to another; but the union proved a happy one, and for more than twenty years she was his trusted counselor, even in matters of state, and unwearily aided in all the good which he achieved or attempted.

The marriage took place in December, 1646, when the Thirty Years' War, in which all the Continent had come to be involved, was virtually at an end. All parties to it had become exhausted. They saw that little more was then to be gained by fighting, but each was anxious to hold on as much as possible to what it had won. At the Congress by which, in 1648, the Peace of Westphalia was agreed upon, there were present ecclesiastical and lay representatives from the Kaiser and the various states of Germany; from France and Sweden; from Spain and the Netherlands; from the Republic of Venice and the Holy See. No assembly, charged with such high interests, had met since the great politico-ecclesiastical councils more than two centuries before—no one afterward, until the Congress of Vienna, after the overthrow of Napoleon. To the Empire peace was, above all things, essential, and peace could be attained only by making large concessions to both France and Sweden. France insisted upon having Alsace, which she had seized; Sweden would not give up the mouths of the great rivers falling into the Baltic. The Elector of Brandenburg protested against this "unjust postulate" of Sweden, which would deprive him of the most valuable half of Pommern, and gave warning that "fearful dangers to the Holy Roman Empire would spring from these territorial changes." It was all in vain. Vor-Pommern, the region lying upon the Baltic, and comprising the ports of Stettin, Wolgast, Griefswald, and Stralsund, was given to the Swedes; to the Elector was left Hinter-Pommern, lying mainly inland, and even when touching the sea, having no good port. The Peace of Westphalia had ostensibly settled all mooted questions; but it was not till 1653, five years later, that Frederick-William could get full possession of Hinter-Pommern.

Still, notwithstanding the loss of Vor-Pommern, the Elector was a real gainer by the Peace of Westphalia, which left him free to bend all his energies upon the administration of home affairs. It is in this that his real greatness lies. Yet during the remaining forty years of his life he had to take part in the great wars of the period, for his dominions formed a long, straggling region—"the country with the long frontiers," as it was derisively styled—so cut into and surrounded by others, and so wedged in among them, that along the Baltic, and from the Weser to the Rhine, no powers could go to war without his being dragged into the quarrel. In all these contests he showed himself a stout fighter and an able commander.

In 1654, the whimsical Queen Christina abdicated the Swedish throne, and was succeeded by her hot-headed cousin, Charles-Gustavus of Zweibrücken. John-Casimir, the frothy King of Poland, disputed his right, and set up some sort of hereditary claim to the Swedish crown, in which he was backed up by the King of Denmark. Charles-Gustavus marched straight upon him, overswept Poland like a tornado, and captured Warsaw. John-Casimir fled to Austrian Silesia, whence he came back, having gathered a tumultuous horde of Polish and semi-Asiatic cavalry, and recaptured Warsaw from the small Swedish force by which it was held, and the war began anew. Frederick-William would fain have had nothing to do with this, but his Duchy of Preussen, for which he and his ancestors had to pay homage to Poland, lay right between Poland and the Swedish holdings in Pommern, and the combatants must enter the Duchy in order to get at each other. Neither would scruple to do this, and he could not remain neutral. He could only make choice which side to espouse. He demanded that the Swedes, in case of success, should give him some conquered Polish palatinates, which were necessary to join the Marks of Brandenburg to Preussen, and that he should hold the whole Duchy as a sovereign prince, owing homage to no suzerain. Charles-Gustavus refused the latter point, but agreed to the former one, and a treaty of alliance was made in June, 1656, the Elector to support the Swedes with his entire force.

A picked body of the Brandenburg and Swedish forces, only 9,000 strong, moved toward Warsaw, where John-Casimir had four or five times as many, made up of Polish horsemen and wild Cossacks and Tartars. Even then Frederick-William attempted to mediate between the two kings. But the vain John-Casimir, flushed by his great success in driving out the Swedes, and confident also in his vast preponderance of numbers, haughtily rejected all overtures. He indeed regarded the Elector as a rebellious vassal. "I have promised," he boasted to the French ambassador, "that my Tartars shall have the Swedes and Brandenburgers for their breakfast; and as for the Elector, he shall be shut up in a dungeon, where he shall never again see sun or moon."

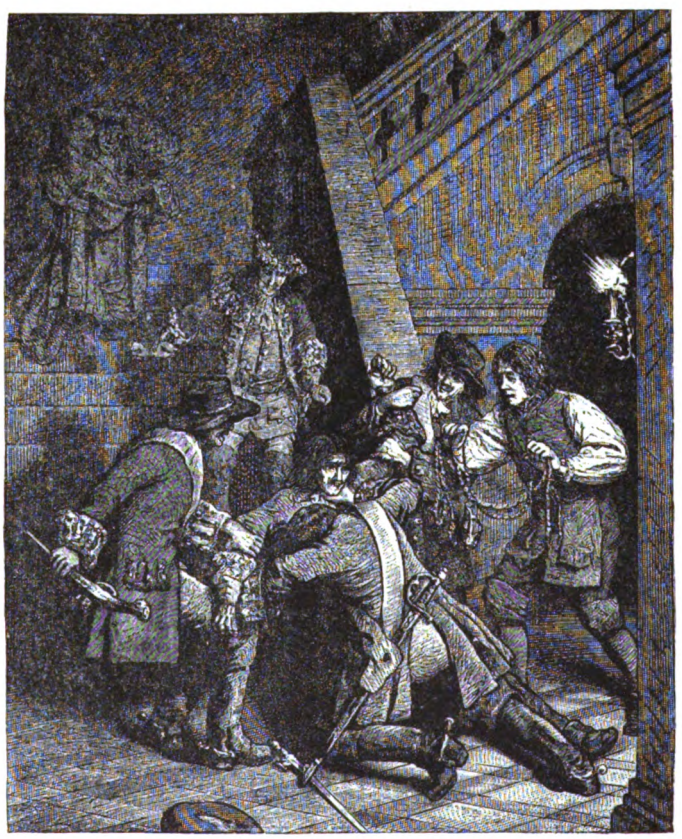
They came to blows on the field of Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, on the other side of the Vistula. The battle lasted three days—July 28th, 29th, 30th. The action on the first day was indecisive. On the second day the result depended upon the Brandenburg infantry holding their position in the centre while the Swedes moved around from the right to the left, where a favorable opening for attack had been perceived. The Swedes formed themselves into solid squares—"movable castles," as they were called—to receive the assault of the Polish horse. The front ranks knelt, presenting a double row of pikes, upon which the enemy vainly dashed themselves, and from behind which the musketeers poured in deadly volleys, before which the assailants broke in utter confusion. The brunt of the fight upon the third day fell upon the Brandenburgers. Von Span, with his infantry, stormed the wooded heights of Praga, the key of the Polish position, while Derfflinger's Dragoons fell irresistibly upon the disordered masses of the enemy. The whole Polish army fled in wild panic, leaving behind them guns, flags and an immense booty. "This magnificent victory," said the Swedish Marshal Von Wrangel, "was mainly due to the splendid conduct of the Brandenburg infantry."

The Elector and the King of Sweden entered Warsaw in triumph, and the success of the Swedes seemed complete. Excepting Denmark, all the shores of the Baltic were in their possession, and the conquest of Denmark once achieved, a mighty Gothic kingdom would be established upon both shores of the Baltic, holding the "Belts," a narrow channel leading into that inland sea, thus controlling the rich trade to its shores. Charles-Gustavus left Poland, and threw all his force against Denmark, performing some wonderful feats, such as crossing 20,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery for twenty miles across the frozen Little Belt, and taking possession of Zealand. His victories alarmed all Europe. The Muscovites, not yet known as Russians, were unwilling that one mighty power should hold both shores of the Baltic, from Stockholm to Dantzic; the Dutch were loath to have the trade with the North wrested from their hands; Cromwell in England and Mazarin in France took sides against the Swedes; the House of Habsburg saw that in the re-establishment of Poland lay their best hopes of safety. All Central Europe thus formed one mighty combination against the Swedish aggrandizement. The Elector of Brandenburg, practically deserted by Charles-

FREDERICK-WILLIAM AT THE IRON-FURNACE.

Gustavus, was in danger of being overwhelmed. Denmark and Austria made overtures to him, and prevailed upon the King of Poland to consent, if he (the Elector) would abandon the Swedish alliance, to give up to him the suzerainty of Preussen. A treaty to that effect was signed in September, 1657, and Frederick-William became the opponent of his recent ally. Charles-Gustavus was enraged at this, and vowed that "the Elector should yet suffer for his treachery."

Other circumstances combined to bring Frederick-William to the side of the Habsburg. The Kaiser, Ferdinand III., had died in April, 1657, and there was a long contest as to his successor.



THE SEIZURE OF KALKSTEIN.

The French Court were in favor of their King, Louis XIV.; or, if this could not be attained, that one of the minor German princes should be chosen—no member of the House of Habsburg, at all events. The Electors of Mainz, Cologne, and the Palatinate, favored this; those of Saxony, Treves, and Bavaria, were firm adherents of the House of Habsburg; so the result would rest upon the vote of the Elector of Brandenburg. Frederick-William had no personal reason to like the House of Habsburg, and very many to dislike it; but to prevent the Imperial crown from becoming a mere football for foreign powers to play with, he gave his vote (July, 1658) for Leopold of Austria. Germany should at all events not

THE GREAT ELECTOR AT THE BATTLE OF FEHRBELLIN.

be ruled by French and Swedes. He issued a memorial addressed to the "Noble Germans," exhorting them to bear in mind how the Fatherland had suffered from foreign powers during the late wars. "What," he asked, "are the Rhine, the Weser, the Elbe and the Oder but spoils of strangers? What are our religion and freedom but things for others to play with? Let every one who wishes to eat no Swedish bread bethink himself what he should do for the honor of the German name. Remember that thou art a German."

These brave words were followed up by as brave deeds. During the Autumn of 1658 the Brandenburgers, Austrians, and Poles, drove the Swedes out of Schleswig, Holstein and Jutland. In December, Frederick-William, under the protection of two Danish men-of-war, crossed over and captured the Island of Alsen. In the following year the Swedes were defeated in the bloody battles of Nyborg and Fühnen, upon their own soil, whither the allied troops had been conveyed by a Dutch flotilla. Moreover, the Brandenburgers and Austrians broke into Vor-Pommern, and laid siege to Stettin. But a new force at this moment appeared upon the scene. France had compelled the Spaniards to make peace, and retire beyond the Pyrenees. She declared that the Swedes should not be compelled to abandon a foot of the German ground which they possessed, and threatened to back up the declaration by arms. The Court at Vienna would not run the risk of a war with France, merely that Brandenburg might be still further aggrandized by the addition of Swedish Pomerania. Sweden, however, was exhausted, and was ready to agree to any tolerable terms, when a sudden sickness brought the adventurous career of Charles-Gustavus to a close, in February, 1660, and all his schemes against Poland, Preussen, and Denmark, were buried in his grave. The Peace of Oliva was concluded in May, 1660. Frederick-William, forsaken by his allies, and not strong enough to wage war alone against France, was forced to give up all his conquests in Vor-Pommern; and for the present, at least, to abandon his hope of rescuing for himself and for Germany the mouths of the Oder, and perhaps of the Elbe and Weser. He had failed in his immediate object; but yet he had attained his great aim: the establishment of the Hohenzollern political system among the European Powers.

Frederick-William had now an interval of freedom from war, which he could devote to affairs at home. Hitherto the Rhine Provinces, Preussen, and Brandenburg, were a loose conglomeration of nationalities, united by various accidents under one head, but each of them looked upon all the others as foreigners. He had to consolidate them into one German people, "members of one head." He used gentle means when he could, severe ones when he must. The greatest opposition was in Preussen, where the estates of the Duchy had indeed recognized Frederick-William as their "sole, true, and immediate lord"; but there were not a few, both burghers and nobles, who averred that the King of Poland had no right to make over the suzerainty to the Elector of Brandenburg without their consent, "as if they were only so many apples and pears." Burgermeister Hieronymus Roth headed the malcontents in Königsberg. He was charged with treasonable practices, seized in his own house, and put in prison. Frederick-William in time offered to set him at liberty if he would acknowledge his fault and ask for pardon. Roth declared that he had done nothing wrong, and wanted no pardon, but only justice. So he remained a prisoner of state until his death, in 1678, sixteen years later.

Still more troublesome was John-Christian von Kalkstein, of an old knightly family, who had refused from the outset to do homage to Frederick-William; kept up a constant protest against him for years; and at length fled to Poland, where he postured as a martyr for principle, and up to 1672 strove to inflame the nobles against the "Tyrant of Preussen." Affairs at that time had come to a critical state, and Frederick-William ordered his ambassador at Warsaw to seize the offender, and send him back to Preussen, law or no law. He was kidnapped, bound, rolled up in a carpet, thrust into a close wagon and sent over the frontiers, where he was brought to trial, condemned and executed, in spite of the vehement protests of the Polish King. These two are the only recorded instances in which Frederick-William inflicted severe punishment upon any one who set himself up against his person or authority.

It would be a long work to set forth the measures taken by Frederick-William for the wellbeing of his dominions. He drained bogs; settled colonies in the places laid waste and depopulated during the civil war. He encouraged industry of all sorts; established a regular post-system running through every considerable town, from Königsberg in the extreme northwest, to Cleves in the extreme southwest. He dug a canal connecting the Oder with the Spree. It was a proud day for him when the first river-boat plying between Hamburg and Breslau passed by the walls of Berlin. Under his fostering care sprang up here a glass-work, there an iron-smelting furnace. His own estates served as model establishments for field-culture, for fruit-growing, for cattle-raising, for vegetable-gardens. He welcomed the Huguenot refugees, driven from France by the persecutions of Louis XIV., and more than 20,000 of the most skillful and industrious French cultivators and artisans found refuge and employment in Brandenburg. His religious toleration would be considered broad and liberal even in our day. Every form of teaching not opposed to public order was to be allowed; everything contrary to it, suppressed. "It is well," he was wont to say, "that one should be pious; but he must also be upright"; and "matters of faith and conscience should be ruled and directed by solely the all-wise and most high God, subject to no human restraint." His financial measures were so skillfully framed that the burdens of taxation were lightened, while the revenue was increased. It would not be easy in all history to find a civil administrator as upright and sagacious as was "The Great Elector" of Brandenburg. He was now to be tried as a politician and soldier.

Early in 1667 Louis XIV. of France began his war of robbery against the Spanish Netherlands. He hoped also to get his kinsman, the Prince of Condé, seated upon the Polish throne, which John Casimir was disposed to abdicate. John Casimir did abdicate, and several candidates presented themselves for the place. The crown was offered to Frederick-William, on condition that he would profess himself a Catholic. "A crown is worth a Mass," it was urged. "I will not barter my faith for a crown," he replied; "I will never do it to all eternity." The choice for king finally fell, not upon the Prince of Condé, but upon Michael Wisnowieczki, an insignificant Polish noble. The scheme of Louis XIV. then took a wider scope, embracing the subjugation of the Republic of the United Netherlands. Should this be accomplished, the religious liberties of all Europe would be imperiled, for the conquest of the Calvinistic Republic was meant to be only the prelude for the suppression of heresy everywhere. The Pope gave his blessing to the scheme; the Kings of Spain and of England, and the Austrian Kaiser, favored it openly or secretly; the King

of Sweden promised, for a large consideration, to fall upon any of the Princes of Germany who should take part against Louis XIV. in this war upon the Netherlands.

The Elector of Brandenburg warned the Netherlanders of the fate impending over them; but his warnings were disregarded. The Government of the Provinces had passed into other hands than those of the brave Princes of Orange. A party, at the head of which was the Pensionary John de Witt, now ruled; and they cared mainly for the interests of trade. Peace, they thought, could be maintained by their astute diplomacy. They soon found out their error. In the Spring of 1672 the French suddenly burst into the Netherlands, and rapidly overran almost the whole country. A wild tumult arose. De Witt was murdered, and the young William of Orange was placed at the head of the States.

Frederick-William had no choice but to aid the Dutch as best he might. He begged for some support from Kaiser Leopold, who made promises which amounted to nothing more than to keep in arms a force sufficient to protect the Reich from actual invasion; but in reality to restrain the action of the Elector. "It is best," so it was said in Vienna, "to put a tame animal in harness with this wild Brandenburg horse, so as to make him go more gently." Thus hampered, things went ill with the Elector. Turenne, the ablest French general, pressed him hard in Westphalia, while his Rhine provinces were overrun by hostile hordes. In the bitterness of his heart he exclaimed: "I have plucked out the thorn from the foot of the Dutch, only to stick it into my own." He could pluck out the thorn from his own foot only by making a separate treaty with France (June, 1673), in which it was stipulated that the French should leave the Rhine provinces, and that the Elector should give no more aid to the Netherlanders. He, however, gave them to understand that he yielded only to present necessity, and looked for a time when he could renew the war under better auspices; for he was well assured that Louis XIV. would follow up his aggressions upon Germany.

Before a year had passed a great change had come upon the aspect of affairs. Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, Brandenburg, and all other German states, united in a league against France, who had made herself the common enemy of all Western Europe. But the Elector was hampered and thwarted by the incompetent generals with whom he was yoked; while in Turenne the French had the ablest strategist of the time; and by the beginning of 1675 the Germans were driven clear out of Alsace and across the Rhine. At this moment the Swedes, in accordance with their pledge to the French King, entered Brandenburg in force, plundering right and left. To Frederick-William the tidings were not unwelcome, for in fighting this new foe, and within his own territories, he could act unhampered. "This may cost the Swedes the loss of Pommern," he said; "I will never cease to seek vengeance upon them; and the Most High will grant that I shall see my desire in the destruction of mine enemy." He was confident that the Swedes could do little real harm until the next season. So he went into winter-quarters at Schweinfurth, on the Rhine.

Early in June, 1675, he set out for Magdeburg, two hundred miles distant, with his cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow. His march lay through the great Thuringian forest, over bad roads, the rain falling in torrents. At Magdeburg, where he halted three days, waiting the arrival of the van of the infantry to come up, he learned that Wrangel, the Swedish general, unaware of his movements, was posted in three divisions, at some distance apart, the middle and strongest one being near the bridge of Rathenow, spanning the Havel. If this centre could be crushed, the Swedish army would be only head and tail, without any body; and the attempt was worth trying.

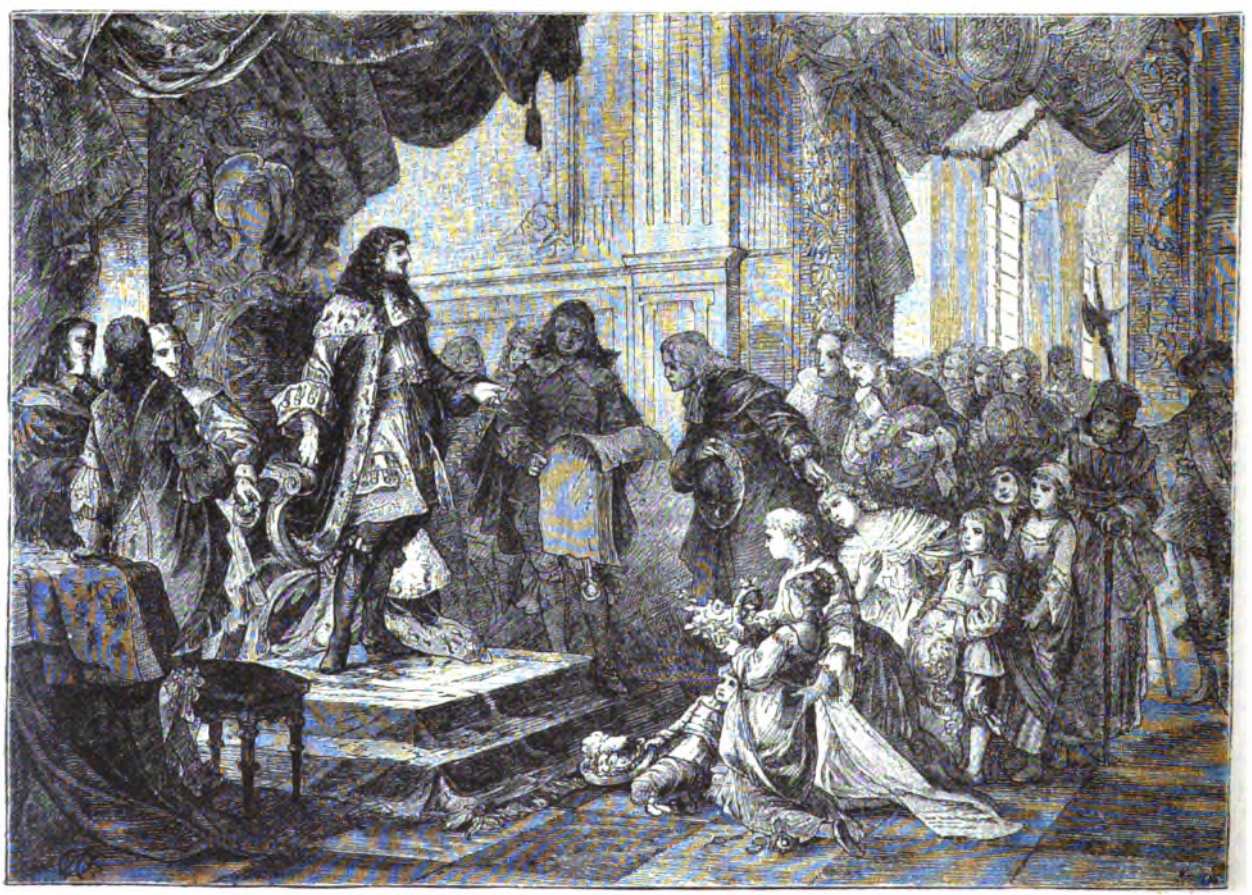
On June 25th, Derfflinger's Dragoons got possession of the bridge by surprise, forced their way into the town, and killed or captured the few Swedes posted there. The three divisions retreated toward Fehrbellin, on the Spree, thirty-four miles from Berlin, which afforded a strong defensive position. Frederick-William, with his cavalry, followed hard after the shattered central division, hoping to strike a decisive blow before the enemy could concentrate. But on the morning of the 28th his advance came up with the united force of the Swedes, occupying a strong position at Fehrbellin. He had 5,600 cavalry, with 13 guns, but no infantry; the Swedes had 7,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, with 38 guns. Notwithstanding this disparity of almost two to one against him, Frederick-William resolved to make the attack.

Under cover of a thick fog, Derfflinger succeeded in posting some guns on a hill, whence the Swedish line could be raked. Wrangel saw that everything depended upon capturing this point. He vainly sent his best regiments to storm the hill, which was grimly held by the Brandenburg horse, who protected the artillery. Frederick-William, sword in hand, led his cavalry into the thickest of the fight. Froben, his master-of-horse, was killed by his side, and he himself came near falling into the hands of the enemy. The hand-to-hand combat raged for hours; but at length the Swedes gave up the fight, and left the field in possession of the Brandenburgers. When the sun dispelled the mist it shone upon half the Swedish army utterly shattered, the other half in rapid retreat. The recollection of this battle of Fehrbellin—not a very great one, as far as the numbers of the combatants is concerned—is to this day proudly cherished by the German people. A monument stands upon the hill where it was fought, which is yet a place of pilgrimage.

The vanquished Swedes soon withdrew from Brandenburg, and went back to Pommern, whither they were followed by the Elector, now aided by the Austrians and Danes; for the fall of Turenne at the battle of Sasbach caused the war on the Rhine to languish on the part of the French. Before the year was over the fortress of Wolgast, one of the strongest in Swedish Pomerania, was taken. "We can see," said Frederick-William, proudly, "that the hand of God is with us." In the following year Anklam, Demmin, and the islands of Usedom and Wollin, fell into the hands of the Elector, who then undertook the siege of Stettin, which was for four months stoutly defended, until the town lay in ruins. The gates were at length opened to the Germans early in January, 1678, upon favorable terms. "Your faithful conduct toward the Crown of Sweden," said Frederick-William to the deputation of burghers, "shows that you are worthy to be received into the favor and protection of an Elector who knows how to prize nobleness." Frederick-William went on in his victorious career. He took the island of Rügen, and captured Griefswald and Stralsund, the only places in Vor-Pommern of which the Swedes still held possession. Stralsund—which Wallenstein could not take during the Thirty Years' War, though he had sworn to have it, "were it fastened to the heavens by iron chains"—yielded to Frederick-William in sixteen hours, to the great wonderment of all men.

The Swedes, thus thoroughly beaten in Pommern, tried to retrieve their fortunes by an inroad from Livonia into

THE SURRENDER AT STETTIN.



FREDERICK-WILLIAM WELCOMING THE HUGUENOTS TO BERLIN.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM AFTER THE BATTLE OF TILSIT.

Preussen. In December, 1678, they broke suddenly into the Duchy, and possessed themselves of most of it. Frederick-William hastened to the new theatre of war. It was the depth of Winter, the ground covered with snow, and the shallow *Haffs* frozen solid. He mounted 4,000 troops—horse, foot, and artillery—upon sledges, and drove fast and furious over snow and ice, for more than a hundred miles. On January 30th, 1679, his advance met and routed the invaders at Tilsit. He himself came up shortly after. The Swedes tried to make their way back to Livonia. What with the hunger, cold, and the harassment of the pursuers, few of them reached a place of safety. The line of their flight was marked by the frozen bodies of men and horses who had given out by the way, and by wagons and guns which had to be abandoned. In those four years—1675-1679—the Swedes had been beaten as they had never before been beaten. Their Pomeranian possessions were all in the hands of Frederick-William, who had never ceased to claim that they were his by all right. It seemed that no one could now wrest them from his grasp.

But the politics of Europe had undergone a change. Louis XIV. was ready for a peace which should not change the map of Europe to his own disadvantage. The Spaniards favored peace, because by it the immediate danger to them would be averted. The aristocratic party in the Netherlands desired peace, because the growing influence of the young William of Orange was distasteful to them. Most of the German princes, the treacherous Kaiser at their head, wished for peace, for they looked enviously at the growing importance of the Electorate of Brandenburg, and did not wish to see it still further augmented by the possession of Swedish Pomerania. "We will have no new Vandal king on the Baltic," was the cry at Vienna. Cowardice, indifference, selfishness, and jealousy, all united in favor of a peace. Spain and the Netherlands entered first into a treaty, with no regard to the sacrifices which the Elector of Brandenburg had made for the latter. The Kaiser stipulated as a condition for peace with France, that the provisions of the Treaty of Westphalia should be inviolate, and by that treaty Vor-Pommern was secured to Sweden. Frederick-William, left in the lurch by his allies, was at first minded to put it to the test whether the French were strong enough to again force him out of Vor-Pommern. Before long he became convinced that France would be too much for him. He begged hard for Stettin, so that he might have one port upon the Baltic. "It is pitiful," said a contemporary, "to look upon the Elector when Stettin is spoken of." It was all in vain; he had to yield to the force of circumstances, and in June, 1673, he acceded to the Treaty of St. Germain, which gave nearly all Vor-Pommern, Stettin included, to Sweden. When he had affixed his signature to this humillating treaty, he exclaimed, in the words of Virgil: "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

Frederick-William gained nothing in territory by this heroic war of seven years; but the fierce cavalry fight at Fehrbellin, the stupendous siege of Stettin, the capture of Stralsund, and the bold sledge expedition in distant Preussen, raised the young state of Brandenburg to a yet higher position among the powers of Europe, and gave assurance that Virgil's prophetic words would yet be fulfilled in Germany. For a while he was inflamed with just anger against those who had forsaken and betrayed him. "They shall be paid for their deeds," he said; "they have gone against me out of jealousy. The King of France will punish them for it"; and he did punish them in more ways than one. The German princes, aroused to their peril, joined themselves into a new league against Louis XIV., to which they endeavored to gain the adhesion of the Elector of Brandenburg. But he knew that this would be as fruitless as the former one had proven, and absolutely declined. "Upon that point," says a contemporary, "he is as firm as a rock."

It is not easy to unravel the tangled skein of the events of the next five years. But Louis XIV. relentlessly followed up his schemes for the extirpation of Protestanism, and, in 1685, formally revoked the Edict of Nantes, the last safeguard of the Huguenots in his dominions. Frederick-William thereupon put forth the Edict of Potsdam, in which he promised an asylum in his dominions to all Huguenots who should flee thither from "the persecutions and violent procedures" to which they were subjected. Louis XIV. stormed at this "impudent intermeddling" with the domestic concerns of France; and Frederick-William saw that the existing half-friendly relations between Brandenburg and France—at best only an armed truce—could not be maintained. In March, 1686, he concluded a "close alliance" with Austria against the Turks and the French. The Kaiser meant that all their united force should be thrown against the Turks; but just then the aggressions of Louis XIV. upon the borders of Germany seemed to enforce the renewal of a general war with France. To Frederick-William the auspices seemed wholly favorable. He reckoned that what with Spaniards and Netherlanders, Brandenburgers, Imperialists, and other Germans, an army of 200,000 men, all "good patriots," could be assembled, while France was greatly weakened by her persecutions of the Protestants. He drew up an elaborate plan for the campaign, in which the Spaniards, Austrians, and the minor German contingents, should menace the French frontier provinces, while his own troops and the Netherlanders should "march together straight through France and upon Paris." The Austrian Court was glad enough to have the aid of the Elector of Brandenburg against the Turks, but had no intention to go to war with France for the safety of Protestantism, which it was persecuting wherever it had the power; so this last project of Frederick-William resulted in nothing.

The burden of wellnigh threescore-and-ten years now pressed upon "The Great Elector," who, within a few years, had undergone heavy domestic afflictions. His eldest son, who gave promise of being worthy of his father, died in 1674; Frederick, the only other son, had, in infancy, met with an accident which had injured his spine, and made him nervous and peevish ever afterward. The Electress Louise had died, and he had married the widowed Dorothea of Brunswick-Lüneburg, who bore him several sons, for whom she strove not unsuccessfully to have good provision made even at the expense of Frederick, the heir. That prince even suspected her, but with no good grounds, of plotting to poison him, in order to make room for one of her own sons. A coolness sprung up between the Elector and the heir-apparent, now coming to man's estate, which lasted for some years. But a kind of reconciliation took place; still there remained an undercurrent of mistrust, and Frederick—in time to become the first King of Prussia—kept well away from Court, saying many foolish things about his stepmother; whereupon the father ordered him, "under pain of his anger, to come back to Berlin without delay." This was near the end of 1687, when the life of the Great Elector was drawing near its close.

Early in 1688, Frederick-William was attacked by a

dropsical affection which defied the skill of all physicians, though he still attended to public business. He was especially interested in the descent upon England which William of Orange had now in hand. "Amsterdam" and "London" were the last passwords which he issued to his troops, on the 7th and 8th of May. On the 7th he met his Privy Council for the last time, and thanked them for their faithful service. He then bade solemn farewell to his family, among whom were his son Frederick, his young wife, and their yet unborn child. To all individually he gave his blessing. He exhorted his son to hold fast to the principles by which he had himself been guided. The prince, upon his knees, vowed to do so. On the morning of the 9th of May, it was evident that the hours of Frederick-William were few. Again his family were called to his bedside to receive his blessing once more. His agony grew intense, and he longed for release. "Come, Lord Jesus," he said; "I am ready." His last audible words were a low murmur that he must suffer so much, "and yet his heart would not break." Then he became unconscious, and passed away quietly at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at the age of sixty-eight years and three months.

He was buried in the vaults of the old Cathedral in Berlin, for more than two centuries the resting-place of the Hohenzollerns of Brandenburg. Eighty-two years afterward the new Cathedral was finished, and the remains were transferred to its vaults. The coffin of the Great Elector was opened in the presence of his great-grandson, whom the world knows as Frederick the Great. The form and features were scarcely changed. The King looked for a while in silence at the body, then laid his hand upon that of the one so long dead, with the reverent words: "*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses.*" ("Gentlemen, this one here has done some great things.") No more fitting words could have been said of the Great Elector of Brandenburg by his descendant, the Great King of Prussia.

INSCRIPTIONS ON CHURCH-BELLS.

THE inscriptions on church-bells are sometimes so quaint, and in some countries so characteristic, that a collection of them would probably be amusing. Take, for instance, the following English specimens, in which the names of the donors are immortalized

On a bell at Alderton are the words:

"I'm given here to make a peal,
And sound the praise of Mary Neale."

And on a bell at Binstead:

"Doctor Nicholas gave five pounds,
To help cast this peal tuneable and sound."

An alarm-bell in the church of Sherborne, cast in the year 1652, bears the inscription:

"Lord, quench this furious flame!
Arise, run, help, put out the same!"

On the bell which emits the highest sound in the peal of St. Mary's, at Devizes, are the words:

"I am the first, altho' but small,
I will be heard above you all."

St. Helen's Church, at Worcester, possesses a set of eight bells, cast in the time of Queen Anne, with inscriptions recording the victories gained in her reign.

A recent traveler in Iceland saw in a village of that country a church-bell which had the inscription in the German language—

"Aus dem Feuer bin ich gegossen,
Hans Meyer in Kopenhagen hat mich geflossen,
"Anno 1683,"

recording that it had been cast, more than two hundred years ago, by a German founder residing in Denmark. The great bell in the Cathedral at Glasgow contains a statement of its having been cast in the year 1583, in Holland, and recast in the year 1790 in London; and a bell in the Cathedral of St. Magnus, at Kirkwall, Orkney, records that it was sent to Amsterdam to be recast in the year 1682. Still more frequent than historical statements are scriptural sentences and religious admonitions.

The Burmese, in order to protect a newly-cast bell from being defiled by their European aggressors, have hit upon the expedient of supplying it with a threatening sentence. The bell is in a Buddhist temple at Moulmein. Besides an inscription in Burmese characters, it has a sentence in bad English running thus:

"This bell is made by Koonalinnguhjah the priest, and the weight 600 viss. No one body design to destroy this bell. Moulmein, March 30th, 1855. He who destroyed this bell, they must be in the great heell and unable to coming out."

ALGERIAN WOMEN.

EVERY Friday afternoon the Arab women visit their cemetery, and one pleasant day we availed ourselves of our liberty to go there during the hours when we would be sure to meet them (says an Algiers correspondent). The cemetery lies on the outskirts of the town, and is surrounded by a very high wall, the gates of which are carefully guarded. Our first effort to enter the ground was by a gate at the further end. Here we encountered half a dozen women who had dropped their vails. We quickly saw by the large silk vail and strings of real pearls worn by one of the women, that she belonged to a high rank, and was walking with her attendants. Her face might once have been pretty, but now it was gross and inferior, and a light, vacant expression made it far from interesting. Finding we were not on the right route, we sought again the street, and following the omnibuses devoted to the Arabs, came soon to another gate. As the women alighted we could only see their black eyes, underneath their curious white drapery. On entering the gate we saw a large number of Moresque women scattered in groups over the ground, who were seating themselves among the graves for a pleasant afternoon. The graves were marked by pieces of board and a headstone, beside which were placed two small cups; these the women filled on their weekly visits, one with water and the other with kouskous, an Arab preparation of wheat. These offerings were supposed to be of some service to the departed ones, for no grave was without them.

In rambling about the old town we had come upon little schools for boys. These were small, low rooms, filled with urchins sitting cross-legged on mats, and all vigorously singing the monotonous chants used in the mosques; but a girl is never taught anything; and so rarely did we meet one in the streets, that I was inclined to believe the reports that poison is administered not only to the old women, but to the superfluous number of girls. At the cemetery, however, the little girls blossomed out in all their finery. Spangled caps, gay sashes, tunics of gauzy Algerian silk, and a profusion of bangles,

evidently made them happy; but the mothers' faces could scarcely be said to express so positive an emotion. They seemed interested in watching us, but when we tried to talk with them they would shake their heads with a hopeless expression, which was touching to see. One of our party was fortunate to find a young woman who could speak a little French, and who related some of her history. At the age of fifteen she was married, and thus far her husband had been so pleased with her that he had taken no other wife. Now she was seventeen, and lived in constant fear of being supplanted by a younger and handsomer woman. "Do you think I am pretty?" she inquired, pathetically. "I wish I had blue eyes, like yours." A look of relief came over her face as the lady assured her that she really did think her pretty.

In one part of the grounds was a gate leading into a paved courtyard. As we hesitated to enter, a Moresque woman tripped toward us, and offered to be our guide. She had worked in a French family, and so learned a little of the language. We followed her through the court to a koubba, where, in one corner of a large room, was the monument of a saint, and all his descendants had the liberty of spending their holidays in his holy presence. A handsome woman clothed in green, the sacred color used only by the descendants of Mohammed, was seated on one of the rugs in the centre of the room. A blind girl, with glassy, wide-open eyes, was singing merrily by the entrance, while many banners of cotton cloth hung from the ceiling, which our guide informed us they counted as they said their prayers, like the beads of a rosary. She said that as we traveled or went into the country, so they found their pastime in these Friday afternoons, and appeared to think their way of amusement as good as ours. I asked her if it was not a relief to drop their vails. She replied, "Yes; but we must cover our faces in the streets, or the Arabs would be saucy to us." She led us to another room, where a circle of women were gathered around a table sipping coffee from tiny cups. All ages were there, and a negress was sitting in their midst. Our Moresque companion told us the relationship that each bore to the other, and pointed out the unmarried girls, and then regaled us each with a cup of coffee. When we started to take our departure she fixed her large, soft eyes on me with an earnest look, and putting her arms around me, gave me a hearty kiss, first on one cheek and then on the other. The remembrance of so many patient, listless faces, left a weight upon my spirit as I passed out of the ground. They expressed a vague sense of longing and of need.

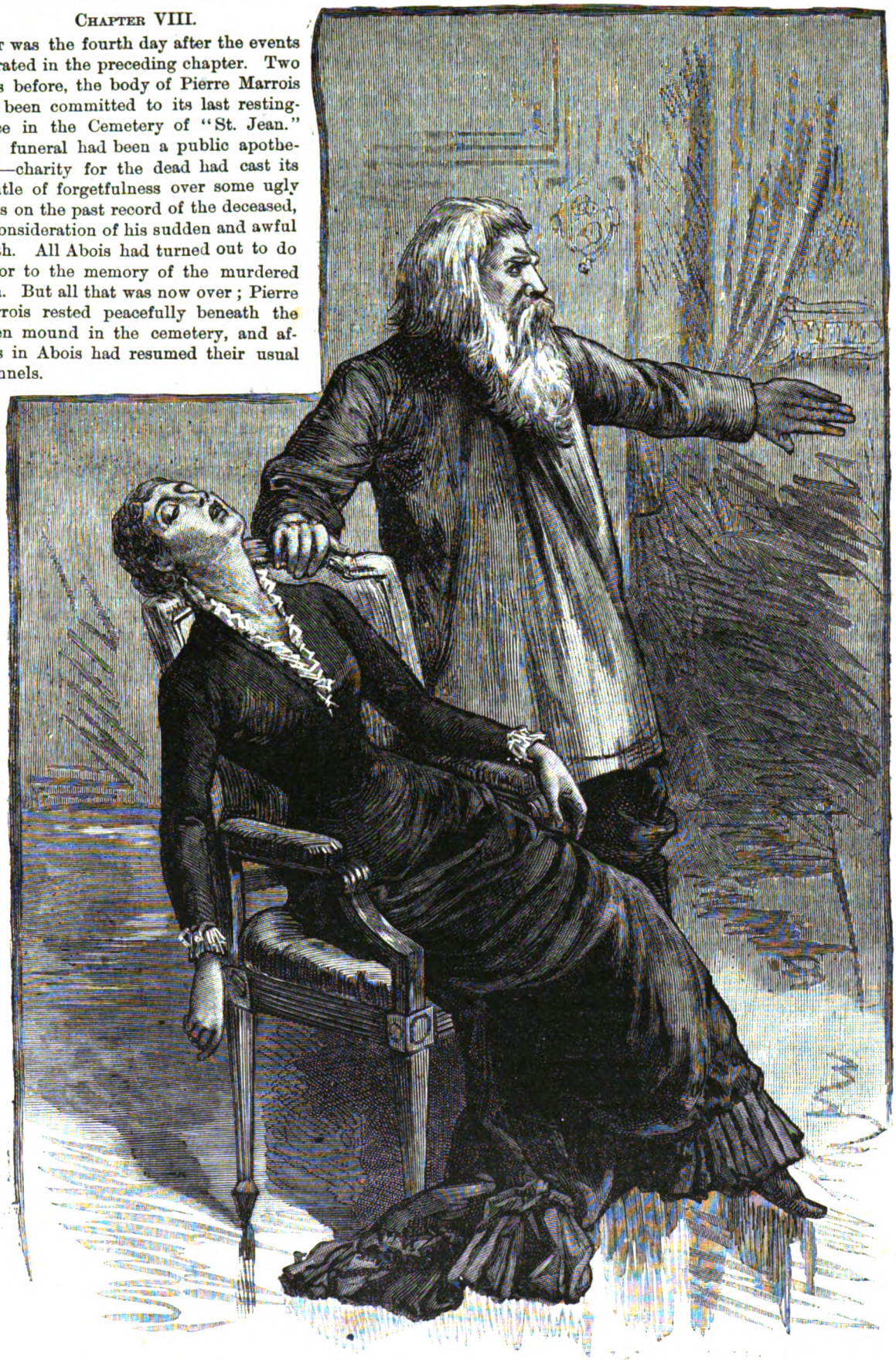
THE LAST WILL OF THE GREAT ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG.— SEE PAGE 691.

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.

THE DEATH-MARK.

Chapter VIII.

It was the fourth day after the events narrated in the preceding chapter. Two days before, the body of Pierre Marrois had been committed to its last resting-place in the Cemetery of "St. Jean." The funeral had been a public apotheosis—charity for the dead had cast its mantle of forgetfulness over some ugly blots on the past record of the deceased, in consideration of his sudden and awful death. All Abois had turned out to do honor to the memory of the murdered man. But all that was now over; Pierre Marrois rested peacefully beneath the green mound in the cemetery, and affairs in Abois had resumed their usual channels.



THE DEATH-MARK.—"THE PALLID HUE OF VALISKA'S CHEEK DEEPENED TO A GHASTLY WHITENESS, SHE STRUGGLED FOR ONE MOMENT, AS IF GASPING FOR BREATH, AND WITH A LOW GROAN SHE FELL BACK IN HER CHAIR."

In the *salon* of a small cottage, situated on the outskirts of the town, Aristide Vis was pacing up and down in a restless and disquieted manner. The room presented a picture of comfort. The table was heaped with books; the wall hung with handsome engravings, and luxurious chairs and sofas were scattered in every direction. Through a large bay window the green lawn in front of the cottage was visible, stretching down toward the banks of the little river which skirted the town of Abois. All these pleasant surroundings seemed, however, at least for the time, to have no effect on the mind of Aristide. He stalked up and down the room, muttering to himself; his face gloomy and depressed, and his whole appearance that of one who struggles vainly against some overpowering emotion.

"It's no use," he burst out at length; "I have raised a devil beyond my power to control. Oh, what a fool you were, my friend Aristide, when you came down to this infernal hole! What in the world was Pierre Marrois to you, that Fate should have singled you out to be mixed up in this abominable affair? It's no use saying to myself that I am simply crazy, although that would be every one's opinion, I suppose. I know what I'll do," he continued, after a moment's silence; "I'll shake the dust of this accursed place off my heels as soon as possible. I will leave here to-day. I wish to heaven I had never come. But have I a right to do so," he went on. "Suppose I am the only one who holds the clew to this terrible crime, would I be doing my duty if I let justice remain blinded to the murderer? But, then, to hunt down such a poor weak quarry, where would be the honor in such a chase? You miserable Aristide. Oh, to the devil with the whole thing; it is not my business. Let those attend to it whose duty it is——" A knock interrupted this soliloquy, and at the same moment the door opened and Captain Dantan entered the room.

"Well, you sulky, ill-mannered creature," cried the visitor, "is this the way you treat your friends? Here have four days passed, and none of us seen anything of you. Will you please explain what you have been doing all this time?"

"Henri, my friend, you must excuse me. I have only been keeping up my character, and remaining *en retraite*."

"Well, all I say is, you do not deserve the anxiety that every one expresses regarding you."

"And may I ask who every one is in this case?"

"Oh, any quantity of persons, my melancholy friend; but chiefly—well, first, Mademoiselle Zortichoff and my cousin Henriette."

Aristide gave a slight start, and then said, gravely:

"So Mademoiselle Zortichoff interests herself about me?"

"Yes, you lucky fellow. I am sure I wish she would do the same thing for me. You see the poor girl has the fixed idea in her mind, put there, believe, chiefly through Henriette's chatter, that she is the cause of your absenting yourself from my uncle's house."

"But, no——"

"Oh, I told her that was all nonsense, and Henriette did all she could to aid me in convincing her; but, in spite of everything, we could not satisfy the young lady, and at length I promised to bring you in person to quiet her doubts; so you can just get ready at once. I left my cousin at Mademoiselle Valiska's cottage, and promised to return there as soon as I could find you."

"I am sure, Henri, I am extremely obliged to Mademoiselle Zortichoff for her anxiety; but, as I am leaving Abois at once, it will be impossible."

"Nonsense, man; you shall do nothing of the sort. I believe this solitary life of yours will end by turning you into a candidate for 'Charenton.' Instead of leaving Abois, you will come with me to the cottage of the charming Valiska. I won't take any excuse. As to business, of course that's out of the question. There, off with your *robe de chambre*, and get yourself into visiting toilet at once."

Aristide remained silent for a few moments, as if immersed in thought; then suddenly exclaimed, in a grave, solemn tone:

"Well, then, yes; I will go with you, my friend, since you wish it, but never reproach me hereafter, for whatever may be the result of this visit——"

"Upon my word, if that isn't the strangest way to accept an invitation to visit a beautiful woman. My poor friend, you must take better care of that brain of yours. What you need is society. You mope, my Aristide. I will make Henriette read you a lecture. But there, get yourself ready."

Aristide withdrew to an inner room to make his toilet. Soon returning, he and Captain Dantan left the hermitage, and set out on their walk. The two strolled along under the green trees that shaded the pavement of the street. Henri said:

"I am astonished, my mysterious friend, that you have not inquired how I managed to discover your den, for you may perhaps remember that you omitted to give me your address."

"Did I?" replied Aristide, still grave and preoccupied. "Oh, yes; so I did."

"Indeed you did; and I am indebted for the discovery to the same charming person to whom you owe the invitation which we are now on our way to fulfill."

"What! Mademoiselle Valiska?"

"Yes; you may well look surprised; but the whole thing is very simple. Although you are not aware of it, it is, nevertheless, a fact that Mademoiselle Zortichoff is a neighbor of yours, and it seems, illustrious hermit, that you are not unknown in your own neighborhood."

"And so," muttered Vis, half to himself and half to his companion, "mademoiselle has been inquiring about me. She seems suddenly to have taken a great interest in my affairs. I wonder if I could guess the cause?"

"I am sure I don't know; but, whatever it may be, you should certainly esteem yourself very lucky. I declare again I wish she would display the same interest toward me. But see, we are approaching mademoiselle's abode. Do you see that brick wall? Well, my boy, that is the outwork which defends the castle of the divine Valiska."

"What, there?" cried Aristide. "And this street—is it not the Rue d'Orville?"

"To be sure. Have you any objection?" said Captain Dantan, smiling at the grave expression of his friend's face.

The other made no reply, and the next moment they stopped before a door, let into a high brick wall, whose top was garnished with terrible *chevaux-de-frise* of broken bottles.

"The divinity is well defended, you see!" cried Henri. "It would not be an easy matter to scale the wall, and this door will stand a siege. And here comes the garrison. Observe him close, close, my friend, and tell me if he looks like a creature upon whom one could attempt to play any joke."

Whilst the young men were still speaking the door was opened. The appearance of the person who stood in the doorway was indeed calculated to impress even the most casual observer. He was tall, over six feet in

height, and his broad shoulders and massive limbs seemed to indicate him to be possessed of vast physical strength.

The head, however, upon this stalwart trunk was that of an old man. The hair, which fell down to the shoulders in rough abundance, was white as snow. Bushy-gray eyebrows overhung two eyes, deeply set in their cavernous recesses. The lower part of the face was hidden by a beard, which reached far down the man's breast, and rivaled in color the whiteness of his hair.

Added to this, the face had been frightfully mutilated. An immense scar, the result of some desperate wound, traversed the entire visage, reaching from the right forehead across the nose and down to the left corner of the mouth.

The contraction of the muscles of the face, produced by the wound in healing, had given a cast of grotesque hideousness to the whole countenance. The man's costume was equally strange, consisting of a sort of blouse of blue serge, unbelted at the waist, and falling almost to the knee. Dark pantaloons of some rough material were thrust into a pair of huge boots, which came up almost as high as the blouse.

In response to Captain Dantan's inquiry, this strange apparition replied that Mademoiselle Valiska was within, and awaiting the gentlemen. The man's French was correct, but spoken with a strong foreign accent.

Crossing a small and badly kept garden, the old man led the way to the entrance-door. The residence of Mademoiselle Zortichoff was a brick cottage, one story in height, with an ancient mansard roof, faced with dark-blue tiles. Everything about the house indicated the straitened means of its occupant. The hall into which the young men were shown was bare and uncarpeted, though some attempt had been made to cover this deficiency by staining and waxing the floor. An old-fashioned sofa and two chairs were the only furniture. All this Aristide took in at a glance as the old servant, opening a side door, announced, "Les Messieurs."

The room into which they were now ushered was a *salon*, as meagre in its adornments as the hall itself. The furniture was of the simplest kind—the floor covered by a cheap carpet and the walls plainly papered. Only two articles in the chamber were in any way remarkable. One of these was a large, handsomely-carved piano, which almost filled one side of the apartment; the other, a painting which hung over the mantel, opposite the doorway, and was concealed from view by curtains of blue silk tightly drawn across it.

Henriette Rousel and Mademoiselle Zortichoff were not the only occupants of the *salon*. Seated in a large *fauteuil* with a high back was a third person, whom Aristide at once set down as Valiska's invalid brother. A conclusion which could not be doubted after a single glance at the face; the likeness between the brother and sister was absolutely startling, the only difference being that what was a charming pallor in the sister became a livid whiteness in the complexion of the brother. Deep blue circles were visible around the large gray eyes of the invalid, and the rich color of the lips was dimmed to a dull, dingy red. The face was entirely destitute of either mustache or beard, which gave a feminine cast to the whole countenance. It was, in truth, Valiska's face, sharpened by pain and suffering. A black skull-cap covered the head, and was drawn down so as to entirely conceal the hair. The thin attenuated form was clothed in a black *robe de chambre*, and a dark shawl was thrown across the *fauteuil*, concealing the hands and lower limbs of the invalid.

"Monsieur," said the mistress of the house, as she came forward to receive Aristide, "I am pleased to see that Captain Dantan has been able to induce you to come to us. I almost feared that I had offended you by my abruptness——"

"My dear Valiska," broke in Henriette Rousel, "don't flatter Monsieur Vis by any further excuses. I am sure I did nothing to offend him, and yet he has treated me as shabbily as yourself. Come, Mr. Hermit, you owe us both an apology."

"Which I hasten to pay, mademoiselle. The truth is, I sometimes become so dull and depressed, so gloomy and melancholy, as really to be unfit company for anybody but myself, and whenever I have these spells I always hide myself away."

"There, there, monsieur, you are forgiven. I bear you no malice, and Valiska is too good-natured to harbor enmity."

"Certainly not, Henriette; but I forget. You must allow me, monsieur, to present to you my brother. Sergius, this is Monsieur Vis."

The invalid, who up to this time had seemed scarcely conscious of the presence of the visitors, now looked up, acknowledged his sister's introduction by a few polite and courteous words, and then, as if even this slight exertion was too powerful for his enfeebled health, he relapsed again into silence.

The conversation became general, and after some time Captain Dantan begged Mademoiselle Valiska to favor them with some music, a request which she complied with immediately.

No sooner had she seated herself at the piano than Aristide found himself, as it were, carried back to the day when they had first met. The same idea which had then so horrified him now came stealing back as he watched the motion of the slender white hands, and eagerly studied the pale countenance and large, dreamy eyes. It seemed to him that the girl's face was thinner—the complexion even more pallid—than before.

"Poor Valiska," said Henriette, as if in answer to his thoughts. "She has not been well these last days; her brother has been suffering, and Valiska is his only nurse. But come here, Monsieur Vis; I wish to show you something which I think will please you."

She led the way to the mantel, and drew aside the silk curtains which concealed the picture. It was an oil painting, the full-length figure of a woman, clothed in what Aristide at first supposed to be a fancy costume. A fur cap crowned the head, and the dark dress was trimmed and edged with the same material; the robe was short, revealing the small feet in black leather boots and scarlet stockings. The face was wondrously beautiful, and it needed but a glance to recognize the strong resemblance which the portrait bore to Valiska Zortichoff.

"Well, monsieur, what do you think of it?" said Henriette Rousel, seeing that Aristide, absorbed in his contemplation of the picture, showed no disposition to speak.

"It is Mademoiselle Valiska, and yet——"

"It is indeed like Valiska, but it is really her mother. Was she not a beautiful woman? That is her national costume. She was a Russian, you know."

"But what is this strange inscription, mademoiselle?" said Vis, pointing to a word roughly painted in red characters across the lower portion of the picture.

"I believe that a Russian word. Valiska says it means 'Remember.'"

At this moment the music ceased, and Sergius Zortichoff, who had been apparently absorbed in a dreamy

reverie, suddenly looked up, and observing Aristide and Mademoiselle Rousel, said, abruptly:

"Ah, monsieur, you are admiring my mother's picture; was she not beautiful? Ah, hers was a terrible fate, a terrible fate——"

"Sergius!" cried Valiska, who had turned from the piano at the sound of her brother's voice, and now came hastily toward him, her face pale as death and her whole countenance exhibiting traces of the strongest emotion, which she vainly sought to repress. "Sergius!"

"I know, my dear sister, your tender nature; but what does that word say? '*Remember*'! and I, at least," continued the invalid, his gray eyes flashing like coals of fire—"I will always remember her."

"Sergius!" again repeated Mademoiselle Zortichoff, in a voice of entreaty.

"No, no; why should I not speak of her? Look, Captain Dantan," he continued, suddenly addressing himself to Henri. "Look at that beautiful face! You shall hear my poor mother's terrible fate!"

"Oh, Sergius, I can never listen——"

"Peace, Valiska; it must be so."

The young man had now apparently worked himself into a fit of intense excitement. Two bright spots of color burned upon his pallid cheeks, and his lips trembled convulsively. Valiska, entirely overcome, sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Vainly did Aristide and Henri endeavor to quiet the young man. He paid no attention to their entreaties, and, oblivious of Henriette Rousel's frightened face, he went on excitedly:

"Yes, you shall hear my mother's story, and that, too, not from me, not from Valiska, but from one who was an eye-witness of her suffering and death. Orloff! Orloff!" he cried, in a loud voice; and as if by magic the door of the *salon* was instantly opened, in response to his call, and the tall, uncouth form of the servant appeared in the doorway.

Chapter IX.

The intense, the almost overpowering, agitation of Mademoiselle Zortichoff was plainly imprinted on her pallid features, as, with nervously-clasped hands, quivering lips, and a piteous, imploring expression in her dark-gray eye, she hung in mute suspense upon her brother's words.

This pitiful look produced an instantaneous effect upon the tender-hearted Captain Dantan, who hastened to interfere for the purpose of putting an end to the disagreeable situation.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Zortichoff," he said, in a somewhat stern voice. "You appear to be unaware of the pain you are causing your sister. Let me entreat you to continue this subject no longer."

"Yes, yes, Monsieur Sergius!" cried the sympathetic Henriette, joining in with her cousin. See how pale poor Valiska has become. Pray don't say anything more."

As for Aristide Vis, he felt himself involved in a web of mystery which he was utterly unable to break through, and recognizing his helplessness, he ceased to struggle, and allowed himself to be borne along on the current of events.

The invalid appeared entirely oblivious of the words of the speakers. Fixing his eyes upon his sister, he spoke some words in a foreign language, which Aristide conjectured from the sound to be Russian.

The effect was instantaneous. Valiska's face became so white, and she trembled so violently, that, fearing she was about to faint, Henri sprang forward to her assistance; but ere he could reach her side, by a powerful effort she had regained her composure, and, with one hand pressed to her heart, she signed to him to resume his seat."

"Pardon me, Captain Dantan," she said, when at length she was able to speak. "Pardon me, Henriette; my brother is right. Have pity upon my weakness. You, your uncle, and that unfortunate Monsieur Marrois——"

She paused, and slightly shuddered, and then, after a moment, went on:

"You are our only friends, and it is right that you should hear our painful story. Go on, Sergius."

All this was said in a way that plainly indicated the strong effort of the girl to control her emotions. Her brother, however, seemed not to notice this struggle, and tuning to the servant, who stood in the doorway, as stiff and rigid as a soldier upon parade, he said:

"Speak, Orloff Ivanovich, speak! Tell the noble Captain Dantan and his cousin, Mademoiselle Rousel, the miserable fate of our unhappy parent. Speak, I say!"

The young man's words produced a strange and startling effect. The grim servitor exchanged his look of stolidity for one that was almost terrible. His face became white as death, which made more apparent the disfiguring scar, whose angry red line seemed a vivid scarlet by contrast with the pallor of his cheek. His eyes flashed fire, and the whites became injected with blood, like those of an infuriated wild beast. The whole countenance was so appalling, that Henriette could not repress a little cry; and even Aristide, the immovable, felt a chilliness at the heart as he beheld the demoniacal expression of that hideous countenance.

A word from Sergius, in his native language, smoothed away this frightful mask as quickly as a sponge erases the marks from a slate. The old look of dogged stolidity returned to the man's face, as, at a sign from his master, in a deep growling voice he began his story.

"When the noble lady, Paulovna Schouvaleff, placed her little daughter Vera in the arms of my wife, and said, 'Katinka, here is your foster-child,' I was a proud and honored man. From generation to generation my family had served the House of Schouvaleff, and now my wife was selected as the foster-mother of the last of the family. My life had not been a bright one. One by one children had been born to me, only to die just when they began to prattle my name, and now that my wife and myself had given up all hope that any children would survive to console us in our old age, here were we selected to rear the only offspring that Providence had bestowed upon our noble master.

"The care that we lavished upon our little Vera I will not speak of; she was our all in all, and we tended her like a delicate flower, and like a flower she grew day by day more and more beautiful.

"As the years passed by our little foster-daughter became only dearer to us, and it was with an aching heart that we surrendered her to the care of others.

"When it became necessary that she should be taken away from the old estate to be educated at a fine school in the neighboring city, we were very unhappy, my wife and I, after our child's departure. But when she returned in the Summer, looking as sweet and fresh as a wild-rose, joy returned with her to us again.

"Well, the years went by, and then came a hard blow to me, a hard blow indeed;" he heaved a deep sigh, and then resumed his story. "My wife Katinka sickened, and after a long illness died, and I was left all alone in

the world." The old man stopped, and seemed for the moment swallowed up in memories of the past.

"No, not all alone, for my Vera was left to me, and now all my affection was centred in her. I watched her year after year, following her around the old place like a protecting dog. I saw her grow taller and taller, more and more beautiful.

"One day a change came to this quiet life. It was

A GOOD BAG.— FROM THE PAINTING BY DE CONINCK.

after a gay Winter spent in St. Petersburg that, on her return, I first noticed a new expression in her lovely eyes. I had not long to wait for an explanation of this change. My Vera came to me, and with her cheeks stained with blushes, told me that she was to marry the noble Count Zortichoff.

"'But, oh, my father,' she cried, 'do not imagine that this will lessen my love for you. Instead of *one* child you will now have two. That is all.'

"After this I waited with impatience to see the man whom my Vera had chosen. And when my eyes first beheld Paul Zortichoff, I said to myself 'that my daughter had chosen wisely.' He was as fine a fellow as one would care to look upon, and a soldier, too, just as every man should be. My heart went out to him in the moment when he shook my hand and said:

"'Orloff, you have been a father to my Vera; you must let me be a son to you.'

"Well, they were married, and I followed them to the distant city in which Count Paul's regiment was stationed; and there, not to be separated from them, I took service in the count's troop. Everything went on happily for many years, and beautiful children had come to bless their life, and recall to *me* the remembrance of my youth. And then—and then—" the old man paused, and brushed away a tear from his eye—"and *then* came a change. The count's regiment received orders to prepare for a campaign against——"

"It was against one of the savage Tartar tribes—the barbarous Calmucks!" cried Sergius Zortichoff, breaking in upon the narrative. "It was against no civilized men, but barbarous, blood-thirsty savages, that my father went to war. Was it not, Orloff?" he cried, excitedly, a flush deepening on his cheek, and the angry light in his eye growing still brighter.

"It was, my master," replied the old man.

"Oh, with what tears did my foster-daughter hang around the neck of her husband on the day of our sad departure, when she stood in the doorway to bid us adieu as the regiment filed by.

"It seemed as if something warned her that this campaign would bring her misfortune. And her last words to me were, 'Watch over him, Orloff, for it is my life you are protecting.'

"The campaign was a short one, and the regiment distinguished itself greatly.

"My master and myself passed through every fight without a scratch down to the very last. The Tartar tribe was broken, and dispersed in every direction, and our regiment, divided into little troops, was scattered in pursuit of the fugitives.

"Count Paul had command of one of these parties, and most vigorous in pressing the pursuit. Skirmishes were of daily occurrence, and so far had always been favorable to our side. I began to think that my Vera's prayer was a shield to protect her husband.

"But, alas, alas! I was soon undeceived. One day, as we were riding along a road, the head of our column was suddenly attacked by a large body of the enemy.

"My master had but one idea, and that was to charge, and at a gallop we rode down upon the foe. They waited for us coolly and deliberately, and poured in a heavy fire upon us.

"The next moment we were engaged hand-to-hand. It was as much as I could do to defend myself; but during the whole time I never took my eyes off my master.

"Suddenly I saw him reel in his saddle, and throw up his arms, and what followed I never knew, for at the same moment I felt a heavy blow upon the head; everything turned dark before my eyes, and I fell senseless to the ground.

"How long I lay unconscious I cannot say, but when I recovered my faculties, my first thought was for my poor master. My wound was a sabre-cut on the head, and this I managed to bandage with my handkerchief.

"On looking around me I perceived a number of our men lying upon the ground; but all of them were dead, and when I discovered my master's body, I thought he, too, was no more. A bullet had pierced his breast, and the blood was flowing in a crimson stream from the wound.

"I made an effort to stanch the flow, and at length, to my joy, I succeeded, and soon noticed some signs of returning consciousness. Immediate assistance was absolutely necessary, and perceiving in the distance that the country was inhabited, in spite of my wound I raised the count in my arms and hastened away in the direction in which I thought help might be obtained.

"I had staggered along for some time, sustained by the thought of how my Vera would bless me for what I was doing, when suddenly, just as I drew near a clump of bushes, they separated, and five men made their appearance. They were all armed, and I could see they were Tartars; but thinking that even they would have pity on two wounded soldiers, I called out to them for help.

"They made no reply, but signed to me to follow them, which I did as well as I was able, still carrying my master's helpless body in my arms. After going for some distance they turned into a narrow path which led through the bushes, and finally brought us to a small clearing, in which stood a ruined and dilapidated hut, surrounded by two or three tall trees.

"On reaching this cabin I again spoke to them, and tried to make them understand how necessary it was that my master should have immediate assistance. They made no reply, but pushed me into the hut and closed the door.

"Seeing I could obtain no help from these savages, I set about examining the count's wound myself. The bandage had remained secure, and the blood had ceased to flow. I began to hope. I was aroused from my task by the voices of my captors, who seemed engaged in a serious altercation. They had gathered around a small fire, for the night had drawn on, and were earnestly arguing some question. I listened to hear what might be the subject of dispute. Imagine my horror when I understood that the question which they were debating was the life or death of myself and poor master.

"The odds were strongly against us. Four of the wretches, with angry and inflamed looks, demanded our instant death, while *one* alone stood out for mercy. I could see the hideous faces of the savages as they stirred each other up by lying stories of the atrocities committed by our soldiers. Those faces burned themselves into my brain, and I see them now, I see them always. They crowd around me like demons, with bloodshot, ferocious eyes, like hungry wolves wrangling over the body of a helpless traveler."

His deep emotion again brought a pause to Orloff's tale. Again Aristide saw that terrible look which he had noticed before flit across the old man's face. His chest heaved convulsively, and he grasped wildly for breath. The soothing voice of Sergius Zortichoff calmed his excitement.

"I hung in anxious suspense," he continued, "on the debate. For myself it mattered little. Few would miss

me, few lament me. But my master—the thought of Vera and the children made my blood run cold. Our only champion, the *one* man who had argued in favor of mercy, grew weaker and weaker in our defense, overpowered by the angry fury of the other four.

"At length this fury seemed to become uncontrollable, and springing to their feet, they all rushed into the cabin. I felt that my last moment had come, but even then I tried to keep my promise to Vera. I begged the savages to take my life if they must have a victim, but to spare my master. I promised them money, I used every inducement I could think of.

"Alas! they paid no attention to my prayers and entreaties, but seizing me roughly by the shoulders, they quickly bound my arms behind my back. I tried to say a prayer, and closed my eyes in expectation of instant death. But, no; death would have been a mercy to what I was about to suffer.

"I saw the furious wretches drag my wounded and helpless master from the hut. Another moment, and a rope was fastened around his inanimate neck, the end thrown over the limb of a tree.

"The sight aroused a frenzy within me—this indignity offered to a wounded soldier, a helpless, half-dying man; to my Vera's husband, the father of her children.

"I seemed to feel suddenly within me the strength of ten men. By a violent effort I freed my arms, and, unarmed as I was, I sprang upon the cowardly murderers. My hand was on the throat of the foremost of the band. Oh, God! I suddenly felt a burning pain shoot through my breast. I heard a loud and deafening explosion, and then I knew no more."

"You hear, Captain Dantan! You hear!" cried Sergius, whose agitation and excitement was equaled to that of Orloff's. "You hear!" he repeated, his eyes flashing like coals of fire, and his lips quivering nervously. "My poor father was murdered—yes, murdered by those savage Tartars; murdered as cruelly as our poor friend Monsieur Marrois. No, no, Valiska," he said, as his sister stretched out her slender hands entreatingly toward him. "I know what *you* said: that we should forgive our enemies; but they were savages—barbarous savages—and I can never forgive them."

The agitation of the youth seemed to communicate itself to the old servant. His huge hands grasped the tall back of the invalid's *fauteuil* on which he was leaning, as if it had been the throats of his enemies and he were wrenching out the last gasping breath of the murderers.

"*Ma foi!*" said Aristide to himself. "I should not like to have those fingers of yours around neck, my friend."

Captain Dantan said nothing, but he, too, appeared impressed by the ferocity of the old man's countenance. It was some time before Orloff was able to overcome his passion sufficiently to continue.

"How long I lay there," Orloff went on, "I never knew. Once, as it seemed to me, sense returned for a few moments. I looked around. It was night—dark night. I was all alone. No, not all alone. A ray of moonlight, breaking through the thick branches of a tree, showed me a dim, shadowy form suspended from one of the branches.

The sight nerved me to desperation. I made a frantic effort to rise. It was vain. My struggles only served to reopen my wound, and loss of blood again deprived me of consciousness. It was in a very different place that I found myself when my eyes once more reopened upon life.

"I was no longer in the open country, but lying upon a small pallet in a little room. An old woman was seated by my side, and her costume and appearance, as well as that of the apartment, satisfied me that I must be in a peasant's cottage.

"It was not till many days afterward that I acquired sufficient strength to question this kind woman. Imagine my feelings when she informed me that I had been for over two months an inmate of her house. Closer questioned, she told me the whole story. She had, in passing with her little cart through the forest, found me lying, wounded and apparently dead, at the foot of the tree, from which the body of my master still hung. Searching my person, with the desire to find out who I was, she discovered that I was not dead.

"The cool night-air had stopped the flow of blood from my wound, and after bandaging it securely, she managed to lift me into the cart, and drove me to her cottage, which she said was some five or six miles from the spot where I had been lying.

"I eagerly asked for my master; but all she could say was that the man hanging from the tree was quite dead, and seeing she could be of no assistance to him, she had turned all her attention to me, whose life it had appeared possible to save. I groaned with horror, as all the incidents of that time came thick upon me, while listening to the old woman's story. Life seemed valueless to me. How could I ever go back and face my mistress after keeping so badly the promise I had made her?

"In my anguish I prayed that death might come, and put an end to my suffering; but, no; instead I grew stronger and stronger every day, and soon I was able to creep around.

"My first act was to hasten to that old deserted hut. Alas! no sign remained of the awful tragedy. My master's body had disappeared. The country swarmed with the enemy, and I was obliged to be very careful to avoid discovery. Thanks to the old peasant-woman, I succeeded in concealing myself until such time as I was able, with a heavy and broken heart, to start on my journey homeward. My *one* thought during the long days of travel, was how I should tell my mournful story to my poor Vera.

"But ah! I had forgotten the time which had elapsed. The unfortunate news had traveled fast, and on my arrival at home, I found that I was too late to break the melancholy tidings to my foster-daughter. Some one had unthinkingly communicated the awful story of her bereavement to the poor girl. Without preparation, and overpowered by the shock, she had fallen a victim to the violence of her excitement, and when my child appeared before me, I saw at once that the light of reason had fled from her lovely gray eyes."

Orloff stopped, and covering his eyes with his hands, burst into tears.

The emotion of the old man was reflected in the pallid face and quivering lips of Valiska, and in the convulsed and agitated features of her brother.

A painful pause ensued. At length, hearing a deep sigh, Orloff wiped away his tears, and resumed:

"Little is left to tell. The days passed by, and grew into weeks and months; but my Vera never recovered her mind.

"Little by little she grew weaker and weaker, fading slowly away from me and her poor helpless children.

"At length came a day when we crowded around her bed, to hear the last words of our dear one.

"Sense had returned to her with the approach of

death, and in her last moments she made us vow always to remember her unhappy fate, and that of her murdered husband. And then—and then—she died."

The pallid hue of Valiska's cheek deepened to a ghastly whiteness, her bosom heaved convulsively, she struggled for one moment, as if gasping for breath, and with a low groan she fell back in her chair.

Henri sprang forward to her assistance, but before he could touch her, Orloff, with a savage growl, pushed him rudely aside, and raised the girl's slight form in his strong arms.

This motion seemed to recall for a moment consciousness. Her large gray eyes opened, and she gazed wildly around her.

"No, no," she moaned, in a pitiful, beseeching tone; "no, no, not him!"

Her head fell back upon Orloff's shoulder, and with a deep sigh she again became unconscious.

The old man hastened to bear his feeble burden from the room. Some moments of an oppressing silence ensued, unbroken by any one.

The handsome face of Captain Dantan plainly bespoke his anger at the rudeness of Orloff, and Henriette kept her eyes on the door, as if she were eager to hasten to the assistance of her suffering friend.

The invalid appeared oblivious to the presence of anyone. His eyes were fixed in a wild and vacant stare, and his lips moved tumultuously, as if he were engaged in deep self-communion. The spell was broken by the return of Orloff, who, in his deep, growling tone, announced that "Mademoiselle Valiska had recovered from her faint, but still felt so weak that she was forced to beg her guests to excuse her."

This implied dismissal was by no means unwelcomed by the visitors, who immediately arose, and with a very short adieu to Sergius Zortichoff they left the cottage.

"And the strangest part of the whole thing," said Aristide to himself, as he bade Henri and his cousin adieu at the garden gate and sauntered on in the direction of the "Hermitage"—"and the strangest part of the whole thing is this: That, the devil take me if I understood head or tail of it."

Chapter X.

All night long Aristide tumbled and tossed in a restless and dream-haunted sleep. At one moment he was engaged in a desperate combat with a horde of sanguinary and ferocious savages, who prodded him with their long spears in the most malicious manner. Then these phantoms would fade away to give place to the mournful face of Valiska Zortichoff, her beautiful gray eyes gazing imploringly upon him. Then the hideous, mutilated countenance of Orloff would come to crowd away the sad and lovely vision, or the still more repulsive features of Pierre Marrois, livid and streaked with blood, as he had seen them on the night of the murder.

"Decidedly, my friend," said Vis, as he arose to make his toilet, "you are done up this time, finished completely. First your appetite and now your sleep, both gone. Decidedly, as I said before, my unfortunate Aristide, this mysterious affair has finished you entirely. It is no use to struggle. You are a victim for Fate's slings and arrows, and if you take my advice, my friend, you will try to bear it as calmly as possible. And it serves you right!" he cried, more energetically, as he vigorously polished off his face with the towel. "Why did you want to run away from Paris, instead of meeting your fate like a man? You, a soldier, and afraid to stand up before the fire of a pair of brown eyes? There! I really have no compassion for you, and I only hope you may go on getting mixed up deeper and deeper in this mysterious affair, until your brain gives way. Oh, yes! I can see you now, my unhappy friend, tied down in a straitwaistcoat, and howling like a legion of fiends. Well, you would come down here, for peace, was it? And this is what you have got. Holloa! who's that coming in?"

The door opened discreetly, and a young woman appeared in the doorway.

"Well, what is it, Jeanne?" inquired Aristide of the girl.

"Excuse me, monsieur—a gendarme."

"A gendarme!" screamed Aristide, waving his arm with such a violent gesticulation that the terrified girl sprang back in alarm. "A gendarme! Kill him, extinguish him, murder him!"

The young man broke into a loud laugh as he noticed the expression of the servant's face, who, with eyes big with astonishment, stood gazing in helpless and speechless wonder on her master's countenance.

"There, there, Jeanne," at length he said, when he had recovered from his mirth; "after all, you need not kill the gendarme. What does the man want?"

With some trepidation the girl faltered out:

"He comes from Monsieur le Maire with this—this—note."

"Well, give it here," cried Aristide, with a shrug of his shoulders; "it is clear there is no escaping my destiny. I no sooner get rid of those other lunatics before here comes this maniac, to seize upon me again. Decidedly Monsieur le Maire has made a mistake. I may be a hermit, but I am neither a confessor nor his spiritual adviser. At least I can refuse to have anything to do further with this affair. I am sure it is none of my business, and I'll just—— Eh!—what is it, Jeanne?"

"Oh, but, monsieur, is there any answer for the gendarme?"

The young man, who had been striding up and down the room, was recalled to himself by the words of the girl. He hastened to read the note, which had remained up to this time unopened in his hand. It was from Leon Dantan, entreating him as a great personal favor to call upon the writer at the earliest convenient moment. Aristide gave a groan as he tossed the paper on the table.

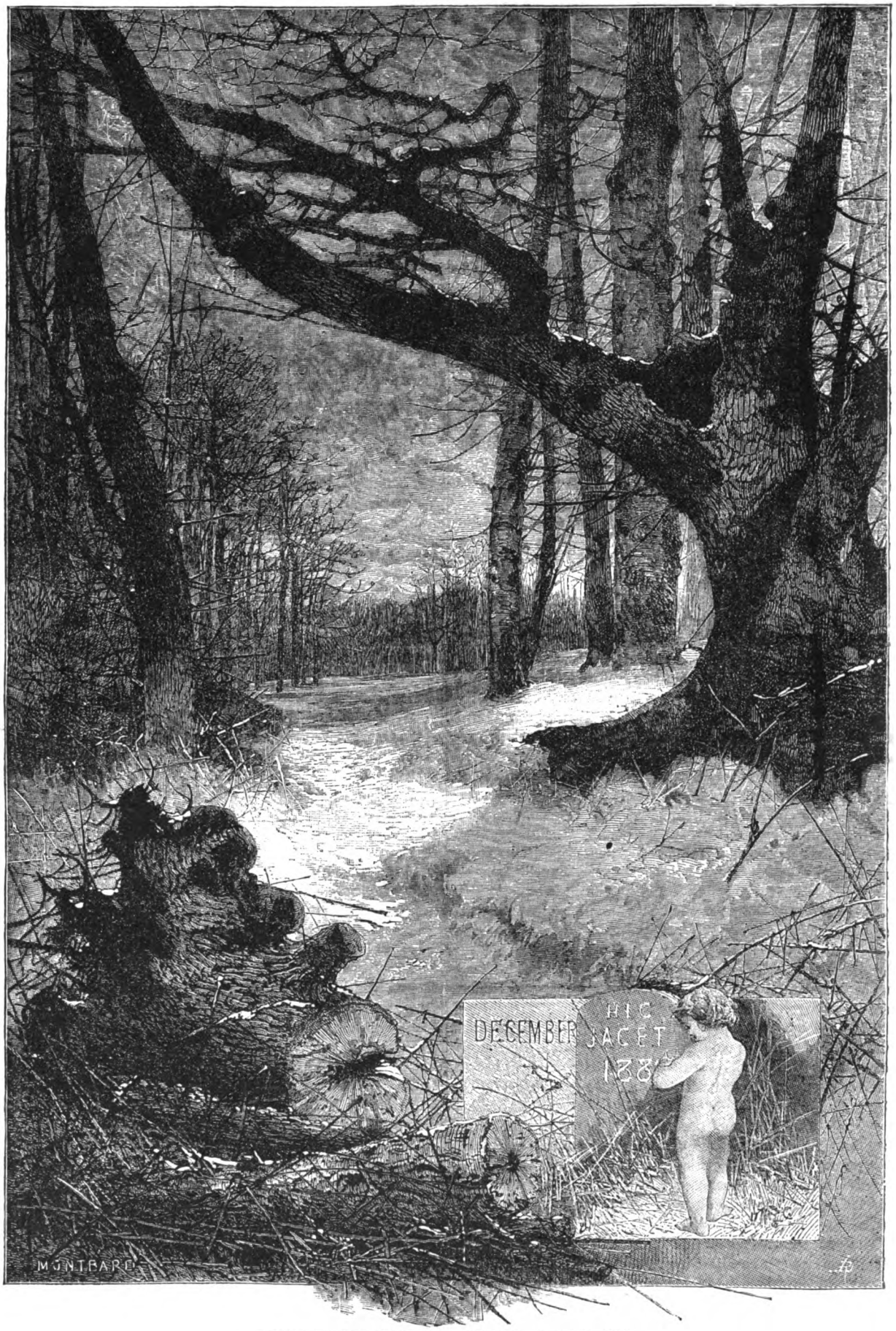
"There is no escaping fate," he muttered. "I give it up. Tell the gendarme, my good Jeanne, I will be with the mayor in a very few moments. And there goes another breakfast," he moaned to himself, as the girl left the room. "Another breakfast gone, never to be recovered. And I had set my mind on one of Papa Dubois's trout. Well, I will go back to Paris this evening, that's settled."

He said the last words firmly, and as if he were cutting the Gordian knot of all his difficulties. And having thus relieved his mind, put on his coat and hat and started to the Hotel de Ville.

Leon Dantan was alone in his office when he arrived, and was evidently awaiting the young man, for he eagerly advanced to meet him.

Aristide could not but notice that a change had taken place in the mayor's appearance. His countenance no longer bore the careworn expression which had marked it when they last met, but instead, it was with a smile that he greeted his new friend, and begged him to take a seat.

"You are no doubt surprised, monsieur, at my sending for you in such an informal manner, but you will excuse me," he said, "when I tell you that some strange discoveries have been made in Marrois's case. You see,"



THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—DECEMBER.—BY MONTBARD.

he continued, looking at Aristide, "I take it for granted that you are still interested in that mysterious affair." The young man replied with an affirmative motion of his head, and looked properly interested, seeing which the speaker went on to say: "Yes, some very strange circumstances have transpired, and I begin to believe that my poor friend's death will not rest unavenged. You remember what was your theory of this case?"

"Certainly," answered Aristide. "I thought that the crime was committed by a woman."

"That is true. But the only doubt in the affair was what could have been the cause. And now, will you believe me, a woman has made her appearance, and not only a woman, but one who might have a cause to wish Marrois dead."

Aristide's look this time was one of astonishment.

"That sounds strange, does it not? You cannot, however, be more surprised than I was. You may remember, monsieur, that I had a certain idea. No, I will not say an idea, a suspicion, a wild thought—no matter what. Thank God! there is now every reason to believe that it was unfounded. To me this woman comes as a deliverer."

"But who, then, is this woman?" asked Aristide.

"It is the strangest thing in the world. Only think, after all these long years that Pierre Marrois lived in Abois, it should be reserved until this moment for us his most intimate friends to find out that, instead of being, as he had always represented himself, a bachelor, he was in reality a married man."

"Then, this woman——?"

"Claims to be Marrois's wife. She has filed the certificate of her marriage, and asks to be recognized as the heir to the joint property."

The mayor paused, and seemed to wait for Aristide to recover from this overpowering communication.

The young man, however, did not appear greatly affected, and simply inquired "how this claim could possibly connect Marrois's wife with Marrois's murderer."

"That is it!" cried the mayor, eagerly. "Don't you see? This woman was poor—a mere workwoman. Marrois's life stood between her and a fortune. Will you say that was not cause sufficient? The more, that Marrois had never acknowledged this woman, whom he married years ago, when he was a poor man."

"Still, even if with such a temptation," said Aristide, "I would doubt whether such a woman as you have described could be capable of planning an affair like that."

"*Ah, bah!*" cried the mayor, with some slight irritation in his manner. "It appears to me that you are unnecessarily critical."

"That is because I have formed an idea of the woman who did this deed," replied Aristide. "And my imaginary murderess, I will frankly admit to you, does not in the least resemble a workwoman. Do you forget that glove?"

"Well, well, you may perhaps change your mind, and that very soon, for Monsieur Duquesnay has considered it proper to summon this woman before him, and I have obtained his permission for you to attend the examination. I am indeed awaiting every moment to be called to the *Bureau du Juge.*"

The entrance of an attendant with a letter for the Mayor put a stop to the conversation. With a muttered pardon to Aristide, Leon Dantan eagerly tore open the envelope, and was soon absorbed in the perusal of its contents.

The note was evidently a short one, for he soon turned again to his companion.

"You were saying, monsieur——?" he inquired, in an abstracted manner, that plainly showed that his mind was still busy with other thoughts.

"I was saying nothing, monsieur," replied Aristide, solemnly. "I was only thinking."

The implied reproof contained in this grave reply brought a slight flush to the mayor's cheek.

"You must really excuse me," he hastily said; "but the fact is, I am completely upset by this mysterious affair. After all these years of intimate acquaintance, that Marrois should never have mentioned this wife to me, seems almost incredible."

"Then you knew him well?"

"*Pardieu!* I should think so. We were both born in Abois, and grew up here together. We served in the same command during the war."

"Ah! you served in the war?"

"Yes—certainly; in the Franc-Tireurs of Abois; and after the war we were associated together in business. It is scarcely possible for any one to know a man better than I knew Marrois, and I say again that it is almost incredible that he should never have mentioned his wife to me."

"I fancy, monsieur," answered Aristide, "that few of us know all the secrets of even our most intimate friends."

"True; and *apropos* of friends, you were with Henri and my niece at Mademoiselle Zortichoff's yesterday. May I ask how you thought the young lady was looking?"

Aristide could scarcely repress his surprise at this question.

"But you forget, monsieur, that I have only seen Mademoiselle Valiska twice. I must say, however, that she appeared far from well, and I suppose Henri told you."

"Yes, yes; the poor girl is overtaxing her strength. I must really lecture her," continued Leon Dantan, in a musing tone. "What with those music-lessons, and that unhappy young Sergius, she is ruining her health. There, there!" he exclaimed, suddenly recovering from his half-reverie. "Of what were were we speaking? Oh, yes; I remember! It was of Marrois. Well, as I was saying, after the war we were in business together. Pierre was a mechanic, and had invented a number of improvements in the manufacture of beet-sugar. We formed a partnership to work his patents. They proved very successful, and we realized so handsomely from our manufactory, that Marrois was able to retire from business a few years ago with a large fortune. But, upon my word," cried Dantan, "I fear that Duquesnay has forgotten us. I see that it is twelve o'clock. If you will follow me, I will conduct you to his office."

When the two gentlemen reached the Bureau of the Judge, they found that gentleman engaged in an earnest conversation with a tall, thin man dressed in a rusty-black suit.

This person rose on the entrance of the mayor, and Aristide instantly recognized the man with the dyed hair and bushy whiskers, whom he had seen on the occasion of his previous visit to the judge's office.

"Don't let me interrupt you!" cried Dantan. "I only feared you had forgotten us."

"Oh, by no means!" replied Monsieur Duquesnay. "You are not interrupting me. Indeed, I was just about to send for you." Then turning to the man in

the black clothes, he hastily said, "Yes; that will do, Charles. Go and find Baptiste at once, and bring him here."

With an obsequious bow to the two gentlemen, the person addressed left the apartment, and the judge turned to greet his visitors a second time.

"Well, my dear Claude," eagerly inquired the mayor, after the gentlemen had seated themselves, "how does this mysterious case progress? I have been talking it over with monsieur here; but have failed to convince him that this woman had any connection with the affair."

"And why, if I may ask?" questioned the judge. "I assure you, monsieur, that we have made some very strange discoveries, thanks to the energy and sharpness of that fellow Guimand. I think even you, Leon, will be surprised when you hear what we have found out."

"Guimand?" inquired the mayor.

"Yes; the agent from the Prefecture in Paris; that was he who left the office just now. These fellows seem to have the nose of a hound for scenting out crime. "But why, may I ask, is monsieur so confident of the innocence of this suspected woman?" inquired the judge, addressing himself to Aristide.

"I think I could explain my reasons better after the examination," replied Vis. "Recollect, monsieur, I have not seen Madame Marrois. A single glance might, perhaps, induce me to change my mind entirely."

"In that case," said the judge, "I will summon the woman at once. Guillaume," he called out to the clerk who was writing at his desk, "introduce Madame Marrois."

Both Aristide and the mayor kept their eyes glued upon the door in anxious expectation. After a few moments it reopened, and the clerk returned, ushering in a woman whom he announced as Madame Marrois.

The newcomer was tall and thin, with a face which, although at one time it might have had some claims to good looks, was now worn and haggard with premature age.

The complexion was sallow and dingy; the features, pinched and shrunken; the whole countenance exhibiting the strongest evidence of care and suffering. The only redeeming point to the face was a pair of large black eyes, which seemed the more bright from the dark circles which surrounded them.

She was plainly though neatly dressed in gray serge, and carried in her hand a reticule. Aristide's eyes were instantly riveted upon the gloved hands. They were small and slender.

The woman was evidently greatly agitated, and controlled her emotion with difficulty. She stood shifting her little bag from one hand to the other, her lips trembling nervously, and her dark eyes fixed in pitiful entreaty upon the three gentlemen.

"Will you be seated, madame," said Monsieur Duquesnay, pointing to a chair which the clerk had placed in front of the desk.

The trepidation which the woman evinced as she complied with the judge's command induced him to pause for a few moments, to allow her to regain her composure.

Chapter XI.

"Now, madame," said the judge, "you will be kind enough to answer the questions I am about to put to you;" and while speaking he made a private sign to his clerk, who prepared to take down the answers of the witness. "Your name, madame?"

The woman moistened her dry lips, and with an effort managed, at length, to reply, in a low, husky voice:

"Stéphanie Lacroix. That is to say—no, Monsieur le Juge—I should say Stéphanie Marrois."

"You claim to be the widow of Pierre Marrois, who died here in Abois on the 28th of June?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"You have filed your claim to the joint property in Monsieur Marrois's estate?"

This time the woman replied simply with a bow.

"You may not be aware, madame, that during all the years Pierre Marrois lived here in Abois he always passed for a single man. This claim of yours is therefore a matter of great surprise to every one." He looked inquiringly at the witness, but receiving no answer, went on: "Your certificate of marriage shows that you and Pierre Marrois were married in Lyons, in '65. I must ask you to tell me the whole story of your connection with the man whom you now claim to have been your husband."

The poor woman appeared greatly disturbed by the close scrutiny of the three pair of eyes riveted upon her. Her hands moved nervously, and the pallid hue deepened upon her countenance. She made several efforts to speak, but it was some time before she could control her trembling lips sufficiently to make herself intelligible.

"I was born in Lyons, m'sieur. My parents died when I was a little girl, and left me to the care of my aunt. She was a *coiffeuse*, and raised me to her business. Our little store prospered, and my aunt died in '64. She left me the shop and two thousand francs, which she had managed to save. I was young then, and giddy, and pleased with admiration. One day I noticed a man in front of my shop. I noticed him because he stood there for a very long time, and because—well—because—m'sieur, it seemed to me it was at myself he was looking. The next day he came again, and so on for many days. He was nice-looking, and I was not displeased with this attention. At length he ventured to enter the shop and speak to me. He said he was a stranger in Lyons; a mechanic, and traveling through to see the great manufactories. His name was Pierre Marrois. Well, m'sieur, I did not repulse him, and we became quite friendly. He had some money, and he was not miserly in spending it. We went to all the *fêtes* together; and, to make the story short, m'sieur, Pierre Marrois asked me to marry him, and I accepted. After our marriage everything went well for a short while. Pierre obtained employment in one of the factories of the city, and his earnings and what was produced by my shop enabled us to live very comfortably. This did not last long. I now discovered that my husband was a very different man from what I had thought him. Perhaps I was jealous by nature—I don't know; but I soon found occasion to reproach him for his attention to other women; and then, m'sieur, I made another discovery—that he was cruel and brutal; for, when I became justly angry at his neglect toward me, and accused him of it, he grew furious, and struck me. Well, m'sieur, this was the beginning, and things went on from worse to worse. Several months passed in this cat-and-dog life, and then I waked up one morning to find that my husband had deserted me. I did not seek to find him. No, m'sieur, he had abused me so cruelly, so abominably, that I was only too glad to be rid of him. Fortunately we had no children.

"I returned to my shop and my life as it had been before my marriage. Everybody knew my painful story, but I did not care, m'sieur, for now, at least, I was no longer beaten. Well, years passed by, my business prospered, and what was the best of all, I heard nothing of

my husband. I can tell you, m'sieur, that my only fear during all those years was that he would come back to me. I was getting to be an old woman, when one day comes a letter to me. I opened it, and conceive my surprise. It was from my husband. He informed me that he was living here in Abois, and desired to see me on a matter of importance. I was to come to this place as soon as possible. The letter contained some money for my journey. It was quite a time, m'sieur, before I could make up my mind what to do. You may believe I did not want to see my husband. But I was afraid that if I did not obey him he would come to Lyons and do me an injury. So at last I made up my mind. Well, m'sieur, I arrived here, and having found a lodging, I wrote a note to Monsieur Marrois, which I sent, as he had directed, to an address given me in his letter." The agitation of the woman, which had been noticeable throughout her testimony, at this point became far more marked. She trifled nervously with her little bag, her voice grew fainter and huskier as she went on, in an embarrassed and faltering manner, with her story. "I received an answer from my husband; he gave me a rendezvous, at which I was to meet him, and——" The woman's excitement here became so powerful that she was unable to speak.

"Madame," said Monsieur Duquesnay, when, after some moments, the witness still remained silent, "you speak of a letter from Monsieur Marrois; you have, of course, brought it with you?"

"No, m'sieur."

The effort required to speak even those few words was plainly apparent. The judge looked grave and went on:

"Well, then, the note from Monsieur Marrois in answer to yours? the note giving you this rendezvous?"

He waited for some time, and receiving no reply, repeated his question a second, and even a third, time.

The nervous excitement of the woman was now almost pitiful. Her sallow complexion had changed to a dull, chalky hue. Her lips quivered convulsively, and a frightened look came into her dark eyes.

"Madame," said the judge, in a grave and even severe tone, "you are not, perhaps, aware of the mistake you are committing in not answering my questions. None but the guilty can desire concealment."

At this word "guilty," pronounced in an emphatic manner, the poor creature gave way entirely, and covering her face with her hand, burst into tears.

The judge waited for a moment, to allow her to regain her composure, and when her sobs grew fainter he went on with his questioning.

"Again, madame, I ask you, where is the note you received from Monsieur Marrois?"

"Alas! m'sieur," she replied, in a low and almost inaudible voice—"alas! m'sieur, it has been destroyed."

"That is very strange, madame. But if the note is destroyed, you certainly will have no objection to tell us where was the place of rendezvous?"

"Oh, m'sieur, m'sieur!" wailed the poor creature, "I cannot, I cannot! I am the most unfortunate woman in the world. But, on my word, m'sieur, I am not guilty of anything wrong. Indeed, I am not! Oh, you must believe me, m'sieur, you must believe me!" and wringing her hands excitedly, she began to sob and cry in a hysterical manner.

"Madame," said the judge, solemnly, "as I told you before, you are doing very wrong not to reply to my questions. You are doing even worse than wrong, you are imperiling your safety if you are really innocent. Your husband, Monsieur Marrois, was murdered; and justice is seeking for the assassin. This concealment, this want of readiness to respond to my questions, can only give rise to suspicions calculated to do you great harm. I would advise you to think well before you decide to persevere in the dangerous course you have entered upon. In your present state of agitation it would be cruel to force you to a sudden decision by continuing this examination. I will therefore give you a half-hour in which to consider whether or not you will take my advice, and answer my questions."

Calling his clerk, Monsieur Duquesnay whispered a few words to the man, and then continued:

"There, madame, you will please to follow my clerk. He will show you to a room where you can be alone, and I trust that when you have considered this matter calmly you will adopt a different course."

Unable to reply from excessive emotion, Stéphanie Marrois, without a word, followed the clerk from the room. Scarcely had the door closed upon her retreating form when Leon Dantan turned to Vis, and eagerly demanded to know what he now thought of the affair.

"Just the same as before," Aristide replied, with even more than his usual *sangfroid*, his quiet, impassive manner contrasting strongly with the excitement evinced by the mayor. "Since I have seen this Madame Marrois I am only the more strengthened in my belief that she had no complicity whatever in her husband's murder."

"But this woman's alarm, nay, almost terror; her refusal to answer Duquesnay's questions, to produce that note, or mention the place of rendezvous at which she met her husband?"

"All serve to strengthen my belief in her innocence."

"But suppose, monsieur," broke in the judge, "that this note named as a place of rendezvous the public garden on the night of the *fête*?"

"Even *that* would not make me change my mind. I will even admit to you that I think it very probable that this woman may have gone to that *fête*. But what then? Does that prove her guilty of the murder? Remember that there were also hundreds of other women at the same place."

"But why should this woman be so much alarmed?" exclaimed the mayor. "Again I ask, why should this woman be so much alarmed if she is really innocent?"

"To me," answered Vis, "that is the strongest point in her favor. You look surprised, but to me it is very simple. Everything in connection with this crime indicated that it was coolly and deliberately planned, and boldly carried into execution. The woman capable of planning and executing this deed is a woman far above Madame Marrois intellectually. If justice ever finds her, *she* will be found ready, and prepared with a full and complete defense. If Duquesnay has to examine *that* woman, he will have no tears or alarms to fear, no evasions or concealments, which only serve to arouse suspicions. Oh, no, *that* woman will have a clear and straightforward story. *She* has not only planned the murder, but also the defense. At least," said the young man, relapsing into his calm, impassive manner, as if wearied by his energetic defense, "at least that is my idea."

"But what earthly motive could any other woman have?" demanded Leon Dantan.

"That's what bothers me. Yes, yes; that is the only thing that confuses me. The cause! What could be the cause?"

The young man spoke in a meditative manner, more as if to himself than to his companions.

"It seems to me, monsieur," cried the judge, with a slight expression of astonishment—"it seems to me that

your words would imply that you thought yourself possessed of some clew to the solution of this mysterious affair."

"Excuse me; but if I have any idea, it is all so dim and unreal, and with so little to rest on, that it would be wrong for me even to mention my suspicions until they are sustained by something more like proof. All I can say is that *this* woman, whom I believe to be guilty, has haunted me in dreams every night since the murder; and for Dantan's satisfaction, I will tell you that she is a different woman every way from this Madame Marrois."

"And may I ask monsieur," inquired the judge, with a scarcely repressed smile, "what this woman is like who comes to you in your dreams?"

"Very different indeed from Madame Marrois, as I have before said. *She* is tall and slender, with a pale,

LAUGHING EYES.— BY DIETHELM MEYER.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 722.

handsome face and large flashing eyes. *She* is a woman of high intellectual capacity, and of great courage."

"Pardon me," said Dantan, interrupting the speaker; "is this a portrait or an ideal sketch?"

"A little of both, monsieur; but I am taking up your valuable time with my idle speculations. I suppose you have other testimony?"

"Yes, yes," replied Claude Duquesnay. "Perhaps when you hear the next witness, you may change your mind. Guillaume," he continued, speaking to the clerk, "see if Madame Pichaud is without?"

Chapter XII.

The appearance of the new witness who was ushered in by the clerk was so odd and remarkable as to produce a universal smile. She was a woman past middle age, short and exceedingly fat, with a fresh, ruddy complexion, and two little eyes like black beads. Her costume consisted of a dark cotton frock, an orange-and-green shawl, and a large straw bonnet trimmed with immense red flowers—a bonnet, whose age would have taxed all the powers of the best antiquarians to determine.

To add to the attractiveness of her appearance, her face was tied up in a foulard handkerchief, which rivaled in brilliancy of color the hues of her shawl, and her large hands were incased in the unfamiliar adornment of coarse white cotton gloves. She did not appear a whit discomposed by the presence of the three gentlemen, but skipped forward, and in the most nonchalant manner took her place in the chair, which poor Stéphanie Marrois had just vacated, exhibiting by this movement a pair of huge feet in carpet slippers, and hose of more than doubtful purity.

"Your name, if you please?" said Claude Duquesnay, with some difficulty repressing the merriment caused by this grotesque figure.

"Jeanne Aglaé Marie Séraphine Pichaud, M'sieur le Juge, portress at No. 25 Rue d'Orville, M'sieur le Juge. Ah, yes; and a very hard life indeed for a poor woman; nothing but work, work, work, all day; and as for my pay, why, so to speak, M'sieur le Juge, nothing; and then the tenants coming in all day and all night with a tramp, tramp, like an army, and a noise—oh, *mon Dieu!* such a noise!—and their boots—see now, M'sieur le Juge, worse than a chiffonier. Ah, yes; a hard life indeed; and it was but this morning I said to Celeste, my gossip (Celeste, M'sieur le Juge, is the portress of 23), 'Celeste,' I said, 'you hear, you hear me! I make a vow to *le bon Dieu*. I will quit this business. I have some francs saved. I will take my francs, and go away, away!"

"You are the portress at No. 25 Rue d'Orville?" demanded the judge, breaking in with difficulty on this flow of words, which the little woman poured forth in a high and shrill voice, and with a volubility which was absolutely marvelous.

"As you say, M'sieur le Juge—portress at No. 25 Rue d'Orville. Well, it is true our house is the best on the Square; and then for dirt, I defy you, M'sieur le Juge, to find a speck on my halls; but *Grace-à-Dieu!* this will not take one to heaven. No, no! As I said, 'Celeste,' says I, 'I will make a vow to *le bon Dieu!*"

"You are acquainted with a woman named Stéphanie Lacroix?"

"True, M'sieur le Juge. Why should I seek to hide it. Stéphanie Lacroix? Ah, yes; I will not deceive you! Why should I? They will tell you—yes, every one will tell you—that Aglaé Pichaud has nothing to hide. Do you see, M'sieur le Juge, my life is open like that;" and here the little woman spread her arms widely apart, and gesticulated in a most animated manner. "Yes, indeed; and it is not every one can say that. But you hear me, M'sieur le Juge, if they said the things about me that they do of Franchine—Franchine is at No. 30, m'sieur—I should die; and she—only fancy, M'sieur le Juge—she the mother of children, and with a husband. It is true that poor *père* Rideau is only a stick; but what, then?—he is a man all the same."

"And when did you first see this Stéphanie Lacroix?" inquired the judge, who had been vainly endeavoring to stem the torrent of her words.

"Why should I conceal it from you, M'sieur le Juge? It was like this: I was standing in front of my door, just saying a word to my gossip, with my tubs and broom all ready—for, do you see, M'sieur le Juge, I was about to wash off my *banquet*—when I saw a woman come out of the little shop of Madame Piro. Madame Piro has a shop on the ground-floor of our house, M'sieur le Juge. Well, when I saw this woman, I said to Celeste, 'See, now, Celeste, that is a stranger in Abois. It is true, M'sieur le Juge, the woman had her vail down, and I could not see her face; but what, then? All the same, I saw right straight. She was a stranger, and so I said to Celeste. Well, before my gossip could answer me, up comes the woman, and says, 'Madame Pichaud?' '*Présent.*' Then the lady went on to say that Mademoiselle Clementine Piro had sent her to me to inquire for lodgings. Had I a room in the house to let? '*Ma foi!*' I answered, 'yes. Would madame care to see the rooms? Well, M'sieur le Juge, I took the lady up-stairs, and she suited herself with a room, *au cinquième*, at five francs a week—pay in advance, M'sieur le Juge, and my woman, she paid for a week in advance—and then she said, 'Madame Pichaud, can I have a boy to carry a note for me?' Oh, yes, M'sieur le Juge! 'Can I have a boy to carry a note for me?' Those were the words. Well, M'sieur le Juge, I am not curious. Oh, no; I am not curious; but when a strange woman comes to your house with nothing for baggage but a small *sac de nuit*, and asks for a boy to deliver a note—I said, 'To whom pray, madame?' But my lady was dumb. She wanted a boy; that was all. I went down-stairs to get Celeste's nephew; but the *gamin* was away; so I was forced to take the first boy that passed. While I was waiting, down comes my new lodger herself, with a paper in her hand, and when a boy passed by, will you believe me, M'sieur le Juge, she took him to one side, and *foi d'honneur*, I did not hear one word she said. Well, when the rascal was gone, my lodger asked might she sit in my little room to wait for the answer. Why, of course, M'sieur le Juge; so we sat down to talk. My lodger was open—oh, so open!—but that devil of a note! 'She was a stranger?' 'Yes.' 'Her name?' 'Stéphanie Lecroix.' 'Was she going to stay long in Abois?' 'Well, she did not know that; it depended.' After a half-hour back comes that rascal of a boy, but *Grace-à-Dieu!* my lodger heard him before me. Crack! she was out of the door, had the answer from the *gamin*, and had paid and sent him away before I could get my hand on him. Well, she came back into my room, and there she read the note. It must have been a strange one, M'sieur le Juge, for she looked much surprised. I thought perhaps she would speak, but, no. After a moment she said 'Thank you, Madame Pichaud,' and whiz! she was off up-stairs like that!" and the little woman snapped her fingers.

"And what day was this?" inquired the judge, as Madame Pichaud paused for breath.

"Well, M'sieur le Juge, to speak the truth, it was on the 27th of June."

"And after that?"

"And after that, m'sieur, I saw no more of her for an hour; when, just as I was talking it over with Celeste, down comes my lady, and calls me into my room. 'Would I do her a great favor?' 'Well, perhaps.' 'There was to be a grand *fête* to-morrow night at the public garden.' 'Why, yes, a grand *fête*, indeed, to the Hussars; a *fête en masque*. My cousin, Baptiste, was a waiter in the garden.' 'Ah! well, that was lucky,' said my lodger. 'Could I get a card for the *fête*, and a costume?' You may believe me, M'sieur le Juge, when she said that, I opened my eyes as wide as two church windows. She went on to say that if I would do that, and keep it a secret, it would be a great favor to her, and she would pay me well for my trouble. Well, M'sieur le Juge, I am not above earning a few francs, and though I thought my lodger was not the kind of a person for such a joke as a *fête en masque*—for you see, m'sieur, she was plain, oh, so plain! and not young, no, not to say young—well, as I say, I said I would get her the domino and a card. Why, Baptiste could easily procure one. This seemed to please my lady greatly, and she gave me some five-franc pieces for Baptiste and for the costume. Well, M'sieur le Juge, not to keep you on pins, the next day Baptiste brought me the card. My lady had not been out of the house since she entered it; oh, no, not so much as the tip of her nose. I brought her her meals from the *traiteur's*, and she kept as close in her room as a mouse in her hole. I said to myself, 'Aglaé Pichaud, that lodger of yours is going to play some joke on her young man'; and I marveled much, M'sieur le Juge, that a woman, plain like her, should be up to such games. When the night of the *fête* came around I was all ready, M'sieur le Juge. I had done my part. Oh, yes, I had a costume in my lady's room by early dark."

"And this costume—what was it like?" inquired the judge, with an expression of eager interest, which was reflected in the eyes of his two companions.

"Oh, very simple, indeed, M'sieur le Juge. A gray domino and mask, nothing more, upon my word."

At this reply Leon Dantan gave a quick start, and fixed his eye upon Aristide, as if to mark the effect produced by the woman's words upon his friend. If he expected any display of astonishment he was doomed to disappointment, for Vis was not a whit disconcerted by this startling revelation. He appeared as calm as if Madame Pichaud's words had been exactly what he had expected; and his only reply to the inquiring glance of the mayor was an elevation of the eyebrows and a careless shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, madame?"

"Well, M'sieur le Juge," continued Aglaé, who had only paused for breath, and who now eagerly took up her narrative—"well, m'sieur, my lodger was pleased with her costume; oh, very well pleased. I thought, perhaps, she would go early to the *fête;* but no, it was quite late when she came down in my little room, and asked me to tie on her mask. Well, m'sieur, I did so; and fixed her hood as well. She was in no hurry, however, for she sat and talked to me for a long time. How long, I cannot well say; but long, yes, quite long. And what did we talk about? Well, who knows? At last my lady left me."

"And what hour was this?"

"I cannot say, M'sieur le Juge. I did not look at the clock at that time; but it was late—oh, yes; quite late! After my lady left me, I set to work darning my stockings, and well, M'sieur le Juge, after some time, I think—yes—perhaps I must have fallen asleep. When I woke up I felt curious like. I stretched myself and looked at the clock. It said half-past ten. This astonished me much, M'sieur le Juge, for I thought it must be much later. Well, when I come to look, what do I see? My clock had stopped, I wound it up and started it again, and just as I was taking away the key, somebody comes rap, rap, at my door. I opened it, and there is my lady, come back already from the *fête*. Well, she comes in, and takes off her mask and domino. I wanted to hear, m'sieur, of course, of the *fête;* but, no, my lady was tired. She bundled up her domino and mask, and begged me to take them back to the costumer in the morning, and without a word she was off to her room."

"And you cannot tell me," demanded the judge, "at what hour this woman returned from the *fête?*"

"Impossible, m'sieur. There was that clock ticking along like a good one. But eleven o'clock? I know *that* was not the time, m'sieur. Well, early the next morning, I took the costume back to the costumer's, and, *grand Dieu!* what was the first thing that I heard from the man—that poor Monsieur Marrois had been murdered! Whew! that was news indeed; and I hurried home to tell Celeste. While my gossip and I were talking it over, down comes my lodger, and, when she hears the news, will you believe me, M'sieur le Juge, she fell, as it were, all in a heap, her face white—oh, yes—white as a meal-sack. Well, she gets me in my little room, and makes me tell her the whole thing, which surprised me much, m'sieur, seeing that she was at the *fête* herself, and so I told her."

"And she said——?"

"She said, will you believe me, M'sieur le Juge? 'that all that must have happened after she left,' and that was all I could get out of her; for, up she goes to her room, and shuts herself up again as close—as close—— Well, see, now, M'sieur le Juge, for three days that woman kept in her room; no one saw her but me when I carried her her meals; and I tell you she looked bad—oh, so bad! Those days made an old woman of her. Well, one day, when I was serving her dinner, she asked me if there was any more news of the gentleman who was killed at the *fête*. Well, then, I told her no, but that I might hear something that day, as I was going to M'sieur Marrois's notary to take him the rent. She looked up in surprise, and asked me if I knew M'sieur Marrois. *Mon Dieu!* what a question! Did I know M'sieur Marrois, my landlord! Oh, go along, then! I should think so. She seemed surprised to hear that M'sieur Marrois was my landlord; so, then, I told her he was one of the richest men in Abois. This seemed to stagger her, and then, after a long time, *grand Dieu!* she told me M'sieur Marrois was her husband. Well, m'sieur, when that woman told me that, you might have knocked me down with a straw. I thought she was going crazy; but, no, she went to her little *sac*, and brought out a printed paper, which she said was her marriage certificate. Well, m'sieur, to make an end of it, it was I who told her she had better see the lawyer, for M'sieur Marrois was a very rich man; and so I took her to the notary; and, *ma foi!* that is all about it."

"And, since that time, has the woman been residing in your house?"

"Just the same as before, M'sieur le Juge, as quiet as a lamb."

"And that is *all* you know?"

"Everything; on my word, M'sieur le Juge."

"Did you ever speak of this to any one before?"

"Well, then, yes, M'sieur le Juge. There comes along a thin man in black, with hair so black, so black, and this m'sieur he asks me all kinds of questions, and I told *him*—what had I to hide?—I told him everything. Oh, yes; I told him how frightened my lodger looked, when my cousin Baptiste told us about the strange woman who was with M'sieur Marrois at the *fête*, and how the gendarmes were hunting for her. But what, then? The poor thing! it was her husband. Do you see, her husband, M'sieur le Juge, and——"

"And so your cousin Baptiste told you about the masked woman who was with Monsieur Marrois at the *fête*?"

"It is true, M'sieur le Juge, and——"

"And that is all you know?"

"Everything M'sieur le Juge; but——"

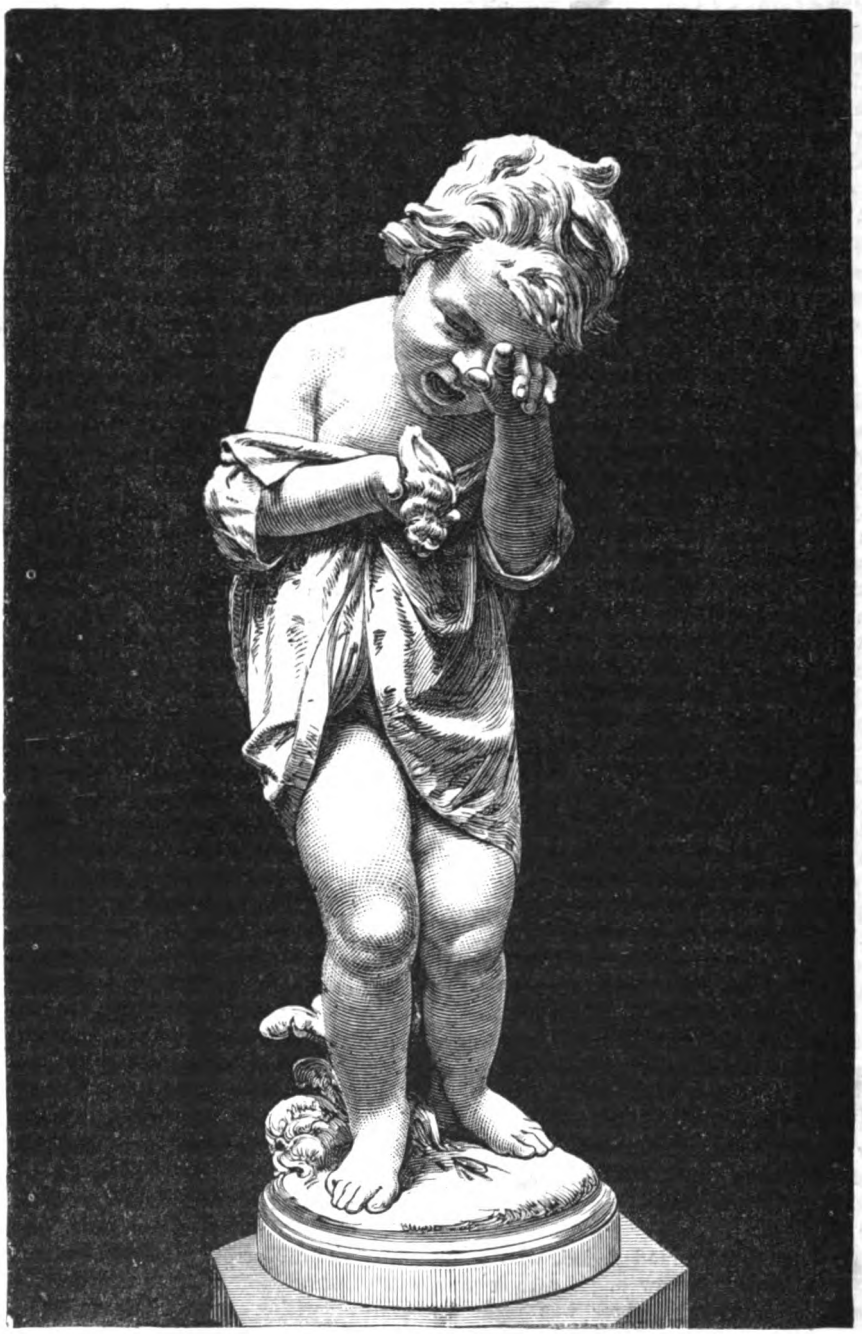
"And, since that time, this woman has remained quietly in your house?"

"Yes, truly, m'sieur; as I said——"

"That will do, Madame Pichaud. You can now withdraw."

The woman seemed rather disappointed at the stoppage to her loquacity; but upon a repetition of her dismissal she arose from her chair, and with a queer little nod to the gentlemen, she skipped out of the room in the same abrupt manner with which she had entered it.

(*To be continued.*)

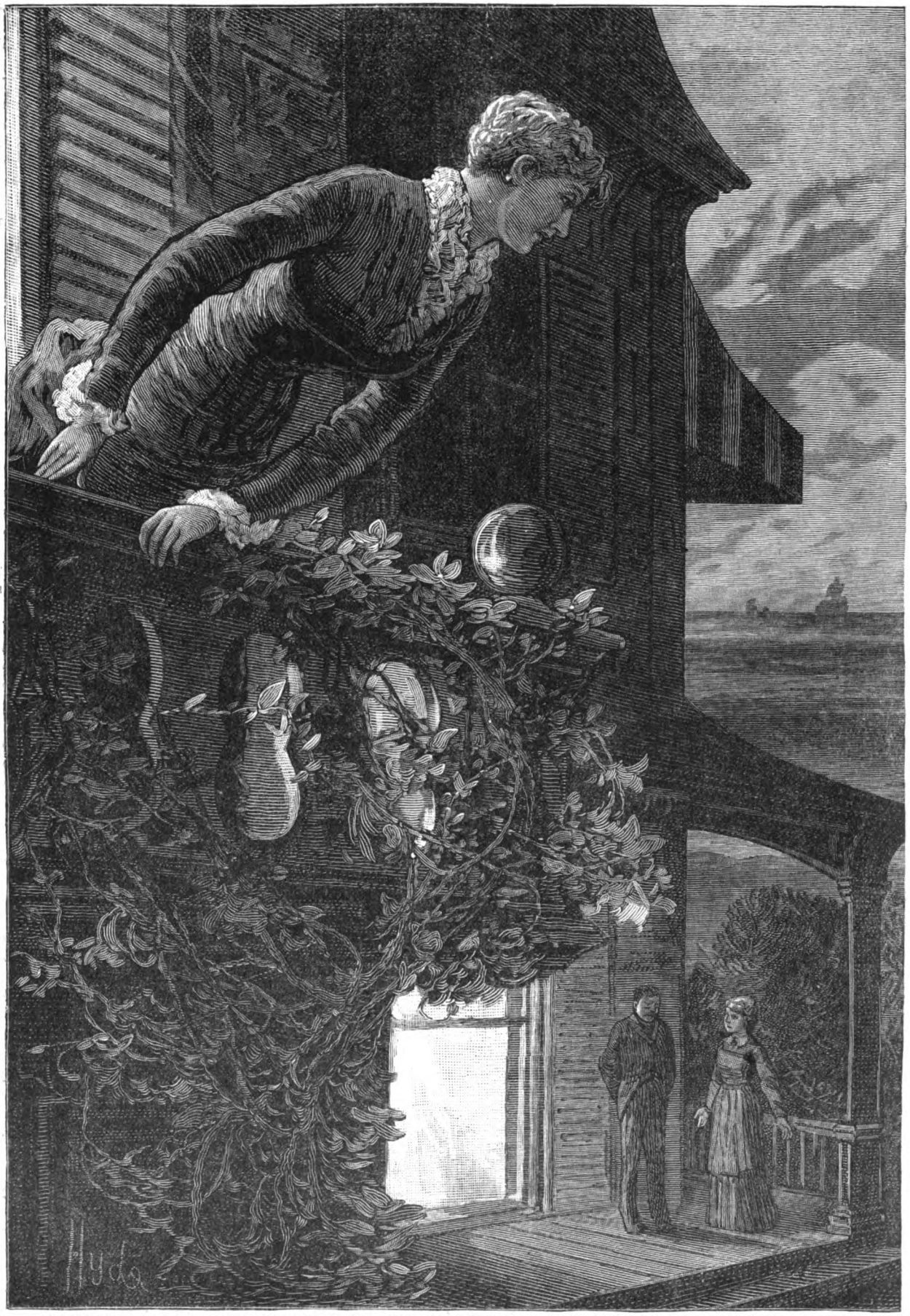


GRIEF.

THE measure of life is not length, but honesty.

SOME HISTORICAL ANTIPATHIES.

THE celebrated Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting; and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp. What would have been the effect of an electric eel on these gentlemen? Joseph Scaliger and others could never drink milk. Gardan was disgusted at the sight of eggs. A king of Poland and a secretary of France bled at the nose when they looked at apples. Henry III. of France, and many others, had a great aversion to cats, mice, spiders, etc. A great huntsman in Hanover, who would attack a wild-boar valiantly, always fainted at the sight of a roasted pig, if he had not time to run away. These antipathies have been humorously accounted for by the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Those who had been flies in a former state were horribly afraid of spiders; those who had been mice did not like cats; and those who had been cats did not love dogs, etc. Amatus Lusitanus knew a person who fainted whenever he saw a rose, and always kept his house when they were in bloom. Scaliger mentions the same about lilies, and Bayle about honey. Bayle himself turned pale at the sight of watercresses. Tycho-Brahé fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III. of France, at that of a cat; Marshal d'Albret, at a pig. A lady, wonderful enough, could not endure the feel of silk or satin.



A MISCHIEVOUS CODICIL.—"INEZ WAS UNABLE TO HEAR EUGENE'S REPLY, BUT THE GIRL'S VOICE WAS MORE EASILY HEARD."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

LAUGHING EYES.

I LOVED a lass with laughing eyes
And lips of ruby red,
And learnt the loving glance to prize
That seemed so fondly shed.

Her every movement has a grace,
Her accents music yield,
And none could find a fairer face,
Though far they went afield.

A smaller foot no dandy shoe
E'er held in its embrace;
A neater ankle never grew
Than's circled by her lace.

Alas! the loves of men are vain,
And woman's heart is more so,
I might as well have spared my pain,
And wooed a marble torso;

For when I asked her to be wed,
Imagine the effect, sir,
Her answer had, which archly said:
"My husband might object, sir!"

A MISCHIEVOUS CODICIL.

By FRANCES B. CURRIE.

MADAME LA BRIE was out of temper. Her servants, knowing this to be a fact, went about with serious faces, and as though momentarily expecting to be dismissed from her service.

If she had been any common personage no one would have been greatly concerned about her bad humor, particularly as she was seldom in a good one; but madame was no plebeian. In her own circle she was an autocrat, for she was the most fashionable woman of *le beau monde* of "Quality Hill."

The only creature in madame's house who was indifferent to her choleric mood was the direct cause of all the disturbance.

She was madame's ward, and was named Inez Stafford. She had been summoned into her guardian's presence to receive a reprimand, and she now had the temerity to engage herself with some trifling fancy-work under madame's offended eyes.

This girl, who was an American, was twenty years old, and had a figure which was a personal affront to Madame La Brie.

She had a ripe, warm complexion which had not yet been spoiled by late hours and fashionable dissipation. She was also possessed of a quantity of chestnut hair which was guiltless of "switches," "rats," "Saratoga waves," and all the other paraphernalia of a fashionable top-knot.

She had a fashion of dropping her eyelids until their heavy lashes covered her eyes. When she condescended to raise them, however, she displayed her chief beauty—a pair of deep, Italian eyes.

"You are too ignorant, too uncivilized to appreciate your advantages," madame was saying. "You were born and bred in a dull country town where you were associated with rough farmers and their coarse wives. You went to 'paring-bees' and quilting-parties, and believed, no doubt, that you were having a round of fashionable dissipation? You knew absolutely nothing of the requirements of society. Indeed, you were a raw country girl when I pulled you out from the social quagmire you had been in, and brought you here to New York. Think what a homespun creature you were two years ago, and then go to that mirror and note the change I have made in your appearance."

"I can't," the girl said, unconcernedly. "I would drop stitches and spoil my knitting."

"Never mind your tiresome knitting," madame said, crossly, "and listen to me. As I told you before, I have changed your country dress. I now intend to make a greater change in your abominable country manners. I can no longer tolerate your conduct toward my nephew, Eugene La Brie. If he was your footman, you could not treat him with more indifference."

"I could not feel any more indifferent to Monsieur La Brie if he *was* my footman," the young lady remarked.

"Monsieur Eugene compliments you by asking your hand in marriage," madame continued. "As I am your legal guardian, he has properly approached me first upon this subject. Although you are totally unused to society, my nephew is willing to overlook your defects and to marry you."

"Your nephew is needlessly magnanimous, for nothing in the world would induce me to marry Monsieur Eugene."

Miss Stafford would have left the room, but Madame La Brie caught her by the arm and detained her.

"Recollect that you are not a free agent," she said, harshly. "Your father's will was peculiar, and you forfeit your fortune if you are disobedient. Before you came here you did as you pleased. Now you must do as *I* please."

Miss Stafford had no wish to discuss the subject of her matrimonial alliance, so she made her escape as soon as possible.

While in madame's presence she had been the embodiment of *insouciance*, but as soon as she was alone in her own apartments her manner changed.

If her guardian had applied her eye to the keyhole, she would have discovered that Miss Inez had been playing a part, and was in truth secretly agitated.

While her father was lying upon his death-bed, he made a will, bequeathing the bulk of his property to his only child. He also appointed his friend, Madame La Brie, sole executrix of his estate and guardian to his daughter Inez, during the remaining three years of her minority.

John Stafford had led a quiet, uneventful life in a Kentucky village, and he may have felt some qualms of conscience because he had allowed Inez but few social advantages.

After leaving Madame La Brie a sufficient sum to compensate her for the trouble, he stipulated that she should introduce his daughter to society.

These were the original terms of the will, and with these Inez would naturally have been satisfied; but there had been a codicil added, which changed the aspect of affairs and threatened to make a wreck of her life. This codicil stated that in case Inez Stafford should marry against the wish of her guardian, Madame La Brie, the property should immediately be transferred to an industrial institution, of which John Stafford had been a director.

Miss Stafford had never understood this freak of her father's, which had given Madame La Brie such authority over her.

He had been indulgent and generous to her while he lived, and had never thwarted her wishes. Why had he desired to be more exacting after his death than before? Why had he wished to force her into an undesirable marriage, or else to rob her of her birthright?

She was sitting alone, asking herself these questions,

when some one knocked at her door. She resumed her usual air of indifference before she bade her French maid, Natalie, to enter.

The girl told her that a gentleman desired to see Miss Stafford in the drawing-room. His card, which was gilt-edged and delicately perfumed, was not engraved, for he had seen fit to send up his autograph.

The name was "Eugene La Brie."

Miss Stafford did not wish to excite madame's displeasure again that day, so she agreed to see the gentleman.

She had turned to her mirror to make some trifling alteration in her dress, when her attention was attracted by a curious manœuvre on the part of the servant.

The girl, who had for years been employed in madame's house, and was greatly trusted, was gliding stealthily up to the table on which the visiting-card had been dropped.

Without moving a muscle, Miss Stafford watched her in the glass.

The French girl was going noiselessly out of the room with the card in her hand, when Miss Stafford spoke:

"You may return Monsieur Eugene's card to the table," she said; and the girl, flurried and incoherent, hastened to replace it.

Inez went down-stairs very slowly. Indeed, she was never in a hurry to meet Monsieur Eugene.

When she reached the drawing-room door she witnessed a tableau which greatly astonished her.

The French maid was within, and was engaged in excited conversation with Monsieur La Brie. He held the girl's hands, and was obviously entreating her to accede to some wish of his.

They started violently away from each other when Miss Stafford spoke:

"I beg monsieur's pardon for intruding," she said, coldly; "but I understood that he wished to see me. I did not know that he visited my servant."

She swept out of the room somewhat disdainfully.

Monsieur Eugene called after her some voluble excuses and remonstrances, but she did not heed them.

She returned to her apartments to wonder what understanding existed between him and Natalie. Why had the girl wanted his card?—or, wanting it, why had she not asked for it?

She had never been backward about asking favors. There was some mystery in the house which Inez had not yet solved.

She thought, with a little shrug, that madame would be in a towering passion when she learned the circumstances of the evening. Madame never forgave a slight directed at her nephew.

Miss Stafford took up Monsieur Eugene's card, intending to destroy it, when it occurred to her that his writing was peculiar and unfamiliar.

She went to her card-receiver and examined its contents. She found a number of his visiting-cards, which she closely inspected. Curiously enough, every one was written in a different hand, no two bearing the faintest resemblance to each other.

Miss Stafford recollected having heard Monsieur Eugene say that he invariably wrote his own visiting-cards. She was about to drop them into her waste-basket, when a sudden thought came to her which drove every drop of color out of her face. After a long time she tied the cards into a package and locked them in her desk.

* * * * * *

Contrary to Miss Stafford's expectations, madame was in excellent humor next day. She had heard of the episode in the drawing-room, and was delighted with it. She believed that Inez had withdrawn in a fit of pique caused by jealousy of the pretty French maid, and madame argued that this promised well for Eugene's courtship. She believed no love could exist without the presence of the "green-eyed monster."

The family, accompanied by Monsieur Eugene, left town that day, to occupy madame's villa at Newport.

For reasons of her own, Inez was delighted with the change.

She was passionately fond of the sea. She had been born and bred in an inland village, and had never experienced anything like her present life at Newport.

She lived on the beach; and Monsieur Eugene, who attempted to follow wherever she went, had a weary time of it, for she was an indefatigable walker, and he was a chronic victim to tight gaiters.

She must have had a dash of maliciousness in her, for at times she evinced decided enjoyment of his fatigue.

She had walked rather further than usual one day, and Monsieur Eugene, losing all patience with her, sat down to rest while she continued on. He resolved to await her return, when they should walk home together. He would have altered his plan if he had watched her.

She was scarcely out of Monsieur Eugene's sight when a gentleman joined her. This man was very unlike the dyspeptic, *blasé* little Frenchman she had so lately left.

He was a vigorous, wholesome young fellow, with a genial, honest face, and a body indicative of more than average strength. He was undoubtedly a man of character and a gentleman.

He was rejoiced to see Miss Stafford, and evinced his pleasure by the cordiality of his greeting.

She was perfectly undemonstrative; but the color in her pretty face had deepened perceptibly.

"I have been trying all the week to see you alone," he said; "but your friend, Monsieur La Brie, has monopolized you. I have been wanting to talk with you, and find out if you have forgotten all about Cloverport since you have lived in this busy, fashionable world."

"Is it likely that I forget while you remember?" she asked. "I spent eighteen years there; you, one little Summer."

"I am not likely to forget the place where I first met Inez Stafford," he said, quietly.

"And yet, you are quite 'the fashion,' I am told. Madame tells me you are the *distingué* 'in our circle,' excepting Monsieur La Brie, of course."

"Why 'of course'?" Then he continued, coldly: "I think I understand. It is generally believed that monsieur is affianced to madame's ward."

She made no reply.

"And yet, three years ago I would have believed it impossible. We have not met often since the Summer I spent in Cloverport, but—shall I confess it?—I have kept myself well informed of you. This life is so different from the old, quiet one, and madame's house is so unlike your home, that I wondered what you would think of it, and what change it would make in you."

Somehow his words irritated her.

"You knew how unused I was to society, and you wanted to know how I would behave in my new circumstances. Madame could have informed you. She thinks my dress is greatly improved, that city dressmakers have done wonders for me, but that otherwise I am the same 'raw country girl' who came from Cloverport two years ago. She abhors my manners, and believes that Monsieur Eugene is the soul of magnanimity, else he would not fancy me."

WANDERINGS OF ALVAR NUÑEZ CABEZA DE VACA.—"THEY FOUND A BOAT ON SOME TREES, WHICH GAVE THEM A HINT OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED."—SEE PAGE 727.

"Madame La Brie is not complimentary," the gentleman remarked. "I could have told her that John Stafford's daughter could never go out of his refined and homelike household appearing uncouth or bad-mannered. I could have informed her, also, that when Inez Stafford agreed to marry such a man as Eugene La Brie, she condescended far more than her friends desired."

"Are you not afraid of offending me by depreciating monsieur?" she asked, with preternatural gravity. And then breaking into a laugh: "You know, Guy Howard, that my head has not been so completely turned that I could ever fancy Monsieur Eugene."

"And yet," he told her—"and yet you are not out of danger if you escape Monsieur La Brie. You are known to be a rich woman, Inez. How can you ever be sure that your money has not great weight in the minds of your suitors? Whom can you trust in the money-loving circle in which you and I both move?"

She watched him now with wide-open eyes, to see what effect her revelation would have upon him.

"Shall I tell you how rich I am?" she asked. "So long as I am Miss Stafford I shall be a rich woman, but if I am ever rash enough to marry against Madame La Brie's wishes, I shall have to forfeit my entire fortune. These are the very reasonable conditions of my father's will."

Her words were tinged with a little bitterness.

"You have been badly treated," he said, looking unreasonably cheerful, meanwhile. "Still, if you ever should marry without your guardian's consent, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that your lover is not marrying you from a mercenary motive. You will have to love a man a great deal to sacrifice your fortune for him."

She laughed uneasily.

"I prefer not to discuss that," she said. "The subject is premature. I haven't a lover, even, and am not likely to have while madame and monsieur keep such vigilant watch over me."

"We are out of their sight now," he told her, "and no one can prevent you from having a lover. I have been loving you for three long years, Inez, and I want to make you my wife. I have come to Newport to tell you that I cannot well do without you. I have been uneasy about you, for lately I have begun to fear that you are surrounded by treacherous people, and I want the right to shelter and care for you. I am asking you to give up a great deal for my love."

"Not so," she said, looking away from him at the ocean—the sound of which nearly drowned her utterance. He had to strain his ears to catch her next words: "I would not be a woman if I could value the wealth of the Indies and make it weigh in the balance against what you offer."

"And you will make the sacrifice?"

She turned upon him, almost angrily.

"Do not speak that word again."

"And you care a little for me, Inez?"

She could not keep from smiling. He was a man of whom any woman might be proud.

"Yes," she said, "I care—a little."

* * * * *

Monsieur La Brie had become thoroughly rested, and was growing very impatient for Miss Stafford's return. It was becoming chilly out of doors, and he had not worn his overcoat, a circumstance which added much to his discomfort.

He was beginning to wonder if, after all, she had gone home by a different route, when he saw a woman approaching, whom he at first mistook for Inez. As she drew nearer, however, he recognized the French maid, Natalie.

"You may as well go home, Monsieur Eugene," she said, saucily. "You are catching your death in this damp sea-air to no purpose. You and madame have played a hard, fast game, and have lost it. Your lady has a lover, and will be married on the day she comes of age."

The Frenchman turned as white as death.

"You don't know what you are saying," he said.

"Ah, but I do," the girl told him; "and if you will walk a mile further on you will find proofs of what I have been saying. The new monsieur, who has so neatly cut you out, is seated beside mademoiselle in a rather secluded grotto, and they are talking as sentimentally as French lovers. I heard them with my own sharp little ears, which are never deceived. I also heard some uncomplimentary remarks about Monsieur Eugene."

Monsieur Eugene went home to tell the news to madame, and later Inez returned, and shut herself into her room. She was afraid to meet any one that evening, lest her warm face and her telltale eyes should divulge her new-found happiness.

Poor child! She did not know that her secret was already the common talk of the household, and that a plan had been formed to rob her of her contentment.

Perhaps it was her happiness that made her wakeful; but late that night she grew restless, and resolved to go out upon her balcony, where she could hear the ocean. She believed its monotonous washing against the shore might make her sleepy.

As she stepped out into the darkness she was surprised by seeing a light still burning in Monsieur Eugene's room, and by hearing voices from the piazza below. She would have retreated, but something which she heard arrested her.

"You and madame were too self-confident," the French girl, Natalie, was saying. "Madame and you both wanted money, and you set to work clumsily to get it. You had faith in your fine penmanship and your personal attractions. Madame had faith in her own cleverness. You and madame were fools. It is a bad thing to write upon a legal document with which you have no business."

A suspicion crossed Inez Stafford's mind which had occurred to her before. It had drained the blood out of her face when she had examined Monsieur Eugene's visiting-cards. This time it caused her to crouch down in the darkness, while she strained her ears to listen. It was the first time in her life that she had enacted the part of eavesdropper, and her heart beat so loud that it seemed to her it would betray her. She was beginning to understand the mystery in the house.

"Monsieur and madame talked late one night," the French girl continued, "and they kept the shades in the room drawn very close. Monsieur exhibited his marvelous penmanship, and madame was rapturous. Natalie was behind the curtains, and heard and saw everything. Natalie has the eyes of a lynx."

Inez was unable to hear Eugene's reply, but the girl's voice was shrill, and more easily heard.

"Madame was cautious, but not clever," she resumed. "She was afraid of detection, so she did not dare have the money come to her, in case mademoiselle would not agree to the conditions of the codicil. She was afraid that Madame La Brie's plotting and Monsieur Eugene's writing might be obvious, if their selfish motive was apparent. Madame was prudent—yet madame has been outwitted."

"Everything is not yet lost," Eugene said, excitedly. "You have found out so much by listening, that you may as well know the rest. Madame is enraged at the turn affairs have taken. She expected to have no difficulty with this girl who was fresh from the country, and not versed in the abominable laws of America. But madame is not yet defeated. In Paris many things are possible which cannot here be accomplished. Madame will take her ward to Paris. Their passage has been engaged for them, and they start to-morrow."

Inez could hear no more, for Monsieur La Brie and the French girl entered the villa, and when she could do so safely, she crept back to her room. She was cold and stiff from the night-air and her cramped position; but forgot all smaller grievances while her mind was filled with the two facts she had learned—there was something wrong in her father's will, and she was to start for Paris on the following day!

There was no time left her in which she might appeal to her lover. True, he would be at the villa at ten o'clock next day, but what might not happen before his arrival? In the happy time she had spent with him, she had forgotten to ask where he was staying, and not knowing his address, she could not send a message to him. There was no time for consideration; she realized that she must act for herself, and act at once.

She dressed herself for a journey, packed a satchel with a few necessaries, and, after secreting Monsieur Eugenie's visiting-cards in her pocket, she crept downstairs and out of the house.

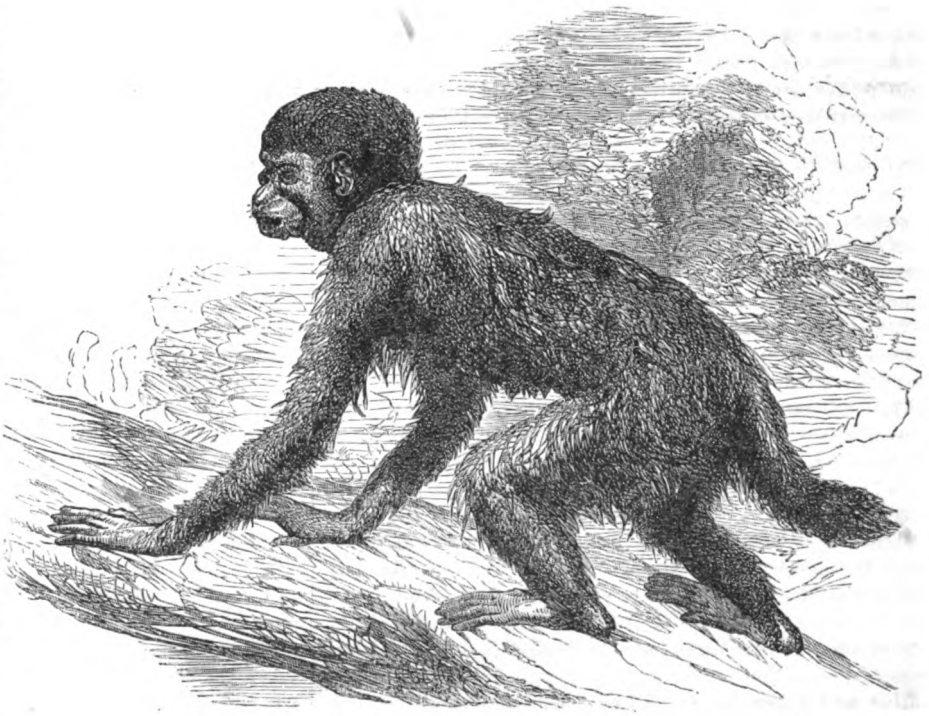
She had scarcely realized what she was doing until she was out of doors, in the black, lonesome night. She intended to take the midnight train for New York, if she could reach it in time, and then to travel home to Cloverport as fast as steam would carry her.

She was obliged to walk to the depot, for there were no public vehicles to be hired at that hour; and, as she was not a strong-minded woman, it must be confessed that she was terribly afraid in the darkness, and hurried on, pursued by a thousand foolish fears.

She was white and exhausted when she reached the station.

The place was almost deserted; but two or three gentlemen who were strolling about the platform looked at her curiously as she hurried by.

She bought her ticket and found her way into the



THE CACAJAO.—SEE PAGE 727.

train. The gentlemen she had seen went into the smoking-car, and, as she was left alone, she indulged in a little fit of crying.

She was the only passenger in the car she occupied; and, as there were no sleeping-coaches on the train, she realized that she would have to remain sitting during the rest of the night.

She had been crying under her vail for some minutes, when some one entered the car and touched her arm.

She supposed the conductor had come for her ticket, and she offered it without turning her tear-stained face toward him.

Instead of her ticket, however, her hand was taken, and, facing him suddenly, she broke out into a hysterical little cry; for it was Guy Howard who stood before her.

He had been at the station with some friends, who were starting homeward that night. He had seen her enter the train, and had followed her to take care of her.

He gave her time to recover her self-possession before he asked any questions. Then she told him all she had heard at the villa that night; told him that she was sure her father's will had been tampered with, and that she was now going to Cloverport, to tell her story, in the county court where the will was recorded.

She must know the truth at last, she said, and she must also escape from Madame La Brie, who was bent on dragging her off to Paris.

When she had finished her story, she felt that inexpressible relief which a woman feels when she shifts her burdens upon the shoulders of the man she trusts.

There was no one but a sleepy brakeman near them, and Guy Howard made a proposition which would have greatly horrified Madame La Brie, and which certainly startled Inez Stafford.

"My dear," he said, "you were kind to me to-day, and promised to marry me at the end of the year, and since then I have wished that this was the month of December instead of May. Fate has also been kind to me, and has taken matters into her own hands. She has made us elope, whether you would or not. You may as well yield to the inevitable and marry me to-morrow, for I am going every inch of your journey with you. You almost escaped me once to-night, but I will never give you such another opportunity. I am going to make Madame La Brie powerless to bring you back again, for I must be your guardian—your husband—as soon as we reach New York."

At first she would not hear of it; but he was a good talker and she loved him. Was it strange that in the end she yielded to his wish?

* * * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Howard spent their "honeymoon" in Cloverport.

While there, Guy Howard was indefatigable in his search for evidence concerning the forgery, and his efforts were successful.

He learned at the county court that the executrix and one of the witnesses had proved the will before it was recorded, and this witness was Monsieur Eugene La Brie!

Mr. Howard consulted with the attorney who had drawn up the will, and in whose writing the entire document appeared to be written.

He recollected the will perfectly, but denied all knowledge of the codicil. Fortunately the remaining witness was easily found, and he declared that his signature to the codicil had been forged.

It could be easily proved that Monsieur and Madame La Brie were guilty of forgery, but it puzzled Mr. Howard to know why they had not gone further with their scheme, and had the money divert to themselves in case Inez had not been easily controlled.

Perhaps they feared to act upon this plan, lest they should be detected. Inez would undoubtedly visit her old home, and would probably visit the attorney and the other witnesses who knew the facts of the case, and she might become informed of the forgery.

Mr. Howard was leaving the court one day, when he unexpectedly encountered the French maid, Natalie. He knew her at once, having seen her with Inez at Newport.

"I have come a long way to help Monsieur Howard with his lawsuit," she said, composedly. "If monsieur will be generous to me, I will give him much valuable information."

"I have already heard your story without paying for it," he replied, coldly. "My wife heard you rehearse it to Monsieur La Brie on the balcony at Newport. You have wasted time and money by coming here."

"Not so, monsieur," she told him, showing her white teeth and dropping her eyes.

He could not endure the sight of this subtle, cat-like woman.

"Madame La Brie paid me well to follow her ward and to report what is being done in Cloverport. Madame is a very clever woman, and keeps herself well informed. She and Monsieur Eugene are now *en route* for Paris."

"There you are mistaken," he said. "They have both been detained by the strong hand of the law. They will be here to-morrow to answer to the charge of forgery."

The trial had occupied but a few days, when Guy returned from the court-room with news for his wife.

"My dear," he said, "these French people have not a ghost of a chance of proving themselves innocent. The evidence against them is so overwhelming that no one has a doubt of their guilt. They have absolutely no case at all."

She did not speak immediately.

"Do you know that this is bad news to me?" she asked, at length. "I cannot bear to begin my new life by ruining two people and sending them to prison."

"What!" he cried, playfully. "Tears in my wife's eyes because these conspirators have not succeeded in robbing her! I believe you would be glad to know that they had escaped the punishment which they so richly deserve."

"Yes," she answered.

"My foolish little wife, you must dry your eyes, for you have your wish. Madame and Monsieur La Brie did not appear in court to-day. When the matter was inquired into, it was discovered that they had recognized the hopelessness of their case, and, forfeiting their bail, had run away so as to escape their punishment."

"They will *not* escape punishment," she said. "Madame has been a leader of fashion, a sort of solar light, about which five hundred smaller planets revolved. She will have to give up her home, her position in society, and will be a fugitive. Eugene La Brie will have a similar experience. Is there not punishment enough in all this?"

"Perhaps there is, Mrs. Wiseacres," he replied. "But now let us dismiss these conspirators from our minds, and talk of our own plans and prospects. Are you almost ready to return home with me?"

She drew nearer to him.

"I am ready now," she said. "I ran away from my last guardian, but I am willing to follow my new one, if need be, to the uttermost parts of the earth."

WANDERINGS OF ALVAR NUNEZ CABEZA DE VACA.

CABEZA DE VACA was treasurer to the expedition sent under Pamfilode Narvaez, the would-be superseder of Cortes, to conquer and take possession of all Florida between the River Palmas and Cape Sable. It sailed in the year 1527, consisting of five ships and six hundred men, and it reached Dominica in safety, where it left one hundred and forty men ; after which it proceeded to Santiago de Cuba.

Here Narvaez, looking about for men, victuals, and horses, met with one Porcalle, who promised him a good adventure if he would come with him as far as Trinidad de Cuba, about three hundred miles along the coast. Narvaez sailed at once, but staying behind with four ships at Vera Cruz (the cape at the end of the Cobra Mountain), he sent on one Captain Pantoxa with one ship to get the goods, and sent our hero, Alvar Nuñez, as treasurer, to see after him ; which was the cause of Alvar Nuñez being close to the centre of the greatest cyclone which had been met with since the discovery of America, as is proved by the certificates got from him by the inhabitants, and shown to the King of Spain.

Cabeza de Vaca happened to be on shore when it came on to blow, and was unable to get on board his ship. The wind grew worse and worse all Sunday, and on Sunday night attained its greatest horror. There was no shelter, for both houses and churches had fallen before the blast, and the fragments were flying into the forest ; seven or eight men would go staggering about aimlessly in the darkness, dreading instant death, and holding on by one another to steady themselves against the wind. In the darkness of that wild Sunday night they heard noises, as of devils, in the storm—bells, flutes, drums, and other instruments ; but the longest night has its day, and on Monday morning they went down to the harbor.

Nullum in conspectu navem ! Only some of their furniture in the water, whereby they knew that they were cast away. They walked along the coast, but there was nothing to be found ; and so they turned from the ruined shore to the ruined forest, and about three-quarters of a mile from the surf found a boat on some trees, which gave them a hint of what had happened. But walking some thirty miles along the shore, Alvar found two men of his ship under the ruins of some houses, but so changed by bruising that he could not identify them ; also he found a friar's habit and a torn coverlet. For the rest, nothing whatever. Sixty men had been on board the two ships, and for them mother, sweetheart, and wife, must wait until the judgment-day.

The thirty men who had come on shore with Cabeza de Vaca and Pantoxa were all saved, but they had to live in the miserable and wasted country, as best they might, until the admiral arrived with four other ships. After some time he came, and they were relieved.

The hurricane, however, had such an effect on the minds of the crews of the four surviving ships, that they earnestly prayed the Admiral Henriquez not to put to sea during that winter. He yielded, and sent Cabeza de Vaca to winter at Sagua, twelve leagues further. Here they staid from the 5th of November to the 20th of February.

Narvaez finally landed in Florida, and began to penetrate into the interior in search of gold ; but disaster befell him, his vessels were wrecked, and nearly the whole party perished in the attempt, which they made in rudely constructed batteaux, to reach Mexico.

Dauphin Island, near Biloxi Bay, was found so full of human bones, one hundred and fifty years after, that the French called it Massacre Island, and here many suppose the last of Narvaez's people perished. But not all.

Three men survived—Cabeza de Vaca, Dorantes, and Estevanico, a negro—and they set their faces resolutely toward the setting sun, and traveled on from tribe to tribe, received as great medicine-men, and really curing many, till at last they crossed the Continent, and reached a Spanish settlement, in Sonora, with the strange tale of all they had seen ; and, strangest of all, the New Mexican pueblos, stories high, with their door on the roof, and the staircase ladders on the outside.

Their narrative, scarcely credited at first, led to explorations which planted a Spanish colony in New Mexico, while Raleigh was trying to colonize Virginia.

But Cabeza de Vaca took no part in this. He was busy in South America, where his name was identified with the early settlement of the Argentine Republic.

THE CACAJAO.

THE cacajoa is conspicuous by reason of its black head and short tail.

When this animal was first discovered, it was thought that the tail had been docked either by some accident or by the teeth of the monkey itself, as is the custom with so many of the long-tailed monkeys of the old world. But the natives of the country where it lives assert that its brevity of tail is a distinctive character of the species. Indeed, among the many names which have been given to the cacajao, one of them, "Mono Rabon," or short-tailed mono, refers to this peculiarity. On account of the very short tail, and the general aspect of the animal, the cacajao is supposed by some naturalists to be the American representative of the magot.

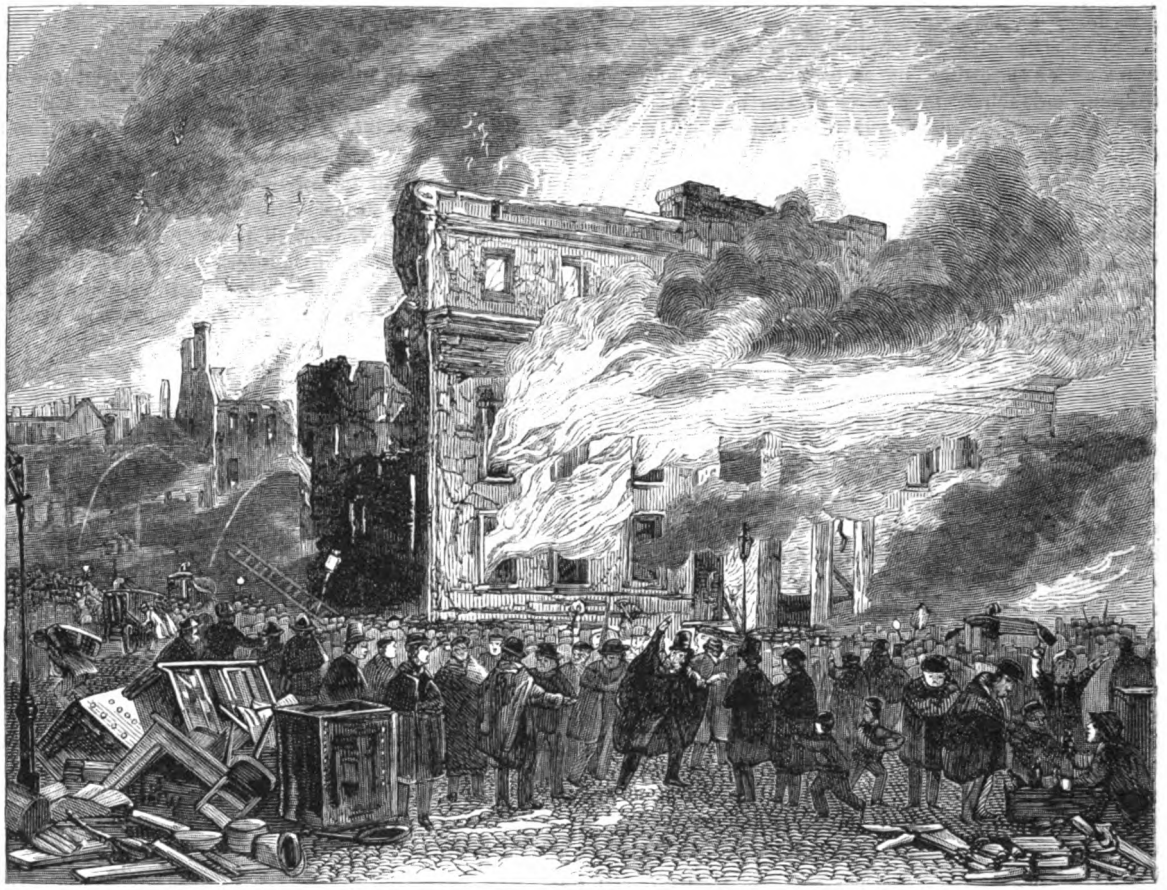
The head of the creature is not only remarkable for its black hue, but for its shape, which, instead of being rounded, as is the case with most monkeys, is slightly flattened at the temples. The general color of the fur is a bright yellowish-brown, the only exceptions being the head and forepaws, which are black. The ears are devoid of hair, are very large in proportion to the size of the animal, and have something of the human character about them. The length of the head and body is said to reach nearly two feet in full-grown animals, and the tail is from three to five inches long.

Very little is known of the habits of the cacajao in a wild state, but in captivity it bears the character of being a very inactive and very docile animal. Fruits seem to be its favorite diet, and when eating them it has a habit of bending over its food in a very peculiar attitude.

Among the names by which this monkey is known, we may mention "Mono-feo," or hideous black monkey, chucuto, chucuzo and caruiri. The term "Melanocephala," signifies black-headed, while the word "Leucocephala," which is applied to the yarke, signifies white-headed.

It seems to be a timid as well as a quiet animal, as a cacajao which had been domesticated displayed some alarm at the sight of several small monkeys of its own country, and trembled violently when a lizard or serpent was brought before its eyes.

The localities where it is most generally found are the forests which border the Rivers Negro and Cassiquiare, but it does not seem to be very plentiful even in its own land.



THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835—THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE IN FLAMES.

NEW YORK CITY—ITS MISFORTUNES AND ITS LITERATURE.

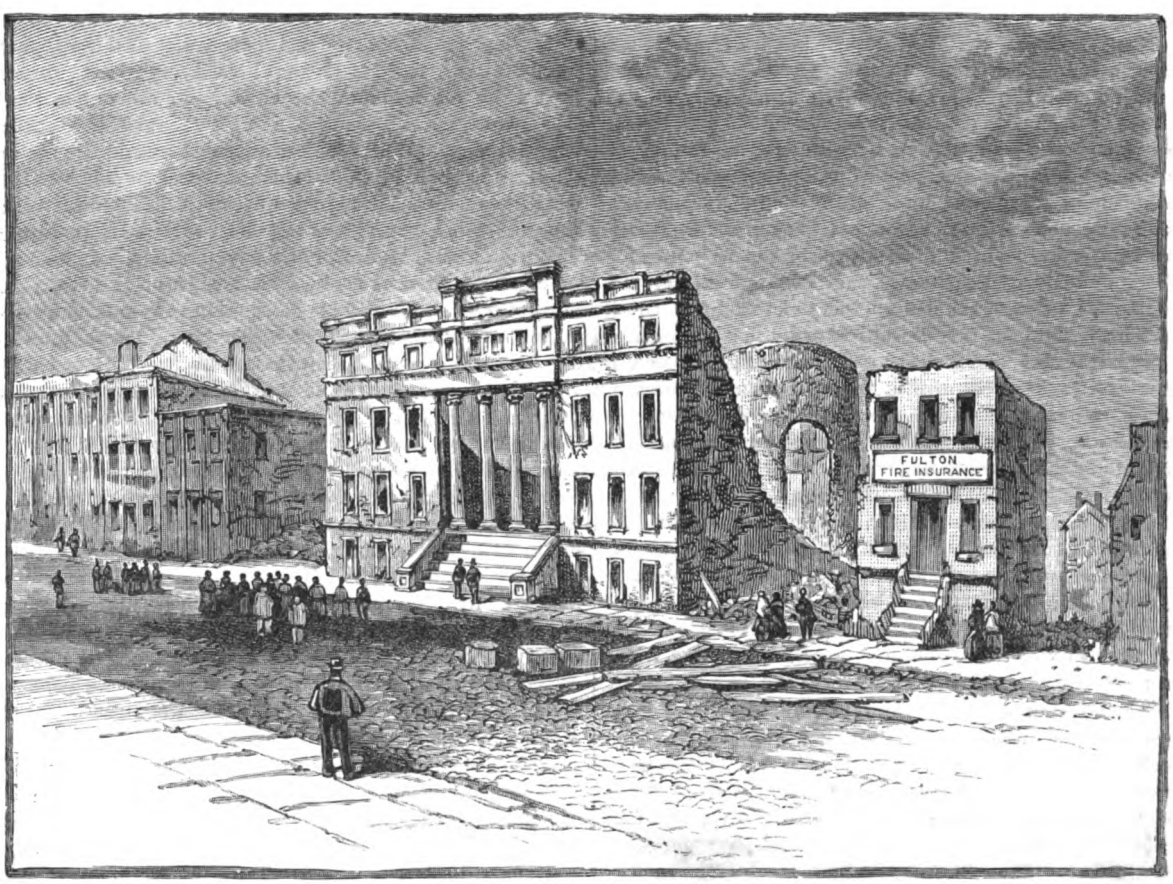
By Evert A. Duyckinck.

Every great city has its especial record of calamity and misfortune ; of war, pestilence, civil commotion, and desolation by fire. From none of these has New York been exempt. Her experience in war has been related in her Revolutionary history. Happily, she has been but lightly touched by civil disorder. With the exception of the draft riots of 1863, there has been nothing, in the occasional disturbances of the peace which have arisen, beyond a momentary collision of interests or prejudices, or the exhibition of a less excusable spirit of lawlessness, and these have readily succumbed to the ordinary government of the city. The draft riots were exceptional in their character, and would doubtless have been checked on the instant, had not advantage been taken of the absence, at the seat of war, of the entire militia force. When that was recalled—indeed, before its arrival—order was re-established. The visitations of pestilence, borne by invisible agencies, are less under control than the violence of man ; but here, also, it may be believed that increasing knowledge of the laws of health, with the enforcement of sanitary regulations under improved government, have limited, and will still further prevent, the encroachments of disease. Certain it is that in its earlier history New York appeared doomed periodically to the visitation, in its virulent form, of that fell scourge of the tropics, the yellow fever, which has long since been held under control, or warded off from our shores, by quarantine regulations. The closing decade of the last century was marked by its greatest ravages, in 1791, in 1795, and particularly in 1798, when, its terror being increased by past experience, it caused a general suspension of business and depopulation of the city. The wealthy fled from the contagion ; the churches were nearly all closed —Trinity and the Methodist Chapel in John Street, however, as in the years of the Revolution, were kept open. At that time the sufficiently remote suburbs of Greenwich and Bloomingdale became the temporary homes of the citizens. From July to November the deaths numbered about two thousand in a population of about fifty thousand, a fearful ratio. At no subsequent time has this disease visited the city with such terrible effect. It has probably seldom in any Summer season been a stranger to the shipping from the West Indies, in the introduction of scattered cases to our hospitals ; but, with the exception of the visitation in 1823, it has excited but little alarm in the city. When it then broke out with some virulence, in the rear of Trinity Churchyard, the consternation of 1798 was revived. The business parts of the city, confined to the lower Wards, were again deserted. Wall Street was abandoned, the banks and Custom House being removed to Greenwich Village, long since absorbed in the city's growth, and the infected district was separated by barriers of non-intercourse, erected under the direction of the Board of Health. The precautions taken doubtless controlled the spread of the disease, the number of deaths to the time of its disappearance with the frosts of November being but two hundred and forty. Since that time the yellow fever, as

an epidemic, has not been known in New York. The year 1832, however, brought a still more formidable successor in the Asiatic cholera, which, traversing the world on the wings of the wind, by an undiscovered law of development enhancing its terrors to the imagination, defied the efforts of quarantine, though it proved by no means insensible to sanitary regulation. It afterward visited the city in 1834, in 1849, in 1854, and in 1866, but with diminished force. Peculiarly a disease of the East, yet capable of being fomented in other latitudes by neglect of the laws of health, its occasional presence is a constant warning of the necessity of the maintenance in the city of a vigilant sanitary police.

The losses by fire in New York have undoubtedly in the aggregate been very great. Indeed, for a time, New York had an ill reputation from the frequency of these conflagrations. Twice, in addition to the two great fires during the possession of the island by the British, has a large portion of its business districts been utterly destroyed: in the Winter of 1835, on the night of the 16th of December, and in the Summer of 1845, on the 19th of July, both occurring under extremes of temperature, the severity of the cold being most disastrous in its effect. The area of the first conflagration covered an important portion of the First Ward of the city, then occupied by the chief importers, and stored with the most costly merchandise. Wall Street was burnt on the south side, including the Merchants' Exchange on the site of the present Custom House, from William Street to South Street; South, Front, and Pearl Streets, from Wall Street to Coenties Slip; William Street, from Wall to South; Stone Street, Beaver Street, Exchange Place, with its old Garden Street Church, and the contiguous streets to the vicinity of Broad Street. More than six hundred buildings were destroyed, and property, it was estimated, to the amount of seventeen millions of dollars, involving the ruin of most of the insurance companies of the city. In the fire of 1845, which ravaged the lower part of Broadway, Exchange Place, Beaver, Marketfield, Mill, Stone, Whitehall, New, and Broad Streets, nearly three hundred and fifty buildings were destroyed, and merchandise valued at about five millions of dollars. The substitution, in 1865, of a paid fire department for the old voluntary system, with the general introduction of steam fire-engines, with the more stringent regulations in regard to the solid construction of buildings, may be expected to render such extensive conflagrations in New York impossible in the future.

We have seen the conduct of New York, her sacrifices in the hour of trial in the War of Independence, and her readiness to confront others when the security of her harbor was threatened in the second war with England. A third season of trial came, when the test was the strength of patriotism and the moral courage to rely on the great political principles which supported the commonwealth of the nation. During the opening scenes of the great rebellion of 1861, New York, intent on her interests of trade and commerce, might have been supposed by an indifferent spectator to have been careless of the great results involved in the impending struggle. The mercantile character is conservative, dreads change; its calculations are based upon existing facts, and it will endure much before it enlists itself upon the side of revolution. On the other hand, it is tenacious of right and justice, and when these principles, so essential to its safety, are invaded, it will, at the expense of great immediate sacrifices, rise to assert them. The South, in its rebellion, relied much upon the support, or at least the



RUINS OF THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835.

indifference, of New York; and it must be admitted that on the surface there was much to sustain her calculations, just as there was something previous to the Revolution to encourage the presumption of the British authorities. Politically the city may be said to have favored the South. Its Democracy, under the leadership of Mayor Wood, who had been recently re-elected, was favorable to her pretensions. Compromise measures were proposed and advocated, in a spirit of deference and submission, while the enemy was openly purchasing arms in her warehouses, which the mayor insisted, in the face of Northern opposition, upon forwarding to their destination. The conspirators at Montgomery, confident in the sovereignty of King Cotton, overlooked the danger which lay before them at New York, hitherto so pliant in their hands. If they had not been blinded by these arguments of selfishness, always short-sighted, they might have seen that they were attempting to strike at the prosperity of the city a fatal blow which would arouse its energies in opposition, to the uttermost.

The fortunes of New York lie in the unity of the nation. Her voice is for free, unfettered trade, and though obliged to submit to many restrictions in her foreign commerce, from the policy of a burdensome tariff, she has, perhaps, on this account learnt better to appreciate the advantages of free trade at home over the vast area of the continent. To submit to a division of the Union would be to consent to the imposition of a thousand fetters in trade; and for this, on the score of self-interest, New York, when the question was fairly presented, had no liking. Moreover, the chivalrous spirit of an excitable people became aroused, when it was found that their sympathies, their passions, their very life-being, were all in union with the grandeur of the Republic. They would yield anything for harmony within the state; they would sacrifice everything to preserve it in its entirety. So, when the cannon of South Carolina were directed against Fort Sumter, the City of New York threw all indecision to the winds, and was emphatically on the side of the National Government. One of the grandest sights ever witnessed within her limits was the great popular meeting held at Union Square, on the afternoon of the 20th of April, one week after the fall of Sumter. That short space of time had served to merge all oppositions of party in one common cause. It was no longer for the moment Republican or Democrat, but all for the country. The flag of the Union was hoisted, by order of Archbishop Hughes, on the tower of the Cathedral, a prompt surrender of all party political prejudice to the paramount interests of the nation; at various stands, speakers, representatives of all parts of the nation, addressed the vast assembly: Senator Baker, of Oregon, and Prof. Mitchell, of Kentucky, who gave their lives to the country; Walker, of Mississippi, long identified with Southern statesmanship; Dix, the late Secretary of the Treasury, who had made himself a name by his order respecting the revenue service—"If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot"; Coddington, of New York, the energy of whose nature found vent in words prophetic of battles; Senator Dickinson; the German, Frederick Kapp; and not least that day, the mayor of the city, Fernando Wood, whose fiery speech savored little of the recent apologetic message with which he had met the bravado of Toombs, of Georgia. The flag of Sumter, brought to the spot, enveloped the statue of Washington, and Major Anderson and his staff were present at the meeting. The occasion might well be one to provoke feeling, for New York was already sending forth her sons to the war, and the hearts of parents were throbbing with emotions unknown before to the present generation.

On the previous afternoon the Seventh Regiment had left the city, more than one thousand strong, accompanied to the wharf by a concourse of their friends and relatives, on their way to Baltimore, hastening to avenge the attack by the mob upon the troops from Massachusetts. The next day, Sunday, was to witness the departure for the seat of war of three city regiments, to be followed immediately by five others. New York was promptly answering the call of the President. There was serious work in all this, for the city felt the responsibility, and proved herself superior to pleasure-loving ease on the one hand and idle vanity or bravado on the other. There was a noble patriotic duty for her to perform, and henceforth, in spite of all opposition and discouragements, we find her undivided energies at the service of the state. Upon her rested not only the furnishing large quotas of men, but the chief supply of the pecuniary means of carrying on the war. Nor were her humanitarian exertions less conspicuous in remedying the inevitable sufferings of the soldiers in the field. Simultaneously with the first departure of troops from the city, an organization was formed by a number of ladies for the relief of the sick and wounded, the Women's Central Association, out of which grew the United States Sanitary Commission, an institution unprecedented in the extent and efficiency of its beneficent work, supported and maintained by private effort, while it acted with the sanction and in co-operation with the military authorities. It was formally authorized by Congress early in June; the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, was placed at its head as president, and under his personal exertions, in journeying from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in which his generous nature and inspiring eloquence everywhere found willing hearts, this noble association expanded in vast undertakings of charity commensurate with the gigantic war. It was truly a national work, deriving its support from all parts of the country in allegiance to the Government. Subscriptions flowed into its treasury from all sides. Fairs which assumed extraordinary proportions were held in the leading cities. That held in the City of New York, in a special building erected for the purpose, covering the northern area of Union Square, brought in a return, after the payment of all expenses, of over a million dollars.* By the side of this was developed the United States Christian Commission, supported by the Young Men's Christian Association and the United States Union Commission, both of which were organized in the City of New York. Mr. Vincent Colyer, an artist of New York, since honorably distinguished by his employment under the Government in Indian affairs in the West, was the head of the Christian Commission. It may be said to have grown out of his disinterested personal exertions. The local institutions confined to the city, for aid and comfort to the soldiers, were also numerous. The aggregate of these free-will offerings throughout the nation was estimated by Horace Greeley at five hundred millions of dollars.

With the militia which left New York for the defense of the capital at the beginning of the war was a volunteer regiment, the first in the field, recruited from the firemen of the city by Colonel Ellsworth. In the first occupation of Alexandria, on the morning of May 24th, while leading his men, the colonel's attention was attracted by the Confederate flag flying from the summit of a hotel. In a few moments, accompanied by several friends, he

* The receipts were $1,351,275; the net income, $1,181,506.

was on the roof of the building; the flag was cut down on the instant, and as Ellsworth was descending an upper stairs, bearing it with him, he was met by the keeper of the house, who discharged a double-barreled gun at his breast. The colonel was killed on the instant, and, as he fell, Private Brownell, of the regiment, promptly avenged his death in a fatal shot at the assassin.

The remains of Ellsworth, after funeral services at the President's mansion at Washington, were brought to New York, and carried in an imposing procession through the city on the way to the birthplace of the deceased (Mechanicsville) in the State. This was the first funeral procession of the war in the city, to be followed by many others, among them two (Winthrop and O'Brien) who had gone forth with the favorite Seventh Regiment, allied in literary achievement, in youthful enthusiasm, as in a common death upon the field. Meanwhile, the city freely continued its offerings of men and treasure. More than eighty thousand volunteers, says the message of the patriotic Mayor Opdyke, who had succeeded Wood, were sent by her to the war during the first two years, and money contributions in various ways made to the Government of not less than three hundred millions of dollars.

As the war went on, it developed the inevitable issue of the abolition of slavery, formally registered by the Emancipation Proclamation, taking effect on the 1st of January, 1863. This was at the critical period of the war, when its burdens were most oppressive and the enemy in greatest force. The City of New York, in common with other parts of the country, felt the pressure. Party opposition, which had been silenced, shrinking abashed before the sacrifices of the nation, now asserted itself, and assumed its boldest front in the night of darkness, happily preceding the dawn of victory. The struggle came in New York in the Summer of 1863. In the month of June of that year its militia regiments, numbering about eight thousand men, were sent to Pennsylvania to resist the advance of Lee, on the eve of the turning-point of the war, the decisive victory of Gettysburg. Simultaneously with this movement was set on foot, as an absolute necessity of the Government for its preservation, the draft enrollment, authorized by Congress in the last hours of its closing session in March. The enrollment had been made in New York, and the draft, deferred to the last moment, was ordered for the 11th of July. It was commenced in the city at the appointed time, in one of the districts, at a building on the corner of Third Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, and continued without interruption during the day, though not without symptoms of opposition on the part of the laboring classes, upon whom the burden fell with the greatest force. The next day being Sunday, pause was given for co-operation, and early on Monday an organized effort to resist the draft was apparent. Workmen at factories and buildings were compelled by moving bands to leave their work, and a large body of men were thus disengaged from their usual occupation, and ready to swell the crowds which thronged to the buildings where the draft was going on. It had scarcely been resumed at Third Avenue and Forty-sixth Street when the house was invaded by the mob, who destroyed the furniture and drove the officers with violence from the premises. The building was then set on fire, and the whole block consumed, the insurgents forbidding any efforts of the Fire Department for its preservation. A violent prejudice, which had been fomented by the partisan newspaper attacks upon the Emancipation Proclamation, was now directed against the negro population. The Colored Half-orphan Asylum, on Fifth Avenue at Forty-fourth Street, occupied by several hundred destitute children, was attacked in the afternoon, and being without defense, the inmates were driven in terror from the building, which was pillaged and burnt. Everywhere negroes began to be hunted and persecuted; they were driven from their occupations, their houses were assailed in the night, many in their terror fled from the city, and others found shelter in the homes of courageous citizens; twelve, it is stated, were brutally murdered. In one instance a poor victim was hung to a tree and a fire kindled beneath him. The mob also set fire to the office of the draft at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street. It was burned with the contiguous stores, which were plundered of their contents. During the two following days the mob was in the ascendant, perpetrating many deeds of personal violence, plundering and exacting contributions in various parts of the city, from house to house. The railways were broken up, stores were closed, and labor generally suspended. All this while the police, to the full extent of its ability, was effectively employed, and active measures were taken by the Mayor, Governor, and military authorities. The militia were recalled from Pennsylvania. General Wool, in command of the Department, and under him General Harvey Brown, directed the movements of the Federal troops at hand. There were various contests with the mob, which resulted in their overthrow and dispersion, the rioters suffering fearfully from the fire of the troops.

This was the last serious disturbance in the city during the war, if we except the fruitless effort made by a small band of rebel agents, in November, 1864, to fire the chief hotels and public buildings. Lodgings were taken by these conspirators, who applied inflammables in their several rooms, and also to a portion of Barnum's Musum, but the fires were put out before any considerable damage was done. Robert Kennedy, one of the conspirators, was arrested, and suffered death as the penalty of his crime. In the latter part of the war the citizens were occupied in efforts largely directed by the Union League Club, founded early in 1863, in forwarding volunteers and generally alleviating the hardships of the conflict. The tragic death of President Lincoln, following closely upon the surrender of Lee, in April, 1865, produced a profound impression in New York. On the arrival of the intelligence, instantly, as if by a concerted signal, the stores were clothed in mourning, and everywhere the deepest feeling was exhibited. The day was also signally honored which saw his remains borne through the city, on their way to their last resting-place at his home in Illinois.

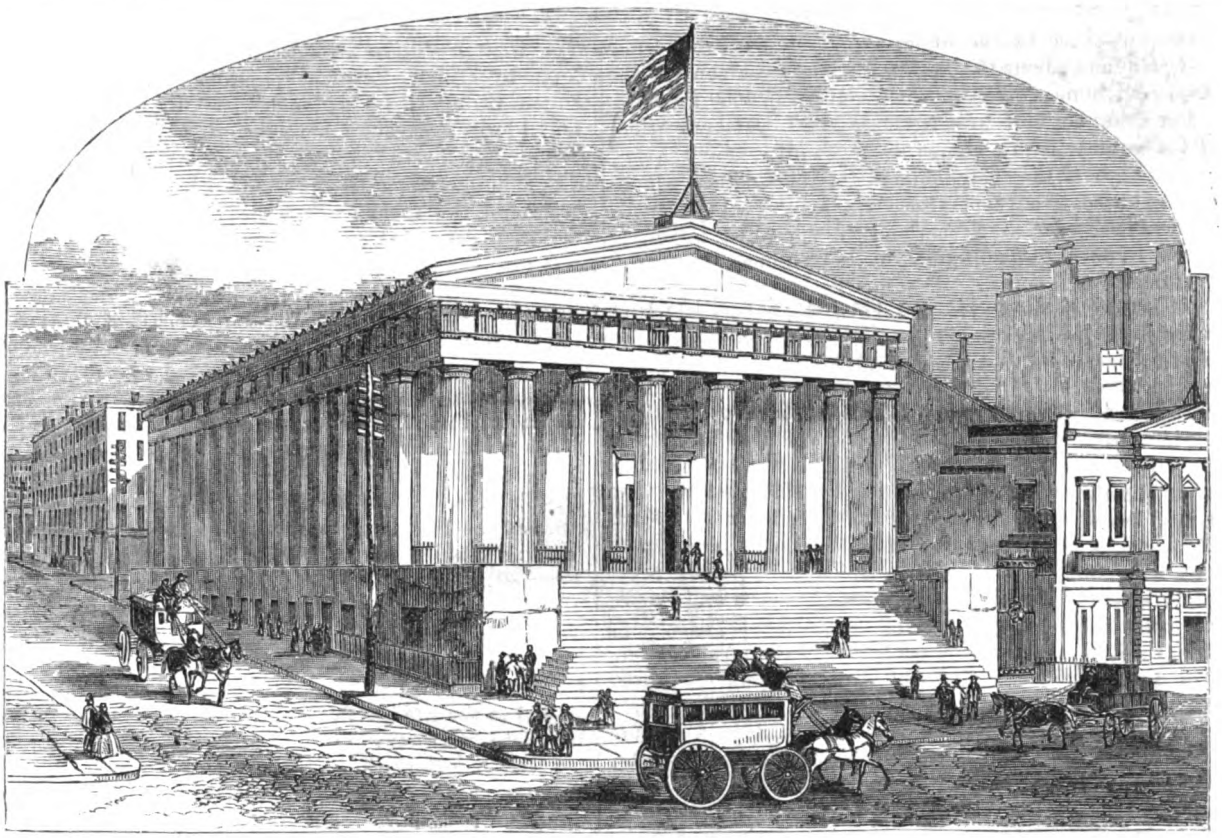
The topic of literature would appear to be too comprehensive to be drawn within the limits of this sketch. Indeed, we find that it has been generally omitted by those who have attempted the history of New York. Yet it is far too distinctive to be overlooked, though we cannot here do more than glance at a few prominent characteristics. The period of the colonization by the Dutch may well be supposed to have been too busy for authorship, yet it had its men of learning. Van der Donck, who published the "Representation from New Netherland," describing the products and inhabitants of the country; Megapolensis, who has left us a tract on the Indians; the writer of the satirical "Broad Advice to the United Netherland Provinces"; while poetry, even, was represented by Jacob Steendam and Henricus Selyns, whose verses were brought to light and translated for English readers, by the antiquarian zeal and affection of the late Hon. Henry C. Murphy. The

former of these two versifiers, an adventurer who came from Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century, sent home to the mother country in 1659 a poem, "The Complaint of New Netherland," a personification of the colony, with a glance at its condition, and a lamentation over the encroachments of the English, which was followed two years after by a longer composition, "The Praise of New Netherland," a pamphlet in verse, a rather appetizing eulogy of the soil, climate and productions of the country. Domine Selyns, a notable character in the old religious history of the Province, left a volume in manuscript of quaint occasional verses, the most noticeable of which is an epithalamium on the marriage at Christmas of the Rev. Egidius Luyck, the Latin schoolmaster of Manhattan, to the fair Judith Van Isendoorn; a wound of Cupid which the poet ingeniously connects with the recent murders committed by the Indians at Esopus. There was also Narcissus de Sille, a councilor in the administration of Governor Stuyvesant, who left a fragment or two of moral and religious verse.

DOCTOR JOHN W. FRANCIS.

With the English rule, and mainly toward its close, after Bradford and his successors had established the press in the city, grew up a body of writers of the legal profession whose essays and political lucubrations formed the solid, staple editorials of the newspapers of the period. Among these stands prominently forth as a diligent controversialist William Livingston, whose *Independent Reflector* has already been mentioned in relation to the attacks in its columns on Columbia College, and who was also a contributor to Hugh Gaine's *Mercury* and Holt's *Weekly Post Boy;* while his "Philosophic Solitude," published in 1747, gives him a place, the earliest, among the poets of New York. The learned and philosophic Lieutenant-governor Colden has a prior claim in prose for his "History of the Five Indian Nations," which appeared in 1727. The only other ante-Revolutionary poetical production, we believe, which can be claimed for New York, is "Vice; A Satire," dated 1774, written with a strong infusion of the manner of Pope by Gulian Verplanck, grand-uncle of the late Gulian Crommelin Verplanck.* With the Revolution came Philip Freneau, a native of New York city, whose verses, often hastily written, always exhibit talent, and in their humorous satire present a singularly interesting picture of the incidents of the times. The political literature generated by the conflict is worthily represented in the contributions of Jay and Hamilton to the *Federalist.* Gouverneur Morris illustrated the new era in several spirited orations, that delivered at the porch of old Trinity, on occasion of the funeral of Hamilton, in 1804, being the best remembered. After the Revolution the native muse seemed inclined to take wing, but somewhat heavily at first, and, as was to be expected, with a strong imitative propensity. A volume of poems of a plaintive domestic character was published in 1793. Samuel Low, of some talent in description; Richard Bingham Davis, whose early death was much lamented; John Blair Linn, author of "The Powers of Genius"; and Harwood, the actor, are remembered for their volumes of verse published in the early years of the century. Dunlap, of whose various writings — dramatic, biographic and historical —we have already had occasion to speak, though painting was his profession, was among the first in the city to exhibit much activity in authorship. He was in his youth associated with a club of intellectual companions, among whom were the brothers, Dr. Samuel and Edward Miller; James Kent, subsequently author of the "Commentaries on American Law"; and Charles Brockden Brown, then a resident of the city, whose first novels, "Wieland" and "Ormond," were published in New York in 1798 and the following year. Dr. Mitchill should not be forgotten among the pioneers of the liter-

* The reader will find several pages of this production in the collection of specimens of fifty or more city poets in Charles Fenno Hoffman's "New York Book of Poetry," published in 1837.



THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE, NOW THE TREASURY BUILDING.

ary cultivation of Manhattan. The universality of his attainments, with the vivacity of his intellect, were exhibited in numerous lectures, discourses and orations, in his valuable "History of the Fishes of New York," and his poetical versions of the "Piscatory Eclogues" of the Neapolitan poet Sannazarius. The intellect of the city was also roused by the learned discourses of De Witt Clinton and the masterly pulpit eloquence of Dr. Mason. The author by profession was a being who could scarcely be said to have been produced at New York till Washington Irving, after a few years' devotion to the law and an unhappy experience in mercantile life, was led by his genius to the exclusive pursuit of literature. A new era in our literature dates from the appearance of "Salmagundi" in 1807. Here the rising genius of Washington Irving and James Kirke Paulding was exhibited to their countrymen. There was a spirit and freshness in these sketches of life in New York, a display of humor blended with pathos and sentiment, a reliance on native scenes and character, which separated them at once from the thousand and one imitations of the *Spectator* which they resembled only in form. "Knickerbocker's History of New York" followed two years after, an original work of art developing itself simply as the expression of the natural genius of Irving; for the first conception of this finished production was simply a parody of Dr. Mitchill's inoffensive "Picture of New York." This is, upon the whole, the most vigorous of the author's writings. Halleck, with his keen perception of vital power and energy, thought it his best. It is decidedly the most original of his compositions, overflowing with youthful vitality, polished in style, its hilarity tempered by an infusion of classic English reading. Grave critics — and Verplanck was unaccountably among them — affected to censure the work as an injurious burlesque of our annals; but time has shown the objection to be quite a misapprehension. The pleasant pages of "Diedrich Knickerbocker" may still be enjoyed with a perfect appreciation of the historic compositions of O'Callaghan and Brodhead. "Knickerbocker" has a humorous,

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

mythical world of its own quite worthy of entrance as a relief to the jaded life of New Yorkers of the present day, and not incapable, in its genial satire, of affording them many a profitable lesson in the management of their domestic and corporate affairs. The public was not disappointed in the promise of "Salmagundi" and "Knickerbocker." The genius of Irving and Paulding unfolded itself in various forms of literary excellence, and never with greater success than when employed upon themes native or allied to the home of their youth.

Irving resided seventeen years abroad, and has been sometimes claimed as an English author; but the delightful books in which he has gathered so much of the practical life of the Fatherland, as "The Sketchbook," "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveler," have all their cheery reminiscences of the old Dutch humors of Manhattan, while the selection of Columbus and his company of voyagers for the work of his mature years shows the heart of the author still with his native land. Paulding never forgot it; his spirit of nationality is riant, rampant, and aggressive, and sometimes interrupts the flow of his genial descriptions of nature and the inventions of legendary New York, in which his pen always delighted. Verplanck, the companion-in-letters of Irving and Paulding, has the honor also of being associated with the early literary career in the city of William Cullen Bryant. With the lamented Robert C. Sands they formed the triumvirate of writers for the *Talisman*, the annual volumes of which, from 1827 to 1830, afford the best illustration for the time of the literature of New York. Bryant made his home in the city, at the age of thirty, in 1825, and almost immediately became connected with the editorship of the *Evening Post*, with which he was so long honorably identified. New York has no exclusive claims to the inspiration of his muse which belongs to his country and the world; but in her local annals few names can deserve better to be warmly remembered than that of Mr. Bryant. The more distinguished authors of New York have been happily linked together. The "Marco Bozzaris" of Halleck, his "Burns" and "Wyoming," first appeared in a city periodical edited by Mr. Bryant, published about 1826, though the author had acquired his enduring title to local fame by the publication, in conjunction with his friend Drake, of the "Croakers," which made their appearance during the Spring and Summer of 1819 in the *Evening Post*, then conducted by its founder, William Coleman. Never has satire been more genially administered than in these pleasant papers. The wit is pungent, the humor caustic, and both are sheathed in the melodious verse. The spiriting is done gently. It is the quick and unperceived, but not the less fatal, stroke of the keen Damascus scimeter. Any one who cares to read of the peccant follies of New York in the days of our fathers, of the pretenses of its editors, politicians, players, and fashionables, should peruse the "Croakers" and the kindred pages of "Fanny." It is a world quite separated from the earlier picture of city life in "Salmagundi," and quite as distinct from the weightier interests of the metropolis at present. We cannot afford to laugh as lightly now. In this retrospect the names of Woodworth, Morris, Noah, and Willis, should be remembered for the devotion of their talent to the topics of the town. With Theodore S. Fay, William L. Stone, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Dr. John W. Francis, and, more recently, Frederick S. Cozzens and George William Curtis, whose "Lorgnette" is not to be overlooked in this connection, they are all identified with the intellectual life of the city, which seems now to have outgrown the opportunity for the exercise of that individual personal interest and effort once so efficient in developing its welfare. Much of their work was, of course, accomplished through the press, which has now a hundred voices where it then had one. How rapid and extensive has been the development of this agency since Halleck summed up its powers in the "Croakers" fifty years ago:

> "In thee, immortal Lang! have all
> The sister graces met—
> Thou statesman, sage and editor
> Of the New York *Gazette*."

The *Gazette*, which had a long mercantile career of its own, has perished. It died when the public learnt to demand something more in a newspaper than the scant commercial returns and columns of advertisements which filled up the old journals. The *Evening Post*, which dates from the year 1801, always distinguished by talent; the *Commercial Advertiser*, and the *Journal of Commerce*, connect the last generation with the present. The other journals are of to-day; though, in the rapid progress of American life, the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and the later *Times* and *World*, are beginning to enjoy a venerable reputation. The daily press has absorbed much of the literary interest of the former "weeklies," which, however, have found a new secret of attractiveness in an immediate appeal to the eye by the agency of art. Thousands read the pictures in the illustrated papers where one cares to peruse a lengthy editorial dissertation.

We have now traversed the long track of NEW YORK IN THE PAST; we have touched lightly upon interests the consideration of which might have been pursued till this sketch was extended to volumes.

POMPEIAN CLEANLINESS.

A RECENT letter from Pompeii to the *American Architect*, says: One thing is difficult to conceive without seeing it, and that is the gorgeousness of the interiors of the private houses. The colors are now faded; the columns are broken; the mosaics of the floors are generally nearly destroyed; the fountains do not play; the flower-beds are destitute of flowers; yet, even as it is, one is continually amazed by the brilliant effect of the interior vistas. In one house the view from a triclinium across two courts, both surrounded by gayly-decorated Corinthian columns standing before walls painted from top to bottom in a variety of colors, is really dazing to the eyes. The old Pompeians lived in a rainbow atmosphere. Another striking thing is the absolute cleanliness. You may say that the dirt has all been taken away by the Italian Government. That is true; but it is quite evident that, in the old times, it never was there. Our modern houses are not made to be clean, as were the Pompeian residences. The walls, the floors, every corner of their homes, were finished with the most admirable workmanship. In their rooms no plaster ever fell, for it was of such excellent material, and so well put on, that it soon became like marble. They had no wooden walls, no cracks where dust could penetrate. Water for cleansing was found in every part of the house, and ran off through perfect drains. All the tables and bedsteads were of marble or bronze; even the well-curbs and the borders of the flower-beds were of hewn stone. Hygiene must have come naturally to the old Pompeian. He evidently had no chance to get a typhoidal attack. The only class of diseases he could not provide against was the eruptive, and one of these carried him off at last.

TEARS AND SMILES.

By Shirley Wynne.

NIGHT.

So dark, so sweet, so still!
And through the darkness softly falls the rain,
That, like a sound of weeping, seems to fill
All earth and heaven, while the faint blooms distill
Intenser fragrance, for those cool drops fain.

No bird is singing now,
No wakeful swallow stirs the nested eaves,
No restless fairy-pinioned winds allow
One fragile blossom trembling on the bough
To seek the ground, or move the slumb'ring leaves.

O mournful Summer night,
Weeping in silence while the careless sleep,
To hearts a-weary of the long daylight,
Who dared not moan when earth and air were bright,
How sweet it is to watch with thee and weep!

DAWN.

Into delicious blue
The dark clouds melt and vanish; one white star—
Sweet child of night—gleams like a drop of dew,
And fades into the dawn that hastes from far.
Where heav'n's clear sapphire portals stand ajar.

The birds begin to sing,
And in gay flight the wet leaves toss apart
That on the turf their shining crystals fling;
Fair sunbeams through the fir-trees upward dart,
And wide each eager flow'r unfolds its od'rous heart.

Upon the smiling earth
No mists, no shadows of past grief remain;
No Summer dawn had surely fairer birth!
And sweet it is, after night's tears and rain,
With the glad Heav'n-sent day to hope and smile again!

SIR GALAHAD

Sir Galahad sold newspapers for a living. Mr. Tennyson, in his "Idyls of the King," was probably not aware of this fact, as he makes no mention of it whatever.

Sir Galahad's father occupied select quarters on Blackwell's Island. One night, shortly before the occupancy of said quarters, he came home somewhat—indisposed.

Being denied the amusement of eating any supper, for the somewhat potent reason that there was no supper to eat, he occupied his leisure time in beating his wife.

It was for this pastime that the city supported him on Blackwell's Island. Sir Galahad's mother? Oh, she died!

The honorable gentleman who caused her death—I mean who caused the—the—indisposition of Galahad, senior, throve and prospered unmolested. He was licensed to do it. Sir Galahad's father wasn't. There was the difference, you see.

In consequence of the city's kind permission—— No, in conseqnence of this honorable gentleman's calling—— No, in consequence of Sir Galahad's father being so foolish as to get dr—indisposed, Sir Galahad was early cast upon his own resources and the world's compassion.

Sir Galahad's resources developed much more rapidly than the world's compassion; indeed, the former may be said to have expanded with an india-rubber elasticity, while the compassion of the world did not seem to develop at all.

Sir Galahad's "resources" consisted of a moderate supply of "wits," a pair of lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, a wardrobe frequently more limited in its supplies than the owner's demand, a vast amount of "brass," and a small amount of nickel.

His mathematical education consolidated itself into the following problem: "Where two cents buys a bun, and a feller hain't got no cents, how's he a-going to get the bun?"

He had also a somewhat intimate acquaintance with Decreasing Proportion.

His geographical boundaries extended no further than the streets of his own city would permit; his historical lore—— Spare me, dear boys and girls, sitting to-night by warm, happy, well-sheltered firesides; I pray that you may never know its half.

Among the "knights" of his profession Sir Galahad ranked first. He could not only shout the loudest of any among them, but he could also hit the hardest. That was the reason they called him "Fister." You need not search the pages of "Idyls of the King" to find this nickname of Sir Galahad's. Mr. Tennyson did not know about it when he wrote his beautiful poem.

I am very sorry to state that Sir Galahad sometimes swore.

He uttered an oath once when an elegantly attired young aristocrat kicked a poor forsaken little dog that chanced to cross his patrician path.

"You're a brute!" he cried, with blazing eyes, as the poor little creature ran yelping away.

The fastidious youth surveyed him with calm contempt.

"I'm a gentleman, you little vagabond!" he responded, as he passed on.

Things get somewhat mixed in this world sometimes.

I am going to offer nothing in extenuation of Sir Galahad's swearing. I am afraid some boy who has had a better home than the streets of a wicked city, who has not slept half the nights of his life in an empty hogshead, and whose grammatical education has embraced higher points than the current vernacular of the street, might possibly strive to hide behind my excuse, were I to offer any.

Sir Galahad found the miserable little dog, and took him home. "Home" was the empty hogshead before alluded to.

Probably because of the fact that "misery loves company"—and the dog was certainly a miserable enough object—Sir Galahad grew to be very fond of him.

He used to hold discourse with him as they lay in the hogshead at night, occasionally poking him in the ribs did he show any signs of sleepiness,

But one night Yelper—he had christened him according to his most prominent characteristic — froze to death.

For some unaccountable reason Sir Galahad didn't—only his ears froze. He threw Yelper off the dock the next morning, a little stream trickling down the dirty channels of his cheeks. It might have been spray from the ocean, however.

Then Sir Galahad turned cynic. He hated the boys he met clad in warm garments; he hated the men with greatcoats and the women in furs; he became, in fact, the Diogenes of the nineteenth century.

It was just about this time that he met Tiny. Tiny wasn't his real name—that was Willie; but if you called him Willie, I think that he would have looked around to see if there wasn't another boy; he would never have thought you meant him.

Tiny had just entered the charmed circle, and the other "knights" didn't like him.

The principal reason for this dislike was that he

minded his own business and washed his face. Sir Galahad, being a cynic just now, didn't notice him at all—cynics never do, you know; it is their way of benefiting humanity.

But one morning he noticed Tiny, and Big Ginger, too, and that was the reason that Big Ginger subsequently appeared with a pair of black eyes.

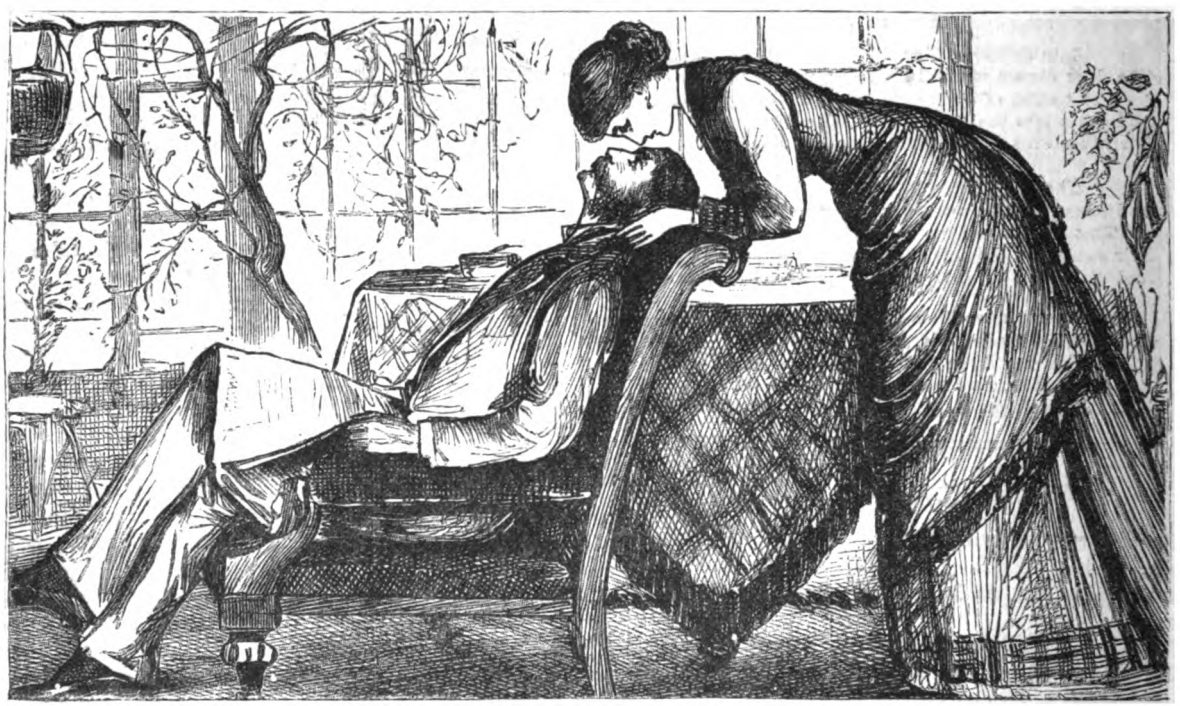
This euphoniously titled youth rejoiced in the possession of hair of a fiery hue, and temper likewise.

Big Ginger and Sir Galahad were ever at swords' points.

Big Ginger was a bully; Sir Galahad was not the cause of discord, is obvious.

Sir Galahad was just starting out with his papers one morning, when he heard a shrill, sharp cry.

When he turned and saw what caused the cry, I am sorry—oh, very sorry, to say that he swore again.



EVE'S CURIOSITY.

YOUNG WIFE—"*I wish you'd let me go with you to the city to-morrow, Fred!*" YOUNG HUSBAND—"*Why, love?*" YOUNG WIFE—"*Because I should like, just for once, to take a walk through the money market!*"

Tiny's papers lay floating in the gutter, and Tiny, in Big Ginger's grasp, seemed on the point of following his property.

He didn't, however. It was Big Ginger's bulky form that reposed a moment later in the gutter.

"If yer ever tech him agin, yer coward, I'll lick yer like blazes!"

This from Sir Galahad to Big Ginger, picking himself up, in a dazed sort of way, from the gutter.

Tiny was let alone thereafter. Sir Galahad possessed an inconvenient habit of adhering strictly to his word.

That night he invited Tiny "home."

"'Tain't 'specially tony," remarked the host, as he crawled in after his guest. "I don't hang out at Astor's every night."

"It's ever so much better than where I slep' las' night," said Tiny.

"Where'd you put up?"

"In Muggins's coal-bin."

"Sleep well?" asked Sir Galahad, grimly.

"Pretty well—I was awful tired."

Sir Galahad looks about him with complacency. He is not reduced to coal-cellars. There is some straw in the hogshead, too. He feels quite superior to Tiny.

"Wal, roll in."

He adjusts his own action to the words, or, rather, he "rolls up."

But Tiny didn't come; he remained quite still, and Sir Galahad, raising on his elbow, saw that his hands were clasped, and that his lips moved.

"What yer doin?" he demanded.

No answer.

"Say, yer, Tiny!"

No answer yet. After a moment:

"I was prayin'," says Tiny, creeping up beside his questioner.

"What fur? Who to?"

"Why, Jesus," says Tiny.

"Who's He?"

Tiny gasps in astonishment.

"Don't yer know?"

"Course not; what'd I ask fur? I never seed Him—who be He?"

Thou art a "city of churches," indeed, but it is truth, nevertheless, Sir Galahad "did not know."

"He came to save us, a great while ago. They put Him up on a cross an' nailed Him there, tight. An' they called Him names, an' laughed. An' He was good. He came to save them. He saves us. I love Him!" says Tiny.

"Don't believe it," says Sir Galahad, emphatically.

Tiny's pale cheek flushes.

"It *must* be so, 'cause my mother told me."

There is something in Tiny's voice that causes Sir Galahad to feel that he is treading on delicate ground.

"P'r'aps she didn't know—yer mother," he ventures.

"She did know," cries Tiny. "My mother would never tell me anything she didn't know for sure."

Sir Galahad stares at Tiny. Strange, that he should

SIR GALAHAD.—"BUT TINY DIDN'T COME; HE REMAINED QUITE STILL, AND SIR GALAHAD, RISING ON HIS ELBOW, SAW HIS HANDS CLASPED, AND THAT HIS LIPS MOVED. 'WHAT YER DOIN'?' HE DEMANDED.'—SEE PAGE 735.

have had a mother! Then another strange idea comes to him. Why, he must have had a mother once, too.

"Tell me of her—yer mother," he says.

Tiny's eyes grow dim.

"She was the goodest, an' was *as* pretty. She used to kiss me every night—every night an' mornin'. We used to live in a big house, an' then we moved to the little house, an' then the attic room. And then"—Tiny chokes "then—she died."

A long silence. Sir Galahad breaks it:

"Where does He hang out?"

"Who?"

"Why, don't yer know—Him who they nailed up?"

"He's in heaven," says Tiny, reverently.

"What sorter a place is that?"

"Beautiful," says Tiny. "All warm and bright, like—like——"

"Like that new house of the rich old cove up-town?" suggests Sir Galahad, alluding thus freely to one of the city's millionaires.

"Yes; only nicer, and——"

"Blame me ef I'll b'lieve it!" cries Sir Galahad. "Do you s'pose He would come an' die fer seech as we?"

"But He did—He did, indeed! An', oh! if we're good, we can go there when we die, f'ever and ever. I'm sure—mother told me!"

Silence again.

Sir Galahad, his chin resting upon his hands, meditates; Tiny—poor tired Tiny—fast growing sleepy.

"Say!" cries Sir Galahad, suddenly, "can yer have all yer want to eat up there?"

"Yes, indeed; an' shoes to wear—new ones, yer know, with whole toes—an' never be cold."

"An' we've got to be good, hev we?"

"Yes"—sleepily.

"An' believe on Him? But"—perplexed—"how can we believe when we don't see Him!"

No answer, for Tiny is almost asleep.

"After a long silence: "Don't yer s'pose I could see Him, Tiny?" But Tiny is quite asleep.

Sir Galahad punches him gently, but he doesn't wake.

"I b'lieve I could," mutters the reflector to himself. "I think kinder ef I'd seed Him, I'd know better, an' I'm a-goin' to look."

From that night began Sir Galahad's search for the Holy Grail.

Tiny and he, after much discussion of the financial question, decided that the profits arising from their profession, and also the comforts of the "home," should be divided equally between them.

Relations were somewhat changed, however. From regarding Tiny with indulgent superiority, Sir Galahad looked up to him with admiration. Tiny became teacher, expounder.

It was not the "blind leading the blind." Tiny saw by the light of that dead mother's faith.

Sir Galahad listened eagerly, but always ended with a sigh of, "It's so far off. I can't really know Him, you know, till I see Him!"

His eyes grew to hold an eager, questioning look. He went about with the air of one seeking—searching. He was—he was endeavoring to find the Holy Grail.

One morning Tiny didn't get up, because—because——

Poor little Tiny!—ah, no! happy little Tiny!—many a millionaire, could they have seen your death-bed, will envy you, Tiny, when they shall come to lie on theirs.

"I see Him," cried Tiny. "He's a-turnin' an' a-smilin'. Oh, yes, I see—I see——"

And then Sir Galahad was quite alone. Ah, no, it was not poor Tiny; it was rather poor Sir Galahad—for Sir Galahad—for Sir Galahad did not see. Poor Sir Galahad, indeed. Will he ever see—will he ever find the Holy Grail?

It is a cold night—it is a very cold night—cold even for freezing, icy January. The wind seems to be quarreling with all the world, both collectively and individually.

It pulls at the passer's coat and slaps him soundly in the face, till the poor, harassed pedestrian loses all temper, and rages inwardly like the tempest outwardly.

Yes, Mr. Brown, banker, as you stand upon the steps of your counting-house and turn up the collar of your coat, you shiver and think with hungry longing of a certain well-cooked dinner awaiting you, in a certain well-warmed room, and, starting rapidly down the steps on your way thither, stumble across a ragged little figure crouched in an angle of the wall.

"What are you doing here?" you demand sharply of the ragged little figure.

"Nothin'," sullenly.

"Well, then, get along with you. I don't want to break my neck tumbling over such little rascals as you."

And the "little rascal" moves along; and, satisfied that you have done your share in benefiting humanity, you, Mr. Brown, banker, "move along," too.

You move toward home and all comfort in general; Sir Galahad moves toward—well, nothing in particular.

But he is near—very near—the Holy Grail.

Why don't he go "home"? Well, the fact is, he don't care about going there ever since Tiny died—oh, no, first began to *live*—there.

Sir Galahad is hungry—not remarkable. If I had dined from nothing, also supped from the same dish, I think it very probable that I should have been hungry likewise—shouldn't you?

Sir Galahad crouches down near a church-door and meditates. Under the shadow of Trinity, beneath the light of the Cross, in the heart of a Christian city, cold, ragged and *very* hungry, he meditates.

In the light of day, Sir Galahad, you would not dare to creep within those walls. It is a grand church—a very magnificent church. It cost—well, no matter how much. It would have kept a whole city full of children like you in plenty; but, grand and glorious as it is, you may enter to-night, for the careless old sexton has left the door unlocked.

A single painting, high over the altar, adorns its walls—a beautiful copy of Titian's matchless Christ.

The blackness of night's mantle is wrapped about it; all the church is filled with sombre shadows; and into this darkness, through the great door so carelessly left unlocked, Sir Galahad creeps.

The grand old organ will peal through the stately edifice on the morrow; the choir will sing the "Gloria in Excelsis" in a matchless strain; the eloquent preacher will deliver from his pulpit his eloquent discourse; yet I doubt if the old church will serve a nobler purpose, or one more pleasing in the sight of God, than it serves to-night—refuge for a wanderer who "hath not where to lay his head."

It is growing even colder. The winds shriek and howl through the leafless trees. The eaves of the church glitter and gleam with the cold blueness of frozen crystal. No star dares show its face, and angry clouds go hurrying across the sky like a plunging ship amid stormy waves.

Sir Galahad shivers a little, crouches down among the cushions, and his teeth chatter.

"They say as how this is His house. I wish He'd just step in a minnit to-night."

He murmurs this between his chattering. Did He hear? Was it only the angry breath of the wind that blew the clouds away, or did an angel's hand gather them together, leaving the moon's path, for an instant, clear and bright.

One instant, just a breath, but in its pause a glory of silver radiance streams through the stained windows, cleaves through the darkness like a sword of light, and in a great splendor falls upon the thorn-crowned Christ.

Oh, face of divine majesty, infinite, compassionate, fathomless love, Thou art, in Thy divinity of peace, holiness of purpose, grandeur of purity, indeed beyond "mortal comprehending."

Sir Galahad struggles to his feet with arms upreached.

Through the silence falls a little, quivering, joyous awesome cry:

"It's Him! It's Him! I've seed Him!"

He has found the Holy Grail.

Again across the face of the Christ the darkness falls, but Sir Galahad does not care for darkness now. He lies quite still, of the deep silence its chiefest part, only once, shaking off the numbing narcotic of the cold, raising himself upon his ragged elbow, and murmuring drowsily:

"I'm a-gettin' sleepy, but ef I should go to sleep please remember—that—I'm—a-waitin'—here."

The morning light shines in through the windows and transforms the crown of thorns into a diadem of glory. The face of the Messiah looks down as it might have looked, when on Tabor's heights He "was transfigured before them"; even this other pale, pinched face wears a strange sweet beauty.

The old sexton, who has bethought him of his negligence, and fearful, hastens thus early hither, and comes down the aisle. With a gesture of surprise he bends over the boy. He whispers at first, then calls, shakes, starts, stares.

He will not wake to thee, old man. One mightier than thou hast called. One whom "the winds and waves" of stormy human life obey.

"Sir Galahad is dead, but—
He has found the Holy Grail."

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

By Noel Ruthven.

The story of those great educational institutions which have exercised so marked and admirable an influence on English home-life should have an exceptional interest for the old and young of this great country. This article will, I venture to hope, be of some service, and furnish some entertainment to both—to the parent, in reviving a period of life which has a charm for most of us; to the boy, in relating the histories of establishments wherein the schooldays of his remote ancestors were passed ere entering the great arena to fight the battle of life.

I shall commence with Eton College, which for many a long day has held the first place among the great schools of England, though to Winchester the honor belongs of being the senior foundation. Henry VI., whose piety and devotion to learning earned for him the reputation of being more fitted for the cloister than the court, conceived the idea, in his youth, of founding a school which should serve as a nursery for poor students for the university. His zeal for the Church, and solicitude for her welfare, led him to wish for an institution which should train scholars to her service from very boyhood. The plan was not altogether new. As early as 1179 it had been ordered from Rome that in every cathedral and principal religious house should be appointed and maintained a head teacher, or "scholastic" (as he was termed), who, besides keeping a school of his own, should have authority over all other schools of the diocese. It has been computed that no fewer than 500 of these cathedral and conventual schools were founded in England between the Conquest and the death of John; and, in addition, there existed many others, instituted in Saxon times.

Early in the year 1440, at the age of eighteen, Henry began to execute his long-cherished plan, and, in the Autumn of the same year, a college was opened under the name of the King's College of our Lady of Eton, beside Windsor. In the way of endowment, the King gave a portion of his own demesne lands, and the estates of some of the alien priories, which, as supreme lord of the land, he had recently assumed. And, in order that at the outset the college should not lack scholars, and as an inducement to others to come, he caused thirty-five of the Winchester boys to be transferred to Eton.

With them he sent their old schoolmaster, William of Waynflete (a man of great learning, who subsequently became Lord Chancellor), whose eleven years of experience as "scholastic" of Winchester had suggested him to Henry as the fittest person to supervise his new school. Five Fellows and four Lay Clerks emigrated along with Waynflete so as to complete the collegiate foundation. In the following year, namely, in 1441, Henry founded King's College, Cambridge, which he affiliated to Eton, and thus his darling plan was consummated.

The qualifications for the scholars of Eton were three: Primarily, the boys were to be admitted to Eton for the purpose of studying grammar. They were to be poor and in need of help, not less than eight or more than ten years of age, and not of servile birth or illegitimate. Secondarily, candidates were to be chosen preferably from certain specified shires; in default of these, from elsewhere within the realm. Lastly, no boy was to remain at Eton after the age of eighteen, unless he had been placed on the roll of successors to King's College, Cambridge. Election to the University took place, and still continues to be made, annually. Shortly after the opening of his school, Henry increased the number of Foundation scholars to seventy. Poor boys admitted into the school under the regulations mentioned, if they showed themselves diligent in study and apt to learn, proceeded in due course to King's College, Cambridge. In time they became Fellows of that society, and as vacancies occurred, and the Eton endowments increased in value, ordinarily returned to their *Alma Mater* as elected Fellows of the earlier Foundation.

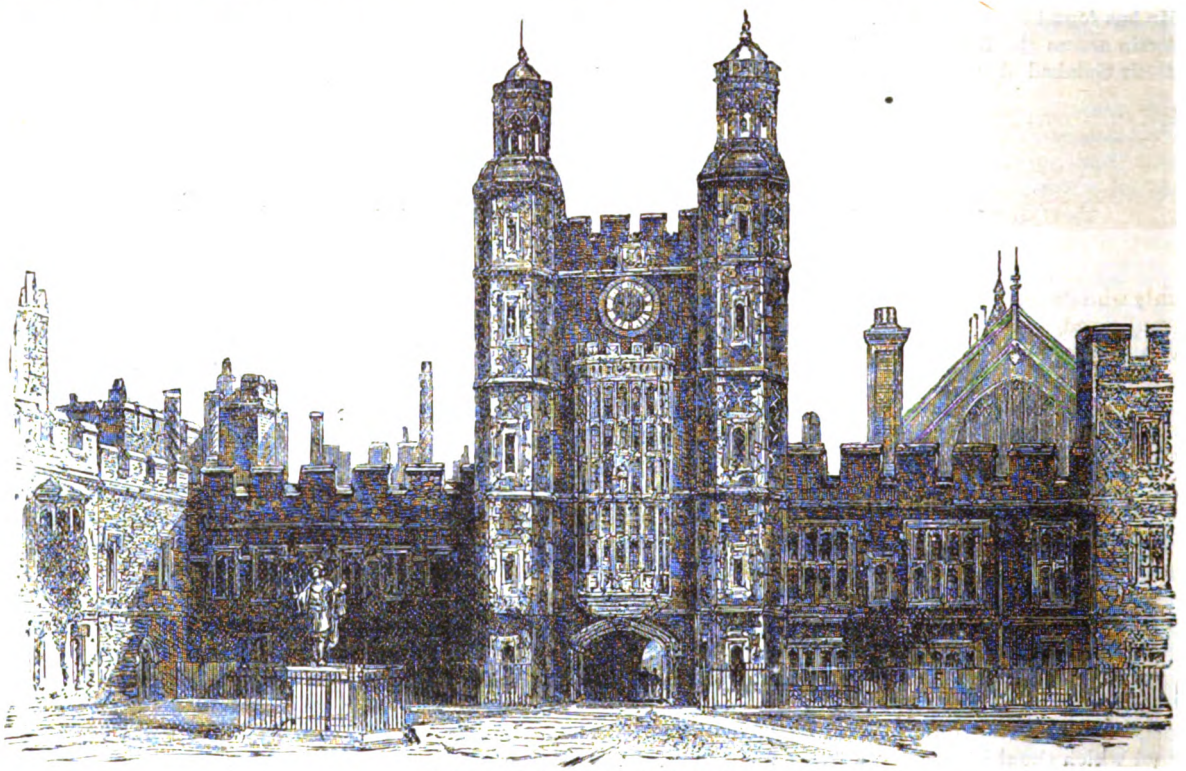
The King charitably joined an almshouse for old men to the Eton Foundation; this, however, was swept away in the reign of his successor. The secular priests who, under the charter, were retained for the daily service of the chapel, have long since been relegated to the things

of the past. The Eton Fellowships are in gradual process of extinction, the additional income accruing to the Foundation from their abolition being applied to the general purposes of the college. The Foundation schoarships alone remain, and these were never more sought after, nor held in higher estimation, than at the present time. Yearly about eleven vacancies occur among the King's Scholars; for these vacancies from 100 to 200 of the cleverest boys drawn from the pick of England's private schools annually enter into competition.

Eton College is best known, however, to the world at large through the great body of her scholars, known as "Oppidans." Of King's Scholars there are but seventy; of Oppidans there are now in the school not far short of 900. The Oppidans were at first only admitted to Eton, as it were, on sufferance. They derived no benefit whatever from the Foundation so-called, or its affiliation to King's College, Cambridge; they paid for the instruction imparted to them, and made their own arrangements for bed and board. The King's Scholars were fed, lodged, instructed, and sent to the university, at the sole cost of the Foundation; the Oppidans paid, and, in course of time, came to pay well, for whatever indulgence was granted to them under the statutes. And so it remains now. The school expenses of the King's Scholars are comparatively small; an Oppidan's amount, in the aggregate, to £150 per annum, or $750.

For the modern, and what may be termed personal, history of Eton College, we must visit Eton itself. We must seek for the traditions of the King's Foundation among the venerable few remaining relics of Long Chamber, and the fast-disappearing reminiscences of Upper and Lower School. The reader must come with me across the bridge separating royal Windsor from the picturesque main thoroughfare skirting the college precincts, and stand beneath the ancient college gateway. The quadrangle is in front, overlooked by the very buildings erected under the watchful superintendence of the royal founder himself, more than 400 years ago. Overhead is Upper School, sacred to so many memories enshrined in the pages of England's own eventful story. A few steps onward and we stand contemplating the smoke-blackened, time-worn statue of the youthful prince himself. Orb and sceptre in hand, emblems of the regal dignity, with the robes of state hanging loosely from his shoulders, and the king's crown upon his brow, he stands facing the school which his munificence caused to be erected and his own estates endowed. "Perenni memoriæ" runs the inscription at its base, "pientissimi principis Henrici Sexti, Angliæ et Franciæ regis, Collegii Etonensis fundatoris municentissimi."

In the rear of the King's statue, picturesquely clustered with ivy and lichens, the growth, perhaps, of as many years as this part of the college building itself has stood, are the Fellows' lodgings, pleasantly suggestive of that peacefulness and rest which men love to associate with the ending of a life well spent in God's service. To the right, hoary and erect, stands one of the most perfect existing relics of the period of Henry VI.—the College Chapel, a venerable memorial of the days of the Provost of Eton who first preached in it, William of Waynflete; and to the left, forming one completed side of the spacious square, is Long Chamber, in which the King's Scholars have been lodged, I had almost written, from time immemorial. Beneath this most interesting part of the college buildings is Lower School, which, together with the College Hall in the Fellow's quarters, completes our bird's-eye view of the original buildings of Henry's time.

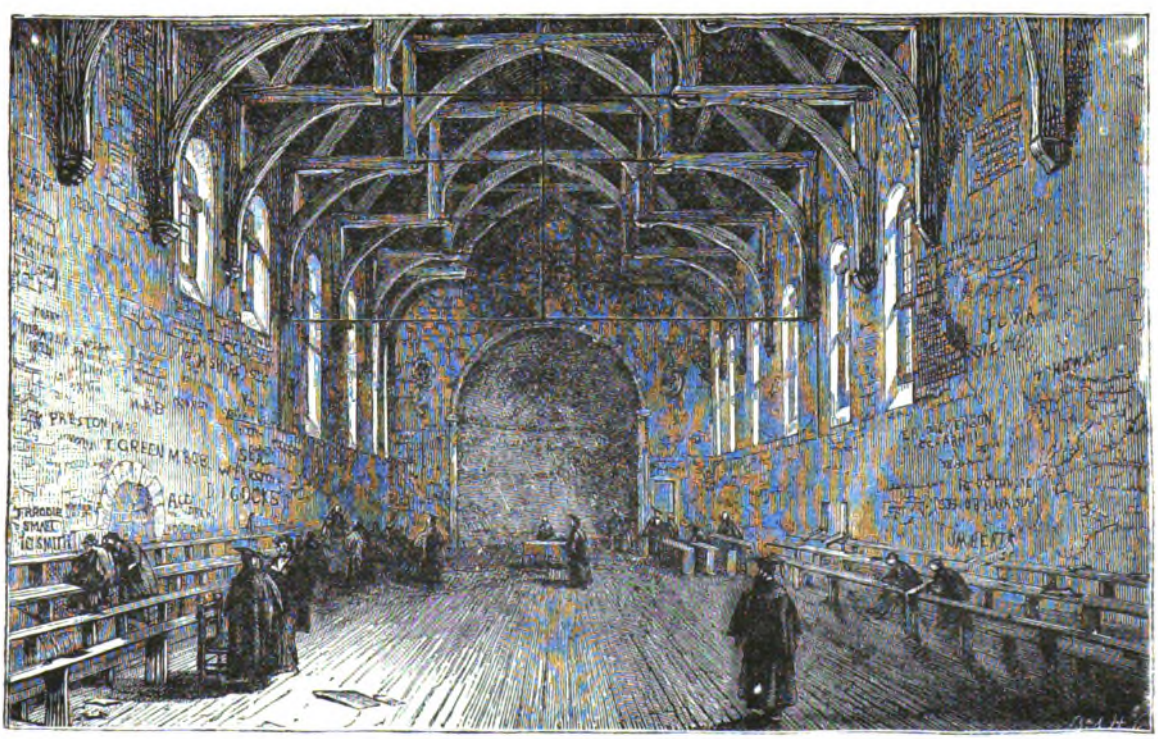


THE QUADRANGLE, ETON COLLEGE.

In Long Chamber—albeit we shall there find but few remaining landmarks of its past history—we may obtain the best glimpse of Eton school-life. Modern requirements have impelled the governing body to alter the internal arrangements of the old dormitory; but its curious traditions are as the writing on the wall. The chamber itself is about 180 feet long, and not too lofty;

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

plainly whitewashed as to ceiling and walls; the windows are mullioned, and the floor is of oak. On each side stood, within the memory of many living Etonians, a range of stout oaken bedsteads, the vestiges of which are preserved in the rude, unpolished table standing over against the great fireplace. Between every bedstead in time past was a high desk, with a cupboard underneath for each boy. The modern luxuries of curtains and a feather-bed were to the collegians of a past generation utterly unknown. At half-past eight at night, Winter and Summer, the senior boys and their younger companions were "locked up" in the dormitory till half-past seven the next morning. Of gas there was, of course, none; of candles, but few. The leaf of a book doubled over, and a hole cut in the centre, did service for a boy's candlestick; and if lessons were to be learned over night, the candle was stuck by melted wax at the head of the oaken bedstead. Fagging in the days gone by was fagging with a vengeance. The hardships of the Long Chamber at one time were so well known to parents that many were



WESTMINSTER SCHOOLROOM.

deterred from entering their sons for election. Still there was fun of a kind known even to junior King's boys. They shared the dangers of foraging excursions to supplement the meagre fare of over-roasted mutton, which custom decreed as the unalterable daily principal meal of the collegians. They took an active part in the nightly rat-hunts up and down the oaken floor. They themselves were permitted, in course of time, to be fag-masters, and tasted of those sweets of office which their youthful hearts had so long yearned for.

In the little passage leading from the quadrangle to the library yard may be read the rudely-chiseled names that tell of England's greatness. On the polished oak paneling, above and below, on either side, are the names —to use an Eton boy's expression—"of fellows who got Kings." It has been truly said that the briefest notice of the Etonians of the eighteenth century alone would imply a biographical dictionary of half the distinguished persons in Church and State. Among the collegians we find enrolled the names of Bishops Fleetwood, Pearson and Hare; Sir Robert Walpole, afterward Earl of Oxford; Christopher Anstey, and Sir William Draper; and, together with them, a whole host of well-known prelates, lawyers, and, last, not least, Eton provosts and masters, and Thackeray, Goodall and Hawtrey. Foremost among Oppidans stand Horace Walpole; Waller, the poet; Earl of Chatham, and Charles James Fox. At the head of the list of celebrated living Etonians stands the name of William Ewart Gladstone.

Eton boys are divided into "dry-bobs" and "wet-bobs." The former is a cricketer and football-player; the latter is attached to the boats. A more pleasing sight it is scarcely possible to imagine than the grand old college quadrangle when the boys are released from school. Manly, gentlemanlike-looking little fellows, in high silk hats, short jackets, with rolling white collars and long trousers, in the pockets of which they defiantly thrust their hands. Sixth or Liberty Form is the Mecca of the Eton boy's pilgrimage. While in Sixth, he has a fag, and is a small potentate. He can send for "sock," *alias* candy, at all seasonable, ay, and unseasonable, hours. His studies are dignified, and he dines at a separate table.

A day's life at Eton begins with "morning school" at seven A. M. in Summer, and half-past seven in Winter; then breakfast. After breakfast, chapel; after chapel, which lasts twenty minutes, comes ten o'clock school. Dinner is announced at two o'clock, and from three to six the boys are free to play. "Lock up" varies from five to nine o'clock. At the last-named hour supper is served to the boys who desire it, the six o'clock high tea generally proving a "crusher." Candles are taken away between ten and eleven, according to the boy's position in school. Football is the Winter, cricket the Summer, game, and to be in the first eleven is the crowning ambition of a dry-bob's Eton career.

Winchester College.

If we examine the record of Edward III.'s reign, adorned as it is by many splendid achievements, and rendered eventful by the birth of England's first great poet, and by the labors of the first translator of the Bible, we find no worthier name on the roll of great men of that time than William of Wykeham's. The son of a simple yeoman in a Hampshire village, heir to neither rank nor wealth, he rose to the foremost positions in Church and State through the exercise of remarkable energy and unwearying perseverance in welldoing.

William of Wykeham founded New College, Oxford, in the year 1379. Once a poor boy himself, dependent on his own exertions for maintenance, he resolved that the school which he proposed to found in the cathedral city of his diocese, to train young scholars for New College, should be maintained for poor boys also. Outside the King's Gate, which still supports the royal arms of England, and hard by the minister walls of St. Swithin, on the site of an ancient grammar school, Wykeham laid the foundations of his smaller seminary at Winchester. On March 26th, 1387, the first stone was laid, and six years later the buildings were completed. The statutes for the governance of the school he drew up with his own hand, dedicating it for ever, "to the honour and glory of God and of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary," by the name of the St. Mary College of Winchester.

On the morning of the 24th of March, 1393, "a solemn procession entered the Cathedral precincts, and passing through the King's Gate, presently came to the college quadrangle, where, with due formalities, William of Wykeham presented the title-deeds of the Foundation to the chief personage in the procession, Thomas de Cranlegh, appointed by the founder first warden. With him were ten fellows—the warden and fellows, tradition says, represented the eleven Apostles (Judas omitted). Then came the head and second masters and seventy scholars, typical of the seventy-two disciples. After them walked three chaplains and three clerks, representatives of the six faithful deacons; and forming the rear were sixteen choristers, emblematic of the four great and twelve minor prophets. On this wise was Wykeham's school at Winchester first constituted, and so it has remained up to the present time. The number of scholars is kept strictly within the founder's scheme, namely, seventy, with an adjunct of eight exhibitioners in commons.

No visitor to the picturesque City of Winchester will leave it without strolling through the ancient college. In the inner quadrangle, or Chamber Court, we have the only remaining perfect example of Wykeham's original buildings. In this very court, after solemn prayers and thanksgiving to God for having been permitted to attain the object of his life, the bishop handed the school statutes to the warden, and in kindly words of congratulation, advice, and sympathy, addressed the original seventy poor scholars who were present to take possession of the quaint little chambers which inclose it. In these, for the space of 491 years, William of Wykeham's sons have been lodged during their school training for the University.

Let us pass into one of these ancient dormitories, and note what manner of lodging Wykeham provided for his children. The chambers of more modern schools, with their cozy "cubicles" and "studies," are palatial in comparison with these humble sleeping-places, the interiors of which take us back to the period of the fourteenth century. The occupants live, as it were, in common. Eight small iron bedsteads are ranged against the four sides of the chamber, with curious little receptacles—half cupboard, half writing-table—called "toys," standing between each. In the centre is an oaken pillar which lends support to a low roof, and around this pillar is a primitive-looking washstand holding eight basins and as many jugs, where the scholars perform their daily ablutions; but a sorry exchange, after all, for the more spacious, if too airy, washing-conduit of bygone days. Above the lavatory is a rough, square book-case, which contains the chamber-library of a hundred volumes or more. A wide, open fireplace, in which, during Winter days, the time-honored Winchester "fagot" cheerfully

burns, completes the catagory of these features of a Winchester scholar's chamber.

Winchester produced the earliest type of the monitorial system now in vogue at England's public schools. The beginning of that system may be traced to Wykeham's statutes, which provide that in each of the chambers there shall be selected "three scholars of good character, more advanced than the rest in age, discretion, and knowledge, who may superintend their chamber-fellows in their studies, and oversee them diligently, and may from time to time certify and inform the warden, sub-warden and head master respecting their behavior, conversation and progress in study."

In the College Hall, than which few finer examples of a college dining-room exist in England, we obtain a further glimpse of the old school-life of Wykeham's time. The same low oaken tables ranged on either side, with low forms or seats for the scholars, are in use now as in his day. At the upper end is a dais, or "high table," where sit the warden and fellows, and at which the Wykehamical grace is sung by two scholars, selected for the purpose, and the choir, antiphonally. At the lower end still stands the ancient and massive iron-bound "tub," into which, in time past, were cast the fragments of the daily meal, afterward to be distributed at the door to the poor almspeople. This praiseworthy custom of monastic times still continues to be daily observed in the hall of Winchester College. On the other side of the "tub" are the butteries, curious little cell-like places, from which the provisions are dispensed, and where we may yet handle the square wooden trenchers and the capacious leathern jacks which constituted the principal furniture of a Wykehamist dinner-table four centuries ago. The "sines" of bread we may likewise taste of, and the more appetizing "dispars" of meat. The word "sines," the scholar's allowance of bread for breakfast and supper, and "dispar," his portion of meat, have their origin in a Winchester College custom. The Winchester scholars are served with mutton as their principal daily meal. In Hall, the scholars are waited upon at table by the choristers of the Foundation in turn. These choristers, or queristers, are poor boys, who perform daily service in the choir of the college chapel, and in return receive free board and lodging outside the college walls, as well as a good commercial education and a trade.

In the rear of the ancient and beautiful chapel, verging on the college meads, and in fit association with the most sacred relic of Bishop Wykeham's original buildings, the Chantry Chapel, stands the old schoolroom. Above the entrance is the statue of the founder. The curious inscriptions on the walls carry you back to the fourteenth century. The schoolroom still contains its time-honored forms, with the wide wooden boxes, known as "scobs," for the scholars' books. The chairs, stiff-backed and capacious, yet remain where they were wont to stand when "informator" and "ostiarius," head master and usher (the only masters recognized under the statutes of Wykeham) came into school, to teach all the scholars indiscriminately.

William of Wykeham's foundation retains, almost more than any other great foundation school in England, the leading characteristics of its founder's design.

Westminster School.

"In the north cloister, close by the entrance of the church, where the monks usually walked, sate the Prior. In the western cloister sate the Master of Novices with his disciples. This was the first beginning of Westminster School." So wrote the late Dean Stanley in his historical memorials of Westminster Abbey. The reign of Edward the Confessor probably marks the period of history when this primitive method of teaching was in vogue in the Abbey—where the boys, retained for the service of the monastery, clustered affectionately around their reverend instructor, imbibing daily such information as he was able to impart in grammar, the ancient classics, and theology. The Abbot Ingulph was one of the earliest frequenters of this cloistered school of whom mention is made in English history. In the work attributed to him, professing to have been written immediately after the Norman Conquest, the Abbot states that, prior to proceeding to Oxford to study the Aristotelian philosophy and the historical writings of Cicero, he attended school in Westminster, and he pleasantly relates some of his boyish experiences of the place. Returning from school across the breezy, fertile fields which at that time surrounded the Abbey, and doubtless by a path which we may suppose to have skirted the domains of the King's palace, in view of the minster walls, he frequently encountered Queen Edgitha and her maids-in-waiting. The Queen would stay him in his walk and inquire very graciously as to his lessons, and, falling from grammar to the brighter studies of logic, wherein she had much skill and knowledge, would subtly catch him in the threads of argument, and afterward send him home with cakes and money, which was counted out to him by her handmaidens.

A century and a half later than the time of Abbot Ingulph a school had been permanently annexed to the Abbey by Papal decree. This conventual seminary, which flourished, with more or less vigor, from the days of the accession of the Plantagenet kings to the demise of the first sovereign of the House of Tudor, was the immediate forerunner of Westminster School. When the dissolution of the monasteries came about, Henry VIII. dealt somewhat tenderly with this venerable relic of monastic sway in London; but it was reserved to his renowned daughter, Queen Elizabeth, to establish the Foundation on a permanent basis. Two years after she ascended the throne she refounded the Abbey of Westminster as a collegiate church, creating in connection therewith an establishment which comprised a dean, twelve prebendaries, and twelve almsmen, an upper and under master, and forty scholars.

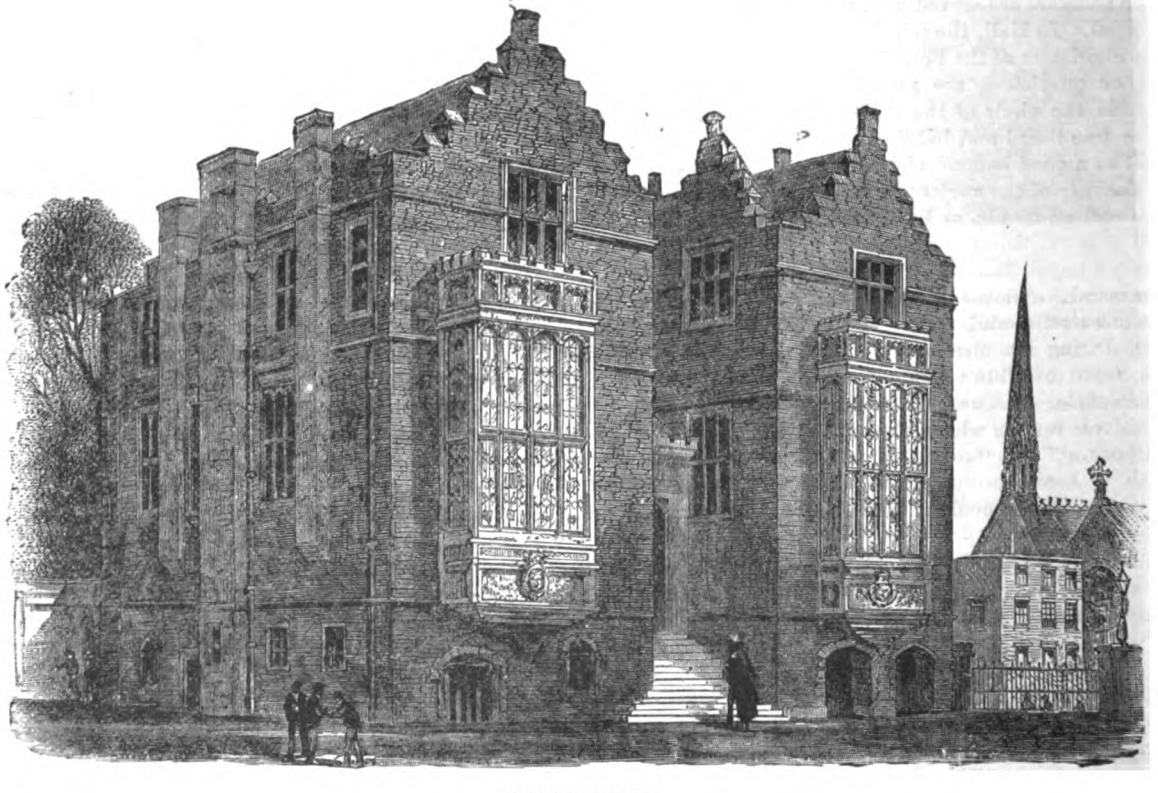
The school was opened in the year 1560 as "A Publique Schoole for Grammar, Rhetorick, Poetrie, and for the Latin and Greek Languages," by name of St. Peter's College at Westminster. Not more than one hundred and twenty boys were to be admitted, including the Queen's Scholars (Elizabeth so named those who were to be admitted upon her Foundation); and these were to be chosen, preferably from among the choristers, or the sons of the chapter tenants. In this fashion did the Queen perpetuate the school of "the novices," which five hundred years antecedent to her time had been held in the western cloister.

Elizabeth, who, having once resolved upon doing a thing, generally did it with her might, was not content with the founding of the school alone. She determined that her scholars, if studious and apt, should be sent in due course to complete their education at the University. She framed a statute ordering the manner in which they were to be elected upon her Foundation at Westminster, and "from thence to a college in each of the two Universities," indicating the number so to be removed in every year. Christchurch at Oxford, and Trinity College at Cambridge, were the colleges selected by the Queen in furtherance of her purpose. The governing

RUGBY SCHOOL.

authorities of each—the dean in the one case, the master in the other—humbly but vigorously protested against the Queen's invasion of their rights as private corporations; but to no purpose. She created three studentships at Christchurch, and three scholarships at Trinity, for the special and exclusive advantage for ever of her scholars of Westminster School. Furthermore, she decreed that six boys at least were to be elected to the University in every year. And so it came about, through the munificence and forethought of Queen Elizabeth, that Westminster School has the privilege of ranking among those nine great English schools. the main design of whose founders was to educate poor scholars for the University.

Time was when a Queen's Scholar was not certain even of breaking his fast; now, however, ample meals, at midday and in the evening, are provided for him in the College Hall. This building should be visited. It was originally the refectory of the abbot's house, and dates from the time of Edward III. The long tables at which the scholars sit are arranged according to "elections," —thus, first, second, third and fourth election—and are

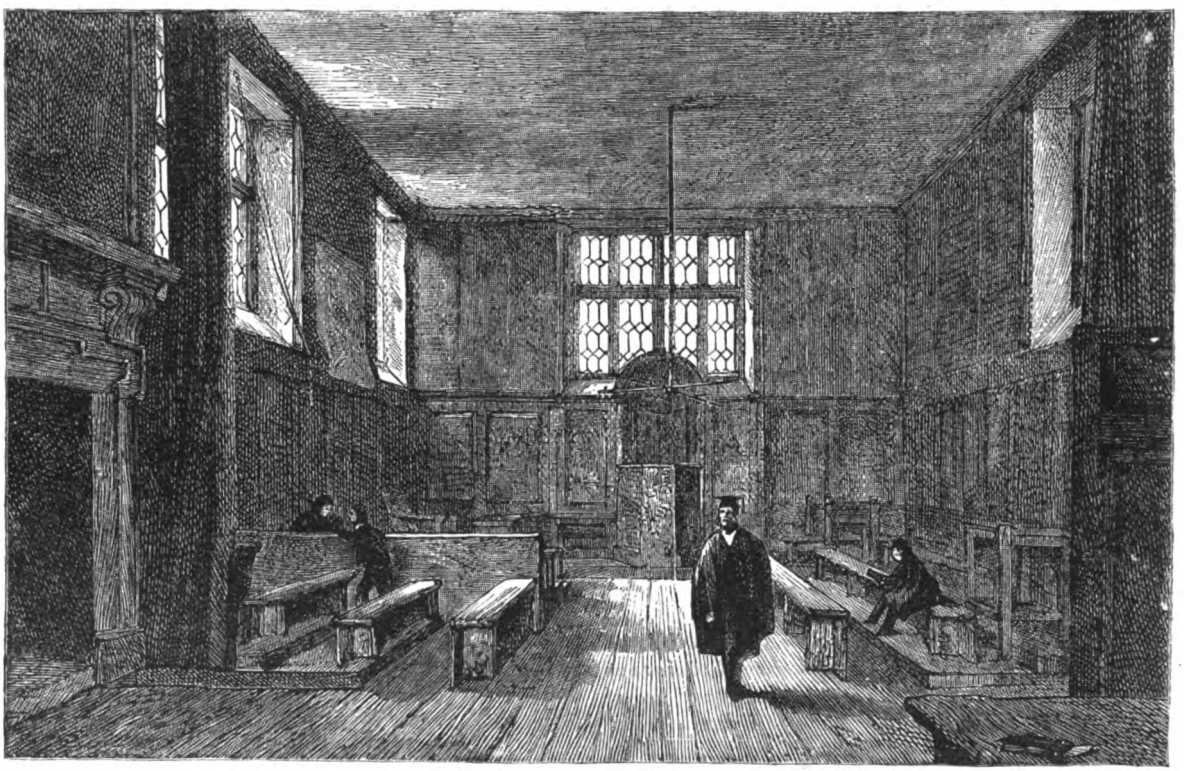


HARROW SCHOOL.

of chestnut-wood from the wreck of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada.

Nicholas Udall, an eminent classical scholar who lived in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, was a master of Westminster, and is the author of the earliest known English comedy. It was probably as much due to his influence as to Queen Elizabeth's own well-known partiality for classical literature, that the annual Latin play was introduced as a part of the school-system of Westminster. The Queen, whose elegance of Latin composition was by no means the least of her many acquirements, expressed the wish that the boys educated on her Foundation might "enact the plays of Terence"; "Quo juventus" (as she wrote) "tum actioni, tum pronunciationi decenti melius se assuescat." No better master than Udall could have been found to educate the boys up to the standard necessary for carrying out the Queen's command. His own comedy was written in imitation of the classical models of Plautus and Terence; and, doubtless, during his mastership he inculcated on his pupils the value of those authors as instructors in the purer Latin style. The plays acted of late years by the Queen's Scholars in the dormitory have been the "Andria," "Phormio," "Eunuchus," and "Adelphi" of Terence. with a Latin prologue and epilogue, reflecting in a humorous vein on the passing events of the day. The "getting-up" of the play, to use a professional phrase, when pursued on the principles in vogue at Westminster, becomes a process of legitimate instruction, as well as a preparation for amusement. The comedy selected to form the subject of the Christmas play is agreed upon at the commencement of the Winter half of the school year. The actors are, in virtue of immemorial usage, drawn from the first three classes in college, and the play chosen for performance is punctually read, with the boys who have been selected, as one of the regular classical text-books—read as critically and thoroughly as Latin author can be. It was probably owing to the thoroughness in preparing the Latin play that the Public School Commissioners were induced to accede to its being retained as a part of the appointed school instruction in Westminster.

The view of the college from Dean's Yard is far from striking; and no one can form an adequate idea of the structure who has not seen it from College Gardens, on the other side. Let us pass through the door of the college from the yard, and into the dormitory, a long and lofty chamber, with small "cubicles," called by Westminster boys "houses," ranged on either side. The ceiling is painted light blue, and the stone walls are covered with the names of old Queen's Scholars. The windows, of which there are many, are all placed high up in the wall, near the ceiling. At the top of the dormitory are six tablets of dark wood, raised high upon the walls between the windows, and covered with names in letters of gold. These names, the celebrated *aurata nomina* of Westminster, are of those who have been admitted to the college head of their election, so far back as record goes. Passing out at the other end of the dormitory, through what is called "election door," we descend by an old wooden staircase to the ground floor, where are four large rooms, fitted with partitions, called "boxes." These are more or less luxuriously furnished, according to the tastes and seniority of the owner. In addition to the sitting-rooms there is also a servants'-room, and a class-room, where prayers are nightly read, and which contains the college library. Between it and the rest of the college hangs a curtain, through which no member of the school is allowed to pass who is not a Queen's Scholar. The members of the school have of late years been rapidly increasing; and it is acquiring fresh property on its old site.



HARROW SCHOOLROOM.

Shrewsbury School.

It was not until Edward VI. ascended the throne that

Shrewsbury was enabled to replace the facilities for education which had existed there under the beneficial sway of the monks of the "Colleges of the Blessed Mary and St. Chad." In the early part of Edward's reign a deputation of the principal inhabitants went to London, to represent to the King the want of some public institution for the instruction of the youth of the town. The burgesses were received, it is related, very graciously; and, as the result, the King granted a charter of foundation for a school, which he designed to benefit not only Shrewsbury, but the whole neighboring country, and named "The Free Grammar School of Edward VI., for the educating, teaching, and instructing of youths in grammar." By the way of endowment he set apart the appropriated tithes of several prebendal livings which had belonged to certain dissolved colleges, and the building of the school was presently begun within the old liberties of Shrewsbury, encompassed by the Severn.

Before the new school could be opened Edward died. It was in abeyance during the reign of Mary. Nor was it actually opened until the year 1562, eleven years after it had been founded, and four after Elizabeth had become Queen. From that year it dates its prosperity. Within a few months of Thomas Ashton, the first master, taking control, 290 scholars were admitted to the school "Oppidani"—town-boys—came in large numbers to be taught by Ashton, who was high in Queen Elizabeth's favor, and "Alieni"—boys of the surrounding country—as well. "Shrewsbury School," wrote Camden, in the succeeding century, "is the best filled in England."

The regulations framed for the governance of Shrewsbury Grammar School, which remained in force down to the concluding years of the eighteenth century, afford an insight into the school-life and system of Elizabeth's day. Ashton had more to do than any one else in framing those regulations. First and foremost, both head and under master were to be graduates of the University, "well able to make a Latin verse, and learned in the Greek tongue." No scholar was to be admitted before he could write his own name "with his own hand," and read English perfectly, "and have his accidence without his book." A lord's son, on admission, was required to pay 10*s.*, a knight's son 6*s.* 8*d.*, a son and heir-apparent to a gentleman 3*s.* 4*d.*, and "for every other of their sons 2*s.* 6*d.*" Boys coming from within the County of Salop were to pay only 1*s.*, and "every burgess's son inhabiting within the town, or liberties thereof, or of the Abbey Foregate, if he be of ability, 4*d.*" This provision, namely, that the sons of burgesses of Shrewsbury may receive their education at the grammar school of the town at a lower rate of payment than the others, still remains in operation. The sons of burgesses are now educated free of cost. The Foundationers of Shrewsbury School are elected exclusively from among applicants who can claim the privilege of being sons of burgesses of the town.

The original statutes of the school decree that the scholars are to be brought to read Tully, Cæsar, Sallust and Livy; "also two little books of dialogues, drawn out of Tully's Offices and Ludovicus Vives, by Mr. Ashton"; together with Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and Terence, the Greek grammar and testament, and Isocrates, Demosthenes, and Xenophon. The boys are enjoined to come to school in the morning, "From the Feast of the Purification to the Feast of all Saints, at six of the clock," and "From the Feast of All Saints until the Feast of the Purification, at seven of the clock." No candle was to be used in school, lest it might bring danger and peril. The going to dinner was to be at eleven, and the coming back from dinner at a quarter before one. School was to close at half-past four in Winter, and at half-past five in Summer. Thursday was the appointed day for play—a whole holiday, in fact; "and no day else but Thursday, unless it be at the earnest request and great entreaty of some man of honor, or of great worship, credit, or authority." The school-games are duly set forth as follows: "Item, the scholar's play shall be shooting in the long bow and chess play, and no other games, unless it be running, wrestling, or leaping; and no game to be above a penny, or match above fourpence." In such manner was the school-time and play-time of the boys of one of England's great public schools apportioned in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The school system at Shrewsbury is much the same as that of England's other great schools. The boarders for the most part reside in one of two houses—the Senior Hall and Junior Hall, both under the care of the head master. A few boys live in the second master's house. The general body of the scholars wear the college cap. The library is, of its kind, one of the most valuable in the kingdom. Darwin was an alumnus of Shrewsbury School.

Rugby School.

Rugby School had not the advantage of being started under favor of a King's patronage. It possessed no powerful aristocratic influence to bring its benefits more strongly within view of the public. It had no connection with ancient Abbey or cloistral school to give it an importance in the eyes of the laity. It was founded by an unpretending tradesman, whose only claim to notoriety in his lifetime seems to rest on an anecdote related of him in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," which shows him to have been a man who was extremely loyal to the cause of the Reformation, and very zealous in maintaining his principles. The name of the honest citizen, the founder of Rugby School, was Laurence Sheriff. He was a grocer of London, and a member of the guild of his trade; and, in addition, was a servant of the Lady (afterward Queen) Elizabeth, and "sworn unto her grace."

The grocer seems to have been a thrifty man, and prosperous in his business. His mother and father were natives of Rugby, and we may suppose that he himself was born there, although no positive record of this, I believe, exists. Dying in London in the year 1567, he requested that his body might be buried next his parents, in the parish church of Rugby, and bequeathed the main portion of his estate to two trustees to found a school there. This school was to be ruled by an "honest, discreet, and learned man," who was to instruct, "without fee or reward, directly or indirectly, such of the boys of Rugby, and of any place lying within five measured miles of Rugby, who sought admission to it." Certain almshouses were to be built side by side with the school, and the school, its master, and the almshouses were to be severally known for ever as "The School, Schoolmaster, and Almshouses of Laurence Sheriff, Grocer."

After languishing under the embarrassment of a scanty revenue for the best part of a century, due to peculations of a trustee, the first dawn of its present splendor began to appear. From the year 1777, the history of Laurence Sheriff's School has been the record of one continuous success, unalloyed with even the vestige of a financial trouble.

The other source of Rugby's prosperity, and one which was the means of placing it permanently in the front rank of English educational institutions, was the fortunate

selection, in 1828, of Dr. Arnold as head master. Arnold's first object upon entering upon office, was to get together, at Laurence Sheriff's School, a society of intelligent, gentlemanly, and active men, who would serve, not only as masters in the ordinary sense of the word, but as friends and advisers of the boys.

These are few historical facts of interest connected with Laurence Sheriff's School, and none sufficiently so to be related at length. Its history is purely modern, and may be said to date from the appointment of Dr. Arnold. The visitor to Rugby will naturally consult the pages of "Tom Brown" rather than any ancient volume, to learn the more interesting matters to keep in memory in going over the school. He will be attracted principally to the School Close, the vantage-ground of that hero's most interesting exploits, and to the library and school chapel, which are especially the scenes of Dr. Arnold's labors. Football is *the* game at Rugby.

Harrow School.

A thrifty and well-to-do yeoman was one John Lyon. He seems to have been a man of considerable natural ability, very charitable in his disposition, standing well with the neighboring farmers and villagers, and taking great interest in the prosperity of the parish to which he belonged. This John Lyon was the founder of Harrow School.

John had not the advantage of a liberal education, and resolved that the sons of his friends and neighbors should not have the same barren story to tell. He therefore set about establishing a free grammar school at Harrow. For many years he had been in the habit of appropriating from his income twenty marks annually for the instruction of the poorer children of the village; and this custom he designed to perpetuate in a more substantial fashion by providing a school where the poor and the rich (if they cared) might have their sons educated together. In the year 1571, having previously made all necessary pecuniary provision for the building of the school and its endowment, he petitioned Queen Elizabeth to grant him a charter recognizing the Foundation and approving certain statutes drafted for its regulation. The Queen granted Lyon's prayer, and the charter which she gave in answer to it is the title-deed of the now famous Harrow School.

It was not, however, until 1611 that Harrow School was opened for the reception, under one roof, of master, usher, and scholars, and the simple village grammar school became an institution "for the perpetual education, teaching and instruction of children and youth of the parish of Harrow-upon-the-Hill."

The original instructions handed to the first master of Lyon's school are curious and worth repeating. Before all else he was to have especial regard to the manners of his scholars. He was to see that they did not come into school uncombed, unwashed, ragged, or sloven-like; and he was charged to punish severely swearing, lying, picking, stealing, and fighting. He was to administer no other kind of correction save with the rod, and that moderately, except with "a very thin ferula on the hand for slight negligence." The scholars were not to be permitted to play, except on Thursdays, "only sometimes when the weather is fair," and on Saturdays and half-holidays after the customary evening prayers. Their appointed games were driving a top, running, and shooting with bow and arrow, "and no other."

When a parent sought admission for his son, the master was to furnish him with a copy of "the six articles to be observed by parents." Among other matter set forth, these articles provide that the parent shall find his child in sufficient paper, ink, pens, and books, and candles for Winter; that he shall allow him at all times a bow, three shafts, bowstrings, and a bracer to exercise shooting; and that he is to see that the child keeps good hours, and comes to school regularly at the ringing of the school-bell. Further, he is to bind himself to put his son to some profitable occupation if, after one year's experience, the son is found unapt to learn and not likely to profit by the school's teaching.

Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston were all Harrovians. The present popularity of Harrow is such, that any one who wishes to get into one of the favorite "Houses" should have his name down for admission some years before he hopes to enter the school.

Charterhouse School.

To one Thomas Sutton, a merchant of great integrity, shrewdness, and wealth, this famous school owes its foundation. It is stated that, on coming to London, in 1580, the good Queen Bess was not above accepting a loan from Master Thomas Sutton. He was a millionaire, and childless. What would he do with his coin? The Bishop of Exeter (Hall) egged him to a purpose. "I ask leave," wrote the bishop, "to hasten your pace a little, and to excite your Christian forwardness to begin speedily what you have long and constantly vowed. You would but do good; why not now? . . . For God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the Church's sake, for your soul's sake, be stirred up by these few lines to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intention."

This letter caused Sutton to act. The existing building of the old monastic institution of the Charterhouse being available, Sutton purchased it, with the view of establishing within its walls a hospital for poor men and a school for poor scholars. James I. was on the throne (Sutton lived through the reigns of four sovereigns), and to him he applied for Letters Patent to carry the design into present execution. On the 2d of June, 1611, the year of Sutton's death, the Letters Patent were issued, and from that date begins the history of Charterhouse School.

There were two objects which the patent authorized Thomas Sutton to effect: firstly, the founding of "one hospital, house, or place of abiding, for the finding, sustentation, and relief of poor, aged, married, needy, or impotent people"; and, secondly, the creating of "one free school for the instructing, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children or scholars." Sixteen persons named in the patent were appointed "governors" of the lands, possessions, revenues, and goods of the Foundation, and were incorporated by that title, with power to hold land and chattels for certain defined objects. Fourth, the Foundation was named the "Hospital of King James," founded in Charterhouse.

Two years after Sutton's death the governors held their first meeting in the Great Chamber of the Charterhouse, and one of the very first resolutions adopted was: "No children shall be placed there (*i. e.*, at the school) whose parents have any estate in lands to leave unto them, but only the children of poor men that want means to bring them up."

The schoolmaster was charged to admit no boys but such as he should "find and approve to be well entered in becoming answerable to their age at the time of their admittance." The appointed limits of age were between ten and fourteen. No poor scholar was to be allowed to come to school "without one new suit of apparel besides what he wears, two new shirts, three pairs of stockings,

THE NEW CHARTERHOUSE.

three new pairs of shoes and boots, for the form he is to be in." In course of time, however, this regulation was modified.

Joseph Addison received his "grammar learning" as a boarder at Charterhouse when Dick Steel was a "poor scholar." Blackstone, the great constitutional lawyer; John Wesley, the divine; and Grote, the scholar, were on the Foundation, as was also William Makepeace Thackeray.

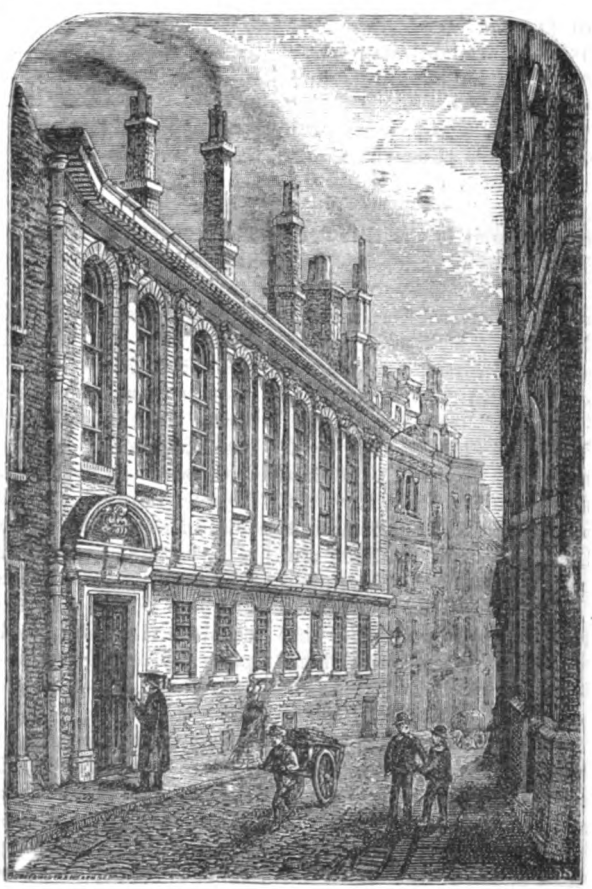
The 12th of December in each year is set apart as the great and solemn festival occasion of Carthusians, young and old—the day on which they commemorate their benefactor.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

The founding of St. Paul's School is associated with some of the most interesting events of English history. Its creation dates from the dawn of the English renaissance of literature, of which important epoch it forms a landmark.

John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, went to his rest in peace, having first founded, under shadow of the Cathedral, a seminary which, though instituted long before the Reformation was completed, may with the strictest propriety be termed the first Protestant school in England.

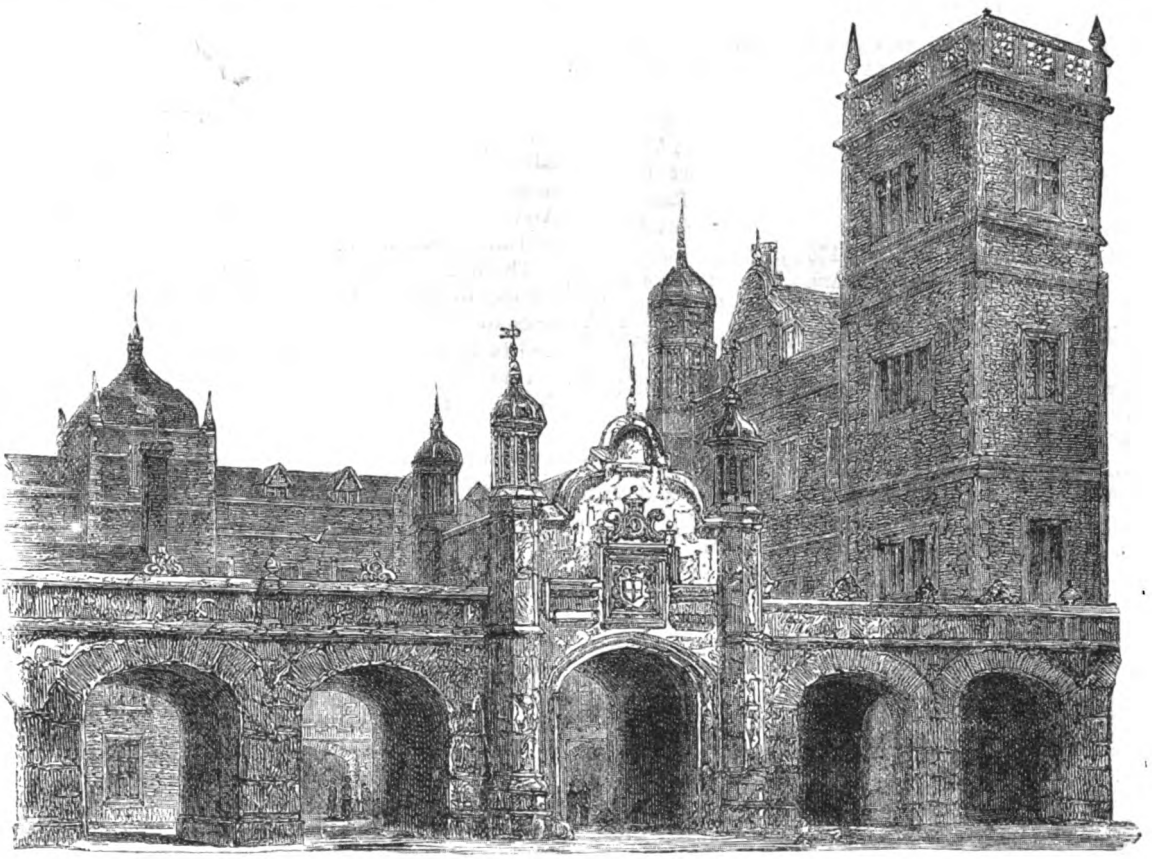
"Desiring nothing more" (as recites the preface to the statutes of St. Paul's School) "than the education and bringing up of children in good manners and literature," Colet began the building of his school. In devout language he dedicated it to the "honour of Christe Jesu *in pueritia*, and of His blessed mother Mary"; 153—the number of fish taken by St. Peter (John xxi. 1)—being the statute number of children to be admitted, and these "of all nations and countries indifferently." Having perfected his scheme, he conveyed certain estates, by way of endowment, "to the most honest and faithful Fellowship of the Mercers of London," appointing them "patrons, defenders, governors and rulers" of the school. He then addressed a petition to the King (Henry VIII.) praying for his Letters Patent as solemn ratification of the deed. The King's consent was given, and in the year 1512 the school was opened for the reception of scholars. Erasmus was Colet's adviser and friend. A master was appointed, together with a submaster, to both of whom free lodgings were accorded, and the yearly gift decreed of a "lyvery gowne of iiii nobles, delivered in cloth," a custom perpetuated in the present annual gift by the Mercers' Company to the head and second master of St. Paul's School of an academic silk gown.



MERCHANT TAYLORS' OLD SCHOOL.

As boys offered themselves, no matter whence they came — so long, at least, as they could say the Church catechism and read and write—they were to be admitted by the head master.

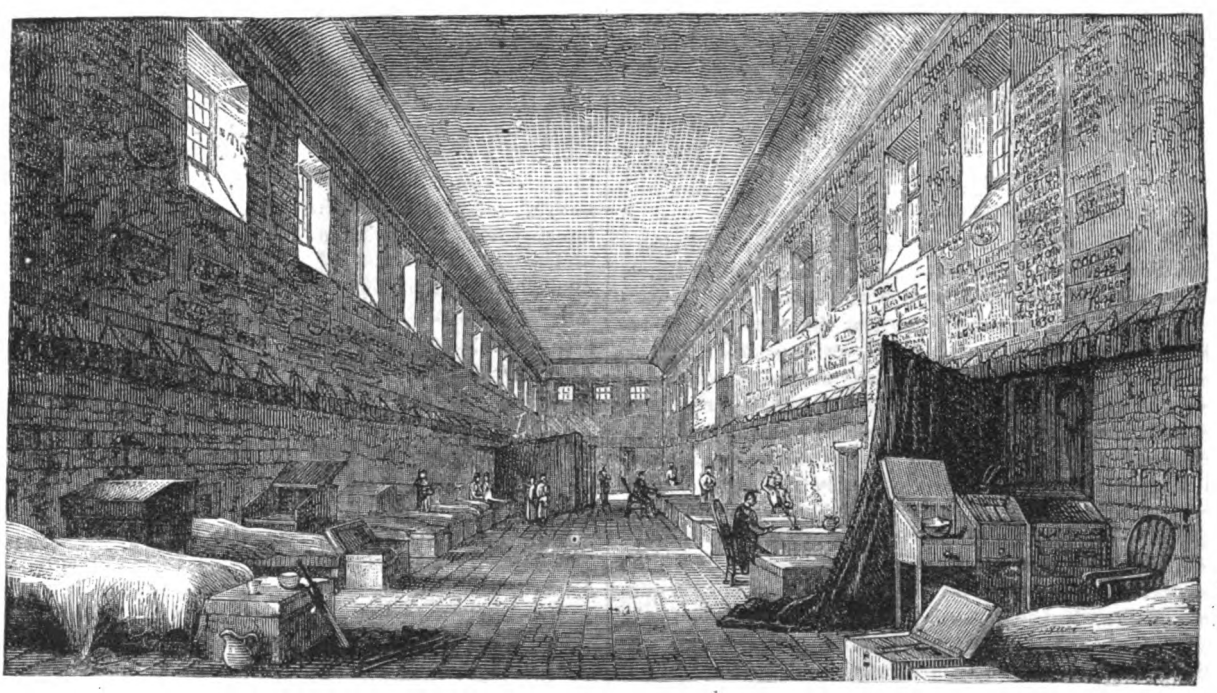
It has been rightly said that few public schools can claim to have educated more



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

men who figure prominently in English history than St. Paul's School. At the head of the list stands the immortal Milton. The great Duke of Marlborough; Camden, the antiquarian; and Pepys, that admirable gossip, were all of St. Paul's; and Major André, the infamous Arnold's victim, was also a Paulist.

The Public School Commissioners have changed Dean Colet's Foundation, and instead of one hundred and fifty-three scholars, St. Paul's comprises a school divided into two departments, one of which is a classical department for about five hundred boys, and the other a modern department for about five hundred boys, and a school called Dean Colet's School for not less than four hundred girls in all.



THE DORMITORY.

Merchant Taylors' School.

Colet's School, at the east end of "Paules Church," had been in existence about half a century, when a scheme for another institution "for the better education and bringing up of children, in good manners and literature," was proposed in London, the Merchant Taylors taking the initiative in the matter, and part of the "Manor of the Rose," in the Parish of St. Laurence, Poulteney, being eligible, it was presently secured as a school building. The Spring of 1561 saw the Rose ready for the reception of the scholars. The statutes were almost a counterpart of those of Dean Colet's Foundation. They set forth, in the first place, that the school was founded "in honour of Christe Jesu," and in the next, that it was designed for the instruction of two hundred and fifty scholars, and no more. The high master was charged "not to refuse to take, receive, and teach free," in the School of the Merchant Taylors, one hundred and fifty scholars, part of the said two hundred and fifty scholars being poor men's sons, coming thither to be taught, and found meet and apt to learn. Nothing whatsoever was to be asked or taken of these one hundred poor scholars for their instruction and learning. Fifty other scholars, "parcel of the said two hundred and fifty," being children of poor men, were to be received into the school, and taught on paying, each of them, to the high master 2*s.* 2*d.* at the end of every quarter. The remaining one hundred "being rich or meane men's children," were to be received on paying 5*s.* each to the high master.

In 1563, Sir Thomas White, a rich Merchant Taylor, who had recently founded St. John's College, Oxford, appropriated no fewer than thirty-seven life Fellowships for scholars from Merchant Taylors'. With perhaps one exception -- the City of London School — Merchant Taylors' is richer in point of value of its scholarships than any other school in the kingdom.

The lapse of centuries has wrought little or no change in the system of admitting boys to the school. Every boy pays, as in bygone times, an entrance fee on being admitted, which nowadays amounts to £3 in the whole. Of this sum, £2 10*s.* goes to the company, 5*s.* to the head master, and 5*s.* to the master of the form in which the boy is placed. The annual charges for instruction are from twelve to fifteen guineas. Like St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors' is a day-school. Bishop Juxon, to whom Charles I., on the scaffold, uttered the word "Remember!" was a scholar of Merchant Taylors'—ay, and a whole bench of bishops after him.

Christ's Hospital.

This establishment enjoys the distinction of being a royal Foundation, and dates its origin from Tudor times. It is possessed of great wealth and corresponding influence; its income being not less than $350,000 annually. It has a history as ancient, as honorable, and as replete with interest, as that of any school which it has been my privilege to allude to in this necessarily brief article. If the number of scholars at present under instruction in Christ's Hospital be received as evidence of its importance, then it might justly claim to be the foremost school in England, for its scholars reach an aggregate of more than a thousand.

Christ's Hospital was founded in the year 1553—the last of his brief reign—by Edward VI., as part of a general scheme of charity for London. A sermon on works of charity and mercy preached by Bishop Ridley seems to have influenced the King. Edward sent for the bishop, and spoke to him.

"My Lord," said His Majesty, "you willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof, and to devise some good order for the relief of the distressed; wherein I think you mean me, for I am the first that must make answer to God for my negligence if I should not be careful therein, knowing it to be the express command of Almighty God to have compassion of His poor and needy members, of whom we must make account unto Him. And surely, my Lord, I am before all things most willing to travail that way."

The King was as good as his word, and gave the bishop a letter to the Lord Mayor, commanding the chief magistrate to summon a meeting of his most trusty councilors, and to take the project into immediate consideration.

One of the first rules made by the Governors of Christ's Hospital recites that no child is to be admitted to it, unless at least six of the leading men, "the ancients," of the child's parish, are able to testify that the child is the offspring of lawful wedlock." Children were admitted into it at very tender ages—so young, indeed, that many were put out to nurse. The school grew up within the Hospital very gradually. Charles II. founded the grammar school, and one Alderman More built the writing-school and hall. Estates and money were left to Christ's Hospital, one benefactor leaving a sum the interest of which was to be devoted to an annual dinner of boiled pork and pease pudding. Another person left a legacy on condition that a certain number of boys should receive a pair of gloves, to be worn in the various processions in which the school took part at Eastertide. On these gloves were to be printed the words "He is Risen." The gloves are still given. A third left the gift of a penny and a packet of plums to a certain number of boys on Whitsunday. Then there is a yearly gift of sixpence given, with a couple of buns and a glass of wine, on Easter Tuesday, to each boy at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor adding an additional sixpence.

The present regulations for the admission of children to Christ's Hospital impose that children must be between eight and ten years of age, and free from physical defect; and their parents (if one or both are living) must not have adequate means of educating and training them.

General Ambrose Spinola, passing through Paris, in 1604, had the honor of supping with Henry IV. Toward the end of the entertainment the King, having asked him what particular plan of operations he meant to pursue in the next campaign, Spinola gave him a faithful relation of his intentions. Henry, who was interested for the Dutch, immediately wrote to the Prince of Orange an account of all that he had heard, telling him that he must take everything in a quite contrary sense, as it was not probable that Spinola, who was suspicious of him, would have disclosed his real designs. This able general, however, did everything that he had said. He had been free with Henry IV. only because he was persuaded that he would not believe him. On this account, that prince said: "Others deceive me by speaking falsehoods; but Spinola has deceived me by telling the truth."

Some men who know that they are great are so very haughty withal and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness only by the tax of humility which they are obliged to pay as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be *turnpikes only by the toll.*

YOUNG AIKIN.

It fell upon a Summer day,
  This guid lord he thought long;
And he is to the hunting gane—
  Took wi' him his dog and gun;

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,
  He's aff, single, alane;
And left his seven children to stay
  Wi' their mither at hame.

"Oh, I will tell to you, mither,
  Gin ye wadna angry be."
"Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
  Ye'se nae be quarreled by me."

"As we came frae the hynd hunting,
  We heard fine music ring."
"My blessings on you, my bonnie boy:
  I wish I'd been there my lane."

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
  His six brothers, also,
And they are on through Elmond's wood
  As fast as they could go.

They wistna weel where they were gaen,
  Wi' the stratling of their feet;
They wistna weel where they were gaen,
  Till at her father's yate.

"I hae nae money in my pocket,
  But royal rings hae three;
I'll give them you, my little young son,
  An ye'll walk there for me."

Now when he came before the king,
  Fell low down on his knee;
The king he turned round about,
  And the saut tear blinded his 'ee.

"Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
  Ging frae my companie;
Ye look so like my dear daughter,
  My heart will birst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
  A wonder it is none;
If I look like your dear daughter—
  I am her eldest son."

"Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,
  Where may my Margaret be?"
"She's just now standing at your yates,
  And my six brothers her wi'."

"Oh, where are all my porter-boys,
  That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yates baith wide and braid?
  Let her come in to me."

When she came in before the king,
  Fell low down on her knee.
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
  This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, father,
  Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mither and sister dear,
  For lang for them I think."

When she came before the queen,
  Fell low down on her knee.
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
  This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, mither,
  Nor ae drop can I drink.
Until I see my dear sister,
  For lang for her I think."

When that these two sisters met,
  She hailed her courteouslie;
"Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
  This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, sister,
  Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
  For lang for him I think."

"Oh, where are all my rangers bold,
  That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far and wide,
  To bring Aikin to me?"

Out it speaks the little wee boy;
  "Na, na, this mauna be;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
  I hope ye'll nae him see."

"Oh, here I grant a free pardon,
  Well sealed by my own han';
Ye may make search for young Aikin
  As soon as ever ye can."

MY THANKSGIVING.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.

The night is very cold and very dark. I can hear the roar of the ocean to-night, for the wind is from the east, and a terrible storm is on the sea. Usually the voice of the great deep does not reach our house, and all is still and calm as though death had set its seal upon us and upon all about us.

For ten years my heart has lain in my bosom as though dead, and I have longed and prayed and waited for death itself. I have stood at midnight on the storm-lashed crags, with bared head and tear-washed cheeks, and have cried for death and oblivion. With clinched hands raised toward the black, rushing clouds, I have demanded from the Giver of life that the gift of my existence be taken from me.

In Summer and Winter, by day and by night, in storm and in calm, under the sunlight, the moonlight, the starlight, and in the blackness of those nights into which no light has ever fallen, my one petition has been the same: "Give me death! Give me death! Give me death!"

How sweet it is to feel to-night that I have been spared the curse of an answer to my wild prayer!

At the foot of the crags the water is deep. The everlasting waves would keep whatever came to them, and no one would ever be the wiser. It would be a short journey, and an easy one, from the sorrows of a breaking heart and a broken life on the cliffs above, to all that death can give.

More than once the tempter has stood at my side, and I have asked myself why, as death would not be given, it might not be taken; why, as it took so long to wear out heart and brain and life, one might not take his fate in his own hands? I have found but one answer—*it is that I cannot lie!*

That I cannot lie! Let me explain. To have taken my own life would have been to confess that I was a coward, and I am not that. To have thrown myself into the hungry sea would have been to confess that I was not as brave as the woman I loved. I would have died for her. I should have been false, indeed, not to have been brave enough to live.

So I have lived. So I have suffered. So I have grown old faster than the years alone could have aged me. And a man might grow old and bent and gray under the weight of ten long years, if they had brought him only good instead of evil, and flowers instead of desolation. I am bent. I am gray. At thirty-five I am an old man. But I have forgotten all that within an hour. I shall try

to tell you why. And when the fierce gale dies down a little, and the wild boom of the breakers lessens to a dull roar, I can hear the hurrying footsteps of the wind outside piling and drifting the dead leaves which the year has left over the tender grasses and flower-roots. Even so are God's good angels covering the dead past of my heart and life ; one little hour they have been whispering peace to my soul—the wonder they have wrought will have grown into a miracle ere daylight comes.

For ten long years I have not taken a pen into my hand. But I must write out the story of my past (it is *past* now, thank Heaven), and a prophecy of my future, while the night is with me.

* * * * * *

Alice Airlie was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I came down to the seashore, only a half-dozen miles from here, to spend a month with Roscoe Airlie. I spent the Summer, instead of one short month.

I loved Alice Airlie with the whole intensity of my life from the first moment of our meeting, and my love for her has never lessened nor faltered. It was the one great passion of my life. It overmasters me still. It has followed me into sorrow, and laid mountains of woe on my life. It will be my blessing for ever now, through this life, and in a better and happier life to come. I can stand at my eastern window when the sunshine shall have ushered in another new day, and see the house where I spent that happy Summer. I can see the cliff where I stood when I told her I loved her—the cliff where I have stood so many times since—but I have told you of that.

Did the course of true love never run smooth? It seemed to, with us. She had fortune ; so had I. We seemed fitted for each other. I loved her. I was earnest. I was impetuous. It was only one little month before she had promised to be my wife.

The happy weeks rolled on.

It was Eden come to earth again.

But life's tide turned for us one day. Lester Airlie, Alice's cousin, a young man who had not seen her since she was a mere child, came to visit the family. *He* came to stay a week only. He remained until the Winter came. He fell in love with Alice. I cannot blame him for that. I should wonder at him if he had come heart-free and gone away untouched. He loved her; how could he help it? How could any one?

He tried hard to win her love. Perhaps he did not know she was my promised wife. Be that as it may, he tried hard for his happiness. I was jealous of him sometimes—jealous that he was handsomer and stronger than I—jealous that he was older and wiser, that he had traveled more, that he was richer ; never doubtful of the truth and purity of my own little love, but sometimes angry at the thought that he could have given her so much more than I could. I am afraid I almost hated him sometimes.

"He's ta'en his mither by the hand, his six brothers, also,
And they are on through Elmond's Wood as fast as they could go."

YOUNG AIKIN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 751.

I knew the day when he asked her to be his wife. It was such a day as this has been. There was a storm upon the land, and a very tempest upon the sea.

The weather had made me sad and despondent. My gloomiest thoughts seemed to push themselves forward in spite of myself.

But he had never appeared to better advantage. All through the morning he was gay, and in the best of spirits. He laughed and joked, and made the great old-fashioned house seem warm and bright, despite the weather—and all that to others despite myself.

He told his tale of love to Alice in the library. I knew his purpose when he asked her to go there with him, making some trivial excuse for requesting it. And I had not the skill to prevent their going together. To be sure, there were a thousand excuses which I might have made for going with them, and as many more which I might have offered for keeping one or both with the company in the great parlor.

But they went. My thoughts came too late. Alice knew what was coming, too. She showed that to more than myself. There were knowing looks on more than one face after they had gone.

They were together for a half-hour. Just what was said I do not know, and I never shall.

He was an eloquent man, and one who would use every argument he could think of to secure his end. He doubtless did all that a man could do; said all that a lover could say; pleaded as bravely and persistently as any one could who felt that the sweetest and dearest of women was listening to his words, and held his whole future in her keeping. She never faltered nor hesitated. I am as sure of that as I am of existence. Unworthy of her as I felt myself to be, I was still certain that she loved me as fully and intensely as I did her. "Not time nor circumstance; not death; not absence; not disgrace nor dishonor; nothing that is or was or may be, shall ever shake the love I have for you."

That was what she had said to me. She meant it. I knew she did.

So Lester Airlie failed.

I was loitering on the landing at the top of the first flight of

MY THANKSGIVING.—"I WAS ON MY KNEES BESIDE HER IN AN INSTANT. I SUPPOSE MY FACE TOLD TALES NOW, AS WELL AS HERS."

stairs when they came out of the library. I felt that I must see and know what had been said and done.

There was no need to seek out my love, and beg her to tell me. The face of the man told the whole story.

His fictitious gayety was all gone, and I could not believe he would ever smile again, as I looked down upon his suffering and pain-distorted countenance. His lips were white and set. I, knowing what I had won, could guess what he had lost. In my inmost heart I honestly pitied him.

The face of Alice was like an open book. For him it held the same sentiment I had found in my own heart for him.

She gave him her pity—she gave him her friendship. She gave him nothing else, nor any hope of aught else.

Why do men cling to the presence of those they have lost?

"Will you go for a little walk toward the sea with me?" he asked.

Why are women so unkind as to grant their desperate lovers' wishes for friendly companionship, when they have builded up a barrier between two hearts that neither life nor death, time nor eternity, can break away?

I do not know—I cannot tell. She pitied him.

It would have been kindest to leave him to fight out alone his terrible battle with self; but she went.

I saw them wrap themselves in their waterproofs and leave the house, and take the road to the sea slowly, sadly, under the Autumn rain, over the dead leaves and withered flowers, until at length the clinging sea-mist hid them.

Then the house seemed to poison and stifle me. I, too, protected myself from the rainy weather, and walked away into the dreary woods.

It was late when I returned—very late; but Alice had been but little earlier than I. I did not see her that night.

But I went to my rest, close under the track of the whispering wind along the rainy eaves, to dream of her and to wonder why I had gained so much in life while another man had gained nothing.

Life had reached its crisis for us all. Only Alice and her cousin and myself had ventured to brave the weather of that tempestuous day. She came home late; I came home later. Lester Airlie never came!

CHAPTER II.

In the misery which fell upon the household when it became certain that Lester Airlie was really missing, and that time was deepening the mystery, I saw little of Alice.

We searched—we advertised. We hoped against hope.

Alice's face grew paler and thinner and more careworn each day, and she became more and more silent.

Her words were of anxiety for her cousin. Her eyes were full of love for me.

I shall always remember the morning when the weary search and doubt ended.

The sun seemed too bright to be shining down upon a world of sorrow and of sin.

But just as the sun had risen over the ocean behind them, the searchers, who had found that which put search to an end, came up the road from the east with their terrible burden which the waters had given up.

It was two weeks after Airlie had asked his cousin to be his wife, and had walked away with her until the sea-mist hid them, and had never come back.

Two weeks had left little by which to identify the dead.

The cruel rocks had cut the clothing to rags, and had bruised the body and face, until the height of the man, his general build, and his brown hair and beard, were about all there were to convince his friends that Lester Airlie had gone from his disappointment and wrecked life over the cliffs to the sea.

One would have thought that the rocks and the waters would have left no hint of more than death. It had been kinder to the living if fate had hidden the terrible work which had been done.

But it may be that no sin in this world can ever be hidden. The dead man had a knife-wound in his breast, which had let his life out.

The sea had been chosen for the grave of a dead man, not self-sought by a man weary of life. It was not accident which loving search had followed to the end. It was not suicide which had left a place for ever vacant in the world.

The tale that the sea had left it to the silent dead to tell, was the old story of Cain again—the mute cry for vengeance against the ruthless hand of murder.

I cannot tell clearly the story of the inquest, for it is vague and indefinite in my mind. It was not long; but it was terrible in its intensity and its brevity.

The evidence had left the whole audience feeling that the fate of the three who went out into the storm that tragic day had much in common; there was doubt on many faces, and suspicions on some.

I saw my friend Roscoe go to his sister's side and whisper something in her ear. The jury were just entering the room after having retired for consultation. By her face, as her brother whispered to her, I knew that Alice had been told how it was to end. In some way her brother had learned what the verdict was to be.

The foreman of the jury stood up. The place was still as death.

"We find that Lester Airlie, the deceased, came to his death by means of a knife or other sharp instrument or weapon, which we believe was in the hand of——"

My betrothed wife stood up, pale but calm:

"Of Alice Airlie. I did it," she said.

There was confusion all about me in the room. There were sudden shouts and cries. Then all the room seemed to whirl around me, and the lights to sway and swing before my eyes. I fainted, then, for the only time in my life.

The trial was a short one. Alice Airlie was as far from being insane as any one could be, and her counsel declined to urge such a false plea as that would have been.

She did not enter into details. They were too horrible, she said. When she was told that she must assign some reason for her action, she spoke of a quarrel. When asked if she did the deed in self-defense, she wearily answered: "No."

The jury retired to weigh the case. Silence settled down on the court-room.

Roscoe came over silently to where I sat, and laid his hand on my shoulder with a caressing motion I remembered had been a habit of his in the old days. There was a strange look on his face—a look I could not fathom nor understand. He opened his mouth to speak, but seemed to change his mind and said nothing.

"Guilty," said the jury. What else could they say?

"Imprisonment for life," was the sentence. That was all!

I tried to see the woman I loved. She asked the officials to forbid my coming. Why, I could not guess.

She must have known that I never believed her guilty. I tried again and again. It was useless. The stone walls behind which her life was to be spent might have been the sods over her grave, so far as any success on my part was concerned.

So I bought the house in which I live now. From the eastern window I can see the cliffs, as I have said. From its northern window I have looked, every day for ten long years, on the prison. The prison! Her living grave! Heaven help me! Do you wonder at the life of despairing agony which I have lived?

A month ago Alice sent for me. They said she was on her deathbed, and she had asked for me at last. I went. I had never been inside a prison before in all my life, and the tender woman I loved had been there for almost ten cruel years.

They bade me prepare myself to meet her.

"It will be a terrible ordeal," they said.

Neither they nor I guessed how terrible.

Perhaps Alice had worn her seeming mask of unconcern so long that she could wear it no longer. Perhaps the great physical pain she had been called upon to endure had made deceit impossible any longer. Possibly she could never have been other than her frank and honest self while with me.

At any rate, when I entered the room where her bed had been placed, her face was like an open book. The love that nothing could ever blot out or lessen shone in her eyes and on her lips, but with it was a look so horrible that I have wept in agony at the thought that I ever found it there. It was the first hint I had ever had of any such suspicion, but there it lay, in her pure eyes, on her white forehead, in every line of her saintlike face, the belief, the fixed conviction, *that I was the murderer of Lester Airlie.*

I was on my knees beside her in an instant. I suppose my face told tales now as well as hers.

With her head against my shoulder she was weeping away the hardest part of her ten years of lost life—the part that was worse than the stone walls and iron bars—speaking in broken sentences of love and tenderness the while. When the first outbreak of her long-pent-up feelings had passed, she said:

"I am so happy now. I have believed for ten years that you were guilty."

The story which she told me was simple enough. My name had been the unspoken one in the verdict of the coroner's jury.

The doctor had objected to my visiting Alice in prison. I suppose the profession have the same care for the lives of the criminal classes as for those of the better (or more fortunate) portion of society. He desired to save her life. He said excitement would kill her. He was honest enough, after my visit, to say that excitement had saved her life. She is as well and strong as in her best days. I am vain enough to think that my daily visits for the past month have been a tonic to her.

It would have been a long and tedious task to have secured the release of the dear woman who had lived in prison for ten years as a condemned murderess, but I should have commenced the work of interesting and convincing the authorities the very next day, but for one little circumstance.

The circumstance was the receipt of a telegram from my old friend Roscoe, and was as follows:

"I shall secure Alice's pardon, I think."

He has done so. Only this evening, a little while before I began to write, he came in, weary and travel-worn, almost dead for want of sleep, but with the pardon which will be presented and honored to-morrow.

Once upon a time a vessel ran very near a rugged shore when a tempest was raging along the coast.

One would have thought that the prospect of probable death would have stilled anger and banished hate from the hearts of all.

It was not so. Two men quarreled. One, the one attacked, and consequently the one least to blame, made a blind and random stroke with his knife, and stood in the terrible presence of sudden death—death which left him alone looking down into the waves for his victim, and never seeing him again.

Life follows close upon death. The crew of the vessel picked up a man clinging to an overturned boat that night. The gale changed a little, and the vessel ran out to sea again. Silence and absence cures many wounds.

When one in a foreign clime holds to his love for his native land, the very winds and waves seem to bring him tidings from his old home. When one seeks forgetfulness, there is no better barrier than the sea. Sore hearts seek oblivion of the past.

A generous man, an honest man, would do right despite the hurt it might be to his feelings. Knowing that justice needed his presence, he would cross seas for its sake.

So another came with Roscoe to-night, one who has journeyed half-way round the earth to come. A man who has outgrown his greatest sorrow in a life of useful honor. God bless him. He needs pity no longer. My once rival, my always future friend, Lester Airlie, is sleeping the sound sleep of a noble and generous mind just across the hall from the room in which I write. He came as soon as he knew the need.

I am almost done. The gale is gone. I no longer hear the voice of the complaining sea. The whisper of the wind is kind. The moon hangs low down in the west. The clouds are scattered. The sky is full of stars. Life is so sweet. The future is all bright. To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow! That is the song my heart is so surely and steadfastly singing.

To-morrow! Hark! I hear the bells beat through the night! 'Tis twelve o'clock! My happiness needs wait for "to-morrow" no longer! It is the morning of my Thanksgiving Day!

HOW FANEUIL HALL WAS BUILT.

It may not be generally known that the almost idolized old "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall, was built through funds secured by lottery. The old building given to the city by Peter Faneuil was destroyed by fire in 1764, and as Boston at that time regarded itself as too poor to rebuild, it was decided to make application to the General Court for authority to raise funds by lottery for the purpose. The authority was granted, and the lottery established. The following is a copy of one of the successful tickets in the lottery that was held:

"Boston, June, 1765.

"Faneuil Hall Lottery, No. Five.

"The possessor of this ticket (No. 4095) is entitled to any prize drawn against said number in a lottery granted by an Act of the General Court of the Province of Mass. Bay for the rebuilding of Faneuil Hall, subject to no deduction. G. John Hancock."

It was regarded as necessary, of course, that there should be no suspicion of dishonesty attaching itself to any of those in charge of the lottery, so John Hancock, then the most eminent merchant in Boston, was selected to have supervision of it. Fifteen per cent. more tickets

were issued than the prizes called for, but it was understood that no discount should be made on the prizes. The tickets that drew prizes were retained as vouchers, while the blanks were destroyed. The above ticket was held by Louis Bleigh, and represented a prize drawn.

WHAT IS DYNAMITE?

HISTORY, PREPARATION, PROPERTIES AND USES OF THIS POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE.

IN order to understand what dynamite is, and how it came to be invented, we must go back more than sixty

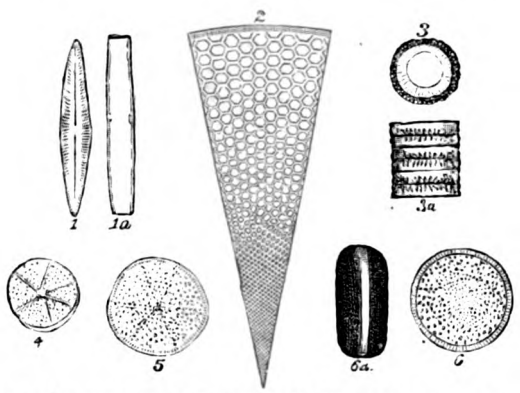


FIG. 1.—INFUSORIAL EARTH FROM NEAR RICHMOND, VA.

years, to the investigations of a celebrated chemist, Professor Chevreul, of Paris, who discovered the compound nature of the fats, and made known the peculiar properties of glycerine. The natural fats are ethers of certain organic acids, and glycerine is the alcohol which can be separated from them. The value of Chevreul's discovery was scarcely appreciated at that early day, but at the present time an entire revolution in the great industry of soap and candles has been occasioned by it. The glycerine, which for centuries has been thrown away, is now carefully preserved, and has become an article of large consumption in many industries. Its relation to dynamite remains to be told.

An Italian chemist, working in the laboratory of Professor Pelouze, in Paris, was trying some experiments on the action of a mixture of oil of vitriol and aqua-fortis upon glycerine, and in the course of his work succeeded in making a substance which proved to be very dangerous to handle, so much so, that it was thought unwise to attempt to do anything with it. As the new compound was found to contain three parts of nitrogen, it was called tri-nitro-glycerine, and by this name the dangerous substance has since been known. Another oil, somewhat similar in appearance, but much simpler in constitution, called chloride of nitrogen, was also discovered by a French chemist, who nearly lost his life while experimenting with it. This oil has not been introduced as an explosive agent, as it decomposes too violently, and is wholly unmanageable. As the same view was entertained of nitro-glycerine for many years, it is quite probable that some day we shall hear of the introduction of the chloride of nitrogen combined with sand or gunpowder, and bearing some Greek name indicative of its immense power. It was on July 5th, 1847, that Sombrero published an account of nitro-glycerine in the transactions of the Turin Academy of Sciences. The bad name he gave the compound had the effect of deterring any one from attempting to make any practical use of his discovery. It, with its analogue, chloride of nitrogen, was relegated to the limbo of things to be cautiously let alone. A Swedish engineer by the name of Alfred Nobel was the first to venture to disregard the warnings of scientific men, and in July, 1864, seventeen years after the first publication on the subject, took out a patent for the new explosive oil. The temerity and perseverance of this man was something very unusual. Although several factories were blown up in the early experiments, costing the lives of numerous workmen, he persevered until he solved the problem, and finally reduced the manufacture of nitro-glycerine to a safe basis, and thus provided an explosive agent which, in careful hands, has proved of great value and economy in many extensive engineering undertakings. When manufactured on the spot where it is intended to be used, it is now regarded as being as safe as gunpowder, while its explosive force is rated at ten times that of its ancient competitor.

In order to bring nitro-glycerine within the range of articles of transport, Nobel tried many experiments, and finally hit by accident upon the one which resulted in the production of the powder known as dynamite. The manufacture of this explosive is now conducted on a large scale in the manner described below. The raw materials are sulphuric acid, Chili saltpetre, and infusorial earth. The sulphuric acid is the ordinary English oil of vitriol. The nitric acid is made from Chili saltpetre, and the crude glycerine in Europe is brought chiefly from Marseilles, and, in the United States, from Cincinnati. The infusorial earth comes from Hanover, in the neighborhood of which city there are exhaustless deposits. In the United States the material under the name of tripoli, electric silicon, etc., is found near Richmond, Va. (see Fig. 1), at Suckasunny, N.J., and in various parts of Nevada. This form of earth is composed of the skeletons of a vast number of infusorial animals, called diatoms, which yield a spongy silica admirably adapted for a polishing powder, or as an absorbent for oils and liquids. It is also used in the preparation of soluble glass, for pigments, or fire-proof packing, and numerous other purposes. The Hanover tripoli, known as kieselguhr, is packed in casks and sent to all parts of the world, even as far as San Francisco, for the manufacture of dynamite. The nitric acid required is made at the factory, for the reason that a very concentrated article is required, the transportation of which would be difficult. It is obtained on a large scale by placing in a cast-iron vessel, A, Fig 2, the nitrate to be operated upon, to which

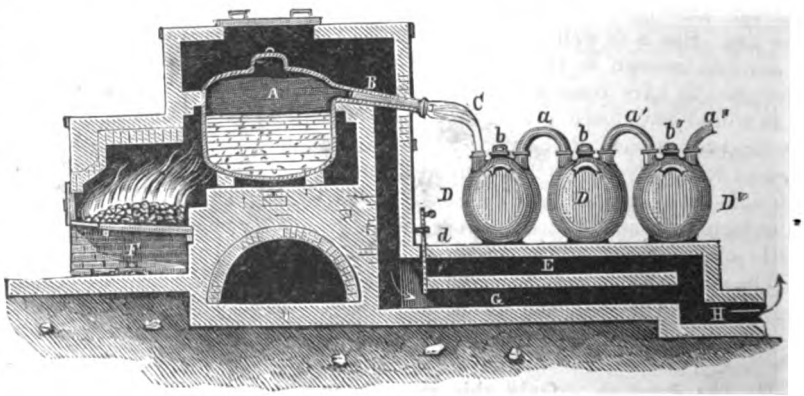


FIG. 2.—MANUFACTURE OF NITRIC ACID.

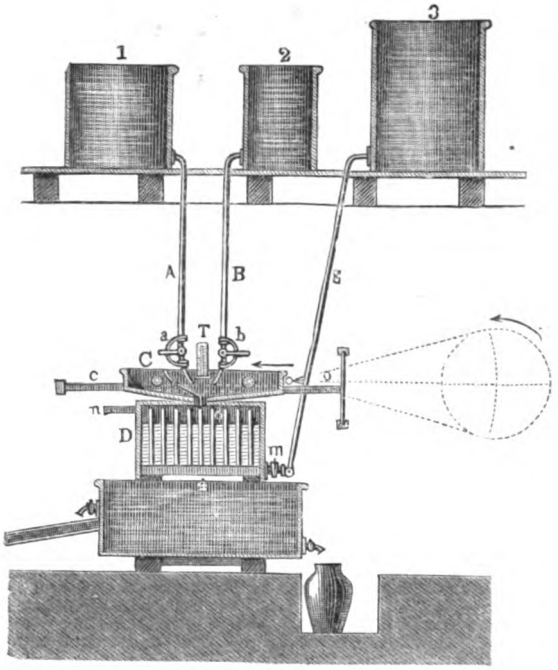


FIG. 3.— MANUFACTURE OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.

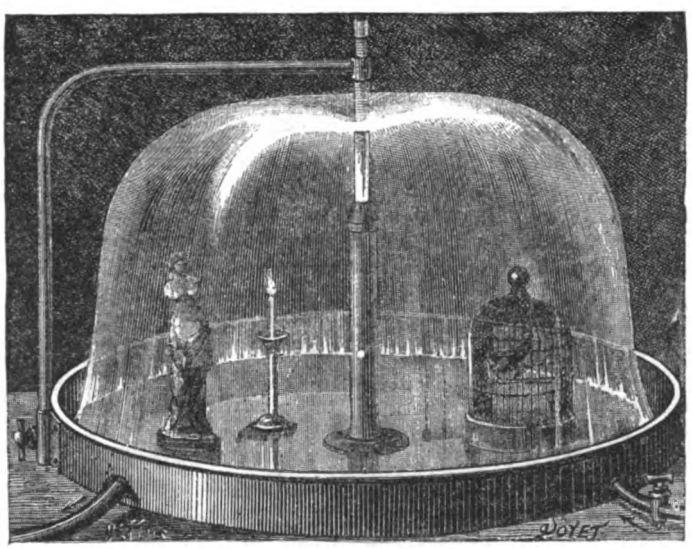
is added, by means of a funnel, strong sulphuric acid. The lid is replaced, and the vessel connected by means of a clay-lined tube, B, with the glass tube, C, dipping into the large stoneware flask, D, which serves the purpose of a receiver. This flask is connected by means of a tube, *a*, to a similar vessel, D', and tha' to a third vessel, D'', and so on, in order to completely condense the vapors which might have escaped through the first, second and third vessels. The iron vessel, A, is heated by means of the fire placed in the hearth, F, the smoke and hot gases being carried off by G H. At the outset of the operation the damper, *d*, is so regulated as to shut off the lower channel, and cause the smoke and hot gases to pass through E, heating the vessels D, D' and D'', this precaution being required to prevent their cracking by the hot acid vapors entering from A. As soon, however, as the distillation has fairly commenced, the damper is altered to shut off E and pass the hot air and gases through G. At large establishments, four or five of these retorts are in constant operation, and the product from each bench is so mixed that the average specific gravity shall be equal to 47 or 48 B. A weaker acid does not work well.

Having obtained the acids, the next step is the conversion of the inoffensive glycerine into the explosive oil. Four large cast-iron kettles are used, in which are mixed 1,300 pounds of nitric acid and 2,600 pounds of sulphuric acid. The acids become heated by mixing, and are allowed a day to cool before using. A light shed, open on the side, covers the kettle, which latter is surrounded with brick, to prevent it cracking in Winter.

Only 630 pounds of the glycerine are treated with 3,900 pounds of the acid. The mixed and cooled acids are allowed to flow into the wooden vat 1 (see Fig. 3), lined with quarter-inch lead. The glycerine is stored in 2, and in 3 is a reservoir of water. The vats 1 and 2 communicate with a box, C, also lined with lead, and divided into compartments which open into the trough D.

This box is provided with machinery, to give it an oscillating motion, indicated by the dotted lines ; it also has a thermometer, to show the temperature. A constant stream of cold water is made to flow around the vat D and out at N. As soon as everything is ready the acid is allowed to flow through A into C, and the glycerine through B into the same vessel. At the same time an oscillating motion is imparted to C by workmen who are stationed at a distance of thirty or forty feet, protected by a strong wall. As soon as all the glycerine has flowed in, the operation may be considered as ended, for the nitration takes place instantly. The oil from D is drawn into the vat 4, which is half filled with water. The nitro-glycerine sinks to the bottom, and can be decanted from the dilute acids. The next step is to mix the oil with the inert silica. The infusorial earth has three constituents which must be removed—water, organic substances, and coarse gravel. The first two are removed by calcining at a red heat in an oven with four shelves, one above the other, on which the earth is placed, and slowly pushed from the upper to the lower. The organic matter which is considered dangerous to the stability of the dynamite is thus burned out. It is then pressed with hard rollers and sifted, which separates it from the larger grains. It is now ready for use.

Fifty pounds of infusorial sand are put into flat wooden tanks and covered with 150 pounds of nitro-glycerine, when the workmen mix them with the naked hand. Gloves of india-rubber were at first provided, but the workmen preferred to knead the mixture with the free hands. In half an hour the incorporation of the oil with the sand is complete, and the dynamite is ready for filling in the cartridge-molds. The cartridges are simple cylinders, protected by parchment paper. If ordinary paper is used, the oil soaks into it, and there is great danger of premature explosion. Dynamite is a brownish gray, sometimes reddish, inodorous, pasty, greasy mass, having the specific gravity of 1.6. When ignited by an ordinary flame it burns up quickly, without detonation, and must therefore be fired with a patent exploder containing fulminate of silver inclosed in a copper capsule. It requires a heavy blow of a hammer on an anvil to explode it, and even then only the portions struck are fired. In this respect it presents great advantages over nitro-glycerine, which is easily exploded by percussion. On the other hand, the wood of the boxes in which dynamite is packed



WATER BELLS.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

becomes by slow degrees impregnated with nitro-glycerine, and forms a most dangerously explosive material, which may give rise to serious accidents in warehouses where it is stored.

Nobel subjected dynamite to numerous severe tests before putting it upon the market. He placed a case of it containing eighty pounds on a brisk fire, and the dynamite was consumed without noise or shock; a similar case flung from a height of sixty-five feet on a hard rock was unaffected. A weight of over 200 pounds was then let fall from a height of twenty feet upon a box of dynamite; the box was smashed, but again there was no explosion. As long as the nitro-glycerine is confined in the infusorial silica there appears to be very little danger, but the escape of a few drops of the oil may be the source of great mischief. The force exerted by the dynamite is much greater than that of gunpowder, and under the name of giant powder it has been largely employed in the mines of California. Other explosives, such as dualine, lithofracteur, and colonia powder, may be said to be varieties of dynamite, having nitro-glycerine for their base, and using sawdust or some other substance as an absorbent. All of them are powerful explosives, and must be handled with care.

WATER BELLS.

THE design on page 757 (from *La Nature*) represents a water bell, the invention of M. Bourdon, of more transparent and complete effect than those hitherto produced, which have all either made the water issue by a very diminutive annular orifice, or shot the liquid jet against a disk of polished metal with slightly elliptic rim, producing in either case a bell fringed all round its circumference and lacking transparency.

The bell to which we here call attention is distinguished by the way in which it causes the liquid vein to expand as soon as it reaches the orifice of the ajutage. Instead of making it strike against a metal plate, the surface of which, however carefully polished, always betrays some imperfection, M. E. Bourdon brings an antagonistic column of water to bear on it, so that the jet expands and falls into the basin, forming a bell as clear as crystal and impervious enough to cut off all communication between the interior and circumambient air.

The pipe conducting the water from the reservoir ends in a truncated form of nozzle, of about 12 degrees of angular opening, in such a way as to make all the threads of water converge toward the middle of the jet. Over this is placed concentrically to the truncated nozzle a glass tube of about 20 cm. in length, and of the same interior diameter as that of the orifice by which the water rises from the reservoir. This antagonistic tube, as it may be called, has to be supported by a copper rod fixed either against a wall or on the margin of the basin, at a distance of 2 cm. between its lower extremity and the truncated appendage. The reservoir must be kept at a constant level by means of a water-gauge cock. The water-height above the jet will be about 60 cm. The flow of the water or its stoppage will of course be regulated by a cock.

The apparatus so arranged and the basin filled with water to the level of the overflow, the cock will be gently opened, and the water traversing the interval between the ajutage and the antagonistic tube will rise a few centimetres high in the latter. A ball of ovoidal shape will then come to view. By opening the cock very slowly its diameter will gradually enlarge till the bell assumes the form of a hemisphere. At this point let the opening of the cock be reduced a very little, and the bell will change its shape; its rim will become lowered to the plane of the water of the basin, and its profile will show a bell similar to the gardener's bell glass.

By placing a very thin copper wire vertically toward the top of the bell, a vertical incision may be made in the bell, parting it into two separate sides. Through the gap thus formed a statuette, a lighted candle, or a cage containing a bird, may be introduced inside the bell without wetting it. The tubes hitherto used have not exceeded 20 mm. in diameter; but by employing apparatus of much larger dimensions, water bells of from 3 to 4 metres in diameter might be produced just as perfect as those of from 60 to 80 centimetres, and under which people might walk about or lounge at pleasure.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

IN a comprehensive article on glaciation in the San Juan Mountains of Southern Colorado, in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for May, R. C. Hills, a geologist of reputation, traces the extent of local glaciers, and concludes that they have only very recently disappeared, although a long time evidently elapsed between the retreat of the great "ice-sheet" and the final retreat of the local glaciers. In fact, limited accumulations of *névé* may be found in these rugged and lofty Sierras that never wholly disappear. "There are two of these," says Hills, "at the head of Henson Creek, at an elevation of 13,000 feet. They are seldom less than 50 feet thick, from 100 to 300 feet wide, and from 400 to 600 feet in length. I visited the smaller of the two on the 20th of September of the present year (1883), and found a stream of water, caused by the melting of a recent fall of snow, running the whole length of its trough-like surface. Scraping away some of the loose snow, I discovered that the mass was solid ice, into which light was transmitted some distance." The glacial cap of this range, at a remote period, is estimated to have had an area of more than 4,500 square miles.

JADE, that beautiful green or olive-brown stone, out of which the quaint and valuable antique carvings of China and Japan were cut, has never been known in America as a native mineral. Alaskan Indians, and especially the Innuits of the northwestern coast, possess implements made of it, and many of these have been obtained for our museums by recent explorers. This caused inquiries to be made, and it has thus been learned that veins containing jade occur in the mountains on the Alaskan side of Behring Strait, although not on the Siberian shore. One locality is twenty-five miles from Nulato; another is at Kotzebue Sound. The Innuits call the jade "fire-stone," and told E. W. Nelson that it was "made in a very hot fire," when some of the volcanic cones of that region were in a state of eruption.

CANADIAN geologists have found among the paleozoic rocks of the portion of the Rocky Mountains between the 49th parallel and Bow River, Northwest Territory, extensive areas of cretaceous rocks on both sides of the main water-shed. This is not only interesting as extending greatly the known range of the cretaceous rocks, but important on account of the coal contained in these strata. The coal varies from bituminous to coking and anthracite. Anthracite, containing eighty-six per cent. of fixed carbon, is reported by the geological survey as existing in the Valley of Cascade River, on the Upper Bow, and mining operations have already been begun.

THE wonderfully complete, and in some features very curious, collection at the National Museum, illustrating the Materia Medica of the world, has been fully arranged, and a classified catalogue has been printed. This is published in the last issue of the "Proceedings of the National Museum," and is from the pen of the curator, Dr. James M. Flint, U. S. N. Some deficiencies remain, and the Museum would appreciate highly the gift by druggists, or any one else, of any specimens, natural or commercial, which do not appear in this catalogue, yet form a part of the pharmacopœia of any part of the world.

THE fishes of Pangutch and Bear Lakes, in Utah, are rapidly being exhausted, and they are already talking of the necessity of re-stocking these large bodies of water, so far from a dense population, which a few years ago abounded in magnificent trout. Ten years ago the average weight of trout caught was over three pounds; now it is only one pound.

By treating pyridine with sodium in alcoholic solution, Ladenburg succeeded some months ago in preparing piperidine. Since that time he has improved the method so as to obtain nearly the quantitative yield.

THE beautiful fresh-water polyp Cristatella has been found growing in enormous abundance in Harvey's Lake, near Wilkesbarre, Pa. The species is not known.

CONCHOLOGISTS are impressed with the truth of what was suggested some time ago by far-seeing men, that the distribution of the mollusca in the deep sea is not controlled so much by light and other factors usually alleged as by temperature. Polar species are found at greater and greater depths—that is, in colder water—as the dredging proceeds toward the equator.

THE gar-pike or "bill-fish," familiar to all dwellers in the Mississippi Valley, and interesting to geologists as almost the only survivor of the old ganoid sort of fishes which flourished in the Devonian Age, has become nearly extinct in the Potomac. The fishermen there wage an exterminating warfare against it, because of the injury it does to their nets.

THE long-promised completion to the "History of North American Birds," by Baird, Brewer & Ridgway, is announced, Vol. IV. having just been issued in Boston, and Vol. V. (the last) promised for September. These two volumes deal with the water-birds, a branch upon which no recent book of consequence has been issued.

THE latest opinion in regard to the invertebrate animals of the Mediterranean is, that that sea has very few peculiar species, and appears to have been populated in great part by colonists from the Atlantic, after the geological event which cut off communication between it and the Indian Ocean.

CAPTAIN C. E. DUTTON, U. S. A., who has pursued many special studies in respect to dynamic geology, is now studying the surface of the moon to see if it can throw any light upon the volcanic history of the earth.

THE working of the baryta vein, at Cheshire, Conn., well known to collectors as yielding an extraordinary variety of minerals, has ceased. Cabinet specimens from that locality will therefore take on an additional value.

THE most abundant rocks in the Cascade range of Northern California are found to be the hypersthene andesites. The eruptive matter thrown out by Mount Shasta is chiefly of this kind.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

TWO FARMERS had a dispute about the boundary lines of their farms. Their dispute is now settled, and so are the lawyers—on their farms!

WHAT quotation from Shakespeare may be applied to a man who marries a frivolous flirt? Such a man "Gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

MAMMA: "And now, Bertie, you have chattered enough. Shut your eyes, hold your tongue, and go to sleep." *Bertie:* "How can I do three things at once, mamma?"

TOURIST (to Highland seaman on board steamer passing through Rothsay Bay): "I suppose there is good fishing to be got here at times?" *Seaman:* "Ferry coot fushing inteet at times. If you'll not get them at wan time, you're sure to get them the same time again." *Tourist* (who thinks he'll change the conversation): "How fast does this boat travel?" *Seaman:* "She can go half an hour in five meenutes."

THE DECEIVER.

We met; twas in the crowded hall,
Amid the thoughtless, young and gay;
He stood so stately 'mid them all,
And stole my youthful heart away—
His curling hair as black as night,
His low-toned voice so soft and clear;
And then that smile so wondrous bright,
As low he whispered in mine ear!

Near and more near he closely prest;
His softened glances on me fell;
He spoke of love, and in my breast
Arose a joy I cannot tell.
And, when the hour of parting came,
No grief, no sorrow could be worse;
He breathed adieu, and left my side,
And I soon after missed my purse!

MEISSONIER had a gardener who was a good botanist and a great wag. He knew the seeds of all sorts of plants, and Meissonier was always trying and always failing to puzzle him. "I have got him now," said Meissonier to some friends at a dinner-party, and he showed them a package of the roe of dried herrings. Then he sent for the gardener. All the guests smiled. The gardener arrived. "Do you know these seeds?" Meissonier asked. The gardener examined them with great attention. "Oh, yes," he said, at last; "that is the seed of the *Polpus fluximas*, a very rare tropical plant." A smile of triumph lighted the face of Meissonier. "How long will it take the seed to come up?" he asked. "A fortnight," said the gardener. At the end of the two weeks the guests were once more at the table. After dinner the gardener was announced. "Monsieur Meissonier," he said, "the plants are above the ground." "Oh, this is a little too much!" said the great painter; and all went out into the garden to behold the botanical wonder. The gardener lifted up a glass bell, under which was a little bed, carefully made, and in which three rows of red herrings were sticking up their heads. The laugh was against Meissonier. He discharged the gardener, but took him back the next day.

SHARP REBUKE.—A country clergyman, seeing a young man standing in the doorway of a church, and looking hesitatingly about, paused in the middle of his sermon, and exclaimed: "Get out, young man; she is not here!"

"IF there's anything I love, it's roast goose," remarked Fenderson, as he passed up his plate for a second help. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there's nothing so beautiful as affection amongst the members of a family."

WAITING FOR A GOOD OFFER.—A bachelor being asked why he didn't marry, answered that as the women were claiming the right to go to the polls, they would soon claim the right to go courting, and that he was only waiting for a good offer.

AN address to Charles II., who was noted for his ready wit, prayed that His Majesty might live as long as the sun, moon and stars should endure. "Faith," said the King, "if I do, my successor will have to reign by candle-light."

A FEARLESS MAN.—A Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's, either."

A LADY thought it would look interesting to faint away, at a party, when one of the company began bathing her temple and head with vinegar, upon which she suddenly started up and exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake, put nothing on that will change the color of my hair!"

THE Hon. Thomas Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at Lady Payne's. On her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu:

"'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne."

MR. G—— one day saw a lady running after an omnibus, shaking her umbrella frantically, and gasping: "Here, here!" "How much has the education of women been neglected!" he murmured; "all the trouble and vexation of spirit she is suffering might have been avoided if she had been taught to whistle on her fingers."

A SOUTH CAROLINA BULL.—No collection of Irish Bulls ever contained a neater one than the following in the *Charleston News and Courier*. Speaking of the obstructions of the Wateree, it says: "In many places there are great rafts of logs, old trees, stumps, etc., drifted together, and lodged along the river, so as to make it *dangerous* even for an ordinary canoe to go through *safely*."

"THE DISORDERLY GENTLEMAN."—Sothern, the well-known actor, was a great practical joker on or off the stage. One night he arranged with his brilliant manager, Goodwin, while he was playing at the Globe Theatre, Boston, that at a certain point in the performance Goodwin should interrupt him, pronounce him a humbug as a humorist and a stick as an actor, and that much brilliant repartee should flow therefrom, to the mystification of the audience and the amusement of Messrs. Sothern and Goodwin themselves. Goodwin entered heartily into the spirit of the joke, and at the proper moment, dressed in full evening costume and somewhat disguised, he rose in one of the stage boxes, interrupted Sothern, called him a delusion and a snare, and wanted him to stop immediately. Sothern, who enjoyed it even more than Goodwin, replied very smartly, and a rattling controversy followed, in which Sothern evidently had the sympathy of the audience. Imagine the latter's delight and Goodwin's astonishment when a policeman, who was not in Goodwin's half of the joke, marched in under secret orders from Sothern, and removed the disorderly gentleman from the box, and then from the house to the police station, amid the cheers of the crowd. Some time after midnight Sothern visited the station, and obtained the release of his unsuspecting accomplice.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

AMONG the many articles put forth in the interest of housekeepers, nothing has become more popular than Jas. Pyle's PEARLINE! Five years ago it was scarcely known; since then it has found its way to all parts of the country. Its utility is acknowledged by all who try it, and unlike most of the labor-saving compounds, experience has proved PEARLINE to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate of fabrics, and we feel sure that no housekeeper will be without it after a fair trial.

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